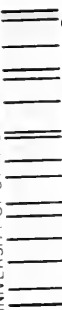


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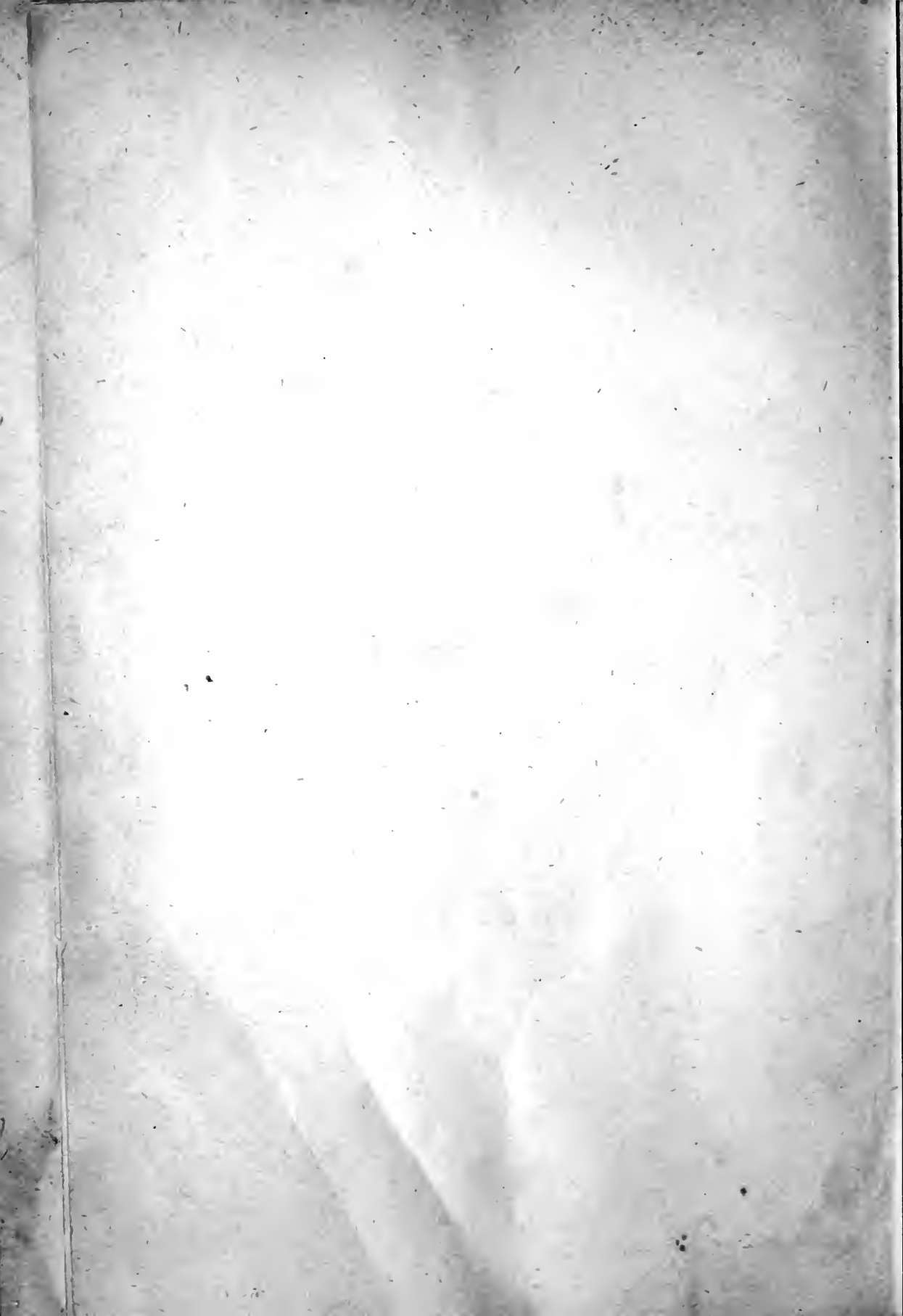
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 2, 1904.

NO. 1.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Wise King Melchior.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

"STRANGE that to-night to us all planets bow,
And one great star seems trembling in my sight,
Filling the space about with fair new light,
And moving onward, as a swift ship's prow."
So said the wise King Melchior. "And how
It hastens through the lapping waves of night!
And as it goes I follow; for the might
Of knowledge and her King constrains me now."

O princely Magian, to thy race God speaks
Through science in that still and thrilling voice
Which touches only him who true and pure
Uplifts his eyes, and, poor in spirit, seeks
For light above, until he shall rejoice
In that one world through which all worlds
endure!

The Blessedness of the Virgin Mother.

BY THE RT. REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D.D.



Christian religion is a system of doctrines and a system of facts, and hence it is both dogmatic and historical. Its central idea is the Incarnation, and its supreme fact is the manifestation of the Son of God as the Son of Man also. The essence of Christianity is found in the Person of Jesus Christ. He not only founded the worship of God in spirit and in truth, but He brought into the world a new principle of life, which is Himself. He is forever the ideal Man, and this ideal is made possible to others only in

so far as they participate in the life of God's Son. He has given us the secret and the method of the perfect way, and in Him alone can we find the strength to walk therein securely to the end. He is the Life, and the Life is the light of men; and to those who receive Him He gives power to become the sons of God. He who believes in Him has life everlasting: his faith is to him an exhaustless fountain of immortal life. Christ is come into the world that men may have a fuller and more abounding life. His commandments are life, and His ways are peace. Death is not an obstacle; for He is the resurrection and the life, above death and beyond the grave. "Now this is eternal life: that they know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou has sent."

Hence Christianity is not, at least primarily, speculative: it is not a philosophy. God has not been pleased to save the world by dialectics. It is a principle of life, having a concrete and historical existence; insinuating itself into the minds and hearts of men, enlightening and purifying them; and so unfolding itself in higher and holier modes of living, and propagating itself on every side. The preaching of the Word, the sacramental system, the hierarchical organization, the dogmatic creed, the ascetic discipline, are but the different forms through which this principle of the divine life works upon the souls of men, to purify them and prepare them for the beatific vision. To consider any Christian doctrine or practice separately

from its organism would be as misleading and unsatisfactory as to attempt to form a theory of the earth without bearing in mind its relations to the solar and sidereal systems. As in nature nothing exists of itself or for itself, so in the religion of Christ there is perfect and harmonious interdependence of doctrines and disciplines.

The childish and ridiculous physics of the ancients is familiar to all who have paid any attention to such subjects. They did not observe nature to discover what really is and happens, but they gave themselves up to vain and worthless reasonings upon abstract notions and theories as to what nature is or does; and as a consequence they vanished in their own empty thoughts. Arguments based upon theories of Christianity have led to conclusions equally absurd. The chaos of religious opinion and belief among the sects is the direct and fatal consequence of this proceeding. Christianity is not a theory: it is a secular and world-wide fact, with a definite and far-reaching history. Its influence is felt in all the great conflicts and struggles of mankind for now nearly two thousand years; it has undergone the severest trials, has kindled the noblest enthusiasm, has awakened the bitterest hate, has taken part in the most furious controversies, and has withstood assaults from within and from without. It has maintained itself against corruption, ignorance and lawlessness. It has preserved its organization intact in spite of kings and parliaments and national jealousies. In the face of philosophers and heresiarchs it has, without faltering for a moment, affirmed its right to teach in the name of God, and has built upon the central fact of the personal union of the divine and human natures in Jesus Christ the most complete and faultless dogmatic system.

To make the individual the measure of Christian truth is as unreasonable as to make him the measure of the laws of

nature. No one believes that the laws of nature or the facts of history are what any man may choose to think them to be. The most extreme idealist admits that for all practical purposes the objectivity of the external world must be assumed. It is, therefore, manifest that to apply a purely subjective test to an historical religion is absurd. The Christian religion is not what each man thinks it to be. It has an existence of its own, and is what the facts of its history prove it to be. The central fact in this history is, as already stated, the manifestation in the world of the Son of God as the Son of man also.

The power and wisdom of God are shown forth in the creation of the world, and His infinite love is revealed in the redemption of man. And thus the problem of religion and that of human life receive their final solution. Christianity is the absolute religion, which whosoever refuses to accept is driven fatally to atheism or to pantheism. A theory of the universe which would make any other religion possible is not even conceivable.

Again: the fact of Christianity is before and above its documents. Its significance and teachings are to be sought in its history, of which the Written Word is but a small part. It is itself its only sufficient witness. By the union of a divine Person with human nature, man has been brought into a new and mysterious relationship with God; and by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the supernatural creation which flows from the Blood of Christ, a new and mystic source of truth and sanctity is opened to the human race. As Christ is a historical and divine Person, His Church is a historical and divine fact. The Person of Christ determines the value of the apostolic ministry, of the sacramental system, and of the inspired Scriptures.

By bearing these principles in mind we shall easily perceive the position

which is assigned to the Blessed Virgin Mary the Mother of Jesus, in the divine economy for the salvation of man. Mary mediates between the divine and the human natures; she is the channel through which they flow to form the personal union; she is the only human witness to the Incarnation. Her fate is for evermore associated with the person and life of her Divine Son. Since He is the God-Man, she is the Mother of the God-Man; since He is the highest, the holiest, the purest being who has ever walked the earth, she is the Mother of this majesty and holiness and purity.

Mary is the most beloved Daughter of the Eternal Father, the most dear Mother of the Eternal Son, the immaculate and virginal Spouse of the Eternal Spirit of holiness, of truth and of love. She stands apart from her whole race, and her position is her own for evermore on earth and in heaven; and its inviolable strength lies in the fact that it can not be assailed except through her Son. To think of Mary as only a good woman implies a doubt of the divinity of Christ; and to think of Christ as only a great and wise philosopher implies a doubt of the goodness of Mary. They are united in God, and it is not in the power of man to put them asunder.

To the mere reason, the Incarnation is an unfathomable mystery, and it is not surprising that this should have been the central point of dispute in all the early conflicts of the Church with heresy. Already in the second century St. Irenæus affirmed that heresies universally begin or end with the denial of the Incarnation of the Divine Word in the womb of the Virgin Mary.

In the Arian controversy the divinity of Our Lord was the subject in dispute; and in the Apollinarian and Monophysite heresies, His manhood was called in question; while Nestorius denied the unity of person in Christ. To defend the true doctrine of the Incarnation against

all these heresies, the Church could discover no more certain and effectual means than to declare the Blessed Virgin Mary to be the Mother of God. The divine maternity of Mary witnesses both to the Godhead and the manhood of Christ, and to His personal unity. In the sixteenth century heresy took an opposite course. The true doctrine of the Incarnation was maintained, but the position and office of the Blessed Virgin were denied, at least by implication. The event, however, has again shown that they only who honor and love Mary can think rightly of Jesus. Protestants shrank from calling Mary the Mother of God, and the force of logic has driven them in large numbers to deny that Christ is God; and even in the more orthodox sects there is no longer found an explicit and definite belief in the Incarnation. The Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin has grown from the contemplation of the supreme and central fact of Christianity; the Protestant notion concerning her has been formed from texts or omissions of Scripture.

Catholics can never conceive of the Christian religion as contained in Bible-texts, by which it can not be even adequately described. The sublimest psalm in praise of Mary could not say anything greater of her than that she is the Mother of Jesus. Had our Divine Lord Himself spoken of her with all the poetic depth and beauty which breathes in the Sermon on the Mount, His words would have been feeble compared with the ineffable dignity which He conferred upon her by becoming her Son. Protestants go peering through the Bible to pick out texts that will throw some slight upon Mary, and their eyes are blind to that lowly beauty and immaculate purity which drew an angel from heaven to declare her worth and dignity. "Hail! full of grace!" said the angelic messenger, whom the light of heaven has not made unmindful of this

fair child of God and man. "The Lord is with thee." And shall we not deem it the sweetest privilege to walk close by the side of this fair Mother, that so, if it may be, some shadow of the presence of the Lord may refresh our weary souls?

What need is there of texts? Has not St. Elizabeth proclaimed her the most blessed of women, freighted with the peace and the joy of the world? Has not her own lowly spirit, in the ecstasy of a delight which no other mother has ever known, forestalled the voice of mankind, to announce that all generations shall call her Blessed? Has not He who is mighty done great things to her?

The fact is above all praise. "Mary the Mother of Jesus" is to me a sweeter and tenderer speech than all the eulogies of her devoutest servants, who none the less have drawn their inspiration from the purest and holiest love. "Thou and Thy Mother," says St. Ephrem, "alone are wholly pure. No spot in Thee, O Lord; in her no stain!" "She was alone," says St. Ambrose, "and wrought the world's salvation." "The unsullied shell," St. Proclus calls her, "which contains the Pearl of price"—"the sacred shrine of sinlessness." "Above the angelic orders art thou," says St. Sophronius. "Him hast thou borne," says St. Peter Chrysologus, "who bears the world." "Hail, throne of God!" exclaims St. Germain. "House of glory, propitiatory altar of the world." "For the whole human race," says St. Irenæus, "Mary is the cause of salvation." "We salute thee," exclaimed St. Cyril of Alexandria, in presence of the Fathers of Ephesus,— "we salute thee, Mary, Mother of God, treasure of the world, inextinguishable lamp, crown of virginity, sceptre and stay of the true Faith!"

And to her the world-worn Dante kneels, crowning his immortal song with her sweet name:

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all;
Term by the Eternal Counsel preordained;
Eñnobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee that its great Maker did not scorn
To make Himself His own creation;
For in thy womb rekindling shone the love
Revealed, whose genial influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace:
Here thou to us, of charity and love,
Art as the noonday torch; and art, beneath
To mortal men, of hope a living spring.

True thoughts of Mary are poetic thoughts. They only who have not known her think coldly and tamely of her. To the pure and humble of heart, all things fair and lovely in nature are her symbols. She is Queen of heaven and of earth, Star of the sea, Lily of the vale, Rose without thorn. She is fair as the dawn, tender as love, pure as a maiden's thoughts.

Said St. Bernard to the all-earnest Poet of our holy Faith:

"Now raise thy view
Unto the visage most resembling Christ;
For in her splendor only shalt thou win
The power to look on Him." Forthwith I saw
Such floods of gladness on her visage showered,
From holy spirits, winging that profound,
That whatsoever I had yet beheld
Had not so much suspended me with wonder
Or shown me such similitude of God—
And he who had to her descended once,
On earth, now hail'd in heaven; and on poised
wing
"Ave Maria, gratia plena!" sang:
To whose sweet anthem all the blissful court
From all parts answering, rang: that holier joy
Brooded the deep serene.

And Milton too, though he thought not of the Blessed Mary, was yet inspired by a sentiment which devotion to her has created, when he sang:

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liv'ry'd angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

What infinite heights of joy and gladness break open above this lowly Virgin, of whom all we know is that she was meek and humble and pure, and the Mother of Jesus! She treads again the

walks of Paradise; beneath her foot the serpent harmless lies; her head is bathed in zephyrs fanned by angels' wings. To her belong all things pure and bright. The month of May is Mary's month. For her the flowers blow; for her the children sing; and the birds are glad, and the skipping flocks. And through the livelong year, morning, noon and night, o'er hill and dale, sweet bells prolong the sound of Mary's name.

The mystic charm that like a heavenly atmosphere enwraps all Catholic lands is Nature's tribute to God's Mother. O fairest Virgin! why should dry mechanic controversy, with its cold hands and narrow thoughts, lay hold on thee? May we not praise the moon without stopping to say her light is borrowed? The devout spirit is not critical, and he who worships is blest and does not care to analyze his sentiments. Love is the eternal mystery, which may be felt but never can be known by man.

"Love," says Bossuet, "is the cause of all that we believe. This word persuades me more than all the books: *God has so loved the world!* Is it hard to believe that God loves, and that goodness gives itself?" "We have believed the love," says St. John, "which God has for us." God has loved: all is said. Henceforth no mystery to me shall seem incredible. And the sweet Virgin Mother bears the Fruit of God's love to men. He is on her bosom in the Stable; He is in her arms when the Kings adore Him; He nestles close to her heart in the flight to Egypt; with her He dwells at Nazareth, hidden in God. O Mother! said I not that all things fair and bright are thine? And yet athwart thy pathway, radiant with the light of heaven, lay the shadow of the Cross, piercing thy soul like a sword. Thou art worthy to suffer most, for thy love is greatest; and those lips which first adoring touched the Infant Saviour's brow must press His cold and pallid form with agony equalled only by

thy love. Thou hast borne Him in thy heart; thou hast followed Him from Bethlehem to the Cross on Calvary. He is doubly thine—by the holiest love and the divinest sorrow. Henceforth forever His adorers must be thy servants.

Why should it be necessary to say that the glories of Mary are for the sake of Jesus, and that we acknowledge her to be the first of creatures only that we may confess Him as our sole Creator? The fundamental rule of the honor which we pay to the Blessed Virgin and to all saints is that it is referred to God and our own salvation. We praise God in those whose lives have shown forth His mercy and holiness, and thereby profess that we esteem nothing so much as His love and service. All worship is derived from God, and is reflected back to Him by all objects which are good or beautiful or true. We honor only those whose example it is right to imitate. Whatever is the object of our worship, says St. Augustine, ought to be the model of our lives; and the Church teaches us to pray for the grace to imitate what we honor. "The festivals of martyrs," says St. Augustine again, "are exhortations to martyrdom."

And only those celebrate the praises of virgins who believe that chastity is a virtue worthy of angels. To take delight in great and noble men and women is one of our best and most universal instincts. The youth who hopes to be an orator can never hear enough of Demosthenes; and he who feels the poet's diviner mind will find in the little that is known of Shakspeare's personal history a charm and mystery which will haunt him his life long. The fascination of biography is a literary commonplace. A great character, by realizing our dreams, gives a new zest to life, and adds the charm of poesy to the solid worth of fact. A nation which has had no great men has led no great life, and a religion which has no saints

is self-condemned: it is born of criticism and of controversy, not of inspiration and of faith. What is the Bible but the praise of God in His saints? Leaders of men—great kings, warriors, prophets, priests are they all. And the New Testament is chiefly the biography of God's Son, with touches here and there revealing the meek face of His Immaculate Mother, the bowed head of sweet St. Magdalen, Peter's eager faith, and the deeper love of John. And St. Paul to-day stands forth from the inspired page, clear and certain, as once he stood on Mars Hill, against the Grecian sky, sowing God's word.

Shall Christ's saints die with those who heard His voice? Shall they die when the ages of martyrs are gone? Does He not work even until now? Is He not the God of the living? Does He not abide until the centuries fail? Ah, men condemn us for honoring the saints, and Christ will condemn us because we have not known them! Would to God our saint-worship were not dilettantism! We speak their panegyrics, and light candles before their shrines; but they were not children of this world. We are wiser in our generation than they. We believe in time and the things we see; but their hearts' desire was in Eternity, with the Invisible God. To them what appears was shadowy; the unseen alone was substance. They believed: we make-believe. A more real faith would spring from a truer love. The measure of their glory is full. We can not add to it, we can not take from it; and the honor which we pay them, if it help not ourselves to a higher and more godlike life, is empty and without meaning. Yet is it not altogether vain to be able to recognize that holiness is the best: that the most perfect saint is the highest man; for it is a gain, and some beginning of progress, to have a right ideal. Most strange is it that devotion to the saints of Christ should be thought to

be contrary to the spirit of Christ. Those who aim at wealth take delight in the lives of millionaires; fine ladies are deep in whatever concerns the queens of fashion; the soldier will weary you with the battles of his great captains. They drink in the spirit of what they love, by studying the history of its chief representatives.

Now, Christ's spirit is not the world's spirit: His ideals are not the world's. To be poor, to be meek, to be humble, to be pure, is not what the world asks of its heroes; and hence the children of this generation do not find the lives of the saints beautiful. The Blessed Lord Himself, were He to walk the earth again, they would not know, as their fathers knew Him not. If we but rightly ponder it, there is no more certain proof of the anti-Christian spirit of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century than its attitude toward the heroes of Christianity. And this has not escaped even Mr. Froude. After stating that all that Protestants have been able to do with the lives of the saints is to call them lies, and point a shallow moral on the credulity of Catholics, he continues:

"An atheist could not wish us to say more. If we can really believe that the Christian Church was made over in its very cradle to lies and to the father of lies, and was allowed to remain in his keeping, so to say, till yesterday, he will not much trouble himself with any faith which after such an admission we may profess to entertain. For as this spirit began in the first age in which the Church began to have a history, so it continued so long as the Church as an integral body retained its vitality, and died out only in the degeneracy which preceded and which brought on the Reformation. For fourteen hundred years these stories held their place, and rang on from age to age, from century to century. As the new faith widened its boundaries, and numbered ever more and more great names of men and

women who had fought and died for it, so long their histories, living in the hearts of those for whom they labored, laid hold of them and filled them; and the devout imagination, possessed with what was often no more than the rumor of a name, bodied it out into life and form and reality."

In turning with contempt from the example of the saints, Protestantism lost the standard of Christian perfection. "Wouldst thou be perfect," said our Saviour to the young man who sought His counsel, "go sell what thou hast, give it to the poor, and come and follow Me." And to follow Him means to walk humbly, meekly, chastely, without offence in all things; and it is for this that the saints have striven. They have renounced the world, they have crucified the flesh; they are lowly, they are tender-hearted, they are merciful, they are patient; tolerant of injury, and slow to think evil. They deem not poverty a hardship, nor obedience a slavery, nor chastity an intolerable yoke. To forego the pleasures of the world is to miss what lures the soul but leaves it hungry still. They believe in God and the better life. They have forsaken all things, and in return have found peace. We may not be able to follow them, but at least we ought to see, if we believe in Christ, that theirs is the better part. And yet the Protestant view is that the life of a saint is ridiculous. Why? Because he is wise who makes money, who lives comfortably, who knows that hunger and thirst are real, even though God and the soul be problematic. Take no thought of all these things, said Christ, intending thereby to turn the hearts of His disciples primarily and absolutely toward God and His heavenly kingdom. "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find, think you, faith on earth?"

The Pope himself has never excited so much real or feigned horror among Protestants as Catholic devotion to

the Blessed Virgin. Even the calm and reasonable Hallam held it to be an open question whether this devotion, which he calls the superstition of the Dark Ages, was not more injurious to public morals and the welfare of society than the entire absence of all religion would have been. Later in life, it is true, he half repented of this skepticism, and made a feeble apology; but he has left unaltered in the text the passages in which he expressed his early belief. Upon what does he found his opinion? Chiefly upon anecdotes found in the writings of some popular authors of the Middle Ages, telling how great criminals, who in the midst of their evil deeds still retained a kind of veneration for the Blessed Virgin, were finally saved from some imminent harm and converted by her miraculous interposition. Such stories are familiar to the readers of the legends of Mary; and the most that can be fairly said of them is that it may be doubted whether this kind of pious anecdote may not be specially liable to misinterpretation by the depraved and superstitious. But so is the example of the penitent thief; so are the examples of all who after a life of sin seem to receive the grace of thorough and true conversion. Assuredly these stories were never related with a view to quiet men in their evil deeds: the aim of their author was to hold out to those who might be tempted to despair, a hope of God's mercy through the intercession of the immaculate and loving Mother of Him who died for all.

I certainly believe, and I think all intelligent Catholics have always believed, that a man who settles himself in a perverse and wicked life, trusting to some pious practice in honor of the Blessed Virgin or any saint, or to kind acts done to the poor, or to any other device, will find that this has only added to his deep damnation. To use good deeds as hypnotics to compose us in our sin is

a superstition worthy of idiots or of demons. If there are Catholics who are so senseless or so depraved, they are unknown to me. In any event, devotion to the Blessed Virgin has most certainly no tendency to foster such a moral habit. She is presented to us by the Church as the ideal of purity and sinlessness; and to love and honor her is to love and honor all virtue.

Evil minds change good to their own nature. It is not necessary to pray to the Blessed Virgin or the saints to be guilty of the superstition of which Hallam speaks. The deist or the Protestant may form for himself a false conscience just as easily, to say the least, as the Catholic. He may persuade himself, for instance, that if he is not a murderer or an adulterer or a thief, God will not be rigorous with him on other matters, and so deaden his sense of many and serious transgressions by keeping in mind his pharisaic virtues. Or the Protestant may lay to heart Luther's advice: "Sin bravely, but believe more bravely still." He may then lead the most disorderly life and feel perfectly safe in his sin, without having to trust to a possible miraculous interference in his behalf. It is not necessary and it is not pleasant to insist upon this. I have taken Hallam, because he is one of the most favorable examples of the kind of criticism which the Church receives at the hands of Protestants. He honestly sought to maintain the character and dignity of an impartial historian: he was not a partisan, and he was superior to conscious prejudice; but he was a victim to the wretched and narrow spirit which does not permit Englishmen to be reasonable when the Catholic Church is in question. The whole significance of the Catholic veneration for the Blessed Virgin he finds in these popular legends, the meaning of which he yet fails to catch. Was there ever a shallower criticism or a more pitiful failure to grasp a great and noble theme?

† To take the most obvious view of the subject, what profound influence has not this new ideal of womanhood exercised upon the character and destiny of Christian women and consequently of Christian society! The Amazon was the perfect woman of paganism; and to this type the famous examples of Greece and Rome conform, as the Spartan mother and the mother of the Gracchi. The ideal was masculine rather than womanly, and, so far, false and without general effectiveness. Heroic and active courage is the virtue of men more than of women. Woman is abler to suffer, and man to act; and hence meekness, patience, humility, modesty, faith and love are the virtues which most become her; as courage, truth and candor are the complements of manliness. Man trusts more to knowledge; woman, to love. He is greater by the mind; she, by the heart. He is the type of God's creative power and wisdom; she, of His all-enduring love and mercy. He, by nature, is more pagan; she, more Christian; and St. Ambrose teaches that her fault was less in the original fall, as her bearing was beyond dispute the more generous. Hence God chose a woman to bear to man the Christ; and having once given Him to us through her, says Bossuet, this order remains forever and for all. As a mother's love brought Christ into the world, so they who love Him are taught by a mother's heart. What a noble part in Christian history does not woman play, from the pure and spotless Mary to that other one, all sin-defiled, whose burning tears of love washed her guilt away!

The whole life of our Blessed Lord is attended by the ministries of holy women. Their love holds them true in His hour of agony, when men had fled away and God Himself had seemed to forsake His Son; and that same love reveals Him first to woman's eyes in His risen and immortal life. In that awful struggle, in which for centuries

it was contended whether Love and Faith or Force and Knowledge are the stronger, women crowded the bloody arena and bore fearless and triumphant the martyr's palm; and in the final victory, when the Cross was advanced high up above all earthly dignities, St. Helena led the way for Constantine. Could anything be more touching or beautiful than the characters of St. Agnes and St. Cecilia,—so pure, so innocent, so gentle, so unconscious in their invincible strength? Who has ever suffered with more patient and enduring fortitude than St. Blandina? St. Perpetua was torn by the horns of a wild bull, and her last movement when she had been thrown upon the ground was to draw together her dress; her perfect purity triumphing over the agony of the most frightful death. St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Basil, St. Chrysostom and St. Gregory Nazianzen owed the depth of their religious faith and character to the example and teaching of holy women. And who can ever forget the faithful band of Roman matrons who gathered about St. Jerome, and whose names he has made immortal? Paula above all, who to a fortitude of soul worthy of her Æmilian blood added the tenderest and sweetest graces of Christian character, remains forever the perfect type of a true and noble woman.

In giving to chastity a new value, the Church gave to woman a higher power and a new mission. Purity of mind and conduct is not only her crown and glory: it is also her strength and sure defence. Whatever heightens the delicacy of the sacred feeling of modesty, fortifies morality and surrounds woman with a sanctity more inviolable than any legal enactments. King Arthur made his knights lay their hands in his and swear:

To lead sweet lives in purest chastity;
To love one maiden only, cleave to her
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her. For indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,

Not only to keep down the base in man
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

It is impossible to believe that virginity is a godlike virtue without at once thinking more worthily of woman. Sensuality and love, though mysteriously related, are contrary as religion and superstition. The baser passion grows upon the grave of the finer virtue. Woman, like religion, appeals to what is highest in man. Her power over him is that of sentiment, and to seek to place her in rivalry with him in the rude business of life is an aim worthy of an atheistic and material age.

For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse. Could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.

When I hear a woman use intellectual arguments, I am dismayed. Her best reason, as it is the world's best, is the inspiration of a pure and believing heart. She is happiest when she devotes herself, obedient to her patient and unselfish nature, to some loved being or high cause; and glory itself, says Madame de Staël, would be for her only a splendid mourning-suit for happiness denied.

Our Blessed Lord has dwelt with most emphasis upon virtues which are, above all, womanly—purity, meekness, obedience, faith and love. Blessed are the clean of heart! Blessed are the poor in spirit! Blessed are the meek! Blessed are the merciful! And when He speaks of courage and strength it is not of the human sort, but of that which comes of humble, loving trust in God. "Let not your heart be troubled," He said. "You believe in God, believe also in Me." He does not exalt intellect and enterprise and heroic daring, but gentleness and lovingness and sweet chastity. The strong will always be bold and eager. They will protect themselves. He clothed the weak in heavenly panoply when He placed purity above strength and humility above pride.

Now, of this true womanly phase of Christianity the Blessed Virgin is forever the ideal: Mother and Virgin, she is the model of the wedded and the free; and, like all best things, she is near to the level of our common nature. She is no fine lady, she is no worldly queen. The peasant mother toiling beneath her thatched roof knows such was Mary's lot. She makes us content with quiet virtue, with common life and familiar things. They are the best, and they are near to all. God's Mother sat by her spinning-wheel, and angels watched near her.

Of the higher life of perfect purity, she is equally the model. The moment virginity is preached as a virtue, women will be found to embrace it, all the more gladly because it is possible only through self-denial. And woman, without father or mother or brother or sister, loving Christ only, and the children whom He loved, and the poor and the sick, is the heavenliest image of God's charity and tender mercy that walks the earth. "Whatsoever ye have done to one of these," He said, "ye have done to Me." And nearly always it is a woman's hand that ministers to Christ. How poorly inspired was Protestantism! It knew not woman's nature. How could it, when it mistook human nature? Controversies, arguings, doubts, schisms and sects give no joy to woman. She yearns for a certain faith to lean upon, and a great and holy cause to which she may give herself. Protestantism has never won her heart.

"There is," says Mr. Lecky, "as I conceive, no fact in modern history more deeply to be deplored than that the Reformers, who in matters of doctrinal innovations were often so timid, should have levelled to the dust, instead of attempting to regenerate, the whole conventual system of Catholicism." This great revolution was occasioned by the sins of Catholics, from the Popes downward. It finally settled upon Bible-texts,

became an intellectual process, and was condemned to the sterility which characterizes mere theories, of whatever kind. All its phases are stages in the disintegration of Christianity which is taking place outside the Catholic Church; one of which is known as the question of Woman's Rights. The aim is to make woman as strong and intellectual as man, and the result must be to make her profane and vulgar. For her, above all, the question of right lies in the fulfilment of duty. In the First Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul speaks of the glory of the woman as of a thing distinct from the glory of the man. Their endowments are unlike, their work is different, their provinces are distinct. If she ape the man, she will lose the heart of love and yet not gain the commanding mind. The women who speak from our public platforms are so sharp and unlovely because they are displeased with themselves. To live in the hearts of those who make the laws is more than to have a vote. And if we must take a gloomy view, Madame de Staël, the most intellectual of women, says: "It were far better in order to keep something sacred on earth, that in marriage there should be one slave rather than two free-thinkers."

In any case, whatever increases the real influence of woman will give greater power to religion and to the Catholic Church; and I believe that she will extend her sway only by walking in the pathway which has been opened to her by Jesus Christ, whose Immaculate Mother remains forever the glory and the ideal of all women.

A New Year's Prayer.

A GIFT, O little uncrowned King,
 I ask for one held dear:
 It is Thy Mother's love and Thine
 To bless the opening year!

In this Sign I Conquer.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.



T was a noble stronghold, standing without the town of Barnstable, in the county of Devonshire; and there, through divers persecutions for the Faith, abode the family of Leigh. It had lost much by reason of fines, imprisonment, and confiscation; but, nathless, did so contrive as to hold up its head and maintain its ancient state.

I, Nicholas Harborn, having been tutor to my dear Sir Marmaduke and his brother Anthony prior to their departing to make their studies on the Continent, still remained at the Hall. There, God willing, I shall always remain. The events I here set down occurred during the reign of Elizabeth, who did occasion such cruel suffering to the Catholics of her realm. Sir Marmaduke Leigh at the age of twenty-five had come into his inheritance through the decease of the noble Sir Richard Leigh, his father. The new master of the Hall was a young gentleman of great parts; and, had it not been for his open profession of the Catholic Faith, he might have had fair prospect of advancement at the court of a sovereign who ever displayed a partiality for young and comely gentlemen.

Sir Marmaduke shunned that perilous atmosphere, and dwelt tranquilly upon his estate; and in due course of time thought of taking himself a wife, being deeply smitten by the charms of Mistress Dorothea Orton, daughter of Sir John Orton, nearest neighbor to the Hall. The young lady was of rare beauty and a prize so well worth the winning, that she did not lack for suitors in her following. Peradventure, it was for this reason that she was a something froward and wilful. To Sir Marmaduke's suit she said not aye nor nay, but kept

him full of unrest, with an eye turned ever toward Orton Lodge, and a leg over the saddle to ride thither as often as might be permitted him.

Marmaduke had a younger brother Anthony, whom I have already named. He was as fair as Marmaduke was dark-complexioned, and of as lightsome a temperament as that of his brother was sober. It was believed by everyone of us that Anthony would take up the profession of arms; for he was ever most daring, knowing no fear, and playing in his childhood with his father's great sword as though it had been a plaything. But about the time when Sir Marmaduke began to ride daily to Orton Lodge, Anthony declared to his brother that he was about to leave him.

"I do most earnestly hope," he said to Marmaduke, "that Mistress Dorothea will presently dispose herself to give the Hall a mistress and you, brother, her pleasant company; for I must go hence."

I sat in my corner of that great room, busy with my inkhorn and parchment, as Anthony so spake; and I raised my head and looked at that goodly pair of brothers, standing where the light from the east window fell upon them and touched the oaken panels of the ancient Hall. I bethought me that they were, indeed, noble scions of a race that had been ever noble. Both were honest and God-fearing gentlemen, devout in faith and of virtuous and exemplary life. Tall and slender as young willows, the one dark in color, olive in complexion, with a cast of gravity in his features; the other with the red and white of some Saxon forbears in his cheeks and a ruddy gold in his hair, ever cheerful of countenance. His eyes laughed whether he would or no, and his mouth was forever parting in a smile, which showed the gleam of white teeth. Marmaduke more rarely smiled, and oftenest when he gazed upon his brother; for Mistress

Orton, with her pretty whimsies, seldom gave him occasion for laughter.

Anthony laid his hand upon his brother's sleeve.

"Aye," he said gravely, "the parting of the ways has even come and I must turn aside."

"In God's name, what riddles are these, brother?" cried Marmaduke, with some asperity.

"I go across seas before the Christmas festivals," answered Anthony.

"To take up the profession of arms? Ah, Anthony, I feared as much!" Marmaduke cried out, as one in pain. "And, though I know full well it is difficult to follow here the calling of a soldier, I would beg of you, my brother, never to bear arms against England or her sovereign."

"As if I would bear arms against my country!" said Anthony, tossing back his golden hair. "The arms I shall take up are not those you wot of."

"What, then?" asked Marmaduke, in amaze.

"I go to become a seminary priest beyond seas," replied his brother; "to enter another service, militant if you will—the Company of Jesus."

Sir Marmaduke started.

"The peril, brother,—the peril! Think of it!" came in a whisper from lips grown pale.

Anthony tossed back his head, again catching a gleam from the window upon his shining locks.

"Has peril ever daunted a Leigh? Has it put terror into Marmaduke? Shall it affright Anthony with phantom shadows? I trow you are forgetting, brother, the motto we bear upon our shield: 'In this Sign I conquer.' And the sign, Marmaduke, is the Cross."

Marmaduke bent low his head. That motto had been much beloved of them both; and he recalled visions of boyhood wherein had he with this fair-haired Anthony bethought themselves of going to fight the Saracens for the relief of

Christ's Holy Sepulchre, or setting forth on knightly foray against Topcliffe and the priest-hunters. And now—he could find no words.

"I shall give that saucy minx Dorothea my mind, brother," Anthony spake again, with more of his accustomed likeness. "She is as great a trifler as ever I saw in my life, and I shall make it clear to her that she but wounds her own heart in wounding yours. For Dorothea loves you, brother,—doubt it not. And she hath in her nature the raw material of noble deeds."

Marmaduke's face lighted an instant, and then darkened, as he spake bitterly:

"I fear, brother, your own love for me blinds you. Mistress Dorothea cares naught for me. I am but one of the witless moths that circle about her beauty's flame."

"Nay," said Anthony, looking earnestly into his brother's face. "You are wrong. I know it by many a token. Dorothea will come here to fill the place I must even leave vacant."

"Why speak you so confidently?" Marmaduke asked suddenly.

Anthony laughed merrily.

"In faith I know little enough of womankind," he said; "but I would wager much that before twelve months be gone she will wear upon her finger a ring of good red gold, and Marmaduke Leigh shall have put it there. And so I told my lady a fortnight since, at the Lodge gate."

Marmaduke's countenance flushed.

"How took she the prophecy?" he queried, with a careless air, that in no manner deceived us.

"After a woman's fashion," replied Anthony. "She mocked me for my gift of second-sight, and laughed away the topic; but, mark you, she did in nowise dispute the fact."

There was silence after that; and, perchance, I could form a guess as to what were Marmaduke's thoughts: how his mind sped forward, joyfully to the

coming of that dainty bride to take her place beside the hearth. Yet presently he heaved a deep sigh.

"Were it even so, brother," he said, "'twill be none the less a sore heartbreak for me that you should depart. For who can fill your place?"

"Dorothea will fill it so full as to leave no room for a companion," rejoined Anthony. "But the reason of my going, I do pray that it be for the moment kept secret, lest it prejudice you with those in high places."

"Think not of me," Marmaduke groaned. "O brother, this be a grievous trial, exceeding hard to bear; and I be so poor a Christian that the weight thereof seems to weigh me down!"

"Nay, nay! You, too, will conquer in that holy Sign which has been raised over our race, a dispensation ever of sorrow and of glory."

Anthony's countenance as he thus spake shone with a light as from above.

"Yet, that your credit be nowise impaired, let it be as I have said. The contrivings of malicious persons might work you much evil if it were known that I have become a member of the Jesuit Society. Therefore, it may be declared that I go over-seas to prosecute my studies,—which, indeed, is but the simple truth."

To this Sir Marmaduke sorrowfully gave assent.

"And now be of good courage. Be mindful of those fine ardors of ours when we would fain have fought the infidel," Anthony said. "You, my brother, must remain here, for so God's wisdom has ordered: to keep alive the good old name, to be an exemplar to many; while I do lay down carnal weapons to take hold, with God's grace, of those that are of the spirit."

Hitherto the talk had been between the brothers; but, turning and catching sight of me, Anthony hastened toward me, laying a hand with much affection on my shoulder.

"Hi, Master Wiseacre, there you be, quill-driving as ever!"

"Nay, my quill is idle in my hand," I answered, "because of the tidings I have even now heard."

And as I looked at him in his fair youth, the tears welled up into my eyes and I had like to sob aloud.

"Be not downcast, old friend!" said Anthony presently. "I go to seek a glory which is not of this world; and you shall see me back again, fighting the heretics, not with carnal weapon of any sort but with the prayers and Masses and preachings of my Order. 'Twill be a merry sport, my master."

I still continued doleful, nor dared I trust my voice to speak; while Anthony strove to comfort me in his own blithesome way.

"As for the priest-hunters, good sooth, 'twill be a noble chase, only that I shall be hare instead of huntsman."

Here there was an interruption; for Marmaduke, who had stood by the window gazing out, cried on a sudden that Mistress Dorothea, on her white palfrey, was riding up to the gate with her father, Sir John.

"Of little moment to our brave Marmaduke is the coming of Sir John!" cried Anthony merrily in my ear. "A mote in a sunbeam; and the sunbeam, in very truth, rests on a white palfrey."

Marmaduke was already out upon the broad steps which led to the main door; and thither Anthony followed him, leaving me to peer out at the window for a glimpse of the winsome lady.

II.

Presently, at Marmaduke's solicitation, the two dismounted, their horses being left in care of lackeys, and came into the great Hall. I retired once more to my alcove; striving to continue the inscribing of a parchment, for all my heaviness of heart. The lady was in a mood of great perversity, and so jibed and jeered at Sir Marmaduke that his color came and went, and his high

spirit could ill brook her sauciness. Anthony laughed in merry fashion; but I perceived that he, too, was pained by the damsel's treatment of his brother. To Anthony himself Mistress Dorothea was most gracious, and they bandied jests together, till of a sudden Anthony remarked:

"Tell Sir John the great tidings, Marmaduke, so that I may here and now take leave of him and my pretty playmate of long ago."

"Tidings!" cried Sir John, and I noted the alarm in his voice and something of agitation in his countenance, which was of a slow and heavy cast. "No ill tidings there be, I humbly hope! And wherefore does Anthony talk of farewells?"

"My brother," said Sir Marmaduke gravely, "is going beyond seas to study—to—"

"Out with it, man! Here is no need of caution," interposed Anthony. "I am going to become a seminary priest, a Jesuit."

"A Jesuit!" exclaimed Sir John, holding up both his hands in protest. "Why, in these evil times, Anthony, this is sheer madness!"

"Be it madness, Sir John," Anthony said, "I pray God to keep me in that same frenzy!"

"But it will bring obloquy upon your name—"

"Nay, a glory rather to a name which has ever gloried in the Cross of Christ," Anthony corrected, with much gentleness. Never had he looked more noble.

"It will bring ruin upon your brother and—and—"

He glanced meaningly at his daughter. Anthony paused an instant, as if this argument were more painful; but Sir Marmaduke spake out boldly, with that fine air as though he were in command of a battalion.

"That matters naught," he declared. "If Anthony be called to that blessed Company, he must go without thought of me."

Anthony cast a glance of much affection and thankfulness at his brother.

"I do pray you," he said, addressing the visitors, "to hold the matter for the moment a secret. Ere it be made public, I fondly hope these persecutions which afflict our fair land shall have passed away."

"I am, as is known to you, a Catholic," began Sir John. "I have held to the ancient Faith at some loss, and will do so still, God willing. But this is rashness, and it would perchance be better that there be less intimate communication between us—"

He glanced again at Dorothea; and Marmaduke, reading the look aright, drew himself most stiffly erect. But Dorothea interposed:

"Anthony is right. I love him for the spirit he shows; and Marmaduke—" She turned to him with the first smile she had given him that day, and held out her hand,—a dainty one, white and pink, she having withdrawn her riding-gantlet. "And now you and I must, insooth, be better friends because of this."

Sir Marmaduke took her hand, bowing low over it; and I caught from her eyes one tender glance at the bowed head, which told me that Anthony was a true prophet, and that this brave gentleman and no other should put ring upon her finger. The father was plainly vexed, for he was of a cautious and timorous spirit. Anthony smiled at the girl with a smile that was pleasant to see.

"I shall leave Marmaduke in your keeping, Dorothea," he said gravely, bending low, so that I scarce could catch the words, in the language almost of our mad poet Will Shakespeare: "To thine own self be true, then canst thou not to any man prove false."

She laughed and parried the jest, with a glow of color which told its own tale; and, rising, shook out the long skirt of her riding-dress and drew her furred mantle coquettishly about her. When

Anthony had taken leave of Sir John, he turned again to his early playmate, who had been as a sister to him.

"Dorothea, farewell!" he said earnestly. "Mistake not your own heart. It is given to one man. Do not through wilfulness make two lives unhappy."

She lowered her eyes and raised them again, smiling.

"You are oversure, Anthony!" she cried. "A woman's will is as a feather in the wind."

Something in her smile contradicted her words, and Anthony said confidently:

"You will make Marmaduke happy before the year is gone, or I shall be pilloried for a false prophet."

She laughed back at him saucily, and passed Marmaduke hastily where he stood, with but little patience, knowing not what his brother had been whispering, and eager only for a parting word with the sweet lady.

"Anthony and I have come near to quarrelling," she said to Marmaduke. "He knows naught of women and their ways, and it is well that he should turn his back upon them."

"And flee lest I be an humble target for their arrows!" retorted Anthony, laughing his boyish laugh.

"Mistake not a swallow for a whole summer, nor a smile and a friendly word for—"

She did not finish her sentence, but daintily touched her palfrey with her silver-handled whip.

"God have you in His keeping, fair Mistress Dorothea!" cried Anthony. "And save me, I pray you, from the pillory!"

I would my narrative might dwell forever in sunny places, but I must haste on, since there is much to narrate; and an old man's memory has to be jogged at every turn by peering into old-time documents. Alack and alack that I have to tell of many a troublous hour, ere the season of peace that now has befallen!

(To be continued.)

To Saint John.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

I.

"THE Word made Flesh" thy theme sublime,
Thou showest us Incarnate God.
As very Man our earth He trod,
Conform'd to laws of space and time:

A mortal, needing food and rest
And kindly sleep, He deign'd to live;
To pain how keenly sensitive!
What woes found harbor in His breast!

But 'tis the *Person* all Divine
In thy clear pages speaks and acts;
Rebukes, yet tenderly attracts;
For every wound has "oil and wine."

II.

How blest wert thou, beloved John,
His chosen dearest of the Twelve!
We pity those who toil and delve
For earth-born riches, hardly won,

When love is ours, true human love—
A treasure gold will never buy:
Yet change and death can make us sigh
For love's enduring home—above:

While thou upon the Sacred Heart
Couldst lean thy head in perfect peace,
And taste a bliss would never cease—
Though then but only "known in part."

III.

How blest wert thou when Jesus gave
His own sweet Mother to thy care!
Thy portion in her daily prayer
How sweet, how sure! And when the grave

Had held her body those brief hours,
And she was reigning Queen of Heaven,
Enthroned above the Spirits Seven
And all the bright Angelic Powers,

Her mother-love—not less, but more—
Still cheer'd the long expectant years
That saw thee bravely sow in tears
To reap on joy's eternal shore.

ASSUREDLY all that we can say in praise of the Mother pertains to the Son; and, again, when we honor the Son we cease not to glorify the Mother.

—St. Bernard.

Tuckernuck.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.

I HAD written to her, out of the depths: "I leave here next week and go to sea in an island out of sight of land. I want to change my position, which has become cramped; I want to stretch my legs and my brains in a new atmosphere. Thy letter was like a breath of lavender wafted from an old-fashioned garden tended by loving hands. It filled me with desire. Sometimes I think I should like to curl up in a deep window-seat in one of those old Mexican adobes in California, on a cliff overhanging the sea; and forget things day after day until the sun goes down, and until I am ready to begin all over again, and see things with calmer and clearer eyes, and meet them with a braver heart. That is why I am going to sea in a bowl-of-an-island, where there will be positively no interruptions, and where there will be absolutely nothing to do but to eat and sleep and read and write and talk and think and boat and bathe and fish, and shoot at a target, or play games in airy costumes that are suggestive of the Golden Age of Greece; for there are no women there—begging your pardon!"

B. and I arrived at Nantucket at the appointed hour, but there was no launch awaiting us. In vain we asked for it and watched for it and prayed for it. Evidently there was a mistake somewhere. Presently B. lost patience, and, chartering a carriage, we struck across lots to Great Neck, where there is a life-saving station; hoping that there the life-savers might at least save our interest in life. It was a breezy drive across those untilled, shadowless fields, and not without anxiety; for every moment of delay was so much lost to us, and the day was waning.

At the station we found no living being. Then awoke in B. all the spirit of his athletic days; and with one fell swoop he dragged a boat from her nest among the reeds, rigged her skilfully, placed me where ballast was most needed, and together we put to sea. We were just getting into the swing of the waves, I perched like a huge bird on the weather gunwale, where I was anything but happy—the lee scuppers were under water,—when B. sighted the belated launch ploughing toward us; and we hove to, to await her approach.

That was the end of the adventure. Some one put out from shore and returned our boat to its proper anchorage. We were no longer pirates or filibusters, or anything more romantic than two hungry Tuckernuckians looking with longing eyes to the far point of the island, where the tip of the outlook upon the water tower was just visible, and where anxious and delighted eyes were watching for us, and had been for an hour.

We ran under the lee of the island into smoother water. No one was visible to the searching eye from one end of it to the other. The fishing houses all looked deserted—at least by the men folk and the boy folk. For they begin early to fish among those people; and the least of them—I mean the smallest of them—is as much at home in a boat as if he had been cradled there; perhaps he had been.

Rounding the western point of the island, we came to anchor in a garden of sea grass. A skiff transported us to the dock, where the butler and the cook in white raiment awaited us. At this moment a tall figure clad in pajamas appeared at the top of the stairs that led from the dock to the plateau above. He descended with the air of an Eastern potentate, and gave us welcome with Oriental grace. This was the lord and master of the bungalow, the owner of the greater portion of the island; yet

the bungalow, the bath-house, and the boathouses were the only buildings on his solitary estate.

From the top of the stairs we crossed a broad lawn that had never known a sickle. The long and hardy grass was kept clipped and combed by the winds that swept across it. Flowers were scattered all through it,—flowers of many varieties and most brilliant hues. They grew where they pleased and how they pleased, and it was always delightful to walk among them and find how they had colonized; the daisy, the dandelion, the goldenrod, having each its share of the wild, self-sowed garden, and not mingling very much with any but its own kind. This was the bungalow borderland, that extended to the sea on three sides of us.

And the bungalow? It was never planned: it simply grew, and it grew and it grew until it became what it now is—a unique and ideal bachelor bungalow, admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was intended—the happy and sometimes hilarious summer home of the bachelor host and his masculine and unencumbered guests; a house so perfectly suited to the climate, the place and the surroundings that it seems as if it must have sprung spontaneously from the soil, mushroom-fashion; as if nature had constructed it, and not the hand of man.

No sooner had we entered the house than they all, the host and guests, flew away to the beach for a bath. A bath is always in order there; and you can have your choice between the still water of the cove or the bounding billow that rolls over from the Spanish coast and crashes like thunder on the sands of Tuckernuck.

While the others are at their bath I am left alone in the living room. A very long room—it has grown so,—and of good breadth. An open fireplace at one end of it; windows and doors on three sides of it,—such a lot of

windows in a row, with a wonderfully deep divan under them, at the end of the room where the big writing and reading table stands; all those windows to the east commanding the moors with just a glimpse of the roofs of the fishing village; beyond that village a stunted wood,—almost the only trees on the island are gathered there; the wood, 'tis said, is the haunt of wild-cats, the descendants of domestic cats that have gone wild for the mere love of it; or perhaps they were left when the villagers went over to Nantucket to spend the winter, and having been forced back to nature, as it were, they resolved never again to return to the domestic hearth. A roof or two beyond the wood, and then glimpses of the sea,—all this for the delight of the eastern windows.

To the north the sea again, but thronged with passing ships. The hammock swings in the deep veranda, and there are many easy-chairs; for the veranda is like a Hawaiian Lanai—a very large room with nothing but a roof to cover it. There is the big telescope with which we search the seas and make wonderful discoveries. When the weather is fair and the wind is not too high, and the June bugs and the moths are not outrageously familiar, we breakfast or lunch or dine there; then it is easy to imagine oneself in a tropical island, and one listens for rustic music and the laughter of the light-hearted natives.

To the west, beyond the bluff, are the shallows clouded with sea grass; and there flocks of silvery-white tern and sea gulls hover for a moment and then drop upon their prey with a splash in the water that almost makes one think they have been shot with a noiseless rifle; they have practised these "stage-falls" so often that they do them to the life—or to the death, shall I say?

There's an island over there, Muskeget, that is no more than a strip of sand with a few houses on it. It does not

seem much like a real island, but more like a make-believe island in a play: a bit of scenery that has been run on at the back of the stage. Through the glass we can see little people walking up and down on it, or overhauling their boats; and the island is so low that we see the sails of ships that are passing beyond it; it is all very odd and a little lonesome to look at, and is just a bit like a mechanical landscape in a German clock. A long strip of beach, very slender and rather weird-looking—a part of the bungalow property,—points like a finger over toward Muskeget: it points to danger and to death. A current like a mill-race rushes between it and Muskeget, and there lie the bones of ships that have been swept in by the gales, and caught as in a trap; the waves have gnawed at them till only their skeletons are left. Nor will these remain much longer; for each season some timber is wrenched away from the wreck and seized upon by the watchful fishermen, who tow it home for fire-wood. Thus the sea gives them their fish for food, and their fuel to fry it with.

The living room is walled with books,—books of all descriptions, in various languages, many of them very rare and fine. There is a library to last a man a lifetime. The dining table stands before the fireplace, with doors and windows thrown wide open on each hand—unless there is danger of a high wind looting the room; then they are closed on the windward side. Over the table is a carved and painted shield—originally a barrel-head, I believe. Here four resplendent sea nymphs represent the cardinal points of the compass. The shield is a compass dial; from the centre of it projects a rod that is attached to the weather-vane on the roof; a needle at the lower end of it swings to and fro at the slightest suggestion of the wind. We always know which way the wind blew in the bungalow, and every bungalowee is his own weather prophet.

In the gloaming I heard voices: the bathers were returning from their bath. Their toilets were completed in the lavatory, where each of us had his basin, his towel, his toilet articles neatly arranged in succession along the side of the room. From the lavatory to the gun room is but a step, and there one finds every accessory to sport on land or sea; from the gun room to the living room another step—and there you are.

We dined in the Lanai that night; for it was tropical, and we had been so long pent up in houses on shore that we felt the need of change. The butterflies were growing weary and seeking rest among the tall weeds at the edge of the lawn. June bugs dove headforemost among the viands and lay on their back, kicking wildly in the air. A cloud of small white moths whirled madly about the lamps like a swirl of snowflakes. The crickets were still chorusing in the grass; and sometimes a belated sea bird piped to us as it winged its way to the lonely sand spit out yonder, pointing to the wrecks.

The evening meal, once thoroughly discussed, was soon forgotten. Then to books, and to debate concerning them; or to letter writing—as one writes letters or journals at sea. Or the young scientists gathered about a bowl of sea water filled with tufts of freshly gathered seaweed, and, laying strands of the weed under a very powerful microscope, they vied with one another in shouts of rapture. Oh, such visions of fairy-land or fairy-sea as excited their astonishment and delight! 'Twas Alice in Wonderland on a more wonderful scale; a glimpse into another and an almost unknown world. Such grotesque forms, such a wealth of color suddenly revealed! And there were domestic tragedies, and love's young dreams, and a field of slaughter, all invisible to the naked eye; and most of the *dramatis personæ* on this submarine stage were encased in glittering armor and richly decked with jewels.

Was the moon out? Yea, verily! The large telescope, one of the finest in the land, was carefully adjusted upon the lawn, and in turn we were spirited away to the skies. It makes me dizzy to think of those celestial flights: the ragged edges of the moon and her appalling pallor; the soaring rings of Saturn; the rival moons of Jupiter; the unspeakable splendor of Mars. Nay, let us rest content on this goodly earth yet a little longer, and leave other worlds than ours for astronomers to conquer.

As the night waned we ascended one after another to our chambers in the loft. On a shelf in the gun room stood a row of brass candlesticks, each with its candle and matches, awaiting to be called for. I lighted mine, said "Good-night!" climbed the narrow and rather steep stairs that are like a companion way on shipboard; turned at the top, to find a nest of little chambers not much larger than staterooms, but almost as airy as all out-of-doors; scrupulously clean; just furniture enough in each to supply one's needs; exceptionally comfortable beds with linen exhaling a countrified freshness; white walls of wood; white rafters overhead; all visible and all spotless to the peak of the roof.

It was almost like a parlor edition of sleeping in a barn. The door of my chamber, glazed in the French manner, opened upon a veranda just over the Lanai. I might have called it all my own and boasted of the wondrous view it commanded, were it not that one can not anywhere escape the wondrous view at the bungalow. I called it the upper-deck, and felt like a first-class passenger whenever I paced it in my pride. The main top was higher than the quarter-deck, quite above the roof; but the latter was ever high enough for me. I was almost dizzy there, for the length and breadth of the horizon it commanded.

Rimmed by the sea were we. The brown moors looked broader and browner as I viewed them from the

upper-deck; and from there I discovered a slender inlet, the haven of a small fleet of catboats; and two or three other houses cropped into view; and the wild-wood seemed larger and more impressive; and I feared that the cats that roam it might follow suit. So I re-entered my cabin on that first evening, content to spend my days upon the deck below; for the world viewed from that altitude was good enough for me.

(To be continued.)

The Best of Gifts.

BY AGNES EWING BROWN.

THE organist of Grace Church had ceased to believe in God. The strange part about it was that he held the church responsible.

It was one of the richest in the city; and every Sunday some of the best-dressed, best-fed and best-housed people, most of whom worshiped Mammon in their hearts, came to worship God with their lips. Sometimes, in his darkest moments, the organist wondered whether the minister himself believed in God, or whether he simply believed in a good salary obtained in what was to him the easiest possible way—the delivery once a week of a gracefully worded address, carefully pruned of anything which might prove offensive to the audience he was expected to entertain. This audience, as has been intimated, included certain classes of society most tersely referred to in the book which lay upon the minister's desk, and from which his selections were made with admirable prudence. He was a man of consummate tact, who fully appreciated the fact that his popularity with his parishioners was largely due to what he did not say.

This travesty of religion had produced a revulsion of feeling in the soul of the organist, and led him to the very irra-

tional generalization that religion as a whole was synonymous with hypocrisy. Five years ago, when he first became affiliated with Grace Church, he had religion and ambition. He had lost both. We have explained the origin of his attitude toward religion; and the loss of enthusiasm for his work had a somewhat similar history. It was sham art as well as sham religion which had been his undoing. The work of his choir, though technically beyond reproach, was as soulless as a graphophone. One of the soloists was a prominent vaudeville "artist" who sang suggestive ballads on weekdays and "sacred solos" on Sunday.

Lacking sufficient ambition to scale the heights of his profession, the organist had become sated with the cheap achievements of his "Sunday programmes." He had begun to lose heart in his work. The saddest part of all this was that aside from his work there was nothing to make life worth while for him. He was absolutely alone in the world, so far as family ties were concerned; and, being a man of extremely reticent nature, he had made no intimate friends, and few acquaintances who felt familiar enough to invade his handsome apartments in the fashionable residence quarter. He had thought of retiring upon the ample income which his accumulated earnings brought him, but his soul shrank from the emptiness of such an existence as would follow. The man who had begun by losing faith in God had ended by losing faith in life.

One evening as he was starting out to conduct the first rehearsal of his Christmas programme he recalled a Christmas long years ago in Germany before he had left home. It was five o'clock on a clear winter's morning, and the stars shone down upon the unsullied carpet of snow that covered the noiseless streets. He was hurrying along with a Catholic schoolmate who had volun-

teered to take him to the cathedral for Mass. The lights of the great edifice shone through the stained-glass windows with a mellow glow, which but little prepared one for the dazzling radiance within. He remembered how his soul was stirred by the grand cadences of Mozart's famous Mass; but he remembered best of all the *Adeste Fideles* which was sung at the Offertory, and how the voice of a boy soprano sang the lines "*Gloria, gloria, in excelsis Deo!*" like a lark among the clouds.

It seemed to him that he would like to produce that as his last piece of work. Not for the sake of the congregation, but for the sake of the things which he felt he might have accomplished before prosperity had enervated him. He had frequently introduced a Latin hymn into his programme, and the congregation rather liked it, just as they liked Omar Khayyam—because they didn't understand it. But where to get the boy soprano? He consulted with the choir in regard to the matter, and the vaudeville artist volunteered to procure a certain Ned Rollins who, as she tersely expressed it, "used to be an infant phenomenon, but he grew too fast." The organist regarded the issue as doubtful, and so was not surprised to have Ned Rollins, when he appeared, prove impossible. His strident tones were too unmistakably suggestive of the music hall to be utilized on this occasion.

The organist had about given up the project, when one of the young men of the choir—the tenor—joined him on his way home after rehearsal, and said hesitatingly: "I think I know where you can find a voice for that *Adeste Fideles*. There's an orphan asylum near my boarding-house, and I sometimes go over to their exercises. One of the singers is a little chap about six years old. He hasn't a strong voice but it is beautiful, and, somehow, I believe that it's just what you want."

The speaker was a hard-working

young music-teacher, who had always done his work well in the choir, and had never put himself forward in any way; so the organist had more faith in this second proposal. He therefore accepted with thanks the offer to take him to the orphan asylum on the following Sunday.

The little choir-boys sat upon the platform in all the solemnity of Sunday clothes, and gazed at the visitors with round-eyed interest. The six-year-old soloist occupied a chair somewhat toward the centre of the group, and bestowed a genial smile of recognition upon the organist's guide. He did not know how much that afternoon's work was to mean to him. He sang his best, as he always did,—not because of his listeners, but because he loved to sing. He threw back his little head, with its aureole of sunny brown curls, and sang straight up to Heaven.

"Will he do?" whispered the tenor.

"He will!" answered the organist, emphatically.

As soon as the service was over, they interviewed the matron of the establishment, who readily consented to their proposition. Little Carl, who was quite a pet of the tenor's, was sent for; and soon appeared, grasping the employee's hand with one of his, and clasping a small gray kitten with the other.

"He insisted upon bringing the cat along," explained the employee; "so I let him keep it."

The matron felt that this laxity of discipline demanded an apology.

"I'm afraid we spoil him," she said deprecatingly; "but it's hard not to."

The subject of these remarks seemed not to hear them, being more agreeably occupied in exploring the pockets of his friend the tenor, where he was always sure of finding a rich mine of sweets.

The organist meanwhile was earnestly conversing with the matron in regard to little Carl; and when the tenor rose to go, saying, "Well, I suppose there is nothing else to attend to," he replied:

"Yes: just one thing else. I want to ask this child if he will come and live with me."

The tenor, of course, was astounded by this announcement; but little Carl received it very calmly. After deliberating a minute or two, and scrutinizing the organist thoughtfully, he inquired:

"May I bring my cat?"

"Certainly," answered the organist gravely; and the matter was settled.

That night when the organist arrived home, his charge was to him the occasion for many novel sensations. The disrobing of this young person was in itself a matter of absorbing interest, though he manfully refused all help save in the matter of a few inconveniently situated buttons and refractory tapes. The organist slept but little that night, for his mind was busy with plans stretching far out over the years to come and giving a new meaning to existence. As he felt the warmth of the tiny body nestled close to his, and heard the soft puffing of that wee engine of vitality, the organist began to believe in life again.

On Christmas Day, a long line of handsome equipages drew up before Grace Church to deposit their sumptuously dressed occupants. Within the church, friends exchanged smiles of Christmas greeting and occasional whispered conversation. The minister's "well-chosen remarks" and the vaudeville artist's ornate solo were followed by a rustle of appreciation. Then came the *Adeste Fideles*.

It opened with a full chorus. Suddenly the burst of harmony ceased, except for the soft accompaniment of a harp; and then a child's clear voice rang out, "*Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo!*" and all throughout the church was breathless silence. That voice detached from the great chorus was like a wood violet discovered under last year's leaves. There was silence in the very souls of those who heard it. Not that they

understood the words any more than the child who sang them; but there was something so unearthly in the sweetness of that little voice that I doubt if the Christmas Angel could have carried better the message of the Star of Bethlehem. The voice of the boy soprano had accomplished what nothing else in the services of that church had ever done—caused each heart of the vast congregation to beat with a higher and holier purpose.

The organist and his adopted son sat that evening in the glow of a great wood fire which lighted up the apartments and revealed an unusual state of disorder,—toys were strewn about in wild confusion, and the cat had ensconced herself upon a table covered with costly bric-a-brac. The boy, wearied with the excitement of an eventful day, had climbed upon the organist's lap, and his curly head nodded sleepily. Suddenly the great blue eyes opened, and he said:

"Father,"—bringing the newly-learned syllables out with a delicious drawl,—*"father, you didn't get any Christmas present."*

"Yes, I did," said the organist, drawing the child closer to him. "I got the best of Christmas presents—something to live for."

The child did not understand; but, with the philosophy characteristic of his class, he asked another question in lieu of the one which remained unanswered: "Who sent it to you?"

The organist gazed into the fire for some little time, and then answered firmly: "God."

A Thought.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

THE golden day and the silver night—
Twenty-four jewels, pure and bright,
To set in our life-chain, every one.
How many are lost when the day is done?

On Turning Over a New Leaf.

IN our daily use of material blank-books—such as memoranda, diaries, journals, commonplace-books, or what not—we literally turn over a new leaf for any one of several reasons. We may not have exhausted the space on the preceding page but we have soiled it with an unseemly blot, have written a sentence or a line that needs remodelling, have missed the solution of a problem we are trying, or detected an error in a lengthy calculation; and, even though our page be still half-blank, we turn a leaf to make a fresh beginning upon a page that is wholly white.

Reasons quite analogous to the foregoing underlie the moral process which we designate as the turning over of a new leaf,—the process of changing one's ways and adopting a different and better line of conduct. The proper time for setting about such reformation of our habitual life as seems to our better judgment advisable is, of course, the very moment at which the advisability is recognized; but life holds several minor epochs which, naturally enough, appear especially appropriate for fresh starts and new beginnings, and such an epoch is January 1.

That New Year's Day should cause even the most thoughtless and frivolous of mankind to reflect a little upon the passage of time, and to ponder somewhat on the use they are making of the fleeting years, is entirely natural; and the logical outcome of such reflection or pondering is assuredly the making of fresh resolves as to future conduct. Life is, after all, a solemn thing; and the veriest worldling that affects the Epicurean philosophy of "a short life and a merry one,"—"eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die,"—can not rid himself of sombre thoughts at the passing of the old year and the dawning of the new. He may man-

ifest good-humored contempt of the time-honored custom of taking good resolutions on the 1st of January, or swearing off bad habits and promising one's self to abandon great or little vices; but in reality he fully appreciates the practice which he affects to despise.

New Year resolutions are, at the very least, evidences of active life and healthful energy, of sturdy faith and vitalizing hope; they proclaim the absence of utter indifference, of confirmed routinism, of a lethargy that is tantamount to despair. What though nine-tenths of them be broken within a month or even a week! If only one in a hundred be kept for a single day it is a positive gain, and, moreover, a help in future struggles. Keeping our resolutions is, of course, that at which we should constantly aim; but it would be the acme of folly to give up making good resolves because of our breaking some already made. He is but a novice in life who has not discovered that there is merit not only in never stumbling but in rising every time we fall. Never to tire of beginning anew is the secret of all successful strife against the world, the flesh, or the devil.

While the taking of good resolutions, however, is an excellent practice, it does not follow that the more of them we take the better. Having due regard to our normal weakness or cowardice, we shall do well to limit our resolves to one or two capital and practical points rather than make them embrace the whole field of the moral law. The zealous self-reformer who heroically determines to signalize 1904 by effecting a complete revolution in his manner of life, abandoning not only sinful or dangerous practices but also indifferent or innocent habits, will probably discover that a brief period of strenuous exertion will exhaust his will-power, and that grasping too much is to lose hold of everything.

One method of ensuring the continuous carrying into effect of the resolves we

make in the New Year's dawn is to place them under the patronage of our Blessed Lady. No reader of THE AVE MARIA needs telling that his Heavenly Mother rejoices in every generous resolution which God's grace and a realizing sense of his spiritual necessities inspire him to take; nor can we doubt that earnest petitions to Mary for strength to lead a better life will fail of being granted. Especially may we count upon her gracious help if our resolutions are seriously thought-out, practical deductions from the sacred saying, timely at New Year's as at all other seasons: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

The Madness of the World.

(The Workes of Sir Thomas More, Knyght, wrytten by him in the Englysh tonge.)

Wonder it is that the world is so mad that we had liefer [rather] take sin with pain than virtue with pleasure. For, as I said in the beginning and often shall I say, virtue bringeth his pleasure, and vice is not without pain. And yet speak I not of the world to come, but of the life present. If virtue were all painful and vice all pleasant, yet sith death shall shortly finish both the pain of the one and the pleasure of the other, great madness were it if we would not rather take a short pain for the winning of everlasting pleasure, than a short pleasure for the winning of everlasting pain. But now, if it be true, as it is indeed, that our sin is painful and our virtue pleasant, how much is it, then, a more madness to take sinful pain in this world, that shall win us eternal pain in hell, rather than pleasant virtue in this world that shall win us eternal pleasure in heaven?

ALL great and extraordinary actions come from the heart.—Sydney Smith.

Notes and Remarks.

A Chicago daily newspaper, which used to be classed as anti-Catholic, had for its "art supplement" last Sunday a Madonna holding the Christ-Child before a group of adoring shepherds. The change of spirit thus manifested has become general. Less than a quarter of a century ago no secular journal in this country, even had it been so disposed, would have dared to publish a representation of the Blessed Virgin. Time was, too, when the celebration of Christmas Day, of which our separated brethren now make so much, was confined almost exclusively to Catholics. The world really does move, and the movement is in the right direction, for the most part. In some respects the world may, indeed, be going from bad to worse; but it is in the nature of things that certain evils should reach the last stage before their enormity is realized and an effective remedy is applied. It is no small thing that the Mother of the world's Redeemer is beginning to be honored by those who once refused her homage. The Magi "found the Child with Mary His Mother; and, falling down, they adored Him." In Christ are all things renewed.

It is a significant fact that within a few months almost a hundred thousand dollars have been collected for the missionary college at Washington, the purpose of which is to equip young priests with special preparation for work among non-Catholics in this country. There were two gifts amounting to ten thousand dollars each, but the rest of the large sum was made up of smaller contributions, ranging from five dollars upward. That such a large sum should be collected with so little noise is proof of the intense interest aroused the country over by the missions to non-Catholics. It is proof, too, of the splendid zeal and

generosity of American Catholics when an appeal is made for the right cause in the right way. But the most gratifying fact revealed by an examination of the list of donors is the number of bishops and priests who figure in it. For example, fourteen of the thirty-three founders already enrolled—a founder is one who contributes a thousand dollars or more—are clergymen; indeed, considerably more than one-fourth of the total amount collected was contributed by the bishops and priests of the country. "Money talks," says the proverb, and these contributions speak eloquently of the interest of the diocesan clergy in the sheep which are "not of this fold."

Christmas and the Circumcision of Our Lord falling on Friday, Catholics who cared to avail themselves of it have enjoyed the unusual privilege of eating meat on two Fridays in succession. To most English-speaking Catholics, however, it is so much against the grain not to observe the usual abstinence, it is probable that comparatively few took advantage of the Papal dispensation; and of those who did eat meat, the greater number, perhaps, forgot about the day of the week. The strict observance of Lent is no longer possible or practical for the generality of the faithful, but it is to be hoped that for obvious reasons laxity will never extend to Friday and the Ember Days.

We are of opinion that too much has been made of a recent attack on the memory of the sainted Father Damien—considering its source and other circumstances. There is nothing to prevent any one so disposed from maligning the noblest character in history, and how few among the immortals have escaped the shafts of calumny! Not every accusation deserves notice, much less demands refutation. More important than the shameless attack on the Apostle of Molokai to which we refer

is the brazen statement repeated periodically in certain quarters that shortly before his death Robert Louis Stevenson repented of having written his famous "Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde." We are in a position to brand this assertion as absolutely false. An inquiry addressed to Mrs. Stevenson, as the one best qualified to settle the matter once for all, elicited the following emphatic statement:

As for the "Open Letter to Dr. Hyde," nothing can make me believe that Louis ever regretted the subject-matter of that piece of writing. To me, up to his last hours, he spoke always in the same strain. His admiration for the work and character of "*that saint, that martyr*"—as he invariably called Father Damien—remained unchanged; and any mention of the cowardly attack on the dead man's memory brought a flush of anger to his face and a fire to his eye that were unmistakable.

The original letter, of recent date, from which this paragraph is transcribed is in our possession.

The irregularities—to put it softly—practised by the volunteer soldiers in the Philippines were so utterly discreditable that one is pleased to find Colonel W. C. Church writing thus of the officers of the regular army in one of the most excellent of the secular magazines: "A large percentage of officers are temperance men in the strictest sense; and for sobriety in conduct and speech, and for a reverent regard for the laws of God and man, our army officers can safely be compared with any other class of men in the community, the clergy not excepted." It is safe to say that none will rejoice more than the clergy to have the assurance that the standard of honesty and religion is so high among officers of the United States army. The compliments of the season to them!

The Rev. Dr. Starbuck, writing in the *Sacred Heart Review*, makes this observation: "While I am continually seeing in Methodist and Presbyterian

papers published in Spanish or Portuguese attacks on Catholicism indecent, calumnious, and ridiculously ignorant, I seldom see any such things in a Congregational organ." Our own experience with ministers of this denomination, we are happy to state, has been the same. As a rule the religious papers published by Protestants are edited by preachers. Dr. Starbuck's rebuke therefore applies especially to ministers of the Methodist and Presbyterian persuasion; but it should not be restricted—perhaps it was not so intended—to those who write in Spanish and Portuguese. Our learned friend probably sees many Catholic periodicals, not a few of which are edited by laymen, who, as a rule, write with less restraint than priests; but we venture to say that he has never yet met with a single one that contained "indecent, calumnious, and ridiculously ignorant attacks" on Protestantism. We have several Spanish and Portuguese exchanges, the editors of which will be interested in Dr. Starbuck's statement, and astonished no doubt that it should emanate from a non-Catholic clergyman.

An English exchange observes that the popularity of the old morality play of *Everyman* has produced a revival of interest, not only in the old religious drama, but in the quasi-religious customs that grew up side by side with it. Among our Catholic forefathers, the season for the Christmas plays lasted from the Feast of St. Nicholas, December 6, to the Feast of the Holy Innocents; and the beginning and the end of this season were marked by a curious ceremonial. St. Nicholas is said to have raised to life two boys murdered by a wicked inn-keeper in Myra; and in commemoration of the miracle the choir-boys of the old cathedral churches of England were accustomed on the feast of the saint to elect one of their number to maintain

the state and authority of a bishop—wearing the episcopal robes and bearing a crosier—and to preside over the choral functions of his companions, who dubbed themselves his “priests.” The Boy-Bishop even gave his blessing; and if he died during his term of office he was buried in his bishop’s robes.

It is now proposed by an enthusiastic antiquarian in England that the Boy-Bishop be restored to his old place; and no doubt the youngsters would favor the restoration, though we are not so sure that our modern clergy would. An ancient holiday custom, however, that would probably meet with a more hearty acceptance from the old people than from the new, was that which closed the reign of the Boy-Bishop on the Feast of the Holy Innocents. “It hath been a custom,” wrote John Gregorie, sometime prebendary of Salisbury, “and yet is elsewhere, to whip up the children upon Innocents’ Day morning, that the memorie of this murther might stick the closer; and in a moderate proportion to act over the cruelty again in kind.” It is clear that the modern taste for realism is no new development, after all.

Gladstone counted as one of the disadvantages of his early life that he had been educated “in an extremely narrow churchmanship,—that of the Evangelical party.” In 1829, when he was twenty years old, a remark made by a bright religious woman led him to understand the distinction commonly made between the “body” and the “soul” of the Church. Gladstone was grateful, and in Morley’s new biography (Vol. I., p. 160) he is quoted as saying: “At this hour I feel grateful to her; for the scope of her remark is very wide, and *it is now my rule to remember her in prayer before the altar.*” The comment made by Mr. W. T. Stead on the words italicized is this: “Was this prayer for the dead?” Unquestionably it was. The natural practice of prayer for the dead—at least

in the form of aspiration—is practically universal even among those Protestants who most stoutly repudiate it when formulated as a dogma. To us the strange aspect of Mr. Gladstone’s words is that, after passing through Eton and having almost finished at Oxford, so keen a mind should be more backward in theology than a Catholic child in his early teens! There is nothing like thorough instruction in the catechism. The absence of it accounts for the number of defections among Catholics, and the fewness of conversions among non-Catholics.

How wearisome a thing is religious controversy—never ending, often bitter, sometimes foolish, generally to no profit! We lately quoted some words of an eminent convert from Anglicanism, deploring the tedious and tiresome endeavor to find out what was practised or not practised before the sixth century of the Christian era, and the awful folly of not heeding the Living Voice of the Living Church. It is a long call from England to India, but the next thing that came to hand was a letter from a convert from Hinduism, with a request to suggest some good books for spiritual reading. “I can not bear controversial works,” he writes; “for I have had too much of them. I am able to understand books like ‘The Following of Christ,’ ‘Spiritual Conferences,’ by Faber, ‘The Devout Life,’ and ‘The Spiritual Combat’; and I enjoy them greatly.” Would that books like these were in favor everywhere! There would certainly be less need for controversy.

The name of Mataafa, King of Samoa, is familiar to Catholics in this country, partly on account of the brilliant eulogy of him from the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson, and partly on account of the efforts of a sectarian missionary board, aided and abetted by the American Chief Justice of Samoa, to oust him in favor

of a weakling friendly to their cause. The following paragraph from a letter—published in the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*—written by a French missionary who recently visited the island is, therefore, of considerable interest:

The next morning, at the end of Mass, at which all the village assisted, I remarked during my thanksgiving that Mataafa instead of going out with the rest remained quietly in his place, and after a moment of meditation began to go round the Stations of the Cross. Resting his seventy-two years upon his royal staff, I beheld him kneeling and rising alternately as any pious seminarian would do. But when they afterward told me that he had become a frequent communicant I was no longer surprised at his fervor. The general opinion is that he is the noblest soul in Samoa. His lieutenant and friend Suatele, who occupies the post of chief judge, may be compared to him in many respects.

It is good to hear that Suatele is such another as Mataafa; and better still to learn, as we do from the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, that if—as is most probable—his son, Antonio Tupuola, succeeds the old King, after he is gone “the work of the father will certainly be continued by the son.”

A serious danger to our faith and our duty as Catholics, one which is likely to increase rather than to diminish, is pointed out in a recent pastoral by Bishop Hedley, from which we have already quoted. His warning and exhortation to “cling to the Church” should be heeded by the faithful of this country as well as England. The danger referred to is none the less grave in our case. Wise words are these:

Through constantly hearing our religion argued against and slighted, we insensibly come to think there may be some truth in what is so unceasingly urged by so many speakers and writers. Nay, the mere deluge of non-Catholic talk and writing, were it much less hostile than it is, would go a long way to drown and obliterate our Catholic ideas, seeing that many of us have learned our holy religion so imperfectly, and take so little pains to keep up the little knowledge that we have. In these perilous circumstances, which are fatal to so many Catholics in this country, our great safeguard is to cling to the Church. Here is

the grand practical difference between ourselves and all the sects around us—we believe in a living church, the perpetual voice of Jesus Christ; that Church is an actual and visible fact. It is her business to lay down what we must believe, what we must do, what we must reject, and what we must avoid. If a Catholic finds himself, in the presence of non-Catholic opinion, uncertain in his views or weakening in his faith, let him remember his Redeemer has given him the Church. Let him keep a real hold on his Church. Let him believe in the Church, study the Church, live in familiarity with the Church, and range himself wholly and from his heart upon the Church's side. Let the Church's creeds and the Church's pronouncements, in all their fulness, be loyally and frankly accepted for the guidance of his mind and heart....

Our position is, that our religion implies a body of statements as to belief and morality, which are perfectly definite and ascertainable, because we have a living and divine Teacher: divine, and therefore safe from mistake; living, and therefore able to speak out at any moment. On this view, it follows that no one who does not accept, or is not prepared to accept, the whole of this definite teaching can be considered to be, in the full and adequate sense of the word, a Christian. Therefore we can not consent to let our children in the schools be taught only a part of it; and this, not because it is of consequence that they should be taught every item of Catholic teaching, but because in such schools the principle of Church authority would be flatly contradicted. For it is clear that although in such schools they might be told about God and Jesus Christ, yet they would beyond all doubt imbibe the idea that such knowledge, and all religious knowledge of every kind, was merely information on the same level as history and geography, and that there was no divine authority to teach them religion at all. This would be to poison the springs of their Christianity. They might learn some matters of religion, but they would not learn them as faith, and would be in imminent danger of coming to have no faith. To send them to teaching of this kind would be to take the straight means to un-Catholicize them. And this is saying the least that could be said. For does any one mean to assert that there would be no teaching given of an absolutely erroneous kind about the Incarnation, redemption, grace, the sacraments, the world to come, and the Church herself?

Here we have a capital illustration of the difference between a religion with a Church and a religion without a Church, as well as a striking explanation of the necessity of Catholic schools for Catholic children.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Our Lady's Court.

BY S. R. C.

QUEEN MOTHER, what a court was thine
That Christmastide of old,
When first to greet thy Son and King
Were watchers of the fold,
Whose hearts were thrilled with holy joy
The Saviour to behold!

Queen Mother, what a court was thine
When from the Orient land
There came to worship Christ the Lord
The royal Magi band,
To offer gifts and bend to kiss
The Baby King's soft hand!

Queen Mother, what a court is thine
Enthroned eternally!
With love thy children gather round,
Thy blessed Child to see,
And beg, Queen Mother, thou wilt lead
Our hearts to Him and thee!

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.*

I.—UNCLE THOMAS.



HOUSE in the city of Bordeaux, on the Fossés des Tanneurs, was all hung with black; a long funeral procession wound slowly away from it; it was that of the owner, who was being carried to his last resting-place.

At the head of the procession, behind the coffin, which was borne by the friends of the dead man, walked a tall young man, brown-haired and pale, accompanied by a throng of people of all ages. Behind all these came a poor little boy, nine or ten years old at the most. No one paid any attention to

him, though he wept as if his heart would break. His beautiful golden curls, falling in large ringlets over his brow, mingled with the tears that bathed his attractive face.

As soon as the cemetery was reached, the usual ceremonies were gone through with. Holy water was sprinkled on the grave, then one of the personages of the procession began to talk. In a touching speech he enumerated the virtues of M. Thomas, a wealthy shipowner, who had always been a good son, a good husband and a good father.

Soon the crowd began slowly to disperse. When the grave was deserted, the child before referred to, who had stood a little apart, ran and threw himself sobbing on the freshly heaped up earth.

"My uncle,—my good uncle! Shall I never see you again?" he cried in a tone of despair.

This first outburst over, the child raised his head. The gravedigger stood beside him.

"So the man that's just been buried was your father, was he?" he asked, taking as he spoke the measure for a railing that was to be put around the grave.

"No, sir: he was my uncle," replied the boy, starting to go away; then returning, as if in spite of himself, to the same place.

"You probably have a father left?"

"No, sir: my father died years ago. I never knew him."

"And your mother?"

"She's dead, too."

"Can't you remember her either?"

"I was so little, sir! I can remember only a large white bed where my mother lay. It seems to me that I can still see my kind uncle standing beside this bed,

* By Mme. Foa. Translated for THE AVE MARIA by H. Twitchell.

holding my mother's hand and caressing me at the same time. 'Sister,' he said, 'I promise you to be a father to little Camille.' I am Camille. Then he took me to his home. I can not even remember the house where we had lived."

"Are you your uncle's only heir?"

"What is an heir?"

"Why, that means that all your uncle owned will be yours—his house, clothes and money."

"And his son's, too?" inquired Camille.

"Ah! so he has a son?"

"A young man,—the one that walked behind my uncle's coffin."

"The tall, pale one,—the one that asked me to come to see him to-morrow about the stone and railing? Your cousin didn't seem to feel very bad: he didn't shed a tear."

"Oh, he's too big to cry!" answered Camille, wiping away the tears that trickled down his cheeks. "My cousin's good to children, but he's a man; he has travelled; last year he went to Paris with my uncle and they stayed there three months. But good-bye, sir! I must go, for it's getting dark and Gustave might be worried."

"Who is this Gustave?"

"My cousin; he is to be a father to me, for my uncle asked him to be on his deathbed."

"Poor child!" thought the sexton, following Camille with his eyes, as the boy turned around from time to time to look at the spot where M. Thomas had just been buried.

II.—THE HEIR AND THE ORPHAN.

As the cemetery was quite a distance from the house of the late M. Thomas, it was dark when Camille reached home. The first thing he did was to inquire for Gustave.

"He has gone into his father's room," explained a servant, "and has forbidden any one to disturb him."

"That is so he can cry without being seen," thought Camille. And, taking

a candle from the man's hand, he said: "Good-night, Jacques! I'm going to bed,—going to bed without my uncle! That's sad, isn't it, my poor Jacques? Oh, I feel so sorry! But, then, I have a cousin left."

"Hum! poor child! A cousin! He hasn't much!" murmured Jacques in an undertone.

To reach his chamber, Camille was obliged to pass his uncle's room. He could not resist going up to the door.

"Gustave is in there weeping, perhaps. Oh, if he would only let me mourn with him!" he thought.

He rapped on the door.

"Who's there?" cried a stern voice.

"It is I—Camille. Open the door, Gustave, please!"

"Go to bed and leave me alone!" replied Gustave, crossly.

Camille dared not insist, but he tried to get a glimpse of what Gustave was doing. He was much astonished at seeing his cousin standing before an open secretary, tearing leaves from a red portfolio and burning them one after another, without the least show of feeling: Not understanding the significance of these acts, Camille decided to go up to his room, wondering as he did so that his cousin was not weeping.

The next morning he came down to breakfast and found Gustave just finishing his meal.

"Why didn't you wait for me?" he asked.

"Am I obliged to wait for you?" was the reply.

"What a cross tone! Is that on account of uncle's death?" asked Camille; and, sitting down at the table, he rang a little bell.

"What are you ringing for?" inquired Gustave.

"For some one to bring me my breakfast, as you have eaten everything up."

Without replying to his cousin, the young man remarked to the domestic who entered:

"Have Camille served in the kitchen, and understand that from this time on you are to receive orders from me only."

"In the kitchen! What does that mean?" exclaimed Camille.

"It means that I am sole master here and that you are nothing at all."

"What! I am nothing at all? Am I not your cousin?"

"Listen to me," said Gustave. "You are ten years old, and you ought to understand this: your father and your mother had nothing, neither have you anything. This house belongs to me. My father did for you everything that it pleased him to do: he was the master. Now I am the master, and I warn you that you will have to leave this place."

"And where do you want me to go?" asked Camille, with a frightened look.

"Wherever you want to,—what do I care!"

"But afterward?" Then bursting into tears and clasping his hands, the poor boy pleaded: "What will become of me without your help, Gustave? I am so young. Wherever I might go, I should die of hunger. What would people say about you if they should find out that you had driven your father's nephew away and let your cousin die of starvation? All the boys would throw stones at you as you walked along the street."

This idea made the young man more thoughtful. He remained silent for a few moments; then, suddenly raising his head, he said, in a tone of affected mildness:

"You are right, Camille. You ought not to go away from me. I am going to Paris to-morrow, where I have business, and you shall go with me."

"Are you in earnest? To Paris? Shall I see Paris?"

"Yes, you will see Paris."

"Oh, how good you are, Gustave!"

Camille rushed toward his cousin

with outstretched arms; but the latter repelled him—without showing anger, however,—and exclaimed:

"Never mind! That will do. Now have your breakfast."

"I'm not hungry," replied Camille, shaking his head sadly. "You said such strange things just now! And my poor uncle, whom I shall never see again! My heart is too full: I couldn't eat."

"As you please," said Gustave. Then he went away.

(To be continued.)

In Memory of the Blessed Virgin.

Long ago in England many inns were named The Angel or The Salutation, the signboard bearing a representation of the Annunciation or the Visitation. The names still survive, although the signboards have disappeared. There is in Boston, in our own country, a narrow street named Salutation Alley. It takes its name from a curious old tavern called The Salutation, on the signboard of which two men were shaking hands. Some antiquarians tell us that this was a relic of the familiar English signboard of the old times, where our Blessed Lady was pictured as welcomed by St. Elizabeth.

All that Remains.

After the struggle at Platea, when the ancient Greeks had made their last desperate attempt to withstand the invading Persians, they fashioned a tripod from the golden cups found on the table of their enemies, and the bronze of their armor. On its sides were inscribed the names of everyone who fell in that heroic endeavor to save the life of a nation. The tripod still exists at Constantinople, but the states whose deeds it would have us remember have long since passed away.

With Authors and Publishers.

—We welcome a new edition of the "Memorials of Cardinal Manning," by "John Oldcastle,"—that is to say, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. There are interesting and important additions, and the work has been carefully revised.

—Our readers will be glad to know that the volume dealing with the genius and writings of Cardinal Newman prepared for the Literary Lives series by the indefatigable Dr. Barry will be published next month.

—"A City Set on a Hill" is the well-chosen title of a book by Mr. R. H. Benson, soon to be published by the English Catholic Truth Society. The interest in Mr. Benson's conversion will doubtless cause a general demand for this volume. As the title indicates, it is an exposition of the claims of the Church.

—The new Life of Galileo by Prof. J. J. Fahie is unquestionably the fullest and most comprehensive history of the life and work of the great Tuscan that has yet appeared in English. It not only contains much new matter but corrects numerous false notions about the venerable astronomer. "Galileo, His Life and Work," should have a place in every library. John Murray, publisher, London.

—A chief merit of "Stories of the Ancient Greeks" is that only one-half of the volume is devoted to mythology, the other half taking up the "historical stories" of that most artistic of peoples. What strikes one most in turning the pages is a certain felicity in the chapter-titles, and a closer examination shows that the stories are plainly and—where the text demands it—delicately told. The author is C. D. Shaw; the publishers, Ginn & Co.

—Interest in rare books would seem to be on the increase everywhere, judging from the number of catalogues issued by auctioneers, booksellers, etc., and the high price which anything of real value is sure to command. At a recent sale in London an imperfect copy of Hilton's "Scala Perfectionis" (Wynkyn de Worde, 1533) fetched £11 10s; and £19 were paid for a few original leaves from Caxton's "Boethius" and "The Life of Our Ladye" (1484).

—Many priests, old and young, must often have felt the need of such a book as the one lately published by the Rev. Alfred M. Mulligan, of Birmingham, England, under the title of "Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine." The exceedingly useful information which it contains is not to be found in any other single volume. It is not the work of a seminary professor, but of a hospital chaplain who for years past has seen disease in almost every form. Especially to be

commended is the spirit in which "Sick Calls" is written; Father Mulligan is ever mindful of the Great Exemplar, "who walked among men." Excellently published by Benziger Brothers.

—An edition of Sir Francis Burnand's "Reminiscences" was destroyed by fire in a London bindery recently. This will enable *Punch* to say about six months hence that at least one edition of the autobiography of its editor went like wild-fire.

—An excellent addition to "The Cloister Library" (choice matter in a choice form) is Cardinal Newman's discourses on "The Scope and Nature of University Education." Some of the most striking passages to be found in his writings are contained in these famous discourses.

—An adequate biography of Voltaire is yet to be published, even, perhaps, in the language in which he wrote. The new life of this noted deist which has just appeared in England is designed for "the general reader," and its aim is not to instruct but to entertain. It remains for some competent biographer to reveal the true Voltaire, and to show English readers that his views on metaphysical and ethical questions were as ridiculous as his notions about geology.

—A revised and enlarged edition of Father Humphrey's "Elements of Religious Life" affords us a fresh opportunity of expressing our admiration for that splendid work. It is a digest of the doctrine of Suarez on the religious state, and while the writing is marvellously compact the reading will be found easy and pleasant. It is a book which the clergy, whether regular or diocesan, will have frequent occasion to consult. The last chapter of one hundred and thirty pages deals with "Congregations of Sisters." Published by Thomas Baker, London.

—"Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber," arranged by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I., is among the most welcome of recent publications. It needs no commendation at our hands further than to state that the selections, two hundred and twenty-four in number, have been made with the fine taste and good judgment which discerning readers are accustomed to expect from Father Fitzpatrick, and that the volume, besides being well printed and bound, is provided with a full index. It should be widely appreciated. R. & T. Washbourne, publishers.

—Mr. William Butler Yeats is authority for this interesting statement about the "Irish revival" in letters, which he has had so large a share in promoting: "It is not only the theatre that has been revived, but every department of intellectual

life has been awakened. More books about Ireland have been published in the last ten years than in the four hundred years preceding." The "theatre" referred to is the Irish Literary Theatre, which stages plays written in Gaelic. Mr. Yeats cites the case of an aged priest, Father Peter O'Leary, who took to writing Gaelic plays at seventy years of age, as an instance of the enthusiasm aroused by the language revival.

—"The Right Religion Evinc'd" is the title of a curious little book of which, through the kindness of a Catholic bibliophile, we lately came into possession. It was printed at Paris in 1652, and is in the original binding, blackened with age. The author signs himself L. B., "a devoted friend and servant of the Catholics of England," whose fortitude in persecution he greatly admired, and to whom his work is dedicated. Our copy was owned by one John Aston, whose name, written in ink, is still legible on the title-page. The concluding paragraph of the book is worth quoting as a specimen of the English of the time:

Pardon me, that I am thus plain and round with you; my extreme great desire of your best good, *Salvation*, suffers me not to dissemble. . . . Your enemy would fain get the mastery over you by faire pretences of rest, truth, &c, but aiming at your perdition. I should deem myself unworthy of the name of a Christian, to eye you in this deplorable disaster, my arms acrossed, and not pull and hale you to keep you awake. Whilst the fit lasteth, I expect ill will; but the fumes over, and the danger you were in espi'd, you will praise and glorifie God. Amen.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. Rev. Alfred Mulligan. \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. Rev. William Humphrey, S. J. \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. \$1.35, net.

Problems and Persons. Wilfrid Ward. \$4.60, net.

The Beginnings of Christianity. Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. \$2, net.

The City of the Kings. Mrs. Lew Wallace. \$1.12.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

The Symbol of the Apostles. Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D. \$1.50, net.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J. \$1.50, net.

Edgar; or, From Atheism to the Full Truth. Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J. \$1.25, net.

Sketches for Sermons. Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S. \$1.25.

On the Priesthood. A Treatise by St. John Chrysostom. 85 cts., net.

London Catholic Missions. Johanna H. Harting. \$2, net.

The Daughter of a Magnate. Frank H. Spearman. \$1.50.

The Dream of Gerontius. 35 cts.

St. Cuthbert's. Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

The Ship of State, by those at the Helm. 75 cts., net.

Glimpses of Truth. Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding. 88 cts.

Moral Briefs. Rev. John H. Stapleton. \$1.

The Life and the Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. P. Justin O'Byrne. \$1.35, net.

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canturbury. Bernard Ward. \$1.60, net.

The Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII. Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J. \$2, net.

The Sacrifice of the Mass. M. Gavin, S. J. 75 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William Tole, of the archdiocese of New York; Very Rev. Daniel O'Connor, diocese of Wheeling; Rev. Carmelo Feniello, diocese of Pittsburgh; Rev. Aloysius Curioz, S. J.; and Rev. Bernard Ettensberger, O. F. C.

Brother Francis Bessler, O. S. B.; and Sister Mary Agnetta, of the Sisters of the Holy Names.

Mr. Joseph Riegger, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Frederick Coudert and Miss Adele Feeney, New York; Mr. John O'Brien, Kansas City, Kansas; Mrs. Elizabeth Hobbs, Waco, Texas; Mr. Thomas Prindiville and Mr. Gregory Conroy, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Mary McGinty, Toronto, Canada; Mr. Samuel Duckett, Mr. John Duckett, and Mr. Clement Mullin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Mary Gibbons, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. H. F. Wynne, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. M. J. Cantwell and Mr. Patrick Lyons, Madison, Wis.; Miss Margaret Botsford, Brockville, Canada; Mrs. Mary Owens, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. Henry Miller, Massillon, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Fitzgerald, Spalding, Neb.; Mrs. Mary Pezolt, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Thomas Crowley, Union City, Pa.; and Mr. George Wentzel, Pittsburg, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 9, 1904.

NO. 2.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Joyful Mysteries.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

I.

BY the message angel-given,
Lifting earth to mate with Heaven;
By Eternity sublime
In the limiting of time;
God Incarnate! Mother-Maid!—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

II.

By that greeting sweet and free
In all perfect charity;
By the joy ineffable
On the unborn Child that fell,
Light through antenatal shade,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

III.

By the mortal life begun
Of the unborn, undying One;
By the watch that Mary kept
Where the Babe-Creator slept,
All aside His glory laid,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

IV.

By that day the Undeiled,
Bearing the Eternal Child,
Temple courts all meekly trod,
There to offer God to God;
By the law its Lord obeyed,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

V.

By the pain her soul did wring
When she sought Him sorrowing;
By the finding, by the word
From the lips of wisdom's Lord
For His Father's business stayed,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

Recent Catholic Poets.

BY THOMAS WALSH, R. G.

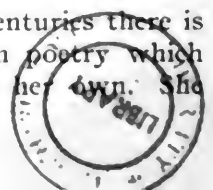


FROM the very beginnings of time the practical oneness of religion and poetry stands revealed in the inspired writings of the Prophets and Evangelists. Embodying the spirit that makes the poet as well as the Christian, the Bible gives us a concrete illustration that the highest form of literature is religious,—a truth which human reason itself proclaims in showing that all great art, whether literary, pictorial or musical, partakes of the sacerdotal. The paganism of the Orient, of Greece and Rome in their purer periods, the Druidic cults of the North, were clearly conscious of this duality of the poetic faculty; and even in their darkest epochs the divine, however clouded, was still visible in their best literatures.

Christ Himself gave to His Apostles His Church this dual tradition foretold and prefigured by the Prophets and in His life and His parables; and Christianity, whether in the Catacombs or in the palaces of the Cæsars, takes this message to its breast and bears it across the Middle Ages, through the Renaissance and the Lutheran revolt, down to the materialistic age in which we live.

In all these nineteen centuries there is nothing great or real in poetry which the Church can not call her own. She

RELIGIOUSNESS, it has been truly said, is as much native to man as reason.



was established in poetry; and the shoulders of her martyrs and doctors, her solitaries, her crusaders, her mendicants, her prelates, and her missionaries, have borne this ark through the Red Sea of barbarism and heresy and proclaimed it afar in the buried cities of Thibet and the death fires of the Iroquois. The Church has framed her lips to the perfect song; in the silence of her temples she listens and treasures and sorrows with the great beauty of the visions that are hers.

This oneness of poetry and religion is a truth that Homer and Virgil and Dante embraced with ardor; it was embodied in Francis the lyrist-saint of Assisi; the Saint of Iona, Colum-cille, cried out with rapture: "The Son of God is my Druid!" It is an axiom proclaimed by all that is great in the bards, the troubadours and the minnesingers; by all the spiritual toilers from Saint Teresa the mystic in her cell at Avila to the explorer Columbus at the prow of his *Santa Maria*.

What a glorious tradition is this out of all these golden centuries! What gorgeous color it has taken on! What exquisite sweetness of music in its every suggestion! It was from this golden tree, bent to the ground with the fruitage of the ages, that Shakespeare gathered his matchless harvest; and Milton, shackled in his Puritanism, strained for its perfume. Poets like Keats, Coleridge, Byron, Scott, Browning, Longfellow, and Tennyson, even while they seemed to bear away the sceptre from the Church, sat and dreamt beside her holy wells. But proud names were still her own; there were Dryden and Pope, Moore and Mangan, Cardinal Newman, Father Faber, Adelaide Procter, Coventry Patmore, and De Vere.

Nor when Aubrey de Vere closed with his dying fingers the last page of a complete cycle of poets did he leave the Catholic poetic tradition without recruits. On the contrary, his extreme

age had permitted him to behold, like Moses from the mountain-top, the promised land of his people which he could not live to enter: he beheld the universal standard snatched up by a hand of such mastery as has not been felt since Dryden laid the colors down. He had lived to see not only Francis Thompson but several Catholic poets of the very first order take their places so far in the vanguard as to astound his earlier Wordsworthian colleagues could they now come to the light of day.

He was certainly a gentle spirit, this noble son of an equally noble poet; and in his long career he had beheld many changes of literary taste such as might well puzzle a less philosophic soul than his own. In his devotion to his Irish solitudes, his passion for nature and meditation, we seem to discover something of the Druidism he could so well describe. Amid the babble of overstrung revolutionists, amid the poetic schools of lawlessness and protest, his voice fell like the sound of a solemn gong that betokened reproach.

It may be doubted if there is a poet living in any land to-day who can produce a work of such calm dignity mingled with such sentiment and variety as Aubrey de Vere's "Autumnal Ode." The organ-note sweeps through it; and it is an organ of as many stops as there are human moods. Bryant, our great American Druid, could pour out copious floods of this cathedral harmony; but his touch, great as it is, falls more in affected monotone on the keys. Aubrey de Vere has nothing of the manner of the maestro. The atmosphere of his "Ode" is that of a dream. He is more remote from common emotion than Bryant in his nature poems; his texture is rarer, but as eternal in its constituents as the rainbow. Only the final verses of this superb "Ode" may here be given; in them the poet takes up his golden threads of thought and thus summarizes his autumnal philosophy:

Man was not made for things that leave us,
 For that which goeth and returneth,
 For hopes that lift us yet deceive us,
 For love that wears a smile yet mourneth;
 Not for fresh forests from the dead leaves springing,
 The cyclic re-creation which, at best,
 Yields us—betrayal still to promise clinging—
 But tremulous shadows of the realm of rest.

For things immortal man was made,
 God's image, latest from His hand,
 Coheir with Him who, in man's flesh arrayed,
 Holds o'er the worlds the heavenly-human wand.
 His portion this—sublime
 To stand where access none hath Space or Time,
 Above the starry host, the cherub band,—
 To stand—to advance—and, after all, to stand!

Before closing this chapter of the past, there is one name that merits more than a passing notice. This is the late Coventry Patmore, whose charming poem of matrimonial love, "The Angel in the House," placed him, in 1862, at one bound in the foremost ranks of English poets. Ruskin has pronounced this poem to be "the most finished piece of writing and the sweetest analysis we possess of quiet, modern domestic feeling"; and Aubrey de Vere—no mean critic—writes in his "Literary Reminiscences" that "the reader will fail to detect the secret of Mr. Patmore's success in the poetical treatment of modern life. The picture with which he has presented us is not a caricature of the accidents belonging to modern society. But if the conventionalities of the day admit of thus being introduced and laid aside, it is because our interest is riveted throughout the bulk of the poem by those relations and affections which belong to no age and no place in particular, and into the true character of which Mr. Patmore evinces so profound an insight." It is aside from our purpose to linger over this delightful love-poem, though we may be permitted this peep at the deans on their way to service:

I found them with exactest grace
 And fresh as spring for spring attired,
 And by the radiance of her face
 I saw she felt she was admired.

They, true to this and every hour
 As if attended on by Time,
 Entered the church while yet the tower
 Was noisy with the finished chime.

Her soft voice, singularly heard
 Beside me in her chant, withstood
 The roar of voices like a bird
 Sole warbling in a windy wood.

The student must take delight in the metrical charm of these verses; in fact, Mr. Patmore's studies and essays on the poetic art are standard works in this department; and his later volume of philosophic and mystic poems, entitled "The Unknown Eros," may be called one of the sacred books of poet's lore.

Not the least of Mr. Patmore's glories is his timely championship of the new Christian laureate, Francis Thompson, whose biography and successes are familiar to readers of former numbers of THE AVE MARIA. Francis Thompson is still a young man, notwithstanding the fame to which he has attained. His poetry reveals some strange antitheses, for he is at once Elizabethan and strangely modern and mystical. In many ways he suggests our native Edgar Allen Poe: he has wings for flight like the eagle, and there is singularly little of the "Nevermore" in his poems. If he has faults—and the critics accuse him of not a few,—the greatest are his occasional obscurity and his over-frequent coining of words. He is so original that it seems as though he must be forced to this latter practice. He shows in everything he produces that his ideas are varied and practically inexhaustible. He has written some of the finest poetry on childhood that our times have produced. His "Corymbus for Autumn" can not be matched for its fine sweep and striking imagery and beauty; and that marvellous study of the Christian soul which he calls "The Hound of Heaven," and wherein as though with peals of thunder he preaches the text "What shall it profit a man," sums up the whole of ascetic philosophy in one magnificent song.

These poems, too sacred to be touched by the shears, must be left to the interested reader's research. More within our reach is Mr. Thompson's exquisite lyric, "The Dream-Tryst":

The breaths of kissing night and day
Were mingled in the eastern heaven;
Throbbing with unheard melody,
Shook Lyra all its star-chords seven;
When dusk shrunk cold and light trod shy,
And dawn's gray eyes were troubled gray,
And souls went palely up the sky,
And mine to Lucidé.

There was no change in her sweet eyes
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine;
There was no change in her deep heart
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,
Wherein did ever come and go
The sparkle from the fountain drops
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams
Are fed with so divine an air
That Time's hoar-wings grow young therein
And they who walk there are most fair.
The fairest things have fleetest ends,
Their scent survives their close;
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose.

She looked a little wistfully,
She went her sunshine way—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.
Nothing begins and nothing ends
That is not paid in moan;
For we are born in other's pains,
And perish in our own.

It will be noticed how far even in this simple chant is the reach of Mr. Thompson's fancy: it is the grand manner. How succinct and direct are these striking lines opening his poem "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster":

Anchorite who didst dwell
With all the world for cell!

We can no longer stay in the wonderlands of Mr. Thompson, but turn to his friend, Mrs. Alice Meynell, the first of the women poets of present-day England. Her poetry has been the subject of most unreserved commendation from critics of every school; her prose essays have been the admiration of all readers, and indeed there is nothing to match their

charm, if we except the work of our American, Miss Agnes Repplier. Beside her other distinctions, Mrs. Meynell possesses that of being the author of what has been frequently called the finest sonnet written by any living poet. This is no small glory when we consider the height to which the cultivation of the sonnet has been carried in our times, the general finish of metric work, and the adaptation of the sonnet to so many new phases of thought. She has called this sonnet "Renunciation":

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee,—and in the blue heaven's
sight,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden
yet bright!

But I must never, never come in sight:
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment put away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first
sleep,

I run, I run,—I am gathered to thy heart!

Again we see Mrs. Meynell, this time in a pure lyric entitled "At Night":

Home, home from the horizon far and clear
Hither the soft wings sweep;
Flocks of the memories of the day draw near
The dove-cote doors of sleep.

O which are they that come through sweetest light
Of all these homing birds?
Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight?
Your words to me, your words!

What a remarkable galaxy of women poets can be shown in the names of Alice Meynell, Louise Imogen Guiney, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Rosa Mulholland, Mary E. Mannix, Emily Hickey, Marion Muir, Eleanor C. Donnelly, and the late Ethna Carbery! They are distinguished names, all of them; and recently they have been supplemented with the names of the daughters of the late Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore and the late John Boyle O'Reilly.

There is, however, another Catholic lady whose poems do not seem to be as well known, in America at least, as their remarkable qualities deserve. She made a sensation in England in 1883 with her "Ballads of the Road and Other Poems by May Probyn"; and since that time she has retired into the convent.

A few years ago there died in England a rare poet who seemed to reincarnate in his frail body the spirit of Charles Lamb, the Celtic spirit for pure nature, and the Gallic spirit for perfection of form. Cut off in his thirty-fifth year, Lionel Johnson seems completely to have arrived. There are no stages visible in his literary development: Minerva-like, his work possessed all his fine qualities from the very beginning. Here is one of his early songs:

Winds rush and waters roll;
Their strength, their beauty brings
Into mine heart the whole
Magnificence of things.

That men are counted worth
A part upon this sea,
A part upon this earth,
Exalts and heartens me.

Lionel Johnson was *in* the great London world of letters but not *of* it. He lived the life of a recluse among his books, his arts and philosophies, and year by year shrank more and more from general society. He was twenty-one when, having completed a brilliant course at Cambridge, he became a Catholic. The following years were a period of rapt devotion to religious and literary ideals, until his body, always of the most fragile constitution, suddenly gave way, to the irreparable loss of Catholic letters. The following lines are interesting as an exquisite anticipation of Tennyson's well-known poem on the same theme:

I have passed over the rough sea
And over the white harbor bar,
And this is death's dreamland to me
Led hither by a star.

And what shall dawn be? Hush thee! Nay!
Soft, soft is night and calm and still.

Save that day cometh, what of day
Knowest thou good or ill?

Content thee. Not the annulling night
Of any pitiless dawn is here:
Thou art alone with ancient night,
And all the stars are clear.

Only the night air and the dream;
Only the far sweet-smelling wave;
The stilly sounds, the circling gleam
Are thine: and thine a grave.

It is time to mention some of our own countrymen, and in John Boyle O'Reilly we find a poet that would be an ornament to any race and epoch. A singer such as he gains in applause and influence with each succeeding year. With his great heart and great intellect, he was too near the throbbing pulse of the world not to voice its wrongs and its sorrows. Ireland had taught him and America; and he sang not for them alone, but for the oppressed and down-trodden of all the world. It is not often that a poet so communal in his instinct brings to his task the culture and creative power of O'Reilly. The average poet is a recluse, a student with more or less aristocratic tendencies resulting from the traditional arts. But John Boyle O'Reilly was meant for no "ivory tower" in dreamland: his was the fight and turmoil to which his song was so nobly attuned.

Among other Catholic poets of action we find John Boyle O'Reilly's successor, James Jeffrey Roche, whose fine naval pieces have had very wide appreciation. John Jerome Rooney has also produced a series of martial poems, chiefly regarding the late Spanish war, which have gained him great distinction. These may be contrasted with some meditative and emotional poets of the school of Charles Warren Stoddard, Maurice F. Egan, Charles J. O'Malley, Austin O'Malley, J. S. Easby-Smith, John J. a' Becket, Father Henry, Edward Wilbur Mason, Dennis McCarthy, P. J. Coleman, Charles Hanson Towne, Condé B. Pallen, Lionel Byrra, and the philosopher-lyrist, Bishop Spalding of Peoria.

Mr. Stoddard is a dreamer haunted by the beauty of far worlds across the oceans. His heart, singularly youthful, has retained the impressionability that is so evident in his "South Sea Idyls." While most of his poems are in prose form, he has produced in verse a number of pieces of equal beauty to his "Cocoa Tree":

Cast on the waters by a careless hand,
Day after day the winds persuaded me;
Onward I drifted till a coral-tree
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand
Gathered about me; and anon I grew,
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.
The seabirds build their nests against my root,
And eye my slender body's horny case;
Widowed within this solitary place,
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit.
Joyless I thrive; for no man may partake
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.
No more I heed the kisses of the morn;
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave,
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn;
While all my fibres stiffen and grow dumb
Beck'ning the tardy ships,—the ships that never
come!

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan is a poet of the French type. With Lowell, he too may say in satisfaction: "I am a bookman." His appeal is, perhaps, more purely literary than that of any other Catholic, or we might say non-Catholic, poet in America. Nobody that has read Dr. Egan's sonnets can forget the rare beauty of his "Saint Francis of Assisi"; in fact, this poet's passion for the sonnet and his achievements therein have already marked him out as a most distinctive figure in the American ranks of conservative letters.

The poems of Dr. Condé B. Pallen show an eye for large effects rather than for *finesse*. More dramatic than lyrical, he possesses the related power of construction to a degree rare among singers. Dr. Pallen's sense of character and its development require a large canvas for his work; and his Thalarchus, his Lancelot and Guinevere, and his recent Aglaë show nothing of the miniature

spirit of our Japanesque days but are in every way noble and of life-size. His blank verse in these dramatic pieces is excellent; he shows great flexibility and facility, and sustains his flights with a power so assured as to show the craftsman in the absolute mastery of his mood.

Beyond doubt the finest metrical artist of American women is Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. Her poems, shot through as they are with alternate sunshine and shadow, are of a quality that appeals to the most highly trained perceptions. An ear for exquisite modulations, a mind for only the most noble inspirations, she is a paramount figure among the younger women poets of America and England. In London her appreciation has been so marked, in the last year or two of her residence there, that it is to be feared her native land, which granted her a grudging acknowledgment, may see no more of her. What could be finer in its way than these lines to her beloved "Gloucester Harbor"?

North from the beautiful islands,
North from the headlands and highlands,
The long sea wall,
The white ships flee with the swallow,
The day-beams follow and follow,
Glitter and fall.

The brown, ruddy children that fear not,
Lean over the quay, and they hear not
Warning of lips;
For their hearts go a-sailing, a-sailing,
Out from the wharves and the wailing
After the ships

Nothing to them is the golden
Curve of the sands, or the olden
Haunt of the town;
Little they reck of the peaceful
Chiming of bells, or the easeful
Sport of the town.

The orchards no longer are cherished,
The charm of the meadows has perished;
Dearer, ah me!
The solitude vast, unbefriended,
The magical voice and the splendid
Fierce will of the sea.

In the hearts of the children forever
She fashions their growing endeavor,
The pitiless sea;

Their sires in her caverns she stayeth,
The spirits that love her she slayeth,
And laughs in her glee.

Woe, woe for the old fascination!
The women make deep lamentation
In starts and in slips;
Here always is hope unavailing,
Here always the dreamers are sailing
After the ships.

We have only touched on one phase of Miss Guiney's poetry. Of her devotional lyrics, her echoes of mediæval harmonies, her mystical preoccupations are worthy of more particular study than may be given them in the limits of this general symposium.

Among the remarkable individual poems that appear here and there in the magazine world, the Catholic reader must take particular pleasure in such a masterpiece as "The Ballade of Poor Souls," by Mr. Michael Monahan, in a late number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The title and form he has chosen avow Mr. Monahan's indebtedness to François Villon; yet, for power and pathos and simple directness of appeal, this ballade can be equalled by few if any in the English language:

Sweet Christ, who gavest Thy blood for us,
Though we have missed its healing grace,
And, by temptations tenebrous,
Come all to meet in the Evil Place:
Turn not from us Thy tender face,
Now when the Pit yawns foul and sheer;
Ah, think how long th' eternal space—
And Hell hath been our portion here!

Poor souls are we that might not climb
Ensared by the world's iron gin;
Yet have we known the tale sublime
Of Him who died our souls to win.
And ofttimes we were sick of sin—
Yea, heard that call so sweet and clear;
But sank again our toils within—
For Hell hath been our portion here!

Strong bonds of circumstance have made
The prison-house that held us fast;
And some have cursed and some have prayed,
But few the outer doors have passed;
And some do watch with mien aghast,
The while their fellows flout and flee;
But hope leaves all alike at last—
For Hell hath been our portion here!

Yet God's o'er all, and Christ doth know
Why this unequal doom we bear:
That some like plants in virtue grow,
And others damn themselves with care;
Mayhap His providence is there,
The riddle dark at last to clear,
And change to hope this fell despair—
For Hell hath been our portion here!

Sweet Mary's Son, turn not from us,
Though we have missed Thy saving grace,
And, by temptations tenebrous,
Come all to meet in the Evil Place.
Thy mercy shall our sins efface
E'en at the Pit's mouth yawning sheer,
For pity of our woeful case—
Since Hell was aye our portion here!

We pass, in conclusion, to another intellectual mystic and stylist, another musical illuminate—Father John B. Tabb. Whether in light mood or in grave, Father Tabb is equally charming. His intelligence is music as it were, for his poems are usually of the intellect; and we seldom get so real a slice of heart from him as that of the epitaph upon the grave of his old colored "mammy":

To her, O Tenderness Divine,
Be Thou as she to me and mine!

Not the least remarkable feature of Father Tabb's career as a poet is the fact that until he became a Catholic he was never able to write a line. On his conversion there came from him a burst of song which, overnight, took the English-speaking world of letters by storm. Eminently quotable, Father Tabb is, nevertheless, a disconcerting poet. His *facetiæ* come in almost Shakespearean juxtaposition with his sublimest touches, and one must look well before disarranging them. The reader will remember many such instances in his works,—for example, that in which the Infant Christ uses the terrestrial globe as His plaything. To our taste it is in such pieces as "The Snowflake" and "Fame" that the poet is most charming. This latter has been much quoted:

Their noontide never knows
What names immortal are:
'Tis night alone that shows
How star surpasseth star.

Nothing, however, in all Father Tabb matches the deathless beauty of his "Remonstrance":

Sing me no more, sweet warbler; for the dart
Of joy is keener than the flash of pain.
Sing me no more; for the re-echoed strain
Together with the silence breaks my heart.

With the existence of such poets need there be any fear that the Church is not holding her own in the highest field of letters? On the contrary, are there not numerous indications in every department of intellectual life that the new century is developing a more general consciousness of the essential oneness of poetry and religion?

In this Sign I Conquer.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.

ANTHONY went abroad, and Sir Marmaduke's courtship went on in a fashion that was irksome to the lad's high spirit; for the damsel was wilful. For whole days together she would not deign her suitor a sight of her; then, perchance, she would suffer him to ride beside her palfrey when she went out with Sir John. Once I beheld her walking beside Sir Marmaduke adown a green lane. Very fair and sweet was she, I trow, in petticoat of quilted satin, with a rose-taffeta bodice, a ruff about her neck, and a velvet hood. This latter, thrown back, displayed a wild rose stuck in her hair. Marmaduke, I opine, was urging his suit earnestly; for she listened at first with a pretty softness, then she tapped her small foot sharply on the ground and turned about to her duenna, Mistress Brownlow, a sour-visaged dame, who rather lagged behind. Dropping Marmaduke a curtsy, then the wilful maid left him standing upon the greensward, and, linking her arm in that of her attendant, passed on her way.

Of all these things and many more I might tell, were I weaving the threads of a romance, or seeking to unravel the tangled skein into which so many true loves seem to knot up their affairs. Perchance the father's reluctance to Marmaduke's suit, since Anthony's resolve became known to him, was in the background of the girl's perversity. But a great heaviness of spirit seized upon the brave young master of Leigh Hall, and I could perceive that he missed his light-hearted brother ever more as the days sped on.

Meantime the persecutions against those of the Catholic religion were ever-increasing; barbarous tortures, imprisonment in loathsome dungeons were inflicted upon confessors of the Faith. Many more suffered upon the scaffold. Seminary priests and Jesuits were notably pursued. I mind me well that chill evening of autumn. The wind roared without, full of a fearsome wailing; the trees shivered, and the leaves were whirled over the lawn. I sat with a grievous quaking in all my members, though I was close by the hearth piled with logs. Of a sudden Sir Marmaduke entered and stood staring into the fire. He was dressed simply: in a doublet and breeches of ruby-colored velours, with a ruff at his neck falling downward,—a fashion which he ever preferred to the stiffer ruff rising to the ears, which was held to be extremely modish. He wore his own hair, falling in loose curls over his shoulders, and his hand idly played with the hilt of his sword. At last he spoke:

"'Tis a heavy evening, Nicholas. I know not what evil foreboding weighs me down."

"Most like it be the weather," I made answer. "Sound of body and of limb though you be, those howling winds disturb you."

He shook his head and still stood moodily staring. Darkness fell about us and an uncanny silence, till of a sudden

a hurried knocking was heard, and two men wrapped in riding-cloaks were ushered by the old butler into the hall. Marmaduke turned to the unlooked-for visitors with a courteous glance of inquiry; and the butler as he retired, shutting the door, had, I opined, a look of concern upon his countenance. Then there ensued a moment of stillness, so that the ticking of the huge timepiece disquieted me. The cloak fell from one of the figures, and, lo, there stood revealed in the firelight—Anthony! As to dress he was but little changed. He wore no religious garb: simply the attire of a plain country squire. But he had in some way put on the cleric, though but yet in his noviceship.

"Brother," cried Anthony, "we are hotly pursued—Father Walpole and I! Therefore have we ventured hither, God wot how unwillingly lest we bring you to harm!"

Marmaduke's arms were about him ere he had ceased speaking, and the elder brother's tears were falling on the fair, boyish voice.

"In good sooth you are welcome!" Marmaduke exclaimed, when emotion would suffer him to speak. "And you, too, reverend sir. My dwelling is at your disposal."

"'Tis but a small portion of it his reverence and I will occupy," observed Anthony, with his old merriment: "even the priest's hole, Marmaduke, where you and I used to play at being captives in our boyhood."

Suddenly perceiving me, who was making wry faces to choke down the sobs in my throat, Anthony hastened to wring my hand, speaking many hearty words, and commending me most kindly to his reverend companion. The butler was then sent for, to be cautioned against rash speech below stairs; for here was a most dangerous secret, and I fell to quaking with the dread of what might befall my dear master and these holy men who had put their lives in

jeopardy by venturing upon the English mission in these evil times.

"Tyburn is a most sorry spot," cried Anthony; "and I have no mind to make my obeisance there even in his reverence's company. So give us to eat, Marmaduke, and let's to our hiding-place."

While they ate, Anthony discoursed most merrily. Father Walpole, who was a grave man, of pious demeanor, conversed with much agreeableness, and with a tranquillity as though he were but an ordinary guest; while Marmaduke, in the joy of beholding his brother, forgot for the time the great peril which overshadowed us all.

"Father Walpole is an old prison-bird," declared Anthony; "so that our priest's hole will be a sumptuous chamber to him, I warrant."

Marmaduke looked with inquiry at the priest, and the latter smiled.

"This merry youth, who would laugh in the hangman's teeth," said Father Walpole, "refers to an adventure I had with the Calvinists of Flanders, who were in arms against the Kingdom of Spain."

"His reverence, having gone to those outlandish parts for his health," jested Anthony, "travelled merrily on foot till the heretics seized him and carried him into captivity in Flushing. He lay in prison a year, which did little for his health, but so whetted his appetite for dungeons that he now comes upon the mission to England. By good fortune I obtained the superior's permission to accompany him; returning, I grieve to say, in six months to my studies—if I do not visit Tyburn prematurely. And now, dear Marmaduke, if Father Walpole will say grace, we'll hie to our lodgings, lest Master Topcliffe, ever solicitous for the good health of clerics, should come to discover how we fare."

The hole was very cunningly contrived, being in one side of the fireplace, which drew away by the pressing of a certain spring and gave entrance to a passage-

way, whence steps led downward into two rooms. The first of these was entered upon at once, but the second was concealed behind a thick partition, and reached by a secret panel. None save the two brothers, the butler and myself knew of the existence of this hiding-hole, nor that a long passageway led thence into the greenwood beyond. I confess it was with a right joyful heart I saw the slide close upon the two ecclesiastics; for at every instant I apprehended a knocking at the door to betoken the arrival of the priest-hunters, and in every wail of the wind I seemed to hear the howl of the bloodhounds in their train.

The night passed peacefully on. At the dawning Marmaduke and I heard Mass in the secret room. Anthony served the Mass, and upon his countenance and that of the priest was the brightness of some hidden light and the uplifting of a noble spirit. The fervor of that service was such as only saints and martyrs lend it.

For a day or two things went merrily, and we were fain to forget the perils that encompassed us. Sir Marmaduke kept very close to Leigh Hall, denying himself even a sight of fair Mistress Dorothea. At last came a dainty missive from the beauteous lady herself, commanding him to wait upon her without delay. He stood by the oriel window as he read, with the light of the sun falling full upon him, so that I could not but admire his noble proportions. His countenance was grave when he turned at last to me.

"Nicholas," he said, "it is best that I hold no communication with Orton Lodge at the moment. I prithee write a hasty line, saying that Mistress Dorothea must hold me excused. I can not wait upon her at present."

What it cost him to send such a message and in such fashion I knew full well, but I took up my quill and indited it even as he had commanded. Perchance

it would forfeit for him my lady's favor, for she was proud no less than wilful. Still, if evil were to befall, Marmaduke would have none of his writing to compromise Mistress Dorothea or her father. For such were the troubles of those times that a less matter than holding communication with a harbinger of priests might send both father and daughter to a prison or farther.

That very night—a gray and soft one, with a faintly murmuring wind and a few dim stars above in the sky—I heard with great distinctness the approach of armed men. Trembling in every limb, I apprised Sir Marmaduke of their coming.

"O my master, my dear master," I said, "we are undone! Sir Topcliffe and the priest-hunters!"

"If it be," answered Sir Marmaduke, hastening to don his clothing, "here is no proof against me. I am not afraid; for should the worst befall, I should not be, in good sooth, the first Leigh to suffer for a righteous cause. Here be the device of our house upon the signet-ring I wear: 'In this Sign I conquer.' 'Tis the Sign of God's Cross, man!"

Loud knocks began to sound upon the outer door.

"Let us descend to the great hall," said Marmaduke, with much calmness; "then bid the butler, in God's name, to admit them. I will receive them below."

Sir Marmaduke's mien was very high and proud as he stood waiting for Topcliffe and his myrmidons. Ere I had reached the door to do his bidding he called me back.

"A word of caution to you and to the butler," he said, with sternness. "Those below in concealment must be saved at all costs. Mark you, if harm befall me it matters naught, so that they go scathless. Let no word of the hiding-place pass your lips, whatever the event."

My heart was so heavy that it seemed to put lead into my feet, yet I did my errand. And presently Topcliffe—that furious fanatic, who sold the lives of

godly men for gold—was in the hall, with his wolf-pack at his feet. My master, standing before the fireplace, very white and grave, bent his head but slightly as he spake, with great coldness.

"This intrusion, sir," he said, "can, I presume, be justified; and you will, I make no doubt, explain what procures me the pleasure of your company at an hour so unseasonable."

"Seasons matter little to me, Sir Marmaduke Leigh!" roared the bully. "I am after a fine quarry—a full-fledged priest and a priestling."

"Am I a priest or yet a priestling?" demanded Marmaduke.

"I shrewdly suspect you a harbinger of priests, under a præmunire for the same evil practice; a traitor whom it will rejoice me to unmask," cried the villain, with a dark scowl.

"Sir," said Sir Marmaduke again—and, alas! how youthful he looked for all his daring!—"you are in the house of an English gentleman, and I pray you to mend your speech. The man does not live who, unrebuked, shall call Marmaduke Leigh a traitor. Go to your business now, and the speedier it be concluded the better."

"Aye, the more speedily the better!" sneered the cutpurse ruffian—for so I named him in my heart. "My business, then, is to unearth one Henry Walpole, described as a Jesuit priest, in company with a youth, name unknown."

He looked searchingly at Marmaduke; but the latter gave no sign either of fear or of the relief he must of a surety have felt that his brother's identity was still unknown.

"These persons," did Topcliffe continue, "suspected of divers felonies, having traitorously and illegally gone beyond seas to take priestly orders, returning to the Kingdom of England contrary to the statutes, have been traced to this neighborhood, and it is confidently believed lie concealed here."

"Prove your words by discovering them," cried Marmaduke boldly; "and relieve this house as speedily as may be of your presence!"

"You have a cunning hiding-place, I make no doubt, Sir Marmaduke Leigh," answered Topcliffe. "But it shall give up its secret even as the sea its dead."

Sir Marmaduke turned his back upon him, and, leaning his arms upon the chimney-piece, stared at the blaze, which he had himself hastily enkindled while I had been away seeking the butler to admit the miscreants. It was a bold move thus to place himself at the very point of danger; and there he remained while the men, scattering in divers bands, pursued their search,—leaving the great hall, as we opined, for the last. We heard them as they tapped the walls, sounded the panels, tested the flooring. Two of these human wolves remained to keep a close watch upon Marmaduke and me. Finding naught, Topcliffe returned to the hall, furiously confronting my master, who scoffed at him in scornful fashion.

"Go homeward, Master Topcliffe, and take a needed rest,—if a calling like yours, loathed of honest men, permit you sleep."

It was unwise, perchance, to goad him; but the rage and hate in his countenance showed clearly that he would have foregone the advantage of trapping Father Walpole, renowned Jesuit though he was, if he could but have brought home aught of treasonable doings to the fearless young gentleman before him. Suddenly, in his cunning, he bethought him of a trick. Having questioned me to no purpose, I feigning stupidity and hardness of hearing, he called in the butler. He bade him give such testimony as he could to save his master, making pretence of the deepest interest in Sir Marmaduke's fate.

"He is so young, good fellow, to lose his estates, perchance his head; whereas you can save both, in his own despite, by speaking but a word. Contrariwise, I take him hence to prison."

"Believe him not!" cried Marmaduke. "He dare not take me hence. He has naught against me."

Topcliffe swore oath after oath that Sir Marmaduke should perish upon Tyburn Hill if the butler did not save him by declaring what he knew. Now, this varlet had ever been most devoted to Sir Marmaduke; and though he was aware that two strangers had arrived and were most certainly in the priest's hole, he had not been permitted to know that one of these was Anthony. The butler, bursting into tears, said at last that some one had come and was hiding in the priest's hole, which could be got at through the hearth. Happily, as it chanced, he named but one, his faculties, no doubt, being confused.

"That some one is Walpole!" cried Topcliffe, with the triumph of a fiend. "And now, my fine bird, we will cut your comb."

Marmaduke took no notice of the insult, but said in a whisper to the butler:

"Now, indeed, have you lost us all!"

Topcliffe bade Sir Marmaduke stand from before the fireplace. For an instant the youth's dauntless spirit thought of resistance. He drew his sword; then, with a laugh, put it up again, and was rudely dragged aside. The butler was seized and bidden to show the precise spot in the tiles. The old wooden pate stood wringing his hands and declaring that he had wrought evil enough, until Topcliffe fetched him a clout on the ear and drove him forward with the point of a rapier. But, varlet though he was, he resisted all efforts to force further secrets from him, and the priest-hunters themselves were fain to fall to the task of discovering the hidden spring. They swore at the heat and disturbed the logs with angry kicks. It was while they were thus employed that a wondrous thing happened, which shall be related in another chapter.

(To be continued.)

Tuckernuck.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.

THE day breaks early in Tuckernuck. There are no mountain heights or housetops to cast belated shadows over the island. The sun rises out of the sea; the sea, reflecting the dawn, bathes the island in a dim splendor. I awaken to find the air alive with aquatic birds, that cut across our lawn to the school beyond the point, where the fish-market is the attraction. The glazed door is at the edge of my pillow; by my side a small stand holds my favorite books. From daylight till nine o'clock I sit propped up in bed and read to my heart's content.

Heart's content! This is the Island of Heart's Content. I prop myself up among my pillows and pass into that other world, where, after all, one lives and learns,—learns more perhaps in a few hours' reading than he could discover for himself were he to search half a continent. It is difficult to withdraw oneself from that fascinating life and the society of those who lead it; for there horrors, though real enough, do not necessarily appall; sin does not contaminate, but teaches its terrible lesson; as for fun, fact, fancy and philosophy,—one may fraternize with these and be all the better for it. Yes, books are the breath of a thoughtful life. Would they were always blameless!

Ah, the bath and the breakfast now await! How happy are we gathered about the morning board! How often do I recall Robert Louis Stevenson's morning prayer—said to be his very last composition—and find it so applicable when mixed with the madding crowd! "The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties." Not here, dear Louis! None of these are known in Tuckernuck.

"Give us to go blithely on our business all this day." How else can we go, O friend! since all our business is pleasure and rest and recreation and the forgetting that there is any other life than that we now lead so blithely? "Bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep." Of course there were cares at Vailima, where the battle with the weeds, though bloodless, was never for a moment suspended. And it was much to have a nation's woes upon his mind, and to feel that the Samoan chiefs looked to him as an almost supreme being, whose word was the final wisdom, the unquestioned law and gospel.

To breakfast. Fruits from the gardens of Hesperides, imported; fish not an hour out of the sea, and caught within hailing distance of the kitchen range; vegetables from the field beyond the tennis court; coffee from the caddy of the Grand Mogul. But stay! Last, though not least, a pyramid of pancakes as delightful to the eye and the nostril as to the palate. How they vanished, those griddle-cakes!

For a whole day after this breakfast there was nothing to do but to do as one pleased. Often there was fishing, sometimes there was boating: we could watch from the Lanai a tiny canoe that lay its cheek to the wave and dipped its sail to the very tip. There were expeditions into the interior of the island, but these I never joined. There is nothing more inviting than a mystery, but one should never accept the invitation.

All that lies on the other side of the fence, with its gray moss on a gray background of weather-stained boards, is an unknown quantity to me. I can look at it and guess at it and dream about it, and wonder what manner of land it is over beyond my ken; but if I go forth to spy it out, all the charm of it will be dispelled; it will no longer

be a mystery, a kind of dreamland, so near and yet so far out of my reach. I know that there is a vale there called Paradise; but I must not enter it. I know there is a little cove, around which are clustered the homes of a few fishermen—the entire population of the island is but thirty,—yet I may not go there to chat with them of the weather, or to see them launch their boats, that have been hauled high and dry upon the beach; for then I could not paint them in my fancy and make them far more interesting and picturesque than they truly are. What a joy to linger upon the brink of the unexplored, and then to wonder and wonder and wonder what is just over yonder beyond that little knoll!

We have Tethered-Ball* to fall back upon when there is nothing else to fall back upon. I believe one falls forward upon it, or falls any which way; for 'tis a mad ball that shoots wildly from its orbit only to have its brains dashed out by either or both of the opposing parties. There is grace in the sport and shortness of breath and a deal of perspiration; but what are we here for unless to get as close to nature as we can? From Tethered-Ball to the tumbling breaker is the extreme of our physical delights.

Then there is target practice: shooting at a mark for imaginary prizes. The snap of the rifle, the "ping" of the speeding ball,—that is a new kind of music for the island ear. And what a litter of empty cartridges on the sward just beyond the eastern door! Is it a waste of powder where pleasure is the result? There may be little profit in it; yet there may be some. Perhaps everything that is not harmful is good for us.

While we were lounging in the Lanai awaiting the setting of the sun—this is

* A small rubber ball tied to a long pole. The ball soars from racket unto racket, until the victor winds out of reach halfway up the pole.

one of the features of bungalow life—we heard a dull thud in the living room. We entered to investigate, for there was no one to disturb the tranquillity of that interior. The shell of a cocoanut that had long been hanging upon one of the rafters overhead had fallen to the floor. B. handed it to me and said: "Are you not glad to see it?" Glad! On one side of the shell there was a face rudely sketched—the face of a monkey. Did some simian ghost cast that nutshell from some invisible palm-tree, just to remind us that we were indeed in an island—almost a desert island? But we must not forget that afar off, in seas that are bluer than these, under skies that are fairer, and where the fragrant winds blow softly, there are others.

Daily we can see through the glass on the Lanai the steamboat bound for Nantucket. We know just how the post office there will be crowded with those who are waiting impatiently for their mail. Do we envy them? Not in the least. We let the world go by in the steamboat, and we dismiss it all in a moment. Sometimes the launch goes over to the post office, carrying our mail in a most important and professional sack. When it returns to us—after some hours, if the weather is fair; but if the weather has turned foul, not until the next day or the day after that,—we receive a week's mail in a bunch, and then we give all our minds to the reading and discussion of it. That is a real pleasure, and makes of the time a red-letter day for us. Once in a while a catboat that has run over to Nantucket from the other end of the island brings us our mail, on its return; and this is an unexpected pleasure. After all is said, there is no pleasure quite so genuine and complete as the unexpected pleasure. The uncertain arrival of the mail is one of these.

They are talking of going away—the host and all the guests save myself. Business calls them back again into the

hurly-burly. Some one sent an important message, that fell in our camp and exploded like a bomb. It simply upset everything. There was no peace after that report. We did not seem at all like the same people. The atmosphere was so disturbed that I had to go out upon the bluff and contemplate the sea in order to recover my equilibrium.

They were all to leave on the morrow, and very early on the morrow; for they must reach Nantucket in time to catch the first boat. I had not said much, but I had thought a great deal. Here was my summer gone in a moment, as if the bottom had dropped out of it. Never again could I hope for such another experience as this. Where was I to go? What was I to do? I wonder if I asked myself these questions audibly in the manner of a stage-aside? I had hardly asked them when mine host turned to me and said: "My dear fellow, it is a shame to desert you in this way! But, you see, we can't help it. You of course will remain until the cold weather drives you from the island. We may run down to see you, one or the other of us, at intervals. The boys here will take the best of care of you, and you'll have the whole island-world to yourself."

Did I stay on to the end of time? Did I feel like bursting into tears and thanking Heaven that the world was mine at last? Yes. They packed up and were away, like a flight of birds, at four in the morning; and I began the new life on the instant. This happened the very night before they left me:—

We were gathered about the lamps reading; our host had gone forth upon the lawn to meditate, as was his custom. Presently he returned and, pausing in the doorway, said: "Let us botanize!" In his hand he bore a bough of many branches; from every branch hung a chain of flowers with their splendid petals folded. We looked in wonder and amazement; the like of this we had never seen before. "It is evidently of

the mimosa family!" exclaimed some one. "Those flowers are fast asleep." The bough was placed in a vase where a good light fell upon it. Petals? The petals were enormous and of unusual pattern, the edges barbed or fringed, the centre embellished with arabesques. Sometimes they seemed to us like bits of rich brocade or tapestry; sometimes like panels of stained glass with the sunshine streaming through; again they were emblazoned with jewels; always more beautiful than pen can paint.

While we were watching the miraculous bough, lost in admiration and wonderment, one of the flowers awoke, detached itself and went fluttering about the room; then another and another followed; soon there was not one left upon the bough, and the air was filled with butterflies balancing daintily upon the wing, lighting here and there for a moment and then flitting again. Finally, for their own sakes, we guided them to open doors and windows and they disappeared in the night. All that was left to us was the memory of something fairylike and hardly to be believed; and, in the vase, the denuded and withering butterfly-bush.

(To be continued.)

A Losing Victory.

IT is not when the battle is on, I fear,
 When I feel the blows on my shield:
 There is strength in the clash of arms around,
 There is strength in the sword I wield;
 And the strokes and the blood and the eager cries,
 And the prize by my arms to be won,
 But kindle my heart to a tenfold strength
 Till the day of the battle is done.
 'Tis the long, long night that follows, I fear,
 When my armor is laid aside,
 And the field is astir with the souls of men
 Who in combat beside me have died;
 And I think of the cost of the prize I have won—
 A guerdon of pleasure or fame,—
 And the dark of the night seems a human thing
 That sees my soul's fear and its shame.

The Conversion of a Uganda Princess.

FOURTEEN years ago, in October, 1889, Karema, son of King Mtega, lost the throne of Uganda, in Africa, through the efforts of the Christian army that supported the claims of his brother Mwanga. One result of Karema's disastrous rout was the capture of his whole harem. Among the wives of the deposed and fugitive King was a youthful Negress named Nabiwemba, shortly to become a mother. In the early days of her captivity, indeed, she gave birth to a daughter, to whom was given the name Kamuhanda, signifying "she who was born on the highway."

Scarcely was the baby weaned when Mwanga, in accordance with Uganda custom, separated the child from her mother, appointed an old pagan to look after the little one's safety, and assigned to her as her portion the village of Butenga, in the Protestant province of Kyaggive. The child grew up, not without frequent interviews with her mother, who in the meantime had become a Catholic catechumen. One fine day some Protestant neighbors discovered with lively dissatisfaction a medal of the Blessed Virgin hanging from Kamuhanda's neck, and learned that she had been taught by her mother to join her hands and pray.

The Protestant party, of whom the Katikiro Apolo was the chief, demanded official recognition of their rights over the little princess, basing their claim on the fact that the royal portion assigned to her was an estate in their provinces. The claim was allowed, and the child was taken to Fort Kampala, where she was made to say, although hardly four years old, that she wished to be a Protestant. Forthwith the Katikiro snatched Our Lady's medal from the little one's neck, and, disdainfully throwing it to a Catholic colleague, said: "Here, take your old iron! Kamuhanda

is ours." Thereafter the education of Karema's daughter was confided to a Protestant governess called Damalila.

In 1897 it became necessary to select a princess of royal blood to replace Mwanga's sister, Sara Nalinya, who espoused the cause and followed the fortunes of her banished brother; and it was Kamuhanda that was chosen for this dignity, to which, by the way, is attached the very honorable title of Rubaga, or Queen-Sister. Kamuhanda was then eight years old. To-day she is fourteen, and is a girl of graceful form, intelligent aspect, and irreproachable conduct. To look at her, one might easily conclude that she is eighteen or twenty, so fully is she developed and so sedate is her expression.

As a matter of course, during the past year suitors for her hand have not been wanting. The most favored of these suitors was Jude Mukasa, a young man of great promise. While yet a mere child he had by his precocity attracted the attention of the Protestant missionaries. At first their "boy," he became later on their pupil and table-boarder. His anti-Catholic education was carefully looked after, and the Rev. Mr. Roskow, who conducted a course of Lutheran apologetics—restricted to a small number of the initiated—looked upon Jude as one of his most brilliant students.

Some months ago Mukasa sought the hand of the Queen-Sister Kamuhanda. His aspiring so high does not appear at all extraordinary in a country where all the princesses without exception take husbands from the ranks of the common people; for in Uganda it is considered an infamy to marry a blood relation, no matter how remote be the degree of consanguinity. The three regents of the kingdom looked very favorably upon Jude's pretensions. In a letter dated June 13, 1903, the First Minister Apolo gave his formal consent to the marriage, and eight days later the two other regents expressed their concurrence in his

action. The preliminary ceremonies had already taken place, and the betrothal was on the point of merging into the wedding when an unforeseen event upset the whole project.

Jude Mukasa, who for a considerable time had not been in good faith as a Protestant,—Jude, who some weeks previously had expiated by three days in durance his hardihood in expressing to Mr. Roskow some doubts as to the divine origin of the Protestant religion,—Jude declared to his betrothed his determination to become a Catholic. Unluckily for the wedding prospects, his letter conveying this information fell into the hands of the missionaries, and, as may readily be imagined, created a decided sensation in the Protestant camp. The first emotion of surprise quickly turned to anger when the young man actually effected his purpose of becoming a convert to Catholicism; and the anger swelled into positive fury when Kamuhanda, whose reiterated visits to the Sisters for a number of weeks had seemed to denote a growing fondness for the faith they professed, publicly declared that she too desired to become a Catholic.

Jude's perseverance may be problematical. Having quaffed so many and so plentiful draughts of poisonous hatred of our holy religion, his becoming a fervent Catholic will probably be a matter of considerable difficulty. One thing certain is that Jude's action forthwith reduced him from the utmost favor to the most complete disgrace. His asking Kamuhanda's hand in marriage at once took on the aspect of a piece of insolence equivalent to a crime; and he himself, the pet of the day before, became in the estimation of his disgusted patrons merely the corrupter of a young girl's virtue. He was seized and placed in confinement, and was released only after signing a note renouncing his pretensions to the hand of the Queen-Sister. The same written

renunciation of Jude Mukasa was then exacted of the princess.

The foregoing preliminaries will suffice to make the reader acquainted with our heroine, and enable them to follow intelligently the narrative of her conversion. We give it in the form of the diary kept by Bishop Streicher, Vicar Apostolic of Nyanza, to whose gracious interest in THE AVE MARIA we are indebted for the favor of this interesting page of mission life on the Dark Continent. Premising only that we have the prelate's assurance that the events related are based on the sworn depositions of ocular witnesses, we make way for Mgr. Streicher, who henceforward will speak for himself.

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August 15.—The solemnity of the Assumption having brought me to my habitual residence at St. Mary's of Rubaga, I was informed by our mission Fathers of the proposed marriage of the Queen-Sister and of her request to be admitted into the true Church. "A young girl's caprice!" I said to myself, and accordingly I refused to see the princess, who on two occasions that very evening presented herself at my door and asked for an interview. The next day, August 16, Kamuhanda again solicited an audience, and at last I caused her to be introduced. I should perhaps premise that I am, or at least was, ill-disposed toward princesses generally,—having always distrusted their mingled levity and haughtiness of character. Accordingly my reception of this one was cold and severe, not to say harsh. Instead of giving her the encouragement which she doubtless expected, I told her that I had not the slightest confidence in the sincerity of her conversion, in which I would believe only after a full year's trial; and, moreover, that if it was the hope of wedding the young man she loved that was drawing her to Catholicism, she might as well go away at once.

To this the girl replied, with a humility and yet a firmness which rather surprised me, that she had already completely given up the projected union; that she desired one thing only—to come back to the religion in which her mother had begun to rear her, and which when but a child she had been forced to abandon; and that she would willingly accept any trial I should impose upon her.

To remove the impression of the coldness with which I had received her, I offered her as she was retiring a little present—a box of perfumes. She refused it, saying: "If you wish to please me, give me a medal of Our Lady." Fearing that a medal hung about her neck might subject her to annoyances, I in my turn refused to satisfy her desire.

From that day Kamuhanda became the assiduous pupil of the Sisters of the mission. She never missed a class, took her place among the daughters of the people—all of them poor and most of them in rags,—and when prayer time arrived attentively watched and copied the pious attitude of her companions, kneeling with clasped hands, and uniting her intention with theirs in the vocal prayers, whose words she had not yet committed to memory.

August 24.—The Katikiro Apolo, unsuccessful in his attempts to persuade the princess to give up being instructed in the Catholic faith, wrote to the Father Superior of Rubaga, ordering him to forbid the princess' entering the mission buildings, with the threat that in case of refusal a complaint against the Superior would be laid before the Deputy Commissioner, chief of the Kampala station. This insolent letter received the answer it deserved. "My door," replied Rev. Father Moulllec, "is open to all, believers and unbelievers. No one has ever been turned away from it, and the Queen-Sister will continue to be welcomed as often as she does us the pleasure of visiting us."

August 25.—Kamuhanda appeared before the tribunal of Mr. Tomkins, Deputy Commissioner of Kampala. Here is the girl's own account of the interview. Kamuhanda was accompanied to the dwelling of the Deputy by her two cousins, Martha and Mary, both of them old-time converts from Protestantism. Mr. Tomkins left the companions outside, and Kamuhanda alone was led into his house. Dandi Bakika, Protestant, acted as interpreter.

"Is it true," began Mr. Tomkins, "that you go to the Rubaga mission to pray? What do they teach you there?"—"The Sisters teach me to write and to pray."—"Apolo tells me," rejoined the Deputy, "that you refuse to obey him, and he asks me to command you to return to Protestantism. So you had better come back to our religion."—"No: I wish to be a Catholic."—"But what will the Balози [Royal Commissioner] at Eutebbe say? He will be very angry when he hears that you pray at Rubaga. Formerly you received from him arm-chairs, mirrors, and bracelets; but you'll get no more presents of any kind when he learns that you have become a Catholic."—"Be it so, provided I may pray where I like."—"And King Edward VII., what will he think when he hears of your folly? His Majesty will be very much annoyed."

To this Kamuhanda did not respond; and, seeing that he was not making much headway with the girl, Mr. Tomkins, more and more forgetful of the reserve which his official position should have imposed upon him, made a supreme effort on behalf of the Protestant party, of which he was the unmistakable champion. Unrolling a large picture representing the assassination of the King and Queen of Servia, he informed the princess that a like tragic death might overtake her if she persisted in her design to embrace Catholicism. To this stupid and brutal threat Karema's daughter replied: "Let

them kill me if they wish, but I won't pray elsewhere than with the Catholics."—"But," finally demanded the Deputy, "if you are authorized to marry Jude, will you come back to our religion?"—"No: I have given up both Jude and the religion of Protestants."

From Kampala the princess was led to Mengo, to the residence of Apolo. "Why go to pray with the Catholics?" asked the First Minister. "Do you, too, want to adore images and walk in the ways of falsehood? What about your honor, and the high position you occupy, and your title of Rubaga? Don't you see that you will lose all these advantages?"

To these considerations, which left the girl quite unmoved, succeeded caresses and promises to give her whatever she wished. "Will the splendid dresses you promise me," demanded our heroine, "give me the keys of St. Peter that alone can open the gates of heaven?" Superb answer, which the Holy Ghost, who inspires confessors and martyrs, must have put into the mouth of this maiden of fourteen. The new Symphronius found himself confronted by a new Agnes.

September 8.—The regent Apolo visited Kamuhanda's residence, and found her in company with her sick mother and a number of Catholic women. Apolo brutally rid the house of all visitors, the sick mother included. The latter, who was suffering from the application of blisters to her temples, complained bitterly. "Did any one ever see a mother turned out of her own daughter's house?" she cried. "Once before you robbed me of my child; and, now that she has come back to me, you deprive me of her again, as if I were not her mother!"—"I didn't come here to argue with you," replied the cynical Katikiro. "Get out at once, and don't put your foot inside this house again." Then he addressed himself to Kamuhanda. "I summoned you twice," he said. "Why

did you not come when I desired you?"—"It was raining," said the princess, "and I couldn't go out."—"It was raining, yes," rejoined Apolo; "but I would have come, despite the rain."—"You! Why, you are only a mukopi [plebeian]," haughtily returned the princess. "There's no reason why you should not go out in bad weather,"

Considerably vexed by this language—not at all unusual, be it remarked, from members of the royal family,—the Katikiro delivered to Kamuhanda, in the name of the government, two orders: first, that she should make no visit without his express permission; and, secondly, that she should go no more to the Catholic mission. Before taking his departure, this *parvenu*, who spoke of himself as the "father" of Kamuhanda, furnished her with a jailer who was to see his orders carried out.

September 10.—The princess was on her way to-day to visit the White Sisters when, a few rods from the residence of the Second Regent Mgwanya, she was seized by five men—her own farmers who were on the lookout for her. These emissaries of Apolo started to bind her fast; but the girl, her normal strength incalculably increased by her indignation, resisted vigorously. She was roughly handled, struck, and thrown to the ground; but finally managed to escape from the miscreants, and, running into a yard open before her, reached Mgwanya's house. Apolo's quintette of ruffianly spies followed her. To his office of Second Regent, Mgwanya joins the title of Minister of Justice; so that Kamuhanda's fortuitous retreat was an appropriate one.

"By what right," asked the judge, addressing the five men, "have you raised your hands against a mumbejja [princess]?"—"We had an order."—"Who gave it to you?"—"The Katikiro Apolo."—"An order to do what?"—"To watch Kamuhanda."—"Why did

you go beyond the task of watching her, and dare to strike her? Is she not still your mistress?"—"It was Apolo who ordered it. 'If she doesn't listen to you,' he said, 'strike her.' And that's what we've done."

At any other period than under the practical dictatorship of Apolo, such violence offered to a person of royal blood would be punishable with death. But Apolo, First Regent, has been to England, and since his return has become an altogether exceptional personage, responsible apparently to no tribunal. Mgwanya accordingly contemptuously dismissed his colleague's five agents, and persuaded the princess to allow herself to be accompanied back to her home.

Among the one hundred and sixty-five catechumens who were baptized to-day in the Cathedral of Rubaga was Mubrito, one of the Queen-Sister's servants. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Mubrito—or, to call her by the new name she had just received, Sophia—quite proud of the beads (emblem of the baptized) which hung around her neck, hastened home to share her joy with her sympathetic little mistress. She was met at the door by the jailers, who brusquely ordered her to pack up at once and seek a living elsewhere, because no Catholic woman was to be allowed about the princess. Poor Sophia had barely time to gather her few effects when she was driven off.

September 11.—The two White Sisters called on Kamuhanda to-day, and endeavored to cheer her with the consolations of friendship. That they succeeded is evident from the letter I have just received from one of the two: "Impossible to depict the joy which the sight of us occasioned our dear little convert. We found her in her mother's cottage, on the doorstep of which a guard who never quits her sat all huddled up. This fellow was a witness

and auditor of our interview, but that fact did not trouble us much." The Sisters expressed to Kamuhanda their fears that she might be carried away to a distance, the more surely to isolate her, and banish those whom she loves from her presence. The princess quickly rejoined: "They may take my body where they will, but my soul will remain my own: they can't take that." At Kamuhanda's request her visitors left with her a copy of "The Lives of the Martyrs," in which, she declared, she wished to read over again the stories of St. Philomena and St. Agnes.

September 13.—Distressed by the loneliness of her daughter, in whose house were suffered only her jailers and a few women, all of them Protestants, Kamuhanda's mother defied the order of the Katikiro, spread her mat near her daughter's bed and spent the night with her. The next day Apolo was informed of this proceeding, and had the princess removed from her dwelling altogether. As she was being carried away by the agents of the First Minister, the stout-hearted maiden called out to her weeping mother the consoling farewell: "I am going, but they will never make me apostatize." Poor child! They will not make you apostatize! Has a lamb ever successfully resisted a pack of wolves? True, what surpasses nature's strength, grace manages to accomplish. Kamuhanda was taken as a prisoner to the Katikiro's own residence.

September 15.—The mother, Veronica Nabweмба, careless of the nature of the reception likely to be accorded her, started for Apolo's house, determined to regain if possible the presence of her imprisoned daughter. After detaining her for three long hours in a broiling courtyard, Apolo decided to receive her. "This girl you come to see," he began, "is not yours: it is I to whom she belongs. It is I who am her father; thus it has been decided by the Royal Com-

missioner [a palpable lie, of course], in order that she may receive from me the education that you are not in a position to give her."

After listening, not without indignation to these silly pretensions of this lowborn peasant, Veronica finally succeeded in reaching the hut, or cottage, which held her daughter captive. The spirit of Christ had placed in the heart of this girl a spark of that joy and courage whose inextinguishable flame, kindled in Buganda when first the torch of faith was lighted, has never—thank God!—grown dim in the territory of our mission. "Last night," said Kamuhanda to her mother, "the Katikiro had some bedclothes sent to me. I sent them back to him; for I am not going to sleep under Protestant coverings. He offered me food, but I refused it. I spent the night lying here on the ground near the hearth. I will die in this enclosure if necessary, but I won't go back to Protestantism." This confidence was exchanged in a whisper to avoid its being overheard by the ever-present jailer.

Tearing a leaf from a memorandum-book she had procured at the mission school, she wrote upon it in lead-pencil this message which she gave to her mother to deliver to me. Here is the literal translation of the note: "To my Father. Monseigneur, greeting! Be tranquil, have confidence: I will not go backward. But, my Father, help me. Pray for me. The sole cause of my captivity, as you know well, is my religion. Adieu, Monseigneur! Pray for me. I, Mary."

What a transposition of rôles! A feeble child in chains fortifying her Bishop; a lamb just born giving courage to the shepherd! She signs Mary—blessed name, chosen by herself instead of Yunia, the one she received in the Protestant temple.

September 16.—Veronica found her daughter burning with fever and vom-

iting bile. "If you saw her," the mother told me on her return, "you would think she had been ill for a week, so changed is her appearance."

September 18.—To-day the mother was not allowed to see her daughter at all. She accordingly gave to the two servants who accompanied her the meal she had prepared for Kamuhanda and they took it to the prisoner. The food was timely. Although it was late in the afternoon, Kamuhanda had eaten nothing all day. At noon, it is true, the Katikiro had sent her a dish of meat; but, remembering that it was Friday, she refused to touch it. "I am no longer a Protestant," she told the bearer of the dish. "I am a Catholic, my name is Mary, and I don't eat meat on Friday."

September 19.—Veronica was summoned to Apolo's residence. On arriving there she found Mr. Leakey, Collector of Kampala, who subjected her to an inquiry. Asked about the Katikiro's opposition to her communicating with her daughter, Veronica replied that, the day before, access to her daughter had been refused her; and that, previously, on two different occasions she had been driven from Kamuhanda's hut by the Katikiro in person. Mr. Leakey also subjected the princess to an inquiry. Unable through weakness to go to him, she received the judge in her hut, stretched out on her cot. As to what took place at this interview, Veronica could learn from her daughter only a part, as the jailers remained too close to them to permit of free communication. What she did learn she hastened on her return to impart to me. "Mr. Leakey," Kamuhanda had whispered to her mother, "asked me if, in case I was permanently deprived of my position, and lost my title of Rubaga, I should still persist in being a Catholic. I answered: 'Yes; I'll be a Catholic in spite of everything.'"

Following this investigation, matters

were made somewhat less difficult for the princess. She was not at liberty, it is true, to leave the bounds of her prison enclosure; but at least she could take a few steps in the banana grove, and her guards (St. Paul would have called them leopards) no longer kept at her heels, but remained at a distance. To appreciate this last point, one must know the spirit of independence and the license to go and come to which the daughters of Uganda kings are accustomed. Captivity, even without close confinement or the burden of chains, is particularly humiliating and morally debilitating to a girl of Kamuhanda's condition. Until recently she was used to numerous attentions and was surrounded by a crowd of friends and servants. All at once she found herself deprived of human support, without advice in the midst of snares laid for her budding faith and solicitations of all kinds; which, being reiterated day after day, might have broken a spirit far stronger than hers could reasonably be expected to be. Of course her good mother, often accompanied by one or several of her cousins, took the daily trip to Mengo, where her daughter was detained. But these visits were short, often even cold; for, as these interviews could not be held without witnesses, that expansion and intimacy of the heart was necessarily absent.

Kamuhanda's captivity lasted eighteen days—from September 14 to October 2. On October 1, her fourteenth birthday, the princess went to the Katikiro, and, invoking the law which limits to the beginning of the fourteenth year a guardian's authority over his ward—although, for that matter, the Katikiro was never legally invested with the guardianship of Karema's daughter,—she resolutely demanded her liberty. It was promised her for the following day. On the morrow, in truth, the Guardian Angels, whose festival was then being celebrated, delivered their protégée from

the furnace wherein her courage had been tried and her virtue proven. They brought her straight from the prison of Mengo to the Catholic mission, where an ovation awaited her.

This first stage in the conversion of the Princess Kamuhanda is one traversed, in the villages of Uganda, by a number of children fully as young as she, and some of them still younger,—athletes of the Gospel at an age when in the "Christian" countries of Europe many are ignorant even that there is a Gospel. Humble little heroes and obscure heroines all, and some of them simple catechumens, who, when at the age of ten or fourteen they can contrive to reach the missionary and ask to be baptized, already wear upon their brows the aureola of genuine confessors of the Faith.

A Notable Address.

MONSIEUR PIOUS, leader of the Catholic liberals in France, delivered a notable address at the Social Congress recently held in Pau. Speaking of the growth of socialism among the working classes, he insisted that what the laborer needed was the moral idea, and the moral idea that proceeds from the divine idea.

"Whoever does not regard life as a trial whose recompense is not to be received here below, and does not consider Providence an infallible Judge whose justice will repair the iniquities and injustices of this life, will never find, either in his conscience or his reason, a single argument to justify the inferiority and the hardship of his condition.... Belief in a God supremely good and just can alone sustain the courage of the working-man or working-woman engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with a life of suffering, and confronted every morning by the problem of daily bread to be provided. Why should not their hearts be moved to anger if they did

not believe that all inequalities are effaced before the sublime equity of an infallible Judge; that a single tear of theirs will weigh more in His balance than all the gold of the rich and all the joy of the happy?"

M. Pious does not believe or teach that the perspective of eternal felicity obliges the masses to resign themselves with docility to their miseries. It is not forbidden them—far from it—to better their trying condition. And the wealthy, if they are true Christians, "should stretch out a helping hand to draw the poor from their misery and assist them in rising above it.... We are traversing sorrowful times," concluded the speaker. "Charlatans are fooling the people whom they have intoxicated and mystified; brazen-faced devotees of ambition are confiscating our dearest liberties and attacking our most precious rights. Their faults, their crimes make of us, servants of a liberal democracy, defenders of two great ideas—social progress by means of justice, political progress by means of liberty."

The Wiser Way.

(Blessed Thomas More, "The Four Last Things.")

There is none old man so old but that, as Tully saith, he trusteth to live one year yet. And as for young folk, they look not how many be dead in their own days younger than themselves, but who is the oldest man in the town, and upon his years they make their reckoning. Where the wiser way were to reckon that a young man may die soon, and an old man can not live long; but within a little while die the one may, the other must. And with this reckoning shall they look upon Death much nearer hand, and better perceive him in his own likeness, and thereby take the more fruit of the remembrance and make themselves the more ready thereto.

Notes and Remarks.

No less edifying than interesting reading for Catholics is "The Philippine Islands: 1493—1898." Almost every page of this important work bears witness to the zeal, piety, and learning of the calumniated missionaries. According to Mendoza's *Historia*, quoted at length in Vol. VI., the number of natives converted and baptized in those islands up to 1580 exceeded four hundred thousand. They are described as "excellent Christians." Remembering what they were before the coming of the Augustinians, the successful labors of this Order in the Philippines may be said to be almost unparalleled in the history of missionary endeavor. And this was the religious Order to which Luther had belonged, and he was still living while its members were beginning to reap their great harvests in the Orient. Other laborers not less devoted—Franciscans, Dominicans, etc.,—flocked to their assistance, all eager to share in the perils and privations of missions among still savage tribes.

What must be the feelings of fair-minded Protestants and of certain Catholics on reading these volumes, after all that has been said and written against the Philippine friars and about the general corruption of Religious Orders in the sixteenth century!

No well-informed person was surprised when the Holy Father in his first encyclical uttered a brief but unmistakable protest against the present intolerable position of the Roman Pontiff with respect to the Italian government, and proclaimed the necessity of the complete independence of the Holy See. Neither is it strange that he appointed a Secretary of State, and declared that in the very nature of things, as governments are constituted, the Pope must "mix in politics" and deal as a sovereign with sovereigns. Nevertheless, the first encyc-

lical also showed that for the accomplishment of his sublime purpose, "to restore all things in Christ," Pius X. relies on priests rather than on diplomats. With the intensity of a reformer almost, he admonished the bishops of the world to train their priests to heroism, to demand of them heroic virtue and entire devotion to the salvation of souls. And when, some weeks ago, a large pilgrimage of priests and people were admitted to his presence, he invited the priests to remain after the laity had departed, and spoke words of burning zeal to them.

We have already adverted to the remarkable weekly sermons preached by his Holiness to the people of Rome. "He is not seated on a pontifical throne, as one would imagine," says a recent visitor to the Eternal City; "but stands as an humble parish priest upon a platform, upon which a few of his guard and some of his household are seated." *Habemus papam*: we have a parish priest in the Vatican! The Holy Father has already won over the people of Rome in a marvellous way; and, after the noble sentiment of Cardinal Manning, is allying himself with the great Commons of the world. Nor can any open-minded student doubt that those simple sermons will be heard and heeded throughout the courts and cabinets of the world as effectually as were the brilliant pronouncements of the lamented Leo.

The London *Times*, which used to be called the "Thunderer" and which was at one time the most influential newspaper printed in English, has never recovered from the disrepute justly attaching to it from the infamous "Pigott forgeries." Its editorials still possess something of their ancient verve, however; and there abides with it a remnant of that spirit of enterprise which attracted men like De Blowitz to its staff, and gave it "scoops" over the

great journals of the world. For example, it is the only English newspaper, so far as we know, that arranged for special correspondence with a member of the Mosely Commission for the investigation of American methods of education. In his third letter this correspondent refers to the private "fitting" schools—including the convent schools, religious colleges, etc., as opposed to the public and high schools—in this interesting way: "If I were an American, I should look hopefully upon these private 'fitting' schools. I should look to them rather than to the public high schools to remove whatever truth there may be in a saying of (I think) Mr. Lowell's: that the Americans are 'the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world.'"

The one feature of American school-life which seems to have impressed the Commissioners favorably is the general accessibility of education in this country; the one feature that seemed to cause most surprise is the lack of "attention paid to the formation of character."

The elder Vanderbilt once made an explosive remark about "the public" that has often been cited to illustrate the intolerable contempt of capitalists for the comfort and well-being of those whom they are supposed to serve. We are not so sure, however, that Organized Labor thinks more respectfully of the public than did the doughty Commodore. For example, during a street-car strike in Chicago recently the Union men not only refused to operate the cars but prevented others from doing so as well; and the dear public was obliged to walk many miles to and from work every day, unless they were fortunate enough to get themselves conveyed in a dray-cart. During the coal-strike last winter, it will be remembered, it was not the striker nor the capitalist that suffered from coal, but the unfortunate patron of both. Just at present

the livery employees are on strike in Chicago, and we are treated to the strange spectacle of an American city in which hearses are demolished because their owners have ventured to convey the dead to the cemetery while the strike is on. In some cases, too, permission was asked of the strikers to remove the sick from their homes to the hospitals, but the permission was refused!

Well might the chief of police remark that "all that is wanted to make the circle complete is a strike to prevent babies from being born." Let no one be deceived by the declaration of Union officials that violence is discountenanced by all of them, and that all the rioting is the work of outsiders. We know for a fact that during strikes squads of men known as "entertainment committees"—the biggest and brawniest men to be found—are told off for duty as rioters, assailants, and mischief-makers. In other words, Organized Labor has met injustice with anarchy, and of the two evils injustice is the lesser. There never was a time when the trades-unions stood in such sorry need of good advisers as the present.

We have often been curious to know the number of Protestant Poles in the United States, having heard so much from Catholic and Protestant sources of wholesale perversion—or conversion—among them. The information is at last supplied by the Rev. C. V. Strolec, of the Polish Baptist Mission, Detroit. At a recent "rally" in the First Baptist Church in that city he stated that the Poles in this country number about 1,500,000. "The grand total of Polish Protestants is not over 2000." There are 280 Polish Baptists and 800 Polish Lutherans. The Congregationalists, who for twenty years have labored to pervert Catholic Poles in Detroit, have "a nice church with sixty members." Of Polish Episcopalians Mr. Strolec made no mention, and we judge that they must

be few in number; for he remarked that "the Lutherans have done better in their work of conversion than any other Protestant body. It is easier for them to convert my people, because they have a cross on the steeples of their churches and make them resemble the Catholic edifices."

It is consoling to believe, remembering how they have been seduced, that these poor ignorant Poles will soon return to the Church. They have not apostatized, only strayed away, like that good priest of our acquaintance—a professor in one of our largest seminaries, by the way,—who dropped into an Episcopalian church and recited all his Breviary—so the story goes—before discovering his mistake. It is for zealous shepherds to seek out those lost sheep and lead them back to the Fold.

The appalling catastrophe which has turned Chicago into a veritable house of woe ought to serve as a new warning against the imminence and the stealthy ways of death. One moment a gay audience of 1800 women and children laughing at a holiday extravaganza; the next a horror-stricken, shrieking multitude, trampling one another to death or swept like prairie-grass before the flames. Thousands of relatives and friends throughout the country mourn the loss of beloved ones; hundreds of souls have been summoned with hardly a moment's warning before the judgment-seat of God. Our readers will not fail to send up fervent prayers for the comfort of the living and the repose of the dead.

There is now no lack of reliable information about Galileo and Giordano Bruno at the service of any one who requires it. A great deal of uncertainty and error regarding them has been dispelled by recently published volumes. The vulgarly-accepted notion that Galileo was thrown into the dungeons

of the Holy Office or put to the torture is strongly deprecated by his latest biographer, who characterizes his treatment by the Inquisition as "unprecedented for its considerateness." As regards Bruno, the long-cherished belief that he was one of the great lights of the sixteenth century is shown to be a mere delusion. Instead of a hero, he turns out to have been a vagabond, who wrote dirty plays and went about the world insulting all who refused to take him at his own valuation. Sensation-loving historians who have taken so much delight in exploiting this unsavory hero will be obliged to change their eulogies into expressions of surprise that United Italy should have erected a statue to one so little worthy of remembrance. A non-Catholic reviewer of the *Life of Bruno* lately published by Mr. J. Lewis McIntyre cautiously observes that "perhaps it might be better for Bruno's fame if there were less information about him."

The following is from the *Church Times* (Milwaukee, Wis.), which is Protestant Episcopal:

The *Catholic World* of New York, an interesting Roman journal, speaks out strongly upon the custom of writing Lives of the saints full of absurd, degrading, preposterous stories and superstitions. In reviewing a *Life of St. Rita*, it says: "Within the compass of 273 pages there are enough preposterous miracles, and enough ponderous observations meant for edification, to foster superstition for a century, and to repel intelligent people from Italian hagiography forever.... When will it be understood that this sort of thing is a positive hindrance to conversions, and a positive *elixir vite* for degraded spirituality? When is there going to be a concerted Catholic protest against myth, legend, and general stupidity paraded before modern minds as the highest expression of Catholicity? Better no saints Lives at all than that they should do injustice to the saints and be germ-carriers of superstition.

"It is very sad to think," comments the *C. T.*, "what numbers of Romans there are, both of the priesthood and among the laity, who both disbelieve

and lament these Lives of saints, yet dare not openly say so." We are not a Roman, nor do we understand how a periodical published in New York can properly be so called. But if it will relieve the sadness of our Milwaukee friend, let us hasten to say, as openly as possible, that if the book in question is correctly described, we profoundly disbelieve its "preposterous miracles" and sincerely lament its "ponderous observations." Preposterousness and ponderosity are no things to have around loose, anyway.

Speaking of hagiography, it ought, perhaps, to be observed that much depends upon the mental complexion of those who approach it. One reader is charmed and edified at what disgusts and scandalizes another. We should hesitate to recommend the "Fioretti" to every one; and we feel sure the pages of Caxton's "Golden Legend, or Lives of the Saints," would appeal in vain to most persons, although the non-Catholic editor of the Temple Classics edition declares that he has read the work "six times, with unabated interest." The modern mind is peculiar; and if it is superior to the modern stomach, the proof is lacking. It is not often touched with a sense of reverent wonder or charmed by the exquisite and the picturesque. One man pacing the aisles of some vast medieval cathedral is filled with awe and veneration, and sees in "those stone-written records of the past" the highest expression of Christianity; a hundred men walk unmoved, seeing only the cobwebs above and the beggars below.

..

We have been sad ourselves, come to think of it—sad and again disillusioned,—not to have seen up to this in the *Church Times* a correction of the serious misstatement of which it was guilty some months ago, and to which its attention has been directed more than once. Our Protestant Episcopal con-

temporary stated that Father Maturin, a distinguished divine of the Church of England who made his submission some years ago to the Church of All Lands, was dissatisfied and inclined to return to the Establishment. As soon as his attention was called to this statement, Father Maturin wrote a letter declaring that it was absolutely false. "I could not imagine any conceivable circumstances," he declared, "inducing me even to consider such a step for a moment. From the day I made up my mind and went to Beaumont to be received, the English Church melted before my eyes, and as a church has never taken substantial form again." That letter was duly published, and the *Church Times* was called upon to withdraw its assertion. We hope it will do so soon, and thereby relieve its sadness and restore our joy.

—♦—♦—♦—

Last week's obituary includes the name of the venerable Father George Deshon, widely known as the Superior-General of the Congregation of St. Paul. He was also one of its founders, and, like the others, a convert to the Faith. Father Deshon began life as a soldier; and having been graduated with distinction from West Point, where for some years he was a professor, a military career seemed to be his destiny. He was a classmate of Gen. Grant and other officers who won celebrity during the Civil War. Soon after his conversion, however, he resigned from the army and studied for the priesthood, becoming a religious, a missionary, an author, and finally superior of the Congregation of which for many years he had been a most devoted and exemplary member. Father Deshon was especially distinguished for ardent zeal and tender piety. He was one of those priestly priests who are an honor to the Church, and make us not only glad that we knew them but better for the privilege. May he rest in peace!



A New Book.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

EACH New Year's Day, the mystics say,
Our Angel Guardians write
Our names within a volume thin
Of pages fair and white.
What good or ill we do until
The dawning year grows old,
Is there set down with smile or frown,—
There all our story's told.

Then let us pray, each passing day,
Our Mother blest and Queen
Her help to give, that we may live,
This year, a record clean.
Our old year's book full soiled may look,
Its bright leaves be but few;
But if we will, we each may fill
With golden deeds the new.

Grandfather's Feast.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

GRANDFATHER," said Ernest, as he took his place beside the fire, where his little brother and sister were already sitting and amusing themselves, "won't you tell us a story?"

"A story?" echoed the old gentleman. "Well, what shall it be? By the way, where have you been, Ernest? You have brought the cold air in with you."

"I've been serving at the convent," replied the boy. "They had Benediction because of the Epiphany, you know."

"Ah, yes! The Feast of the Three Kings is no longer a holyday of obligation with us. And yet to me, I believe it is the dearest feast of the year,—more so even than Christmas."

"And why is that, grandfather?" inquired Katie.

"Well, I am going to tell you. That shall be the story Ernest asked for. I like the Feast of the Epiphany best because on that day I began to be a good Catholic: on that day I received anew the gift of faith."

"But weren't you *always* a good Catholic?" asked Katie in surprise.

"No, my dear, I was not. My father was a very bigoted man,—bigoted against every form of religion. Until my mother died, when I was ten years old, he allowed me to go to Mass with her and to be instructed in the Catholic Faith. Knowing that she was not to live long, mother obtained permission for me to receive my First Communion younger than is usually permitted. At that time I was full of childish zeal. On her deathbed I promised my mother that I would be faithful to her teachings, and for a time kept my promise. But little by little I grew lax and indifferent. There was not a soul near me who shared my belief, and my father did all in his power to alienate me from it. By the time I had reached the age of fourteen I had fallen off entirely from the practice of my religion.

"My father was fond of travelling, and I was his constant companion. He had some trouble of the heart and consulted various specialists with regard to it. One Christmas we were in Baltimore. My father was not feeling very well. Several days later, as we sat, toward evening, in our room in the boarding-house, he became quite ill. I hurried to summon the landlady, but she could not be found. Her daughter was also absent. No one seemed to be at home but the colored cook, an old woman of kindly aspect, who told me that it was the Feast of the Epiphany and that the family had gone to Benediction. She

accompanied me upstairs, where I found my father suffering greatly.

"Oh, what *shall* we do?" I cried.

"I'll tell ye, honey," replied the old woman. "Soon as I git some hot water, I'll stay here wid your pa and you run and fetch de doctor."

"But where can I find one?" I asked.

"She gave me the addresses of two or three, adding:

"Deh's a whole raft of 'em on dat block. If ye can't git one, call de odhah. An' tell him to come quick, whoever ye do git, honey; for your pa's a putty sick man. He needs relief."

"I flew from the house, rang the bell in several places, and found the doctors all absent. It seemed to me that there was not a doctor's office in the neighborhood at which I did not receive the same answer. I did not know what to do or where to turn. Suddenly, as I ran along the sidewalk looking up at the houses for a doctor's sign, a little church, surmounted by a crucifix, loomed up before me. Lights streamed through the doorway, people were coming down the steps: Benediction was over.

"At that moment I bethought me of God, whom I had so long forgotten. I ran hurriedly past the worshipers, into the church, and up to the very steps of the sanctuary. There I threw myself on my knees, and, although I was not aware of it, I must have cried aloud: 'O God, send me a doctor for my father! Let me find a doctor, and I will be a good boy and a good Catholic all my life long.' The Infant Jesus smiled at me from His crib; the Three Kings, stately and dignified, seemed to look down at me with compassion.

"I rose and hurried out, full of confidence that my prayer would be heard. A gentleman who had been kneeling behind me arose at the same time and followed me. Everyone else had left the church.

"Stop, my boy!" he said, as I was about to hurry down the steps. "You

were praying aloud: I heard you say something about wanting a doctor. I am one. If your father is ill and needs me, I shall be glad to go to him."

"You may be sure, children, that we did not tarry. If we had not come when we did, my father would have died. As soon as he recovered from the attack, I told him what had happened, and that I meant to keep my promise. He did not oppose me in the least. Since that time I have endeavored to be a good Catholic. And, what is more, Dr. Falks gave my father such relief that he determined to remain in Baltimore under his care. They became fast friends; and what my poor dear mother was too timid to attempt the doctor accomplished. He made a very pious Catholic of my father.

"Now, children, do you wonder that I have a partiality for the Feast of the Three Kings?"

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

III.—THE TUILERIES.

August 1, 1836, a tall young man and a boy alighted from a diligence in the court of the general station in Paris.

"O dear! how tired I am, Gustave!" cried the boy. "Three nights without sleep!"

"Wait for me here," said Gustave.

Entering one of the offices, he went up to a clerk and asked:

"What time does the diligence start for Bordeaux?"

"At six o'clock."

"Is there a place left?"

"There is one inside."

"I will take it."

"For whom, cousin?" asked Camille, who had followed without being noticed.

"What is it to you?" answered Gustave, much vexed at seeing Camille so close to him.

Handing over the price of the seat, he

received for it a 'scrap of paper; then he took Camille's hand and they went out of the court.

"Where are we going?" asked Camille.

"To the Tuileries, to regulate my watch."

"I remember that uncle always said: 'The first thing I do on reaching Paris is to go to the Tuileries and set my watch.' Poor uncle! It is strange, but I can not think of him without crying."

"Will you keep quiet?" said Gustave, roughly shaking the hand which Camille raised to his eyes to wipe them.

This tone frightened the boy and he was silent. From time to time, distracted by the sight of the many beautiful shop windows past which his cousin led him, he exclaimed:

"What a beautiful city Paris is!"

The pair reached the Tuileries just as the gates were being opened. Gustave led his cousin into one of the least frequented avenues and had him sit down under a chestnut-tree, whose thick foliage served as a shade from the rays of the sun.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"Yes, cousin."

Gustave took from his pocket two pears and a roll.

"Eat these," he said.

"Are we going to stay here long?" asked Camille, eating as he spoke.

"Aren't you comfortable here?"

"Perfectly. But, to tell the truth, I am more sleepy than hungry."

Camille's eyes were half shut, and his pretty blonde head dropped first on one shoulder, then on the other. The silence which reigned at this hour in the beautiful park, the cool shadows, the marble basin in which swans and red fish disported, all seemed to invite repose.

"It is easy enough to satisfy yourself," said Gustave. "Stretch out there and go to sleep."

"And what will you do?" inquired Camille, arranging himself for a nap.

"I have an ink-bottle with me and

I'll occupy myself in doing some writing," answered Gustave, slightly embarrassed. "What is that you are putting under your head for a pillow?"

"It is my poor uncle's last gift—'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"Well, now go to sleep," said Gustave, brusquely.

"You may amuse yourself by reading while I am asleep."

"Go to sleep, I say!"

And, almost snatching the book from his cousin's hands, Gustave began to turn over the leaves.

"Read—read,—it will amuse you," repeated Camille, yawning and rubbing his eyes. "Poor Robinson! The most dreadful thing in the story was not the deserted island: it was being there all alone. By the way, Gustave," added the boy, laughing, "while I am asleep you won't go off and leave me, will you? That's a queer notion, isn't it?"

Between smiles and yawns, Camille was soon asleep. Without paying any further attention to his little cousin, Gustave took from his pocket an ink-stand covered with red morocco and a writing tablet, and, using "Robinson Crusoe" for a desk, he began to write.

IV.—CAMILLE'S AWAKENING.

The sun was low in the west when little Camille awoke. The first sound he heard was the striking of the chateau clock.

"Seven o'clock!" he exclaimed, stretching out his arms. "I have slept well."

He slowly opened his eyes and looked around in surprise.

"Where am I?" he thought.

Then, recalling his journey and his arrival in Paris, he said aloud:

"Why, I'm in Paris!"

He called Gustave. Not seeing his cousin in the place where he left him, he raised half up to look for him.

"Where is he? He's playing a joke, and has hidden to frighten me."

The boy waited a while longer, with

a degree of patience. Half-past seven struck, however, and Gustave did not appear. Then Camille began to think hard, without feeling the slightest suspicion.

"I have been asleep twelve hours," he thought, counting on his fingers. "Gustave got tired and left me here. Perhaps he has gone to dinner without me. My, but I'm hungry!" he added, speaking aloud.

"Well, little boy, I've been watching you sleep this long time," said a big man in a closely buttoned-up blue coat, with a sword at his side and a cocked hat on his head. "What are you doing here all alone?"

"I am waiting for my cousin, sir," replied Camille, amiably.

"Are you sure he will come back?"

"Why, sir, he couldn't do otherwise; for he knows that I could not find my way around Paris."

"Do you intend to wait here until your cousin comes back?" asked the man in the blue coat.

"I must, sir. I have nowhere to go."

"But what if he doesn't come before the time for closing the gates? He might be lost."

"Then, sir, I should stay here," answered Camille, with a sadness full of resignation.

"That's forbidden, my boy. When you hear the drum beat the signal for closing, you must go out of the park."

"O sir, won't you let me stay here, if my cousin doesn't get back in time?" pleaded the boy.

"I am overseer of the Tuileries, and it is my duty to send everybody out. But your cousin must know the rules, and probably he will be back in time."

When the man had passed on, Camille could not help feeling a certain anxiety and fear.

"Dear me!" he thought. "What if cousin does not come back? What would become of me, all alone? Where could I go? And I'm hungry,—almost

starved. Pshaw!" he thought a moment later. "Gustave will come back; if he's lost, he will make inquiries. He knows I couldn't find my way without him. I will read so as to make the time seem shorter—if he hasn't carried my book off, too. No: here it is."

Camille sighed deeply and picked up his book. To his great surprise, a letter addressed to himself fell out of it.

(To be continued.)

A Mystery to Birds and Beasts.

A telegraph lineman tells how birds and wild beasts are affected by electrical energy. Woodpeckers, he says, are continually tapping at the telegraph poles: they mistake the humming sound within for the noise made by insects, and it is to get at these supposed insects that they make the perforations in the poles. Bears think the humming is done by bees, so they overturn the stones at the base of the poles in order to get the honey they think is hidden. Wolves are afraid of the sound, and will never go near a telegraph pole under any circumstances.

A Fiasco.

A certain celebrity was sure that he could blow glass as well as if he had learned the trade, so one day he entered a glass manufactory and was allowed to put to the test his boasted skill. He succeeded, however, only in blowing a queer-shaped bottle, which the lookers-on called a "fiasco," or little flask. Again and again he tried with no better success, and from that day to this a failure after pretentious boasting is known as a fiasco.

THE school of adversity and the college of hard work seldom turn out any failures.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A revised and enlarged edition of "The Catholic Church and the Bible," one of the best of its pamphlets, has been issued by the English Catholic Truth Society. The writer divides his essay into four parts: What the Church Thinks of the Bible; How Catholics Use the Bible; The People Owe the Bible to the Catholic Church; The Catholic Church and Bible Reading. The facts given show that, contrary to the belief of most Protestants, the Reformation, instead of giving the Bible to the people, took it away from them.

—"The Right to Life of the Unborn Child," published by Joseph F. Wagner, is an important contribution to the study of a question that is no less delicate than difficult. It consists of five papers by learned and distinguished members of the theological and medical professions in Holland. Both sides of the question are thoroughly discussed—thoroughly though not always dispassionately. The translation is by the Rev. C. Van der Donckt, who has supplied some valuable notes. The appendix is also of importance.

—"The following incident really occurred," says the *Columbian-Record*. A member of the Watterson Reading Circle of Columbus called at the public library recently and asked for Patmore's poems. The attendant went to find them, and returning said: "We haven't Pat Moore's poems, but we have Tom Moore's." It is easy to believe that this incident really occurred: it is almost too good to have been imagined. But we are sorry for the State of Ohio that such a thing could happen within its borders.

—The first critical edition of the writings of St. Francis ever attempted has just been produced by the Franciscan friars near Florence, who are their own editors, printers and publishers. Much of what has long been attributed to the saint was rejected, but all that is included in this new edition is as beaten gold. We learn that the rights of an English translation have been entrusted to Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, who has already completed a considerable portion of the work. It would have been hard to select a more competent and painstaking editor for the English edition. Besides, Mr. Carmichael has the advantage of residing in Italy, being British Vice-Consul for West Tuscany.

—We record with much regret the death of Mr. Nugent Robinson, well known for his long association with the New York press as editorial contributor, foreign correspondent, etc. He had travelled in many countries, and, having met with distinguished persons everywhere, his services were in constant demand by the editors of magazines

as well as newspapers. To THE AVE MARIA he contributed a number of charming stories and some very entertaining sketches of travel. Mr. Robinson was ever eager for good, and full of kindness to those with whom he was in any way associated. Only a short time ago we received from him an expression of deep interest in a religious undertaking. Courteous to the last, he apologized to his nurses for the trouble he had caused them. He died somewhat suddenly, but had the consolation of receiving the Last Sacraments at the hands of his son, Father Paschal, O. F. M.; and was buried in the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis. Mr. Robinson's death will be long and sincerely regretted by a large circle of friends. *R. I. P.*

—We regret to announce the death, after a long illness, of Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago, for many years one of the leading editorial writers in that city. She was also an art critic and author. In 1889 she served as the correspondent of the Associated Press at the Paris Exposition. She was born in Ireland and her maiden name was Margaret F. Buchanan. Before engaging in journalistic work Mrs. Sullivan was a school-teacher in Michigan, and at that time was a valued contributor to this magazine. Many of her articles appearing in different Chicago papers and some contributions to the reviews attracted general attention. Her life was given to others, and her earthly reward was in the appreciation of her work and the high regard of all who knew her. The loss which her death occasions to her relatives and to those who had the privilege of her friendship is one that can not be estimated or described, so perfect was her devotion to all whom she held dear. *R. I. P.*

—The matter presented in volumes V., VI. and VII. of "The Philippine Islands" (Blair and Robertson), though perhaps of less interest to general readers than that contained in earlier volumes of the work, is quite as valuable to students of history and historical writers. Events of much importance are dealt with in Vol. V.—the coming (in 1581) of Bishop Salazar (the "Las Casas of the Philippines"), whose efforts to convert the natives and to redress their wrongs form one of the brightest pages in the history of the sixteenth century; the establishment of the Inquisition (the instructions to its commissary are of especial interest); the appointment of a royal Audiencia, or high court of justice, to watch over and shield the Indians, etc. A graphic account of the Islands and their people, written by a soldier who was one of the earlier conquerors and settlers there, is also included in this volume. The documents in Vol. VI., which covers the period

of 1583—1588 inclusive, afford valuable information regarding the economic conditions of the colony, and its commercial relations with China and Mexico. The labors of the missionaries and the work of the Audiencia are described; and matter relating to the Philippine Islands in the *Historia del Gran Reyno de China*, by Father Mendoza, is excellently presented. A memorial addressed to the home government, with various letters supplementing the information contained in that document, rounds out the contents of Vol. VI. The succeeding volume is taken up with the notable events and important changes of the years 1588—1591. There is a valuable and curiously interesting picture of the colony in letters from Bishop Salazar, who again inveighs against injustice to the natives. Two relations of special importance by the Franciscan missionary Juan de Plasencia are also given. The illustrations in these three volumes consist of a rare map of South America and the Antilles, curious title-pages, and quaint autograph signatures. Every reader of this invaluable work will be gratified and grateful to learn from an editorial note in Vol. VI. that it has been decided to cover the entire period of Spanish domination. The new title of the series will be "The Philippine Islands: 1493—1898." To the Arthur H. Clark Co. belongs the credit of presenting what is unquestionably one of the most creditable fruits of American scholarship.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. Rev. Alfred Mulligan. \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. Rev. William Humphrey, S. J. \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. \$1.35, net.

Problems and Persons. Wilfrid Ward. \$4.60, net.

The Beginnings of Christianity. Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. \$2, net.

The City of the Kings. Mrs. Lew Wallace. \$1.12.

The Symbol of the Apostles. Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D. \$1.50, net.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J. \$1.50, net.

Edgar; or, From Atheism to the Full Truth. Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J. \$1.25, net.

Sketches for Sermons. Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S. \$1.25.

On the Priesthood. A Treatise by St. John Chrysostom. 85 cts., net.

London Catholic Missions. Johanna H. Harting. \$2, net.

The Daughter of a Magnate. Frank H. Spearman. \$1.50.

The Dream of Gerontius. 30 cts.

St. Cuthbert's. Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

The Ship of State, by those at the Helm. 75 cts., net.

Glimpses of Truth. Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding. 88 cts.

Moral Briefs. Rev. John H. Stapleton. \$1.

The Life and the Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. P. Justin O'Byrne. \$1.35, net.

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canturbury. Bernard Ward. \$1.60, net.

The Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII. Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J. \$2, net.

The Sacrifice of the Mass. M. Gavin, S. J. 75 cts., net.

The Venerable Mother Jeanne Antide Thouret. Blanche Anderdon. 75 cts., net.

Famous Children. H. Twitchell. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. F. A. Poettken, of the diocese of Peoria; Rev. Philip Ahern, archdiocese of New York; and Rev. M. J. McLoughlin, archdiocese of St. Louis.

Brother Francis Xavier, C. S. C.

Mr. R. N. Martinez and Mr. Nugent Robinson, of New York; Mr. John Butler and Mrs. Elizabeth Foy, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Thomas Donnelly, Bay City, Mich.; Mr. J. W. Caro, Warrington, Fla.; Mrs. Sarah Travers, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Daniel McWilliams, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. George Hornbake, Coal Center, Pa.; Mrs. Frank Putnam, Oxford, N. Y.; Mr. Raymond Manly and Miss H. E. Murphy, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. G. A. Price and Mr. George Faessel, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Patrick Egan, Mrs. — Valley and Mrs. Matthew Desmond, Plattsburg, N. Y.; Mr. Frederick Schwartz, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Frank Lordier, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Alice Murray, Derrynoose, Ireland; and Mr. James Parker, Buffalo, N. Y.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 16, 1904.

NO. 3.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Jesu, Dulcis Memoria.

BY ALBERT BARRY, C. SS. R.

OH, Jesus, sweet it is to me
To bear in mind the thought of Thee;
But sweeter far will it not be
Thy face itself one day to see?

Oh, nothing sweeter can we sing,
And nothing to our memory bring,
Nor can we hear of anything
More sweet than Jesus Lord and King.

Thou art the hope of sinners blind;
To all who pray, benign and kind,
When Thee they seek with lowly mind;
But what to those who find!

The pen of man is weak and slow,
His feeble words must fall below;
For he who feels alone can know
What sweetness from Thy love doth flow.

The Lawyer-Saint of Brittany.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

SINCE every employment or profession has its patron saint, is there any *lawyer* saint? I want to know, as I'm going to be a lawyer," said my little son to me the other day. And I was able to answer satisfactorily—that the great Breton wonder-worker, St. Yves, has been invoked and honored in that capacity for several hundred years, little as he seems to be known among English-speaking Catholics to-day.

Many of my readers are doubtless

familiar with the quaint Roman story which tells how, among all the various professions or trades, each of which used to boast its own special patron—St. Luke for the painter; Saints Cosmas and Damian for the physician; St. George of Cappadocia and St. Maurice of the Valais, in their fair youthful strength and knightly valor, for the soldier; St. Crispin for shoemakers; St. Phocas for gardeners; St. Nicholas (the Santa Claus of Germany) for both sailor and merchant; St. Hubert for the huntsman; St. Barbara, tower in hand, for armorers and goldsmiths; St. Cecilia, of course, for musicians; St. Genevieve for shepherdesses; *le bon St. Eloi*, of ballad fame, ready to protect all gold or metal workers (a more important craft in the Middle Ages than in our day),—the lawyers, alone of them all, owned no patron.

So one day a deputation from their number sought an audience with the then reigning Pontiff and begged him to name some saint as their own. "Go to the Church of St. John Lateran," was the answer; "let one of your number be blindfolded, and grope his way thus to one of its great statues; whichever of them he shall clasp shall be your new patron." Well satisfied, the deputation betook themselves with all speed to the Lateran—that majestic basilica which takes precedence even of St. Peter's, and is called the mother and mistress of churches: those who have trod its marble-paved nave will doubtless remember the row of statues

of some of the principal saints. The representative was blindfolded and sent forth between two rows of saintly figures. He turned aside some halfway up, clasped vigorously a marble figure, and tore off the bandage to find himself embracing—the *devil*! For his unlucky choice had fallen upon the representation of St. Michael overcoming Satan, and he had clasped the latter. So Roman wits laughed and proclaimed the devil the patron of lawyers. "*Si non é vèro, é ben trovato*," as they themselves would express it.

The real lawyer-saint was born in Lower Brittany, near the cathedral town of Tréguier, in the year 1253. He was the son of a gentleman, or landed proprietor of good family, and his early education was confided to a private tutor, to whose care his mother recommended him specially, saying that it had been revealed to her in a dream that her son should one day be a saint. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Paris, where, after going through a course of philosophy, he entered upon the study of law, in company with two fellow-countrymen—that is, Bretons; for at that time, even as is the case to some extent now, the inhabitants of Brittany considered themselves a separate people, and refused to be counted among the French.

During all his youth, as well as from his earliest years, Yves de Kermartin was exemplary in life and conduct. He devoted ten years to philosophy, theology, and canon law, and then proceeded to Orleans to continue his legal studies. Here he soon became well known, not only for his application and ability, but also for the mortified life which he led, while studying hard both night and day. He slept upon straw on the ground, fasted continually, and abstained both from meat and wine; while his alms, even in that almsgiving age, were remarkable for their profusion.

From Orleans he returned to his

native province, and the archdeacon of Rennes persuaded him to accept a post in the ecclesiastical courts there, where he remained for some time, until his own diocesan, the Bishop of Tréguier, claimed his services, and employed him in travelling from place to place, pleading in ecclesiastical trials, reforming abuses, investigating and redressing wrongs. The rare combination of keen wit, legal acumen, and profound piety of Yves soon made his fame resound throughout the diocese, and endless stories are told of the marvellous tact, kindness and judgment which he showed in the exercise of his functions; of how he purged the diocese of its open and crying scandals, and pleaded the cause of the poor when none other would be their advocate, holding his splendid eloquence ever at their service.

We may suppose that it was in recognition of some specially brilliant service rendered to his diocese that the Bishop presented Yves with a vacant country living; and, perhaps somewhat to the surprise of his friends, he immediately sought and obtained ordination, threw off the costly robes of office he had hitherto worn, and returned home barefooted and bareheaded, to take up the life of an obscure country priest. But although he would fain have retired into completest obscurity, his Bishop could not spare so useful and distinguished a man, and insisted on taking him with him on his episcopal visitations.

The new *curé*, like a true lawyer, is said to have been literally untiring in his speech; and as they journeyed from village to village he would turn aside from time to time to preach to any little group of hearers he met, as though he absolutely could not repress the torrent of burning words which rose to his lips whenever he chanced to encounter an impromptu audience. He was, indeed, a preacher *par excellence*, and was well called the Apostle of Brittany, as he passed from pulpit to pulpit with Bible

or Breviary in hand, now speaking to some assembly of canons and dignitaries in sonorous Latin, then to a congregation of eager hearers in French, and again addressing an unlettered crowd in their native Breton tongue. He is described as a very noble-looking man, tall and stately, with an air of birth and distinction about him which, joined to his flashing eye and eloquent tongue, could not fail to impress any audience. Four or five sermons daily would he pour forth, sometimes becoming so exhausted from preaching and fasting that he had to be carried out of the pulpit.

One of his brother priests has left on record the following description of St. Yves' daily life as parish priest: "Early every morning he said Mass in his chapel, and then read aloud a long portion of the Holy Scriptures; later he distributed alms to the poor who happened to be present, and preached a sermon which lasted till midday. He then dined, sharing his meal with those poor persons who had been in the chapel; and afterward retired into his chamber and gave himself to prayer and meditation until the evening, when, joining the other priests who lived with him, they said their Office together, and conversed or discussed questions on religious subjects till nightfall."

The only variations in this simple manner of life were the works of charity in which he delighted. Foremost among these were his long visits to the ever well-filled hospital of the town, where he would spend hours nursing the sick, preparing the dying for their last hour, wrapping them in their winding sheet when dead, and sometimes actually carrying them himself to the grave, particularly in such cases as where, from the peculiar loathsomeness of the disease—black smallpox or plague, or other fearfully contagious malady, such as seems more common in Brittany than elsewhere—those whose duty it was to

perform these last offices shrank from doing so.

He is claimed by Franciscan traditions and annals as a member of that muster-roll of saints, the Third Order of St. Francis. Many instances are recorded of his genuinely Franciscan love of poverty. On one occasion he actually stripped himself of all his clothes to give them to a poor man, and was forced to wrap himself in a counterpane until he could procure others. A "landed proprietor," with presumably inalienable property—he lived until his death in the house inherited from his father at Kermartin,—his possessions were not always so easily disposed of as his raiment; but he generally managed to disembarass himself even of the less disposable parts of his property.

The story goes that one harvest time, when all the neighbors were threshing and garnering their corn, Yves, who owned rich fields of wheat like the rest, was so impatient to share it with his beloved poor that he began to distribute it as soon as it was cut, regardless of the fact that, as some one remarked to him, 'it was a bad practice to give away freshly cut corn, as by keeping it awhile it would become more valuable.'—"But who knows whether I shall be alive then?" replied the saint. And when, some time later, this same officious neighbor came boasting to his *curé* of how he had gained one-fifth over and above the value of his portion of the corn they had cut together, Yves quietly remarked: "I have gained far more on the corn which I have laid up and garnered."

The great teacher-saints have usually been students of one book. "I fear the man of one book." Some one spiritual guide and food of piety has more directly helped their growth in holiness. "The Imitation," "The Spiritual Combat," the "Vie Dévote,"—these and others have been chosen as friend and guide by thousands of holy souls. St. Yves'

one book seems to have been the Holy Scriptures,—that food of robust souls and source of loftiest sanctity; and after that the Lives of the Saints. There is a little volume, "Les Fleurs des Vies des Saints," which seems to be one of the most ancient of French devotional works, and its authorship is generally attributed to our lawyer-saint.

Like St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Yves was at one time called upon to defend the rights of the Church against a too rapacious sovereign. The King of France having demanded certain tithes of the ecclesiastical revenues, Yves encouraged his brethren in a fearless resistance to these wrongful claims, and undertook the guardianship of the disputed property, spending his nights in the cathedral so as to protect its treasures, and opposing so valiantly the crown officers who had been sent to seize them that they found their efforts completely foiled. We are told that one day he met an official leading off a valuable horse belonging to the Bishop, as payment of the disputed tithes, no one daring to say him nay. But Yves, calmly putting aside the astonished functionary, took the horse by the bridle and led it back to the stable, while its conductor indignantly muttered: "You rogue! you are placing us in danger of losing everything we have, while you care not, because you have nothing to lose!"—"Talk as much as you like," coolly returned Yves. "As long as God preserves my life, I shall use it to defend the Church and her liberties."

(Conclusion next week.)

At each New Yeartide it is common to make new resolutions; but in the true life of the individual each day is the beginning of a new year, if he will only make it so. A mere date on the calendar of eternity is no more a divider of time than a particular grain of sand divides the desert.—*W. G. Jordan.*

In this Sign I Conquer.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IV.

ALLANT Anthony, having quickly stationed himself close to the partition, and heard the butler's declaration that one had entered the hiding-place, bethought him to save us all, and likewise, perchance, Father Walpole, by coming forth to the amazement of Topcliffe and his myrmidons, who stood stock-still gazing at the sudden apparition.

Anthony, who had a sword by his side, his hair curling upon his shoulders, and a cocked hat, was most far indeed from being the person expected. He stepped jauntily forth; and, on my word, he might have passed for a merry young blade out on a holiday. He flecked the dust from his garments and straightened his hat.

"Here's a to-do!" he cried. "'Tis a merry jest, good Master Topcliffe; and Marmaduke, conceited prig, will not stoop to explain. But it has gone far enough. I am the younger brother of Sir Marmaduke, Anthony Leigh, at your service, sir. 'Madcap Anthony' they christened me at college."

At these words the butler went more deadly pale than before, and Marmaduke had need of all his self-control. Topcliffe cast a furious glance of incredulity at Anthony; but, though accustomed to many disguises, he could not suppose that this merry youth could by any possible means have been substituted for a full-fledged Jesuit such as Father Walpole, whom the priest-hunter knew to be described in letters from one member of the Society of Jesus to another as "grave, pious and discreet."

"A priest!" went on Anthony. "Why, you do but jest, Master Topcliffe. A stripling rather, come from his studies to his father's house."

"Wherefore this secrecy?" demanded Topcliffe, sternly.

"Secrecy say you, sir?" answered Anthony quickly. "Why, many a frolic have Marmaduke and I had in the priest's hole; and the jest is the merrier when there are those who wait without expecting, peradventure, that a reverend cleric should step forth."

Topcliffe looked full searchingly at the youth; but his gestures, his pose, his countenance full of drollery, did all bear out the character he gave himself of an adventurous lad bent on a game of hide-and-seek.

"Where made you your studies?" Topcliffe queried suspiciously.

"At Douay," said Anthony carelessly, and there was a pause.

Anthony did not convey to him the further information that he had of late been at Rome. And as many youths of noble birth, owing to the disabilities attending their education in the Kingdom of England, went over-seas for instruction, Topcliffe knew not what to decide. But as a terrier unwillingly relaxes his hold of a victim when he needs must, so this knave unwillingly withdrew his claws with a growl.

"I make no doubt you be a spy, some minion of these accursed Jesuits," he said; "for aught I know the very youth who was descried in the company of a dangerous traitor, one Henry Walpole."

"Spy!" cried Sir Marmaduke hotly, with hand to his sword, so that Topcliffe drew back a pace or two, his evil face losing a shade of its purplish color. "Who is it dares to use the word to a Leigh of Leigh Hall?"

And at the same instant the butler began to protest:

"O my good, good master,—O Master Anthony, I knew not it was you! I saw but a man in a cloak; and, as he was much muffled, I opined that it was a Mass-priest."

"Trust your eyes henceforward rather

than your wit, good Roger!" Anthony made reply.

And this incident was of value, inasmuch as it convinced Topcliffe of the truth of Anthony's statement. For the butler's distress was too real to be put in doubt. And, in the Providence of God, whether by a late exercise of his own wit or by the confusion of his faculties, the man made no mention of the second visitor to the Hall, who had accompanied Anthony thither.

"And now, sir, if you be satisfied," said that youth courteously, "perchance you will be kind enough to relieve us of your company."

"The sooner the better!" added Marmaduke, with heat. "And if there be law in this land, I shall know if an English gentleman must be subject to the intrusion of every knave who fancies he smells treason. 'Tis but the foul miasma of his own dark contrivings."

Topcliffe gave him a furious glance.

"Ere yet I depart there be a matter or two to dispose of," he retorted; and, pointing to Anthony, he gave command to his myrmidons: "Search him!"

Though Marmaduke's cheek flushed hotly and the color rose to the fair face of the younger brother at this indignity, Anthony had already learned to control undisciplined feeling. He made a sign to his brother to permit what could not be avoided, and gave himself over cheerfully to the searching of the pursuivants.

"I fear me your search will be but ill requited," Anthony said to them, with a laugh. "But if such be the work your hands are given to do, do it with all your might."

Nothing incriminating was found,—which, in truth, Master Topcliffe had scarce expected, having given the order merely to annoy the elder brother.

"We depart not yet," went on the priest-hunter, with his evil sneer. "I too would have my frolic, Master Anthony, in this priest's hole. The knowledge of it may serve me well in some future

happening; and for the moment no man knows what good fortune may attend us there."

Now, this was a suggestion highly displeasing to both of the brothers. Though Anthony was almost certain that Father Walpole had ere this reached the greenwood through the long passage, and though he had carefully concealed all token of their occupancy in the inner chamber, which Topcliffe was little likely to discover, still he, in common with his brother, was sore distressed that the hiding-place and its exit had become known, or that the wretch should profane with his presence what had truthfully been a holy of holies. Nevertheless, none durst make objection; and Topcliffe, grimly chuckling, passed through the aperture with two or three of his most trusted varlets, leaving the remainder as a guard.

That was a time of grievous suspense, after the priest-hunter had disappeared into the secret places below. We who watched knew not if Father Walpole had verily made good his escape. Nor could we know of a surety that this prince of pursuivants, with the nose of a foxhound, might not smell out the inner chamber below, where lay the sacred vessels and other incriminating articles. We were forced, furthermore, to maintain a certain equanimity of demeanor, lest those on guard over us should discern in our countenances the alarm which consumed us.

Anthony threw out ever and again some merry speech designed to mislead the wary bloodhounds, who watched our every feature; and he called down the aperture at length to the archenemy:

"Master Topcliffe, Master Topcliffe, I pray you come up again to the surface of the earth, and let us hie to our supper! We are hungry, good priest-hunter!"

No answer was returned. Anthony called a second time, with a jollity which in nowise represented the real condition of his mind, which was one of alarm

at their prolonged absence. His voice sounded hollow within the aperture as he sent it downward.

"Be you so enamored of the priest's lodgings that you are fain to tarry the night there?"

This time there was a growl; and Anthony, relieved, spake once again:

"How fares it with you, merry sirs, in the bowels of the earth? Or shall we behold your faces once more amongst living men?"

Topcliffe's reply was inaudible. But Anthony returned to us, with a smile upon his countenance; and presently Topcliffe's surly visage was thrust into the room, followed by his three sullen comrades.

"Farewell, Master Topcliffe!" cried Anthony. "For now, indeed, you must be moving. The night wears apace. I can not wish you greater success anon, but I do wish you a better trade and a quieter conscience."

Topcliffe was compelled unwillingly to give the order for departure, taking in better part the merry raillery of Anthony than the proud contempt of Sir Marmaduke, who stood and leaned against the chimney-piece, surveying him but saying no word at all.

"As for you, my young coxcomb," said Topcliffe, pausing before the young master of the Hall, "our scores shall be even yet. If evidence comes my way odds death, I'll use it; and I'll turn the thumbscrews myself and spare you no torture that the Tower holds."

"Spare me the present torture of your presence," retorted Marmaduke, eyeing him with much steadiness; "and go on your carrion way, unearthing feeble old men or helpless womenkind."

Anthony laid a hand of warning on his brother's shoulder; and Topcliffe, with a glance of dire hatred, rushed from the apartment, calling his men as one has seen a huntsman calling about him a yelping pack.

Then the brothers looked into each

other's countenances, and Anthony whispered:

"Saved for the moment, by God's great mercy!" and his eyes, wandering upward, rested an instant where the first sun of morning was illuminating the carved oaken work of the chimney-piece and the blazoned scroll, "In this Sign I Conquer."

Marmaduke's glance, following upon that of his brother, likewise beheld the motto and rested there, as the younger brother said, gravely:

"The victory of the Cross is not always as we would have it, but in some fashion it comes to those who believe and wait."

Marmaduke bowed his head as in assent, and Anthony continued:

"One thing is most certain: Topcliffe will return."

Marmaduke laid his hand upon his sword.

"Could I but work my will of this Master Topcliffe! But pah! the rascal is too low for an honest sword's blade."

"And, Marmaduke, dear Marmaduke," observed his brother, "mark you well: Topcliffe and such as he are but the rude cobblestones by which, with bleeding feet, some of our number may reach the heights."

I marvelled much at the light which shone upon the boyish countenance; but Sir Marmaduke paled and shrank as from a blow.

"So Topcliffe matters not at all; but for your sake, brother, Father Walpole and I must put miles between ourselves and this dwelling ere another day dawns. We must perforce wait for darkness, and then away."

It was a day of rare beauty that had dawned; and the sun, golden in the sky to the westward, spread slowly over the gray and lighted it most marvellously.

"'Tis for your own sakes; think not of me," Sir Marmaduke declared hastily. "Summon his reverence—if, indeed, you

know where he be,—that you and he may partake of food and depart at the fall of night. That hound will not rest till he has matter of accusation against you,—the proof that you crossed seas with a person of clerical demeanor. Failing that, the knave may trump up I know not what of villainy."

"Father Walpole," declared Anthony, "is now, I opine, in the cistern on the outskirts of the greenwood."

"Nay, I am here!" cried the cleric, with a suddenness that caused Anthony to draw back, Marmaduke to clap hand to his sword, and I to shake as with an ague. "I but waited for the hounds to be away—then the hare came out of cover. But it is expedient that we depart as soon as may be. Topcliffe may even double upon his tracks; and, perchance, has but retired the better to deceive us."

"His reverence has played the game before," laughed Anthony; "but I trow we will profit by his wisdom."

The day was spent with much privacy and in earnest converse between the brothers. Father Walpole shared at times in their discourse; or again he read his Breviary or wrapped himself in solitary meditation, that the brothers might be free of any intrusion in their talk.

At nightfall the two travellers made ready to depart. By the priest's advice they did not make their exit by the secret passage, lest Topcliffe had it watched,—which was, indeed, the case, as was afterward discovered. Topcliffe's spies were there, and likewise at the main entrance of the park. But so cunningly did Father Walpole proceed—guided, I make no doubt, by wisdom from above,—taking unfrequented paths and scaling hedges, that they got clear of the grounds in safety, and, as we learned from trusty messengers, were soon outside of our county of Devonshire altogether.

Compensations.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE lily blooms deep in mud of the brook,
 But purity's flower grows sweet in its look;
 The star by the cloud is hid in the sky,
 But light gleams out from its heart like an eye.
 The autumn's last bird sings on in the rain,
 But hope like a springtime kindles its strain;
 The west at the close of the day is cold,
 But warmth like a sunrise shines in its gold.
 The rose's red tips are torn by the storm,
 But beauties like leaves at its heart are warm;
 The grass sinks down to the mower's swift hand,
 But scent like a carpet covers the land.
 The body's weak clay yields up the quick breath,
 But soul like a sleeper wakes at its death;
 The hopes built on error fall to the sod,
 But Truths from their ruin like towers reach God.

The Last Days of the Grande Chartreuse.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

AMONG the iniquitous proceedings of the government in France few have, within the last year, excited greater indignation than the forcible expulsion of the monks of the Grande Chartreuse. For eight hundred years these venerable religious have been settled in the lonely and picturesque region, well known and well beloved by many tourists and pilgrims.

The Grande Chartreuse is, as our readers know, situated in Dauphiny, at a short distance from Grenoble. Around the solemn and silent monastery arise the mighty Alps. The spot seems the natural home of men whose lives are spent in prayer and meditation, and its mere aspect is suggestive of grave thoughts. Throughout the country the Carthusians' beneficial influence extended far and wide. Many schools, hospitals and churches were built by them; no form of human suffering escaped their notice, and their princely generosity was

never appealed to in vain for charitable purposes.

The conduct of the atheistical French government with regard to these charitable and holy recluses was marked by an unusual display of duplicity as well as of cruelty. The monks were repeatedly advised—nay, urged—by the government agents to apply for official recognition; and were given to understand that, whatever might be the fate of others, they had reason to believe that their application would be favorably considered. Besides this, a barefaced attempt was made to extort from the community a large sum of money, in order to buy up the votes of their opponents in the French Chambers.

Early in March, 1903, the prior of the Chartreuse received a visit from an important political personage, who promised him that the monastery should be spared if the monks would immediately advance two hundred thousand francs, to be distributed among the deputies who were known to be hostile to them, and whose vote, he added, would be materially influenced by this free gift. He suggested, moreover, that the prior would do well to promise that two millions of money should be divided among the same group of deputies in the event of the monastery being saved.

Dom Michael Baglin, upon whom rested the responsibility of government at this critical juncture, indignantly rejected these unworthy proposals. His fate and that of his brethren was in the hands of God, and he steadily refused to enter into any negotiations of the kind. Nevertheless, a second attempt of the same nature was made some time later, through M. Besson, a political writer, who, although not a practical Catholic, defended the cause of the monks from a sense of justice. This time the sum of one million was demanded from the Carthusians as the price of their recognition by the government; and the prime mover in the affair

was M. Edgar Combes, the Premier's son, who fills the post of secretary to his father.

The rejection of these propositions by the religious, who declined to make use of bribery even to save their beloved monastery, explains the venomous and violent attack made upon them in the Chambers when the question of their authorization was brought before the parliament. On March 26, after an unusually stormy sitting, their doom was sealed, the suppression of the time-honored monastery of the Grande Chartreuse was voted by a majority of one hundred. The religious were ably defended by the Abbé Lemire and by two laymen, M. Ménard and M. Pichat. The first treated the question from a religious point of view; the second, from a judicial standpoint; while the third, who belongs to Dauphiny, drew the attention of his colleagues to the untold material loss that the departure of the Carthusians must entail upon the country. Their arguments, however, were contemptuously put aside by the God-hating majority in whose hands, alas! are the destinies of France. The closing of the monastery was henceforth only a matter of days.

Circumstances have lately made us acquainted with a little book, printed for private circulation only, in which one of the members of the doomed community wrote down day by day the events that took place within the convent during these painful weeks of suspense. A brief account of this little book, which a few favored friends of the Order have been allowed to peruse, must, we feel sure, prove of interest to American Catholics. It is simply written, with no attempt at high-flown sentimentality or rhetoric; its pages breathe a spirit of entire resignation, and of a peace that is independent of outward circumstances. More forcibly than any florid description, it brings home to us the true spirit of the monks

whom the French government has driven into exile. Particularly striking is their desire that, whatever might be the eventual fate of the Grande Chartreuse, the rule of the Order should be strictly observed till the last moment; and that neither the agitation of their friends without nor the natural anxiety of the religious within the convent should interfere with the perpetual silence and with the recitation of the Divine Office,—practices that form the groundwork of the life of a Carthusian monk.

Early in March the novices were sent to England, where the sons of St. Bruno possess a large monastery and are cordially welcomed; and on April 1 the remaining Fathers were officially informed that they must leave their convent within a fortnight. The next day the schools and hospital founded by the religious at Currière and at St. Laurent were visited by the government *liquidateur*. This functionary's duty was to take possession of the property belonging to the monks.

His visit, which on this occasion seemed to bring close to the religious the fate that awaited them, was followed by the death of Brother Lenfroy, a member of the Congregation of St. Gabriel, to whom the Carthusians had entrusted the management of the school for deaf-mutes which they had founded at Currière. He was buried on the 4th; and his funeral was the occasion of a warm demonstration of sympathy, not only for the devoted man whose end had been hastened by sorrow, but also for the Carthusians whose humble and affectionate helper he had been during many years. "He is the first victim of the persecution, and probably he will not be the last," said the Father Prior, when Brother Lenfroy was laid to rest amid the tears of the mountaineers who filled the cemetery.

The ceremonies of Holy Week were celebrated by the religious with more than usual devotion. Our diary contains

this mention for Palm Sunday, April 5: "We sing the Hosanna, but before our eyes we see Calvary." The following day several religious left for Tarragona in Spain, where the Carthusians have transferred the manufacture of the famous *liqueur* that bears their name. On April 7 the workmen whom they employed to make the *liqueur* came to take leave of the prior. The interview was a touching one, and our annalist's affectionate mention of these obscure members of the "family of St. Bruno" gives us a pleasing insight into the cordial relations that exist between the Carthusians and the men whom they employ. During all these days the removal of the furniture, pictures, books, and church plate continued; and the huge monastery gradually became stripped and bare. "Our Lord on the cross had less than we have," writes our annalist, to whom the memories evoked by Holy Week are pregnant with meaning.

On Holy Thursday the ceremony of the Washing of the Feet was performed as usual; but instead of eighty members the community was now reduced to twenty-two. The rest had been drafted off to Italy, Spain or England; and, our writer owns, "an impression of sadness was prevalent." Bravely conquering their natural depression, the handful of monks that remained turned their thoughts to the duties that are imposed upon them by their rule. At all times for the last eight hundred years the Grande Chartreuse has been a model monastery; and the religious, putting aside all thoughts of self, resolved that, in spite of their reduced numbers, not an iota of the rule should be laid aside,—that, to the last day and hour of its existence, the Grande Chartreuse should be worthy of its holy and glorious traditions.

Very touching are the passages of the diary in which are revealed their love for their Order, their respect for its regulations, their anxiety to maintain

its dignity and spirit at whatever cost. These feelings were never so keen as during the painful days that, without self-control on their part, might have been full of agitation and restlessness.

On the 10th, our annalist tells us, the prior assembled the community in order to deliberate upon their future line of action. "So far," he writes, "we have not troubled our minds about these questions: it seemed better to make ourselves worthy to receive the graces of this Paschal fortnight and to strengthen our souls by penance for future struggles." These lines, so simple and so beautiful, give us the keynote to the Carthusians' line of conduct throughout. They thought first and foremost of the service of God; secondly only, of the difficulties and trials ahead. "The discussion was long and cordial," continues our writer. "Each one of us expressed his objections, and tried to foresee the difficulties that might arise. Finally, the following resolutions were adopted."

He then goes on to explain that the monks, under the guidance of their prior, Dom Michael Baglin, agreed that their attitude should be strictly "Carthusian"—neither "noisy nor aggressive," although firm; that under no pretext whatever should they break the rule that binds them to perpetual prayer and silence. Therefore, while sincerely appreciating the sympathy of their friends, they resolved to keep aloof from any manifestations organized outside the monastery. At the same time they decided that, although their resistance to the iniquitous proceedings of the government must be passive, it must also be "firm and dignified." They resolved to close the gates of the monastery to the emissaries of the government, and to leave their post only when forced to do so by violence.

On April 12 the doomed community celebrated the Feast of Easter. "Alleluia, whatever happens!" says our annalist.

On that day the prior wrote a public letter to M. Combes. It is couched in grave and solemn language, and created a deep sensation at the time. Hardened though he may be, the sectarian Minister who once wore the cassock of a cleric could hardly have perused it without a feeling of secret terror.

After informing M. Combes that he and his brethren have decided not to desert the post where it is their right and their duty to remain, he goes on to say that in the event of their being violently expelled and driven into exile, he wishes to inform the Minister that he has their full forgiveness for the unworthy manner in which he has thought it fit to treat them. "Nevertheless, I should fail in my duty if to the expression of my forgiveness I did not add a useful counsel and a serious word of warning. . . . Upon your pressing invitation, and upon the faith of a document of whose evident falseness you can not be ignorant, a French parliament has condemned the Order of which Our Lord has appointed me the head. I can not and I do not accept this sentence; and, although I forgive you, I demand its revision, as it is my right and my duty to do, before the infallible tribunal of Him who is our sovereign Judge. In consequence. . . . you will one day appear with me before the tribunal of God. There you will find no bribery, no artifices of language, no rhetorical effects or parliamentary manœuvres, no false documents nor yielding majorities, but a calm, just and powerful Judge; a sentence without appeal, against which neither you nor I shall be able to protest.

"This will soon come to pass. I am no longer young, you have a foot in the grave. Prepare yourself, then; for the meeting of which I speak will be full of unexpected emotions. At that solemn hour a sincere conversion and serious penance will avail you more than the tricks and sophistry that now gain for you temporary victories. My duty being

to return good for evil, I will pray—or rather we, the Carthusians, whose death you have decided, will pray that the God of all mercies, whom you persecute in the person of His servants, may bestow upon you the grace to repent and to atone."

There is a medieval ring about these solemn words of warning; they come from one to whom the events of this world are to be judged only in their relation to the ultimate end of man; they give us the clue to the Carthusians' attitude at this solemn hour in their history, and they must have fallen strangely on the cynical ears of the French Prime Minister.

On April 13 a young Father, Dom Prosper Jorrand, made his solemn profession. "Is it the last religious profession that will take place at the Grande Chartreuse?" asks our annalist. "Our good angels might tell us, but they are silent in order not to diminish the merit of our faith. They are better employed in sustaining our hopes and in removing from our path the stones that might cause us to fall." The newly professed religious left the same day to join his brethren in England,—“resigned and perfectly resolved to obey in all things and in all places the holy will of God."

On the 14th, after Vespers, the gates of the monastery were closed, in view of a possible invasion. Large pieces of wood were placed against them from within, in such a manner that it would be necessary to break them open in order to force an entrance. The conduct of the religious at this juncture met with general approval, and their resolve to resist the iniquitous measures of the government was universally commended by the Catholic press. "We are proud of our Carthusians," wrote a local correspondent.

Within the monastery life pursued its even course. When once, in obedience to their superior's desire, the religious had agreed upon the wisest and best course

to follow, they seem to have put the subject away, and, content to leave matters in the hands of the prior, they concentrated their attention on the fulfilment of their daily duties. The recreation in common, which takes place once a week, was, writes our diarist, "very cheerful."

On April 17, at eight in the morning, the chief of police having appeared at the principal entrance of the convent, the Father Procurator spoke to him through the closed door. The police officer informed the Father that, according to the law of July 1, 1901, the Carthusians were now in a state of rebellion against the government: the delay of fifteen days that had been given them to leave their convent had expired and yet they made no signs of moving; he, therefore, was commissioned to ascertain whether or not they intended to obey. The Father replied briefly that he and his brethren were resolved not to leave their convent unless forced to do so. He declined to answer any other questions.

The official retired, but his attitude was so hostile that a sudden attack upon the monastery seemed probable. In consequence it was thought prudent, on April 18, to consume the Blessed Sacrament; and, for the first time since the evil days of the great Revolution, the lamp of the sanctuary was extinguished. "We calmly wait for events," says our diarist. "It has been decided that when the troops appear the great bell of the convent shall be rung, not only as a signal to summon our friends but as a voice of prayer and protestation to Heaven."

The next day, Sunday, the Juge d'Instruction of Grenoble, M. Sentis, appeared and requested admittance: like the police officer, he met with a distinct refusal. On the 19th another official, sent by the tribunal of Grenoble, attempted to approach the convent, but was forced to turn back by the moun-

taineers, who by this time had taken up their station around the monastery. They came in large numbers and encamped among the rocks, keeping a sharp lookout upon the roads that lead up to the convent. They had resolved that their beloved Fathers should not be torn from them without resistance on their part. The mountain side was still covered with snow; but, heedless of the cold, men, women, and even children kept guard day and night over the doomed monastery. Among them was an old man of ninety who had witnessed the return of the Carthusians in the year 1816, after the great Revolution. Some of the gentlemen of the country also took up their station among the peasants and workmen; among others Count Cottin de Beau-regard, who, in spite of his age (he is seventy), watched for several nights in the snow. On one occasion he noticed that his companions seemed suffering greatly from the cold. "My friends," he remarked, "let us say the Rosary to keep ourselves warm."

Once the self-constituted defenders of the convent, who were grouped on the rising ground outside, caught sight of Dom Michael within the precincts of the monastery; an immense clamor rose, and two thousand voices cried: "*Vive Dom Michel! Vive la liberté!*" Much moved, the Father General responded: "Adieu, my friends; and thank you! I give my blessing to you and to your families." Immediately, men, women and children fell on their knees in the snow, while from one of the windows Dom Michael slowly pronounced the words of blessing.

On Sunday, April 26, the morning broke fair and mild; the rain and snow ceased; the sun shone brightly over the mountains. At eleven o'clock Mass was celebrated in a chapel outside the monastery, for the benefit of the thousands of devoted friends who had assembled to protect the monks.

The spirited French canticle "Je suis Chrétien" echoed far and wide; the soul of Catholic France found its expression in those heart-stirring accents.

That same day the prior assembled the religious. He informed them that he knew for a certainty their expulsion was to take place almost immediately, and consulted them as to whether it would be best for each Father to be arrested in his cell or in the choir of the church. The latter course was finally decided upon. The church is, in fact, the central spot, where the sons of St. Bruno spend the best part of their lives. "After having thus decided upon the manner of our death," continues the writer (and we seem to see his smile, half pathetic, half amused), "we proceeded to chant Vespers.... We are full of joy, and we experience the blessedness of persecution endured for justice and for the love of Our Lord.... May the will of God be done in us and through us! Preserve us, O Lord, from being useless for the advance of Thy glory and the prosperity of Thy Church!"

On April 29 the monks rose as usual for Matins, and at an early hour they celebrated Mass. The sound of vague rumors came to them from without: they knew that the end was near. At three o'clock the great bell was rung; its solemn tones echoed through the darkness, falling on the ears of the anxious watchers on the mountain side. It sounded the death knell of the Grande Chartreuse. The religious, who had retired to their cells, understood the signal; our writer tells us that they cast a last look on the quiet cells, the venerable cloisters, the cemetery where their dead brethren slept safe from the cruelty of men; then a long line of white-robed figures might have been seen walking calmly to the church. "We were resolved to render to Divine Providence all that It shall please to demand."

Within the monastery still reigned an atmosphere of untroubled peace; not

even the keen emotions of the moment could make the monks forget that they were pledged by their vows to prayer and silence. But outside the scene was very different. The regiments that were commanded by the government to surround the convent had arrived, after a long and hard march over the mountains in the darkness; but the tired and harassed soldiers, who hated the work they were set to do, found the place guarded by thousands of peasants. On the arrival of the troops, the defenders of the Carthusians struck up the "Marseillaise"; and the inspiring national anthem sounded strangely in the half-light. "Never," said one of the Fathers, "did I hear anything so impressive."

Shortly afterward the magistrates from Grenoble drove up with an escort of forty gendarmes; and then the excitement of the crowd knew no bounds. Loud cries of "*A bas Combes! Vivent les Chartreux! Vive la liberté!*" rose on all sides. The magistrates required that the people, who formed a compact mass before the convent gate, should move off: no one stirred; and, although the dragoons were ordered to scatter the crowd, it was impossible to break through the human barrier that opposed a passive but unconquerable resistance to men and horses. The unfortunate soldiers were divided between their wish to obey orders and their secret sympathy for the monks' defenders. The cries of "Long live the army!" that mingled with cries of "Long live the Carthusians!" proved that the honest peasants felt this, and bore no malice to the men who reluctantly fulfilled a distasteful duty.

Throughout the hours that followed the crowd resolutely maintained its position. The officers and soldiers, with unflinching tact and moderation, refrained from exasperating the excited people; but the gendarmes who had escorted the magistrates were evidently in a

different frame of mind. It was they who eventually repulsed the crowd and forced a passage to the gate. Here a brief conversation took place between the magistrates, standing outside the precincts of the convent, and the Father Procurator, who spoke to them from within, and who distinctly refused to open the door of the monastery. The work of destruction then began. The heavy door was literally battered to pieces; while from the indignant but, alas! powerless crowd came hisses, cries of anger and distress; and presently above all other sounds rose the solemn accents, the soul-piercing strains of the *Parce, Domine*, which hundreds of people sang on their knees.

While these scenes were taking place outside the convent, our annalist tells us that the monks, who for the last time were gathered together in the dimly-lighted church, "continued to pray with perfect calmness and with absolute trust in Divine Providence."

About half-past five in the morning the magistrates, who had at last forced an entrance, after wandering through the silent and empty cloisters, entered a tribune that overlooks the choir of the church. In a loud voice the judge summoned the Fathers to open in the name of the law. No answer came, but in the dim light the kneeling figures of the white-robed monks might have been seen; and from their midst rose, in reply to the enemy's challenge, the solemn Carthusian *Sub Tuum*. The old Latin words echoed slowly and sadly through the dark church: "*Domina nostra, mediatrix nostra, advocata nostra, tuo Filio nos reconcilia, tuo Filio nos commenda, tuo Filio nos representa!*" It was the last public homage paid to God's Holy Mother in the sanctuary where for centuries she had been loved and honored.

When the hymn was ended the monks rose from their knees and resumed their seats. By this time the judge and his

satellites had entered the church. A high wooded grating separated them from their prey, and behind it they stood still, evidently ill at ease. Seated in places on each side of the choir, the Carthusians, white, silent and motionless, seemed to inspire the invaders with a superstitious fear. At last the judge spoke:

"Where is the superior?"—"I am the prior," replied Dom Michael, without moving from his seat.—"You are rebels against the law."—"No: we obey the laws; your law of 1901 does not deserve the name; any human law that is in opposition to the laws of God and His Church is of no value and need not be obeyed."—"I hope that your resistance is over and that now you will follow me."—"No," answered the prior; and as the infuriated magistrate proceeded to use insulting language, Dom Michael cut him short: "It is enough! I alone have a right to command here, and I bid you go! You may justly fear that one day God will punish you and yours for the evil work that you have undertaken to perform."

Addressing himself to the other priests, the judge asked: "Will you at least consent to follow me?"—"No," they replied: "we will leave only with our superior." The magistrates then left the church to take counsel together. "My Fathers," said Dom Michael, "let us say a *Pater* and an *Ave* for our persecutors, and also for the poor soldiers who are obliged to perform so unworthy and so disagreeable a task."

Ten minutes later the captain of the gendarmes made his appearance and requested the monks to leave the church. "No," replied the prior: "we will only leave if forced to do so."—"But," said the officer, somewhat disturbed, "if I merely touch you on the shoulder will you come?"—"No: we will only leave if we are removed by force." Almost immediately the church was filled with gendarmes, and at a given signal each monk was grasped by two policemen and

led away. When Dom Michael passed between two guards, M. Pichat, the deputy whose efforts to save the Carthusians we have mentioned, exclaimed in a loud voice: "There goes the man whose generous gifts have been scattered broadcast over Dauphiny and over France! He is led away between two policemen, while thieves and oppressors are at large!"

The ovation that the monks received outside the convent baffles description. Thousands of voices joined in the cry, "*Vivent les Chartreux! Vive la liberté!*" On their way down the mountain side they were greeted by the same cries. At the head of the procession was carried the French flag veiled with crape. Around the white-robed recluses flocked men, women and children, eager to pay homage of love and gratitude to the benefactors of the country.

At the railway station of St. Laurent the procession was met by the Bishop of Grenoble. He made Dom Michael and M. Pichat get into his carriage; the horses were immediately detached, and the defenders of the monks, unwearied by their long watches and long walk, insisted on drawing the carriages themselves. The sight was indeed unique, and no wonder that the venerable prior was deeply moved when he gave a last blessing to the assembled multitude.

A few hours later the Carthusians left France. To the last their friends accompanied them; gentlemen and peasants, old and young, men and women, carried away by a common impulse of love and indignation, literally hung onto the train that bore the Fathers across the frontier to Italy.

High up among the mountains the great convent, bereft of its inhabitants, stands silent and lonely. How long will it remain so God only knows. The future looms dark and threatening for the Catholics of France. Every day is marked by a fresh act of injustice and impiety. Although here and there—in

Brittany and Dauphiny, for example,—the true feeling of the people breaks out in swift and passionate anger against the tyrants who rule the country, something more than these partial demonstrations is needed in order to throw off the hated yoke and to free the nation from the men who, with fiendish astuteness and perseverance, are slowly and surely dechristianizing France.

Tuckernuck.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.

THEY have all left me and I am stark alone. Now I am Robinson Crusoe. I am on a desert island with all the modern improvements. The butler is my Man Friday,—a very well-groomed and speechless Friday, who presents the delicately browned pancake at the proper moment. The captain and the cook are Spaniards and my friends. The marauders who steal out upon the sand-spit to shoot tern are savages; we have to keep our eye on them. How very jolly it all is! I can not yet realize it; it seems like something that *has been* and lingers in the memory, instead of being something that is actually happening right now and on the spot.

How very still it is! The quietness is punctuated by the ticktack of the old clock. Yet it is never really still. The sea sings to us night and day; the crickets are always chirping. Occasionally when the wind rises it clutches all the windows and doors in the house and shakes them as if it would force an entrance. One day it turned the handle of a door, threw it suddenly wide open, rushed in and played havoc with everything in the place. The sea booms at such a rate when the wind is high; then the long breakers crash upon the beach with a rumble and a roar as of a broadside

of artillery. There is martial music in that cannonading, but it is not always reassuring. This island is constantly being remodelled by that ocean architect.

Little showers pass over us, tapping on the roof as with finger-nails. When a squall swoops down upon us there is a beating as of a thousand lusty hammers. How mobile the face of Nature! I was sitting at breakfast in solitary state and looking out of the eastern door which opens directly upon the sward. I saw the clover blossoms wagging in the wind, and tossing their heads as if nodding to one another in a gale of laughter. The fence along the eastern pasture was lined with swallows. The whole thing looked like so many bars of music. It was the score of an impromptu farewell, written in crotchets and quavers, and with a full note here and there where a bird sat facing me. It is said that Wagner once copied a few bars of swallows as they perched upon the telegraph wires in front of his window, and the result was a sad refrain that was half intelligible.

My Man Friday says the swallows have assembled to discuss their winter itinerary, and that in two or three days they will take flight for the South.

O swallow, swallow, flying, flying south!

How easy and how natural and pleasant it is to quote the poets when one is alone—with Nature! Friday says that those swallows always bunch this way just before leaving their summer home, but at no other time during the season. There are three swallow nests, vacant now, in the Lanai, and I know not how many others under the eaves or in the chimney. Is it a case of Farewell, Summer?

Friday says that the beautiful, silvery-white, slender-winged tern, whose summer home is on the sand-spit, will presently get very restless and very noisy, and then there will be a great mass meeting, and, I suppose, resolutions will be passed, and after that they will

all rise like a snow-wraith into the sky and disappear. These winters are too severe for them; but the winters are not half so severe or so brutal as the summer sportsmen used to be.

These sportsmen, young and old, used to land at the spit by the boat-load and slaughter the birds, who were vainly trying to defend their nests and their young. The rifle or the shotgun was not needed: the frightened birds were knocked over with clubs; the slaughter was pitiful to behold. Many of the birds had their wings wrenched off while they were still alive; for these wings are among the most beautiful of those worn by women in their hats. When the wings were broken, as was not infrequently the case, the birds were left to die a slow death, or to feed themselves and their young as best they could, for they were no longer able to fly. Finally, the matter was brought to the attention of the proper authorities, and a law was passed forbidding the killing or wounding of any birds upon the sand-spit; and a guardian was appointed to watch over them through the nesting season. I no longer see the guardian, but we keep our weather-eye open and note all the strange craft that drift over in that direction. That is a lonely sand-spit when the silvery tern are gone; but not for long. Presently out of the Northland the great gray gulls will begin to gather, and they will pass the winter here.

Friday says that if I walk down upon the sand-spit I shall find plenty of drift—the flotsam of Fate. Sometimes interesting and even precious things are cast up by the sea. One native of the island found a stick of very valuable timber, and, having towed it to New Bedford, he sold it for fifty dollars. This was more than enough to cover his annual expenses. Once a battered canoe came ashore. It was probably borne hither from Central America by the Gulf Stream. One of the islanders captured

a cask of claret in good condition. In the Lanai there stands a bottle so encrusted with barnacles that it looks as if it had been fashioned out of coral.

I have been to the very tip of the sand-spit and returned in safety. I went alone; I would not go alone again—at least during the nesting season or before the young had learned to fly at the approach of danger. I was armed with an umbrella; it was my sole weapon. I descended the bluff and approached the sand-spit, filled with delightful anticipations. To be sure my feet sank into the coarse sand and progress was difficult. The spit is perhaps fifty yards wide in the beginning, and nearly a mile in length; at the far point it is not more than two or three yards wide. I had resolved to go to the very end of it, and meanwhile was carefully searching the shore for footprints in the sand—likewise for sunken treasure at last come to light. I heard the birds clamoring, certainly—they are ever a noisy lot,—but imagine my surprise when one of them suddenly descended upon the ribs of my umbrella and beat a tattoo for a few seconds!

My heart was in my throat. I looked up, to find myself surrounded by enraged flocks of feathered fathers and mothers, all staring at me, all shrieking at me, and many of them awaiting an opportunity to attack me. I had unconsciously entered the nursery. The parents and guardians and trained nurses were up in arms. At my feet there were nests of seaweed with eggs or fledglings, all unprotected. Wee birds just old enough to toddle stood stupidly about, without so much as an effort to step aside. I unwillingly upset one of them, not having seen it in season to avoid so doing. Every moment the riot increased. There was nothing for me to do but fly—yet my wings were of no more avail than those sprouts of the baby tern.

At last I reached the very end of the

sand-spit, and long I sat there to recover myself. At my feet the sea rushed by in a torrent as ominous in its strength and its silence as the crest of Niagara. Here it is that the disabled coasters are sucked into death and destruction. The strongest swimmer would be as helpless there as a hawk in a whirlwind.

How far it seemed back to the bungalow! How peaceful and secure it looked, perched upon its headland, and not a soul visible! I had yet to retrace my steps through the camp of the sea fowl; there was no help for me. I could not hail my Friday or the captain or the cook. Any one of these might have come to my rescue in a dory had he known of my predicament; he could have beached the boat farther up the spit, out of reach of this torrent and at a safe distance from the barracks of the belligerent birds. But no: it was out of the question. As I rose to retrace my steps, those fowls of the air and of the sea, still wildly excited, were springing from the earth and tossing themselves into the sky like a great fountain of feathers.

Well, I kept to the sea side of the spit. On the one hand the waves chased me, hissing at my heels; on the other the wild tern made vicious stabs at me with their dagger-like beaks. Once one of them fixed me with his glittering eye and dove straight for my forehead. It was a moment of horror; he evidently meant to strike me just above the bridge of the nose. I know not what the result might have been had I not lowered my shield—my umbrella—just in season to break the force of his blow. I was fanned on every side by innumerable fluttering wings. My ears were again deafened by the defiant shrieks of the affrighted flocks. It was a blessed relief to be rid of them at last; to climb wearily to the heights and to train the telescope upon the delirious multitude, and see from that coigne of vantage the dangers I

had passed and the disastrous effects of the reputation I had left behind me.

I remember writing in my callow days, in a volume I had given to a friend: "One who was ever lonely in the midst of multitudes, in your seclusion finds companionship, and a solemn life no longer solitary." Was I not in the midst of multitudes down yonder? Was I lonely or was I only frightened and forlorn? Surely in the seclusion of the bungalow there was companionship enough. The companionship of books alone were enough for all time. And the solemn life is no longer solitary where the heart and the mind and the spirit are at rest; it even ceases to be solemn.

Poor old Robinson Crusoe! Did he battle with the birds as I did? Was he lonely in the midst of multitudes, after he had abandoned his solitude and returned to the commonplace, workaday world? Had he not a kind of companionship in his seclusion?—sometimes one learns to love inanimate things, and make companions of them. Did his solemn life ever really cease to be solitary, I wonder? There is much to make me think of him right here in the bungalow: these messages from the sea. I gathered no tribute save a handful of shells,—and they were not eggshells either.

What have we here, O sea? There is a wooden tankard, rudely carved, such as one finds in use among the natives of Central America, or offered as a curio to the transmigratory tourists on the Isthmus of Panama. It may have been wafted across the Caribbean Sea, caught in the current of the Gulf Stream, tided past Hatteras, and finally tossed ashore on the bungalow beach.

There is a bundle of pledges tied tightly with a cord; many pledges, signed and bearing money values, marked in an ink which must be indelible, for it is scarcely blurred. All these are pawn tickets; old Neptune has redeemed them, and here they are safely deposited for evermore.

Oh, the tribute of the sea! And, oh, the treasure that is stored forever within the fathomless depths thereof!

A huge life-preserver hangs in the Lanai—the large veranda; on it is painted in big black letters "Northland—Antwerpen." It was surrendered by the sea some years ago; was found out yonder on the sand-spit. Now tell me, ye winged winds, ye tossing waves, ye wild and wandering currents, what is its history? Was it cast loose in a rough sea, a gale perchance, for the help of some poor fellow who had been washed overboard? Did it keep him afloat until succor came and he was rescued? And then was it left behind in the excitement that naturally followed? Or did it miss him and was he lost? Or was it torn from its lashings by some angry wave, and suffered to begin its solitary voyage to this loadstar island where it has so long held the place of honor?

There is a flask here of very beautiful form and texture, as handsomely outlined as the most gracefully fashioned gourd, and delicately tinted. Whence came it? At whose hospitable board did the precious wine gush from its lips? By what sea of silver or shore of gold was it drained and cast aside to seek respite from the waves and rest and rescue on the sands of lonely Tuckernuck?

There is a glass globe like an imperishable bubble, once enmeshed and attached to the sieve of some fisherman; a float that, having freed itself, finds shelter under this roof. Perhaps it lay long upon the sands and was bowled up and down with the ebbing and the flowing of the tides. Thus it wore to shreds the network that once encased it; but not until the grinding sands and the sharp needles of the spray had etched its surface, and it is now a sphere of frosted glass with the pattern of that network left crystal clear. Flotsam and jetsam, and jetsam that, rises from its

watery grave and becomes flotsam only to float hither and nestle at our feet!

The last tribute of the sea to this enchanted shore is, I have no doubt, an Australian boomerang. In size and form and texture it is unmistakable. When I hold it in my hand, when I look at it, I think of its lonely voyage across two oceans and through the zones that fade into one another,—that dissolve imperceptibly the one into the other; and of the weathering of the dreadful Cape, and all that, and all that. Of course it might have slipped overboard from Buffalo Bill's Transport, but it probably did not; and in any case I'd much rather believe that it worked its way alone half way round the world to little Tuckernuck, where it is a wonder and a delight; though by right it should soar into the air at any moment and cleave its way through space back to far Australia,—being a boomerang.

Evening! I'm so happy and content! The sun, which set in a clear sky, was followed by no afterglow, and now there are ragged clouds in the west. There is a new moon also,—merely a slip of rind. Very far-reaching are the horns of this moon—it can not be more than two days old,—and it is as golden as molten gold; the torn clouds brush across it, as one sometimes sees pictured the flying locks of the maid in the moon, when her face, her profile, is framed in the hollow of the crescent. It was quite startling to behold it, especially when the flying clouds looked like waving locks, and the face of the moon-maiden changed color as if flushing and turning pale.

Good-night, Friday, and friendly Spaniards, and horrid savages that despoil the nests of the innocents! And good-night to all the birds that breathe! It is the hour of sleep.

(Conclusion next week.)

LIFE is a mirror: if you frown at it, it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting.—*Thackeray.*

Something to His Advantage.

BY MARY CROSS.

"O DEAR! I wonder if my life will ever be anything but 'Make up the blue linen into a skirt for Alice'; 'Wash the drawing-room ornaments yourself'; 'Maggie says you may finish the cushion she began for the hospital bazaar, and send it in with her compliments'; 'Mend the lace on that green blouse of mine'?"

And Cicely Baron laid down the letter containing those and other commissions, with a hand that trembled, and presently pressed itself, still trembling, first to her hot forehead, then to her eyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Rimmer and family had betaken themselves from Liverpool to Margate for a holiday, which, in the lady's opinion, afforded an admirable opportunity for having the house thoroughly cleaned. Of course, some one had to stay at home to see that the work was properly done; and equally of course that some one was Mrs. Rimmer's orphan niece, who paid the penalty of having had a father who had been an indefatigable imitator of that portion of the Good Samaritan's charity which consisted in calling at an inn; consequently he had left his only child totally unprovided for,—matters of history whereof Cicely was frequently reminded by her cousins.

Mrs. Rimmer esteemed it a virtue in herself that, in spite of her brother having been a spendthrift, she had given a home to his daughter; but she laid less emphasis on the fact that Cicely saved her the expense of a servant. The girl had "so small a sense of duty, propriety, and gratitude" that she had engaged herself to a young banker's clerk,—a misdemeanor exaggerated in the eyes of her relatives by the circumstances of his being good-looking, well-bred, and not much better off financially.

than Cicely herself. Mrs. Rimmer was fond of saying that the engagement would never come to anything; and in dark hours Cicely agreed with her, though finding consolation in the thought that, at any rate, it had brought her a good deal of happiness and all Jack's love; and she was content to wait for him, even if part of her probation were to be spent in the grave.

After the little "grumble" provoked by her aunt's letter—arriving as it did on a day when Cicely had felt rather overpowered by the amount of work already allotted to her,—she reread it, wondering which of the new tasks should be undertaken first; and then she was suddenly, incomprehensibly, irresistibly seized with a longing for woods and glens and acres of purple heather, for the scent and the sound of the sea, far away from the odors of paint and soap, and the wrangling of plumbers and charwomen. It is a long lane that hasn't a turn, but Cicely felt that into that lane she had got, and, to her own astonishment, burst into tears.

"What on earth is the matter?"

She looked up as these words fell on her ear to behold that constant occupant of her thoughts, Jack Walmsley, standing before her. What a silly, ungrateful creature she was to cry, when, whatsoever she had not, she had him!

"Look here, Cicely," said Jack, without waiting for an answer, "put on your hat and come with me for a stroll in the Park. It's a shame to waste an afternoon like this indoors, so I came straight from town to take you out. The house must get along without you for an hour or so, anyway."

Presently they were strolling together through the almost deserted fashionable quarter of Sefton Park, its terraces and drives a realm of brown-papered, shuttered windows, here and there a forsaken cat gazing wistfully at a closed door. The Park itself was quiet; a few

boys idled on the shores of the lake sailing tiny boats; in the haze of heat the geraniums flamed, white butterflies flickering over them.

"My mother wants you to go to Llandudno with her for a few days," observed Jack. "Now, don't say it's impossible, if you have any affection for me at all!"

"Why should you think I have?" said Cicely, wickedly. She had forgotten worry and overwork, forgotten the anxiety to please joining hands with the certainty of displeasing her relatives, in the joy of walking beside Jack through balmy air, whilst blackbirds called from the green boughs swinging above. "It is certainly impossible for me to leave home until aunt returns."

"Well, when she does return. Mother will be giving a little dance in honor of my birthday, and you must be there."

"But I am like the girl in the story. I should like to dance, and I am sure I could, only the music puts me out, and the man gets in my way."

"You will have to dance by yourself, then," laughed Jack, "and in solemn silence. It will be very interesting to lookers-on."

Thus talking, they perceived a solitary, shabby man seated on the grass with a piece of paper spread upon his knee, from which he was picking bits from wedges of bread that apparently had been cut with a view to quelling appetite by brute force. Misery had written her autograph all too plainly upon him. Thin, gaunt, wretchedly clad, he was a blot upon the landscape.

"O Jack, look at that poor man!" whispered Cicely. "Go back and give him this, please!"

"Keep your money, pet!" said Jack, returning "this," and pressing her hand at the same time. "I'll have a talk with the poor fellow. He looks very ill."

A few strides brought him up to the man, who raised his eyes with an aggressive inquiry in their depths.

"I couldn't help noticing that you were ill," Jack explained.

"But you could help speaking to me, I should think, and you ought to do," replied the other, in accents that contradicted his appearance; suggesting as they did "better days," when refinement and culture had played a part in his life. "I am not respectable. Can't you see that for yourself? If you are deceived by the sumptuousness of this repast and the dazzling splendor of my attire, permit me to inform you that I begged the one and have no understudy for the other. I am a vagabond, an outcast—"

"I was not questioning you," mildly interposed Jack. "I only want you to accept this money. It will procure you food and shelter, and medical advice, which you should get without delay. You must take it, if only to save me from a sleepless night. I couldn't rest if I left a fellow-creature in such distress without trying to help him. I should deserve kicking if I did."

The man's mouth quivered; his defiant, mocking manner gave way.

"Thank you!" he said, hoarsely. "It's all my own fault, so don't waste pity on me. I had a good home and good chances of advancement in my father's office; but I got into bad company and debt, and did everything I shouldn't have done. My father turned me out, and from bad I went to worse, from worse to this—starvation, death in the workhouse if not in the streets. So ends the career of the only son of Edgecombe Briarly, merchant in the city of Liverpool!"

Jack's face flushed with excitement.

"Is your name Edmund?" he asked. "Do you know that for some time there has been an advertisement in the *Mercury*, saying that if Edmund, son of Edgecombe Briarly, would communicate with a certain firm of solicitors, he would hear of something to his advantage?"

"I never read newspapers or anything else now," replied the man, a faint

reflection of Jack's eagerness showing itself above his apathy.

"But you should inquire into this," said Jack. "The name struck me as peculiar when I read the notice, which is why I remember it. The solicitors are in Castle Street—Messrs. Croft and Owens. Can you prove your identity?"

"Yes. I had a dim hope of one day going home like the prodigal, so did not quite blot myself out. If you would care to know what the 'something to my advantage' is—"

"Of course I would," answered Jack, warmly. "There is my address. Call, or send a note. With all my heart I hope you are on the way to something good."

He hastened to rejoin Cicely, who listened with deep interest to his narration of his remarkable conversation with the man.

"It is like a page from a story," she commented. "Jack, don't you hope that there will be a 'happy ever after' for the poor fellow?"

Several days later Jack received a letter dated from a nursing home in the city. It stated that Mr. Edmund Briarly was lying there seriously ill with pneumonia, and had expressed an earnest desire to see Mr. Walmsley. With the smallest possible loss of time Jack betook himself to the institution, and was soon in the presence of the unfortunate man whom he had befriended, who could only gasp forth a few broken sentences of gratitude, and a brief summary of the concluding portion of his sad life history.

"My father died a few years ago. Thank Heaven, he forgave me, and would have taken me back, but he could not find me. He never altered his will, and his fortune comes to me too late—too late, I mean, for me to misuse and squander. The solicitors had me brought here. Thanks to you, I am dying in comfort. I have been thinking that if he could forgive, and if you, a stranger, could be kind and pitiful to a wretched

outcast, surely the One who died for me — surely she who told Him, 'They have no wine,' will compassionate my greater necessity."

"You are a Catholic?" almost gasped Jack. "Oh, then — then let me fetch a priest!"

When Jack left the institution an hour later, the repentant prodigal had gone to that Father who is best pleased when His children are safe home with Him. The valley of the shadow had been brightened by the sacramental presence of the Redeemer and by the heartfelt prayers of "kindred in Christ."

"I distinctly told you ivy leaves, Cicely! The idea of sticking roses into a toque like that! You are a selfish, careless little monkey!"

Miss Rimmer, returned from holiday-making, bounced into the sitting-room, the offending headgear in her hand, but she paused at sight of Jack Walmsley and wished that she had spoken a trifle less loudly and harshly.

"Don't mind me," he said, genially. "May I mention that you will soon have a chance of getting your millinery properly done, as Cicely is pledged for the future to trim my toques only? We intend to be married in September."

"Mamma will have something to say about that," declared Miss Rimmer, with rather spiteful significance.

"Mamma" had indeed much to say, but it was all of an approving and complimentary nature when she learned that, through a succession of strange circumstances, Jack Walmsley had become a wealthy man. To him had Edmund Briarly bequeathed the whole of his money.

AN Asiatic chief being asked his opinion of wine, said he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions' hearts; for after he had drunk enough of it he could talk forever, and fight like Satan.

The Source of All Good.

IN the "particular instructions how to raise and increase solid devotion in good Christians in many signal occasions," appended to "Of Good Intentions," a favorite book with English-speaking Catholics in the eighteenth century, we find the following reflections on the Angelical Salutation. They illustrate the superiority of the pious books then in vogue, and show how necessary it was considered that the dogmatic foundation of all devotions should be clearly laid down. It seems a pity that so excellent a little book as "Of Good Intentions" should be utterly unknown to the present generation of Catholics; and it is a greater pity that such books have been replaced by productions not only crude in style but sometimes unsound in doctrine.

..

So many devout pieces have been writ upon this particular [the Angelical Salutation] that 'tis not very easy to add anything to them. I shall only here recommend it to the reader's consideration, that from this heavenly message to that incomparable mirror of all purity, the Immaculate and Ever-Blessed Virgin, and from her humble consent to the Archangel's proposal, ensu'd the Incarnation of the Eternal Word; from which all the holy doctrine and admirable examples of our Saviour, which enlighten'd and instructed us both in faith and virtuous life; our redemption by His death and passion; the raising our lumpish affections to a vigorous hope of eternal life and love of heaven, whither He went before to prepare us a place, and to intercede for us; the sending the Holy Ghost by His Father and Himself, to form, settle and establish His Church in truth and in sanctity: that is, in one word, there ensu'd thence all the good to poor lost mankind that can possibly be imagin'd.

Had it not been for this, we had all still ador'd a chimerical multitude of ridiculous false gods; some of them senseless, inanimate creatures, and the works of men's hands; and oftentimes the devils themselves. Had it not been for this, we had liv'd here a while slaves to our lusts and adorers of vain glory, worldly honors, and brutish pleasures; which, when our poor deluded soul is by death divested of her body, do all vanish into air, and leave her empty of anything but that which she must carry with her — viz., her violent and ill-set impure affections, which will torture her with the loss of those darling temporary goods on which only she doted while here; and, which is a thousand times worse, indispose her and make her utterly incapable of beholding God's glorious Face, which, now too late, she sees is her only true and soul-satisfying happiness. So that, having lost all she could wish or hope for, and this irrevocably, she plunges herself into a hell of eternal misery.

This, I say, had been the dismal condition of all mankind, had not the Son of the Most High, out of His mere goodness and mercy, condescended to be incarnate, and liv'd amongst us. This lays on all Christians a most absolute obligation, as oft as they repeat this Salutation, which brought from heaven the first good tidings of our approaching redemption, to revere this holy mystery, and to bless and magnify the wisdom and goodness of God for bringing it to effect by most wonderful means, and thus revealing it to the world.

By those who speak the native Gaelic in Ireland it is the fashion to salute others with the words, "*Dia's Muire dhuit!*"—"God and Mary save you!" And back comes the quick answer: "*Dia's Muire a's Padraig dhuit!*"—"God and Mary and Patrick save you!"

How many prejudices are destroyed by personal contact!—*Lord Halifax.*

Notes and Remarks.

The chief feature of the evening service in Eliot Church, Lowell, Massachusetts, on New Year's Day, was described as "Madonna." Copies of famous paintings of the Blessed Virgin were presented to each one in the congregation; the choir rendered appropriate selections, including an *Ave Maria*; and the preacher preached. He explained the artistic points of the different pictures, and spoke of the beauty of the idea that the Madonna was sinless. Although his discourse was entitled "The Divine Child and Mary the Mother," he maintained that she held no higher place in heaven than "the countless good mothers before and after her time."

The simple explanation of all such notions as this is that not more than one Protestant in a thousand really believes in the divinity of Christ. It is a happy sign that non-Catholics are trying to learn about the Blessed Virgin and beginning to honor her a little; for, as Newman remarked in a famous letter to Pusey, it was on account of giving up devotion to the Mother that faith was lost in the divinity of the Son.

It is possible that Miss Helen Gould's offer of prizes for the best essays on the origin and history of the Catholic and Protestant versions of the Bible will not prove so tempting a bait to "the best Bible scholars" as she and her friends so confidently hope. "I have no time to make money," said Agassiz once to an admirer who sought to distract him from the study of his snakes and fishes by the offer of a fabulous salary for less original work; and it is altogether within the bounds of possibility that "the best Bible scholars," both Catholic and non-Catholic, might prefer the serene delights of pure scholarship to competing for a prize—especially a prize which, consider-

ing the labor and erudition demanded for the competition, is ridiculously small. Nevertheless, on account of the publicity of the offer, and the concomitant opportunity—the best we have ever had in America—for putting down forever the popular misunderstanding of the Catholic attitude to Holy Scripture, we trust that at least some of our Bible scholars will be moved to compete. A correspondent of the *Catholic World* quotes these words from a letter received from Miss Gould herself: "Personally I am quite ready, if the Roman Catholic Version is proved to be superior, to accept it. What I desire is simply the truth." The fairness of this spirit is beyond dispute, and doubtless the majority of nominal non-Catholics nowadays feel much the same way. As a missionary opportunity, therefore, rather than as a prize-essay contest, Miss Gould's proposal will appeal to Catholic scholars.

The Very Rev. R. I. McDermott, of Philadelphia, in a widely published essay, probably voices the sentiments of many persons when he says:

In our youth we regarded as out of place the plain talks such prelates as the late Archbishop Hughes gave to graduates of fashionable convents at commencement; but the almost total absence on the part of such people of that knowledge which is necessary to discharge the practical duties of a Christian life shows that those wise old prelates were meeting a long-felt want in the matter of higher convent education.

We like to believe that a convent school in which such instruction is not constantly given is as rare as a four-leaved clover. The fault is not in the convents but in the unreasonableness of outsiders, who expect the Sisters to accomplish the impossible. They do wonders, but even they can not make flowers grow in a bed of ashes. If a child comes to them with a taint in the blood; if it comes from a careless home and after a few years returns to a careless home;

if worldly, indifferent or vicious mothers and fathers give it a bad example,—even the Sisters can not guarantee the future of such a one. The same is true of Catholic colleges. We have known parents to keep their sons away from Mass on Sunday during their vacation visits, and to supply them with meat dinners on Friday in city restaurants; we have even known of fathers who set their sons an example of fast-living; and no doubt many good persons were scandalized when these young hopefuls "went to the bad" later on. "Why, he was educated in a Catholic college!" The fault lay with the home—with the parents: the convents and colleges got the blame for it. This is plain-speaking, but we deem it necessary to redress a grave injustice.

This year Rome is to celebrate the thirteenth centenary of the death of St. Gregory the Great. The committee charged with the arrangements purpose, among other manifestations of piety and faith, having a Mass in St. Peter's sung by a choir of five hundred members. There will be an exposition of sacred art, an international congress of Christian archæology, and an international liturgical congress. Perhaps the most impressive feature to the non-Catholic world will be the fact itself that Gregory the Great, dead for thirteen hundred years, is essentially living still in his lineal and legitimate successor, Pius X. The continuity of the Papal dynasty is the wonder of history, as it is a collateral proof of the divinity of the Church.

The late Mr. Frederic Rene Coudert had a large hand in the making of at least one American President, and, though a modest man, had a fair enough estimation of his own power; but in spite of this—or, perhaps, because of it—he persistently refused to be a candidate for high political power. In 1864 he

said in an address that was afterward widely published: "I know that there are certain offices to which neither I nor mine can aspire. It will be so for years to come, and I am glad of it. I never had the Presidential bee in my bonnet; because I know that if I were the Archangel Michael under my insignificant form, unless I gave up my faith I could never enter the White House except as a visitor." It was probably for a different reason that Mr. Coudert refused the tender of a place on the Supreme Bench which Mr. Cleveland is said to have made to him. In any case, he enjoyed honor and distinction enough in the legal profession, of which he was a light and an ornament. He was the founder of what has been called the greatest law firm of our generation; and, as an expert in international law, he had governments among his clients. But, like Chief-Justice Taney, there were regular days each year when he was only "the prisoner at the bar,"—for he was a devout Catholic and a frequent recipient of the Sacraments. May he rest in peace!

On the 31st of this month it will be four years since the first Philippine Commission submitted its report to the President of the United States, and the *Catholic World* opportunely publishes an extract from that extraordinary document. Many things have happened during those four years, and many things forgotten; and, now that the question of the friars' lands has been disposed of, it is well to refresh the minds of all Americans—Catholics as well as others—as to the findings of the Commission after a whole year, as they themselves say, of "daily, personal intercourse freely and constantly had with the people of the Islands." Briefly, then, the Commission finds the Filipinos to be intelligent and devoted Catholics, and warns the President of the folly of permitting Protestant propagandism among them.

It recommends that Catholicism be permitted to remain the established religion of the Islands, and advises a somewhat intolerant treatment of the sects,— "in fact, if this government should concede this liberty of religions it will make itself hateful to 6,500,000 of Filipinos." The insurgents, we are assured, were mostly adherents of Masonry; those who have abjured Catholicism "do not exceed two dozen." This report, which is far and away more favorable to the Church than one drawn up by a commission of Catholic bishops would dare—or care—to be, is signed by Jacob Gould Schurman, Admiral Dewey, Charles Denby, Dean C. Worcester, and General Mac Arthur.

Father Junipero Serra wrote, on first seeing the Golden Gate in 1777: "At length has our father St. Francis advanced the sacred cross of his missions to the very last extremity of California; to go farther requires ships." It was Father Serra, as every schoolboy knows, who founded the Franciscan missions of California; and it was he who, as a tribute to the Poor Man of Assisi, named the bay, the *præsidio*, and the mission (which afterward became the city) of San Francisco. A generous Catholic gentleman, James D. Phelan, Esq., has offered to erect a statue to Father Serra in the Golden Gate Park; and Archbishop Riordan, as well as the city council of San Francisco, has taken great interest in this memorial to the good Spanish friar who left the comforts and the mellow civilization of his home to preach Christ to his savage red children.

Just off the west shore of Mobile Bay is a strip of land called by geographers Mon Louis Island, but to the people round about known as "the Island of Saints." It is a Catholic Negro settlement in which the faith and fervor of the early Christians seem to be reproduced. The church bell rings

to summon the people to morning and evening prayers—the Rosary—in common; and every Saturday night the Litany of Loreto is devoutly sung by the whole population, with special prayers for various intentions; the services closing with the slow and solemn recitation of the *De Profundis*, while the bell tolls as for a funeral. The Rev. Francis J. Tobin thus describes the people, of whose virtue he speaks in the very highest terms:

Some of the men work their farms, some are engaged on the river, others in the woods and at the shipyard. The women and girls have all that Christian modesty and refinement about them which is so characteristic of a good Catholic maiden or mother. Sunday is a typical Sabbath resting day, wherein all are happy. In every house are the crucifix, holy water, blessed candles, religious pictures, and very often the photos of missionary priests who have visited the place during the last seventy or eighty years.

Never has the writer elsewhere met people more grateful for Mass, Benediction or sermon than he has found these good people of Mon Louis Island. The last, though not the least, fact to be recorded in favor of this model community is that they follow their religious practices now, and have ever done so, without the assistance and encouragement of a permanent pastor. They simply have the benefit of the travelling missionary priest who calls at their settlement once a month.

Father Tobin himself appeals for assistance toward the building of a modest church for colored Catholics in Mobile. The Negro, in the eyes of this good priest, is a most promising subject for missionary zeal; and he hopes to reproduce in the heart of Mobile the atmosphere of "the Island of Saints." Ethiopia hath literally "stretched out its hands," and in so apostolic a cause surely the alms of the faithful will not be wanting.

The dangers incident to railway travel in these latter days are most impressively brought out by the statement that during the past five years the deaths from railroad accidents, in this country alone, have averaged twenty-one daily, and the number of severe injuries one

hundred and thirty-nine daily. The data have been gathered by Dr. Tolman, head of the New York Institute for Social Service, and are entirely trustworthy. The perils of those who "go down to the sea in ships" bear a harmless look alongside the perils of the multitudes that go whirling through the land in railway coaches. Even our modern wars bear no comparison for destructiveness with our modern ways of peace.

We share the pleasure of the *Pilot* in the fact that "over thirty years ago, when the race question was if possible in a more acute state than at present, and religious prejudice much more bitter, a colored Catholic, in the person of Mr. William Henry Smith, of Washington, D. C., attracted national attention by his mental gifts and high character." At one time or another Mr. Smith held various federal offices, among them those of police commissioner and member of the school board for the District of Columbia. This was evidence of his versatility; but it was as Librarian of the House of Representatives under many administrations that he showed his special talent. So good a judge of capacity as Mr. Henry Watterson once wrote of Mr. Smith:

The man has a most wonderful mind and is without question the best posted person on public matters in the United States. His department of the Library includes all the public records, treaties, reports, etc.; and, in the seclusion of that dimly-lighted cloister where he spends his days, he has made himself familiar with all the volumes under his charge.... Mr. Smith has the ways of a student; he is retiring without being diffident; self-respecting but not presumptuous. He is indeed an honor to his race, and it speaks well for our Congress that neither political exigencies nor prejudice against his color have worked against his permanency in office.

After this one is not surprised to learn from the *Pilot* that when this remarkable man was removed from the Library, of Congress for partisan reasons in 1894, "the laments of men" of all parties

who missed his invaluable aid led to his restoration by a vote of the House." No wonder, too, that Senator Hoar declared, when Mr. Smith died last month, that his passing was a public loss. It was also a loss to the parish of St. Augustine, Washington, of which the deceased was one of the most zealous and helpful members. *R. I. P.*

It is interesting to learn from a recent work by Bishop Coleman (Protestant Episcopal) that John Wesley, who spent two years in Georgia as a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, was accused of "a secret liking for the Roman Church." The colonists, with whom he was by no means popular, sought to substantiate this charge by referring to his efforts to introduce auricular confession and penance. Dr. James Gairdner, in his history of "The English Church from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of Mary," characterizes Foxe, the Reformation martyrologist, as a falsifier of whom "the worst is not yet known." We can not help thinking that the best is yet to be told of Wesley,—that is if he really had a secret liking for the Church. One thing is certain: the founder of Methodism is not to be judged by the rank and file of his followers.

The finding of the crypt of Pope Damasus is regarded by Prof. Lanciani as the most important of the discoveries in 1903 concerning underground Christian Rome. In a communication to the *Athenæum* of London this eminent archaeologist writes:

We knew from the "Liber Pontificalis" that this Pontiff (366–384 A. D.), celebrated for his poems in honor of the martyrs, which were engraved on marble by Furius Dionysius Philocalus, was buried in a crypt adjoining the Via Ardeatina, where he himself had already laid to rest his mother and his sister. *Sepultus est in basilica sua . . . cum matre sua et germana.* De Rossi, misled by some vague indications of the early itineraries of pilgrims, had looked in vain for this historical sanctuary on

the right side of the road, within the boundaries of the farm of Torre Marancia. It was only at the beginning of the year that Monsignor Giuseppe Wilpert, the most clear-minded scholar and the most genial artist amongst the explorers of underground Rome, began a new search on the left, or opposite, side of the Ardeatina, in the narrow belt of ground which separates it from the Cemetery of Callistus.

Here he found a wing of a catacomb, unknown to modern explorers, which contained two crypts of monumental character. The first may be compared to a small basilica, with the vaulted ceiling supported by four columns, and with a square apse and two niches, or recesses, on each side of it. This has been identified with the crypt of the holy deacons and martyrs Marcus and Marcellianus. Their grave, which they share, is to be seen on the left of the entrance door, lined with marble crusts and sealed with a marble slab, two-thirds of which is still *in situ*. The frescoes represent Moses striking the rock, and the multiplication of fishes—that is to say, the symbols of baptism and the Eucharist,—and also the sacrifice of Abraham, etc. The central panel contains, or rather contained, the life-size figures of Marcus and Marcellianus, and a smaller one of the patrician lady at whose expense the crypt was decorated. The upper half of these figures is gone....

The discovery of the family vault of Pope Damasus was made quite unexpectedly. There was a cavity in the floor of the gallery which connects the crypt of Marcus and Marcellianus with the main artery of the catacomb, which was found filled with marble fragments, among which was part of a marble screen, or *transenna*, which once enclosed the grave of the Pope. In fact, the cement with which the under surface of the screen is covered retains the most perfect impression of the following verses, which were evidently engraved on a slab of the floor of the crypt. I give the text in full on account of its historical value:

HIC DAMASI MATER POSUIT LAVRENTIA MEMBRAM
 QUÆ FUIT IN TERRIS CENTVM MINVS (undecim annos)
 SEXAGINTA DEO VIXIT POST FORCERAM PRIMA
 PROGENIE QUARTA VIDIT QUÆ (leta nepotes)

Christian archaeologists have drawn from these four lines the following deductions: 1. The mother of Damasus was named Laurentia. 2. She died either in her eighty-ninth (*centum minus undecim*) or ninety-second *centum minus octo per annos* year. 3. Laurentia lived sixty years in the service of the Lord; in other words, she pronounced her vows of chastity and continence sixty years before her death. 4. She saw, before dying, the fourth generation—that is, her great-grandchildren. 5. The three principal graves of the chapel were occupied by Laurentia the mother, Irene the sister of the Pope, and the Pope himself.



Freddy Fretful.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

FREDDY FRETFUL is a lad
Who is seldom bright and glad,
And as seldom quite contented with his lot.
When the summer days are long,
And the birds sing many a song,
Freddy Fretful finds the weather far too hot.
There are thorns on every rose
That in field or garden blows,
The stately lily's perfume is too strong;
And the bees and butterflies
Only tire his languid eyes;
And there's little right, and countless things are
wrong.

But when winter days are here,
And the skies are dark and drear,
Freddy murmurs for the bygone sunbright hours.
When the snowflakes fill the air,
And the trees are gaunt and bare,
Much he longs for butterflies and birds and flowers.
Snowballing has no delight,
Sliding none in Freddy's sight;
If there's joy in wintry days he sees it not.
Freddy's always dull and sad;
For he's just the kind of lad
Who pouts always for the things he hasn't got.

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

V.—A CRUEL LETTER.

CAMILLE opened the letter which
had dropped from the book, and
read as follows:

MY DEAR COUSIN:—I am not rich
enough to keep you with me. Besides,
I am under no obligations to you. On
the contrary, you are indebted to me
for the small amount of education you
have received, for your support up to
this time, even for the clothes that you
have on.

But I am not reproaching you for

this, only you must provide for your
future as best you can, and forget that
you have a cousin in existence. Paris is
not a deserted island: it is a large city,
full of resources. You know how to
read, write and cipher a little: this will
come useful to you.

Good-bye, Camille! Do not hunt for
me, for when you read this I shall be far
away. I am master in my own house.
I have the right to turn away any one
who does not please me. So never think
of coming back.

I do not think it best to sign this
letter. You can easily guess who wrote
it. Consider me dead and never address
me. Good-bye for the second time,
and forever!

VI.—THE LITTLE WOUNDED DOG.

After reading this missive, Camille
was completely dazed for a moment;
then he set about rereading it word
by word, pausing to reflect between
the statements, and quite unable to
bring himself to believe that he was
abandoned.

"It would be so dreadful," he said to
himself,—*"so dreadful that it can not
be true! My cousin only wants to
frighten me."*

The boy was so agitated that he was
no longer hungry; one thought only
filled his mind. Alone! alone! What
should he do and where was he to go?
He could no longer remain where he
was. He rose and began to walk
straight ahead of him. He did not
weep,—he dared not, poor boy! He soon
began to realize that he was hungry.
Then a feeling of anger took possession
of him and he cried involuntarily:

"God will punish my cousin!" This
exclamation brought God to his mind,
and he added: "But the good Lord

will not abandon me: He will take pity on me."

He had barely ceased speaking when a little dog covered with wounds ran yelping to take refuge behind his legs.

"Get out!" cried the boy, trying to drive the animal away. Then he reflected: "I ask God to have pity on me and I have none for a poor brute!"

Stooping down, he picked the dog up in his arms.

"Ah, so that is your dog, is it, my boy?" said an old gentleman who was passing by. "Tie him up, if you don't want him killed. He has had a hard time to get to you, I can assure you. Every time the policeman stuck him with his bayonet, I thought he was killed. He wasn't, though. He jumped up each time and escaped at last. Take my advice, little friend, and tie up your dog."

"This dog isn't mine, Monsieur; I don't know whose he is. But he is hurt, and you ought to take him home with you,—for you have a home, I suppose."

"What a delightful little boy!" said the old man, laughing. "Of course I have a home, but I don't like dogs: they have to be looked after too closely," added the old man, passing on.

"What a selfish old fellow!" thought Camille, patting the dog, which uttered a plaintive little howl. "Poor thing! it is hurt," he said, examining the wound from which the blood was flowing.

The dog had been hit by the bayonet in the foot; the skin had been cut off, leaving the bone exposed. Camille forgot his grief and hunger to care for the poor little beast that had no one else to protect it. He looked around and spied a fountain, the basin of which was full of water. He went over to it and washed the blood from the wounded foot; then, tearing a strip off from his handkerchief, he bound it up. The poor dog licked his benefactor's hand, and looked at him as if to say: "How

good you are to me! I thank you!"

Camille felt a sweet satisfaction at this. Then, as if they understood each other, by a common gesture, the boy stroked the dog's head and the dog licked the hand that caressed him.

It is fitting, in this place, to give our readers a description of Camille and of the lost dog.

Although our little hero was ten years old, he did not appear to be more than seven, he was so small and slender. His features were regular and his mouth was somewhat haughty in its expression; but the tenderest and noblest of hearts and the most exquisite sensibility seemed to have taken refuge in his large, blue, almond-shaped eyes.

Nothing could be neater, more elegant even, than his attire. He wore a plaited, lace-trimmed shirt, a new silk necktie, fresh grey trousers, a blue cloth coat, very white stockings, and patent leather shoes. The little abandoned boy had the appearance of a rich child waiting for his friends who were temporarily absent.

The dog was a small black spaniel, with a tan spot on his forehead, one on each of his paws and on the end of his tail. His coat was silky and his long ears almost reached the ground.

When night came on, Camille and his dog were still looking at each other. Both were very hungry. A roll of the drum made them raise their heads suddenly.

VII.—ONLY A SOU.

It was the signal for closing. Camille then remembered that he must leave the park when this sounded. He rose, took his dog under his arm, picked up his book and his cousin's letter, and walked to the gate which opens out on the Rue Castiglione.

"Well," he thought as he trudged along, as if to prop up his courage, "I am better off than Robinson Crusoe was. He had nothing on his deserted island: here there is everything."

He walked down the Rue de la Paix, looking with wonder at the shops dazzling with light; he could not help expressing his astonishment.

"If Robinson had been deserted in such a place, no one would have written such a big book about his misfortunes," he thought. "But I am forgetting that I am hungry and that I have eaten nothing except a bit of bread and two pears since morning."

Continuing his walk at random, he soon found himself near a baker-shop.

"They will surely give me a piece of bread in there," he said to himself; and he entered the shop.

A young lady was seated at the counter.

"Mademoiselle," asked Camille timidly, "will you give me a piece of bread."

"With pleasure, my little man," replied the girl, rising quickly. She took a loaf and said, with a smile, before cutting it: "How much?"

"How much? Why, as much as you please, Mademoiselle."

"Shall it be two sous' or three sous' worth?"

"Are you going to make me pay for it?" asked the boy, with a comical frankness.

"Do you think we give bread away for nothing?"

"Amanda," called out a stout woman from the back of the shop, "you will please not stand talking with customers, but wait on them at once. Cut that child two sous' worth of bread; if that isn't enough, cut him four."

Amanda obeyed.

"Here's two sous' worth," she said, giving him the bread with one hand and stretching out the other to receive the money.

Camille searched in his pockets and blushed as he drew out only one sou. It was all the money he had.

"I haven't any more," he faltered, his eyes fixed on the piece of bread, which he feared was going to be cut in two.

"Sh! take it quickly," said the kind girl, giving him the whole piece. Then, with an anxious glance toward the back of the shop, she let Camille's sou drop in a drawer with force, so that it jingled loudly against the other coins.

The poor boy thanked the girl and hurried away to sit down beside the shop, with the dog, to eat his bread.

(To be continued.)

Ladye Chapels.

The Ladye Chapel was an essential part of an English church during the medieval period. If from any cause it was not possible to have this chapel, its place was invariably supplied to a certain extent by an altar dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. This practice dated back to the introduction of Christianity into England. As to the exact position of the chapel there is some doubt. It is commonly believed that Our Lord died with His face to the west; consequently His Blessed Mother, who stood at His right, must have been to the north of Him. This accounts for the usual position of the Ladye Chapel, and also for the dedication of the north door to her. Often, however, this chapel stood at the east, behind the high altar, to typify Mary's position as our Morning Star. At one place in England the Ladye Chapel was over the porch; at another, under the steeple.

OF all birds, St. Francis of Assisi used to say that he best loved the crested lark, because she wore a hood like a true religious, and praised God so sweetly as she flew into the sky. The night before he died, after a rain that had washed clean the earth, a multitude of these little birds flew to the house where the saint lay, and, wheeling in a circle over the roof, sang as if they, too, were praising the Lord and welcoming "Brother Death."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Oxford University Press will soon publish the third series of Dr. Moore's "Studies in Dante." The volume deals with the astronomy and geography of Dante, symbolism and prophecy in the last six cantos of the *Purgatorio*, and the genuineness of the dedicatory epistle to Can Grande.

—The usefulness of such a brochure as "Kind Words from Your Pastor," by Father Noll, is proved by the fact that it has run through four editions in a few months. A new chapter on Sunday Observance has been added to the fifth edition, which may also be had under the better title "A Missionary in the Family." Published by the author, New Haven, Ind.

—In his preface to his study of the Book of Judges Père Lagrange announces that it is the first of a long series of commentaries and studies projected to cover the entire field of Holy Scripture. This learned Dominican is one of the few scholars on whom Catholic readers can depend for a trustworthy statement of the findings of modern Biblical research. His announcement is, therefore, of more than common interest.

—The original manuscript of the first book of Milton's "Paradise Lost" is now offered for sale. The document has been examined by that expert critic, Mr. Churton Collins, and pronounced undoubtedly genuine. There was a time when the whole work could have been—and was—purchased for five pounds; now Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is said to have offered \$50,000 for it without success. By the way, to whom does the "unearned increment" belong in a case like this?

—Mr. John D. McCormick, who died not long since at Trenton, N. J., deserves to be remembered for one contribution to American history. It was owing to his researches, says a correspondent of the *Standard and Times*, that the name of John Tatham, a Catholic, was placed on the list of New Jersey's governors during Colony times. Tatham's incumbency began in 1690, between the administrations of Barclay and Hamilton, and covers the period hitherto ascribed to "New Jersey's missing governor."

—In the Christmas *Harper's*, Mr. W. D. Howells pays a graceful tribute to Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard's "Exits and Entrances," which, he says, has been lying before him the whole summer past, and softly beguiling, gently reproaching him to some recognition of "its rare virtues of whimsical humor, frank confidence, capricious reserve, graphic portraiture of persons and places, and a heart of poetry pulsing through all. Mr. Stoddard, as we were never tired of testifying whenever we spoke of his 'South Sea Idyls,' is one of the most original

talents of that vanished California of which Mark Twain and Bret Harte were the chief exemplars." In nothing does Mr. Howells show himself more indubitably a critic than in the exquisitely measured appreciation he so often expresses for "the airy grace" and the winning quality of Mr. Stoddard's genius.

—The Miss Marie Manning, whose "Judith of the Plains" is one of the novels of the moment, is said by the *Critic* to be a niece of Cardinal Manning. "She very seldom mentions this—in fact you have to ask her the question point-blank if you want to know—for she dislikes making advertising capital out of her distinguished relative's name."

—One of the ablest newspapers in this country, tabulating the "odd, queer and freakish things that happened in 1903," includes this item in its list: "Seventy German poets in Berlin entered into a union, refusing to accept less than ten cents a line for their rhymes." We are left to conjecture whether it was the notion of a trades-union among poets or the price set upon their wares that impressed the editor as "odd, queer, and freakish."

—The Hon. Mrs. Greville-Nugent has an interesting account of "A Visit to the Wise Woman of Lisclogher" in the *Nineteenth Century and After*. The theme is Irish folk-lore, not untouched with superstition, as all folk-lore is apt to be; and the success of the writer in drawing off the secrets of "the wise woman" was undoubtedly due to the sympathetic spirit in which the subject was approached. In concluding her essay Lady Nugent offers this wise hint to those who would follow after her:

Needless to say, nothing of the kind can be elicited by either chaff or that coldly superior tone which the Saxon tourists or the Irish gentry—frequently descended from Cromwellian or Orange persecutors, as the unforgetting Celt well knows—too often adopt toward the Catholic native of the soil. But let them be met halfway with kindly sympathy—above all with, when possible, the fellow-feeling which a common love of the Catholic Faith imparts—and the warm Celtic hearts will open and the poetic fountains be unsealed.

—At the funeral of the late Herbert Spencer, as we learn from the London *Times*, "in accordance with Mr. Spencer's wish there were no flowers, and those attending the ceremony did not wear mourning." The body was cremated. A conspicuous disciple of Mr. Spencer's, Mr. Leonard Courtney, read a brief address, in the course of which he said:

Standing here by these poor remains so soon to be reduced to "two handfuls of white dust," we are irresistibly drawn on to accompanying Spencer in his last brave effort to scrutinize the implacable facts of life. The last chapter of

his last book grapples with ultimate questions and propounds his final judgment on the "Riddle of the Universe." No record can be more candid, no confession more striking than that in which he is even appalled by the thought of space with its infinite extension and everlasting laws enduring before evolution and creation declared things as they are. What is the place of man in this great vision? The brain so full and so powerful has ceased to act. There is no longer any manifestation of consciousness. Can consciousness survive after the organ on which it depended [?] has ceased to be? Is the personality that dwelt in this poor frame to be admitted as in itself indestructible? Or must we acquiesce in its reabsorption in the infinite, the ever-abiding, the ineffable energy of which it was a passing spark? If indestructible in the future, must it not have been as incapable of coming into existence as it is incapable of ceasing to be? Our master knew not. He could not tell. The last enigma defies our question. The dimensions of the unknown may be reduced through successive ages; but, compared with our slender discoveries, estimated at the best, a vastness that remains must ever overawe us. Some fringes of the unknowable may yet prove to be capable of being known, but the great central secret lies beyond our apprehension.

As Mr. Spencer had prearranged the funeral ceremonies, so had he taken the precaution to provide for a satisfactory account of his life and work. His autobiography was prepared twenty years ago, but he steadily resisted the advice of his friends to publish it before his death. Its appearance will be awaited with great interest.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. Rev. Alfred Mulligan. \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. Rev. William Humphrey, S. J. \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. \$1.35, net.

Problems and Persons. Wilfrid Ward. \$4.60, net.

The Beginnings of Christianity. Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. \$2, net.

The City of the Kings. Mrs. Lew Wallace. \$1.12.

The Symbol of the Apostles. Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D. \$1.50, net.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J. \$1.50, net.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

Edgar; or, From Atheism to the Full Truth. Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J. \$1.25, net.

Sketches for Sermons. Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S. \$1.25.

On the Priesthood. A Treatise by St. John Chrysostom. 85 cts., net.

London Catholic Missions. Johanna H. Harting. \$2, net.

The Daughter of a Magnate. Frank H. Spearman. \$1.50.

The Dream of Gerontius. 30 cts.

St. Cuthbert's. Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

The Ship of State, by those at the Helm. 75 cts., net.

Glimpses of Truth. Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding. 88 cts.

Moral Briefs. Rev. John H. Stapleton. \$1.

The Life and the Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. P. Justin O'Byrne. \$1.35, net.

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury. Bernard Ward. \$1.60, net.

The Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII. Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J. \$2, net.

The Sacrifice of the Mass. M. Gavin, S. J. 75 cts., net.

The Venerable Mother Jeanne Antide Thouret. Blanche Anderdon. 75 cts., net.

Famous Children. H. Twitchell. \$1, net.

A Calendar of Prayers by Robert Louis Stevenson. \$1.50.

What the Church Teaches. Rev. Edwin Drury. 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Martin Lawlor, of the diocese of Hartford. Sister de Sales Joseph, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Daniel Gittens, of La Crescent, Minn.; Mr. F. A. Foin, Fresno, Cal.; Mrs. Clara Dooley, Salt Lake, Utah; George and John Commack, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. J. H. Partridge and Mr. William Wolf, Mobile, Ala.; Miss Mary Irwin, Washington, D. C.; Mr. William Farrell, Dorchester, Mass.; Mr. F. X. Bradley, Jefferson, Pa.; James and Margrette Brown, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Nellie Reagan, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. Henry Miller, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. John Ahern, Miss Annie McGrath, and Mrs. William McAvoy, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine Howard, Miss Mary Blake, Mrs. Elizabeth Dowling, and Miss Nellie McKeon, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. W. B. Cosgriff, Winsted, Conn.; Mrs. Ellen Lyons and Mrs. Margaret Dailey, Glens Falls, N. J.; Mr. George Weir, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. John Buckley, Syracuse, N. Y.; and Mr. Fargo Squiers, New York.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 23, 1904.

NO. 4.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

My Father's Care.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

IF some poor child on this drear winter night,
Lost of its homeward way, for all the snow,
Should o'er the moorlands stray, and go
Lone crying where the woodways fright,
Quick would the father set a beacon bright
To make the window all a welcome glow,
And call to every path, nor weary grow
Till careful love had led his steps aright.

And this is earnest of my Father's care.
He will not leave me lost. Too thick with dark
The air about me lies; and everywhere
Are calls bewildering. But on I roam,
Nor fear to lose the certain way. And, hark!
My Father's voice. On! on! calling me Home.

Bishop Hedley and the Lay Apostolate.

THE Bishop of Newport, England, has come to be regarded as one of the great teachers of the English-speaking peoples. Three volumes of his sermons have enjoyed a large circulation here and in Australia, as well as in his own country; his pastorals have been widely noticed by the press; and his essays in the *Dublin Review* and the *Downside*—with an occasional incursion into the secular periodicals—have made his name familiar as a thoroughly modern and well-equipped publicist.

Bishop Hedley's style is limpid, carefully measured, invariably idiomatic,

with a tendency toward the oratorical, and with a classic rhetoric over which the colored lights of fancy often play,—an ideal instrument for the offices of exposition and exhortation. He is altogether familiar with the spirit of the age as expressed in its literature, its manners and morals, and its public opinion; he is open-minded and impressionable to every influence that makes for progress in thought and conduct. His utterances are marked by an impressive moral earnestness, by a noble loyalty to the historic mind and spirit of the Church, and by a sweet asceticism which never fails to take account of the limitations of human nature or the special disadvantages and temptations of countries and times. Little wonder, then, that there should be a popular demand not only for his sermons and addresses of an occasional nature, but also for the pastoral letters* through which some of his best thought has been delivered. The brief preface with which Mgr. Hedley himself introduces the volume had better be reprinted as it stands:

"Many friends having expressed a wish to have a complete edition of the pastoral letters of the past twenty-two years, I here offer to them and to the public a reprint of the principal ones. I have made some slight alterations and corrections, and have, in one or two instances, joined one or more letters together under the same heading.

* "A Bishop and His Flock." By John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B., Bishop of Newport. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

"The treatment of some important subjects will no doubt be found to be somewhat summary and fragmentary; but the volume may serve as a memorial of pastoral work and aspiration during nearly a quarter of a century."

It is with the double purpose of bringing some of Bishop Hedley's wise counsels home to all our readers, and of arousing an interest in the book itself, that we venture to make some lengthy excerpts from it. While dispensing with the quotation marks, we prefer to let the Bishop speak for himself rather than attempt to paraphrase thought so excellently expressed.

I.—FAITH.

The Catholic flock, in this country, have no desire to disbelieve, doubt, or discuss the great truths of the Catholic faith, and little temptation to do so. They repeat their Creed with devotion; they accept their catechism with filial duty, and they are happy to guide themselves by the ordinary teaching of the Catholic Church as proposed to them day by day from the altar. But there are two important points which may here be urged. First, is it not true that Catholics are much too negligent in *learning* their faith? It is very praiseworthy to be prepared to accept whatever the Church proposes; but it would be still better to take the trouble to acquire a wide and accurate knowledge of those sublime revelations, those salutary doctrines, and those most useful laws and precepts, which it is the office of the Catholic Church to proclaim aloud to an indifferent world. Doctrine, as we are taught in Holy Scripture, is intended for edification. Dogma, definitions, articles of belief, are not mere learned talk or abstract knowledge: they are meant to draw men to Christ, and to lead them to their heavenly country. The more we know about God and the Church, about Jesus Christ, the sacraments, our Blessed Lady and the

saints, the more are we stimulated to the love of God, to the detestation of sin, and to the practice of piety.

It is not enough to have learned our catechism in the days of childhood: a Catholic should never cease to learn his religion and to meditate upon it. That is the reason why the Church insists so strongly on her priests giving regular and careful instruction from the altar, and especially on their frequently explaining the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. All Catholics, therefore, should consider it a duty to attend sermons and instructions in the church. Those who have leisure should read. It is easy—for a very small sum—to acquire books and leaflets on all the points of Catholic faith. There are amongst us numbers of men and women, more or less educated, to whom their own holy religion is known very vaguely and superficially, and to whom its real riches and splendor are as strange and foreign as the interior of the Empire of China. Can we expect that those who know so little of their Redeemer's kingdom should either love Him warmly or serve Him loyally?

The other point is this—that Catholics should not omit to make, or elicit, *acts* of faith. To lift up the heart to God in the ardent expression of our faith is to worship Him, to give Him honor and gratitude; to strengthen in our souls the faith that we have, and to merit divine grace for its protection and its practice. Therefore, on Sundays, and daily in our morning and night prayers, there should be devout utterance of our faith in God and in His Church, and of our pious acceptance of the great mysteries of revelation.

The *external profession* of our faith has great and special difficulties in a country like this. We live in the midst of unbelief. There are those who deny Christianity altogether, and those who deny what we hold to be essential doctrines of Christianity. You are well aware that in all ages it has been, and

is, the teaching of Catholicism that there is "no salvation outside of the Church." By this we mean, first, that any one who, formally and with sufficient information, rejects the divine authority of Christ's teaching Church commits a grievous sin against God; and, next, that the means of salvation are ordinarily found only in the Church. Thus we can not help looking upon the unbelief around us as a dishonor to God, as a sinful and lamentable state, and as the worst of misfortunes to all who are affected by it. Non-Catholics in general, with their so-called churches, sects, associations, and organizations, are, to a Catholic, a rebel host—rebels against God and His Church,—with whom, in religious matters, there can be no truce, no treaty, no transaction....

Thirdly, it is the duty of Catholics to forward the conversion of Protestants by giving them good example. There are two ways of "scandalizing" non-Catholics and keeping them back from Catholicism. One is by what is ordinarily called bad conduct—by an evil life: by drunkenness, immorality, dishonesty, and uncharitableness. It is not fair to judge of a religion by the bad behavior of Catholics in this or that country. The Church, viewed as a world-wide kingdom, furnishes an ample demonstration of her right to be called *holy*: but, as a fact, the people of South Wales judge her by the behavior of the Catholics of South Wales. We have, therefore, the serious responsibility of living so as to cause men to honor our holy faith. Any man or woman who misbehaves is undoubtedly answerable for the sneers, contempt, and disregard which are too often directed against the religion that we love.

The second way of preventing Protestants from approaching the Church is by letting them see, or giving them reason to think, that we consider one religion as good as another. This may easily be done, and there are many

Catholics who make very little account of it. For example, there are Catholics who do not scruple to attend Protestant religious services. We have already seen that Protestantism is a revolt against God, and God's law....

For a similar reason it is wrong to assist Protestantism by money, influence, or patronage; for example, to lay the foundation-stone of a Protestant place of worship, or to assist at the opening of such places; to support concerts or bazaars which are for distinctly Protestant purposes; to subscribe for the erection or repair of Protestant churches, or to take part in entertainments promoted for such objects. The reason why these things are sins against the faith is partly because whenever a thing is wrong, co-operation in it is wrong also; but chiefly because when such things are done, both Protestants and Catholics (especially the less educated Catholics) are led to think that those who do them are indifferent to their holy religion, and probably consider one religion as good as another.

This is a grievous scandal. It is conduct of this kind which ruins the Catholic cause, by destroying Catholic principle and introducing a laxity in faith which leads to apostasy. It is true that non-Catholics are often extremely kind in helping Catholic churches and schools, and that it is hard for a Catholic to refuse to make the return they sometimes seem to expect. But in these matters we must make up our minds, if necessary, to suffer patiently the stigma of "bigotry." No Catholic can be a Catholic at all without being "intolerant" of Protestantism, even while loving and admiring individual Protestants. And, besides, their view is different from ours. They, on their principles, need not be—can not be—exclusive, as we must be. They can not, therefore, reasonably be offended if Catholics ask and accept their help for religious purposes and yet decline to help them in return.

II.—ZEAL AND EXAMPLE.

This law of the love of one another, whose springs are so deep within us, and whose streams have been so solemnly consecrated by Jesus Christ, covers the whole of this universe which man inhabits. Few men or women—we may truly say none—can avoid the influence of other men and women. We all have neighbors; and our neighbors may help us to bliss and happiness, or they may sink us to everlasting ruin. Each of us has the responsibility of the souls which are near him. Our words and example, our acts and omissions, must influence for good or for evil all who cross our path. If we are not with Christ, we are against Him; if we do not gather, we scatter. There is no escape from the law of brotherly love.

Moreover, as has been said, our love of our neighbor is a test of our love of God. Every interior act must be tried by an outward test, if we would be sure that it is genuine. Love, worship, contrition,—these are acts of the heart, and there is abundant room for delusion in their exercise. To prove our love we must keep the Commandments. No sighs and tears, no bending of the knee or bowing of the head, no protestations or ejaculations, will avail before God unless we also do as He orders us. And let us observe that this proof or test is not required for Almighty God (who can read our hearts), but for ourselves. Our human nature wants it in order to be sure that its interior emotions are genuine. Thus, God has proclaimed that He will take our behavior to one another as a test of our dispositions toward Himself. True Christians understand this. They are not content with devout feelings, or with prayers said smoothly and comfortably: they put down their prayer-books and come out and find the poor man; they visit the house of want and of sickness; they seek out the

neglected child; they put their hands in their pockets and help the missionary; and if they feel they have to make an effort to do these duties of charity, they recognize how easily their religion might have been a sham unless Christ had ordered them to minister to His little ones....

When we think of the thousands round about us who, by an inscrutable judgment of God, are living without adequate faith, without knowing how to repent of their sins, without the Blessed Sacrament, we must surely, unless we are very poor creatures indeed, be filled with serious thoughts. These non-Catholics are our neighbors; many of them are intimate with us; many are probably among our valued and dear friends. There are men and women of fine natural dispositions, religiously disposed, and not afraid of self-denial and of sacrifice. There are troops of little children, taught in most instances to know the name of Christ, only wanting further definite teaching and the sacraments to secure their final perseverance. All these souls cry out to us for help. Priests and people are answerable to God for them. The priest knows this too well; and whilst he offers prayer and sacrifice, whilst he exhorts, and spends himself, his heart is saddened and his life darkened by the knowledge that the fruit of all his efforts is so small.

But let us take courage, my brethren in the priesthood. Whatever seed is sown must come up. No prayer or apostolic act can possibly be thrown away. Continue to sacrifice, continue to pray. Cease not to explain, with reverent and careful study, the saving word of God. Seek out the well-disposed, as occasion may offer; let zeal teach you a divine skill in attracting the inquirer; remain at your post unwearied, that none who venture near may ever go back empty. For God counteth all your steps, and the bread which you

have thrown on the waters will come back to you. We are not bound to make converts, but we are bound to labor for conversions.

The laity—the members of the flock in general—are bound, on their part, to prayer and to the contribution of labor and money according to their means. Regular prayer for the conversion of the country is a duty on all. We should pray in particular for our immediate friends and neighbors. Without annoying them or making religion ridiculous, we should take opportunities of explaining Catholic teaching and Catholic rites (and for this purpose we ourselves should be well-informed and fully instructed). We should be ready to lend books, and we should promote attendance at church; for the mere presence of the Blessed Sacrament often touches the heart with irresistible grace. Finally, we should in all things lead such a Christian and edifying life as to preach Christ by our actions. The devout man preaches Christ; the sober and temperate man preaches Christ; the honest, the chaste, the church-going, the pure of speech—these are the apostles of our Saviour. This is an apostleship which requires no laying on of hands; it is Our Lord's charge laid on every soul in virtue of that soul's relationship to Himself....

What a field is there lying around us, stretching far on every side, for the zeal and the missionary spirit of Catholics! Many of our priests have but small congregations and but few who recognize their ministry. But they are all of them debtors, as St. Paul said, to a far wider flock: they are, in a certain degree, responsible in their respective districts for all those crowds who frequent church and chapel; for the men and women in the street; for the reckless and indifferent, the honest and the God-fearing, the prejudiced, the doubters, the inquirers, and the lookers-on, who constitute the dense and varied popu-

lation of the land we live in. And if the clergy are primarily answerable for the souls around them, every Catholic family and every Catholic individual must also share in that charge....

Among the means which might and should be employed in the discharge of this great duty—leaving out of the question the direct missionary work of the clergy—may be first mentioned the public and careful profession of the holy Catholic faith. It is often said, and it is an undeniable fact, that the disedifying life of so many Catholics is one of the chief reasons why we gather so few souls into the Church. The prevalence of indifference, worldliness, drunkenness, and dishonesty can not but repel non-Catholics, even those who are no better themselves. The truth is, that the greatest triumph of the devil in a Protestant country is to corrupt and degrade the Catholics. To neglect prayer, to live without Mass or confession and Communion, and to let oneself be carried along with the general stream, giving up, all the week to worldly work, drifting into the habit of degraded amusements, feeding what intelligence one has on the scraps of the newspapers,—this is to desert from the army of Christ. It is to throw away the grandest supernatural motives and the most precious supernatural helps, and to find oneself without even those natural supports of respectability and human respect which so often prevent the outward lives of others from being degraded. This is what a Catholic people have to fear in a non-Catholic country.

Our first duty to those round about us, whom we desire to draw to the sanctuary of the Lord and to the Holy Table of the New Covenant, is to keep ourselves untouched by the unbelief, the religious indifference, and the denial of the supernatural, which grow so rank and so thick over all the soil of a non-Catholic country. It is only the

practical Catholic who can hope to take his share in the journeyings of the Good Shepherd after the straying sheep. It is only the Catholic who knows what his Church is and what she can give him, who will do any good in enlightening and attracting his Protestant friends. It is only the Catholic who keeps the Commandments who will recommend our holy religion to a questioning and a scoffing world.

Intimately bound up with the duty of edification is that of being prepared to instruct others. With the clergy the office of instruction is a pressing and a constant charge. With all classes, in proportion to opportunity and capability, it is a work which, especially in these days, is of the utmost utility in promoting conversions. The friend who knows how to explain to a friend some point of Catholic doctrine, the servant who can give a clear answer to an employer, the young man or young woman who shows careful teaching in the catechism—it can not be estimated how much good such Catholics as these can effect. There are many amongst us who can put into a neighbor's hand a book or a leaflet, that will convey more than can be said by word of mouth. Printed matter of this kind is now abundant. One shilling, one sixpence, or one penny will purchase history, explanation, Lives of the saints, and interesting narrative,—such as we find in the publications of the Catholic Truth Society. And as everybody in these days reads, and wants to read, it is easy to see how much might in this way be done to dissipate the prejudices or dispel the ignorance of Protestants in regard to the doctrines of the faith.

Neither must prayer and intercession ever cease, in public and in private. Every day in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass our Lord Jesus Christ Himself offers to the Father the infinite merits of His expiation and intercession. One Mass would suffice to obtain the grace

of conversion for all the non-Catholics, and all the Jews and heathens of the whole world. Why do so many Masses fail to win them? Because Our Lord is in the hands of His servants. Miracles He works sometimes. But in the ordinary course of His grace, He does not produce outward and visible effects except with the co-operation of His priests and His people. The conversion of the country is, therefore, in our own hands. All must be done by the grace of God. But to open the floodgates of Heaven and to let loose the streams of that mighty Grace is given to the prayers of men. Therefore, never should we assist at Mass without praying for the conversion of non-Catholics.

..

The volume from which these paragraphs are gathered—there are four hundred pages more of equally good reading in it—ought to become a *vade mecum* with the clergy, so comprehensive is the instruction imparted in its thirty-two short chapters, so practical the exhortation, so dynamic the appeal of the ringing periods. And for earnest fathers and mothers what could better serve for spiritual reading? A single chapter like that on "Worldliness" or "Mixed Marriages" or "Reading" or "Sins of the Tongue" ought to cause the book to be treasured as a permanent and most effective missionary in the family. We feel that we can render our readers no better service than by thus prominently calling attention to these substantial and inspiring deliverances of a learned Bishop who understands both the dangers and the duties of the hour, and who labors with a Christlike zeal to prepare his flock to meet them.

SENSE beheld in Jesus of Nazareth a man; intellect, a man endowed with supernatural powers; faith, the Word made Flesh.—*Cardinal Manning.*

In this Sign I Conquer.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

V.

AFTER Anthony and his reverend companion had gone, the days went by in much heaviness. Marmaduke was grievously anxious lest harm might befall his brother; while Dorothea, having taken umbrage at the message sent her by the master of Leigh Hall, would neither receive his visits nor in any way permit him to approach her. Woful would have been Marmaduke's plight, in truth, had he not devoted himself to those manly sports which had ever been his delight: making his horse to run very fast, so that it bore comparison in speed to any in the kingdom; himself leaping and running, and joining in the hunt.

He wrote a letter at this time to the mistress of his heart, which I have found preserved with other old documents:

MADAM AND MOST SWEET LADY:—No poet am I, nor writer of lame iambics such as now men do pen to the fair who hold sway over their affections. Perchance true love is dumb, but you have made of me a being most woful, denying me your presence. As well might the sun withdraw its light. Take pity therefore on me, sweetest Dorothea, and let your beauty shine upon me once more. My heart is very sore, and its greatest smart is that I may have seemed in some sort to merit your displeasure. It has been from weighty reasons alone, touching you no less than myself, that I denied myself the most joyful hastening to do your bidding. Let me come to you to plead my suit; that, seeing the hard estate I am in, deprived of your favor, you may suffer me once more to tell you of my untiring devotion.

Your unhappy

MARMADUKE.

To this missive no answer was returned; and Marmaduke went about with a more downcast mien than ever, applying himself to his out-of-door sports with redoubled vigor.

One morning, however, a month or thereabouts after the departure of Anthony, Marmaduke, sad at heart, walked upon the lawn before the door, pacing to and fro in such fashion as showed clearly the agitation of his mind. The parting with his brother had been bitter, and he knew that Anthony dwelt in hourly peril of his life. Moreover, there was but little doubt that Topcliffe would find matter of accusation against himself, and, perchance, return to clap him into a dungeon. This had mattered little, he once cried out to me in his heaviness of spirit, had it not been for that wayward damsel, more fair than the rose and more full of whimsies than a weather-vane. Marmaduke would find no fault with her. He loved her with a full, honest and manly affection, such as is blessed of God and admired of all men. He would ever make excuses for her waywardness, declaring it was not to be thought of that she should turn aside from all those conquests of her beauty and smile on him alone.

"Love," argued I to myself, spying him from the arched doorway which looked out upon the pleasance,—“love is a most noble passion when it finds lodgment in a noble heart; for then it rises heavenward, carrying with it the mind of man. Alack if this glittering damsel be indeed but a tinsel and no pure metal!”

Even as I thought thus, and as Marmaduke walked disconsolate upon the sward, we heard a sweet voice calling:

“Marmaduke! Marmaduke!”

I saw my dear master turn, his face lighting as though a sunbeam had touched it—and there stood the sweet lady herself. Even my seared heart went out to her in her youthful frankness, clad in a garb somewhat sombre, of

russet brown. Her face was of a most unusual pallor, and her eyes, wide open, seemed as if affrighted. She was sweeter far, more rare and dainty than in her wilful moods; and I make no doubt so my brave Marmaduke thought as he strode over the emerald grass to her side.

"Marmaduke," said the sweet voice, most clear and bell-like, "I have come to you, since you would not come to me. Many times have you asked my hand in marriage. It is yours to-day, provided only there be no delay."

Marmaduke stood spellbound; and I, aghast, thought only of slipping away, lest I should hear more of what was never meant but for one ear alone. I beheld Sir Marmaduke look around him at the sunlight, as though it were some fresh miracle of nature,—as though its joyousness had not before been noted.

"If you will have it so," the damsel went on—but her face was softly flushing now, and her eyes were upon the grass at her feet,—*"I will smile upon your suit. I will be your wife. Old Father Cotton is at the Lodge, and—"*

"Madam," said Marmaduke, stunned as if from a blow, "you will have pity at last on your true-lover? You will marry me?"

"Even so," Mistress Dorothea replied, bowing her head.

"Dorothea," exclaimed Marmaduke, "it is too much! I am but a simple gentleman. I have neither the ready wit nor deft speech of the court gallants. Are your words to be taken in their plain significance?"

"In the plainest," Dorothea responded. "And, Marmaduke, do not delay. Come now. Father Cotton waits."

She looked about her with frightened, birdlike glances, as though fearing the presence of a great danger. But of a sudden Marmaduke remembered.

"Now there are, in truth, reasons for delay," he argued. "Anthony may be taken. I too may be sequestered, led to a dungeon, or worse."

"Am I to be gainsaid once more?" she cried. "I tell you, Marmaduke, the marriage rites shall be performed this day at noon, or they never shall be performed over you and me. I give you fair choice. If you refuse now, you never more shall so much as hold speech with Dorothea Orton."

Marmaduke was conquered.

"Our marriage, sweet lady, will be the crowning happiness of my life," he said; "and, alas! I am too weak to resist this full measure of joy. We shall drain it together, come weal, come woe."

Dorothea's face lighted up.

"That is my brave Sir Marmaduke, my knight, my hero!" she exclaimed. "Anthony knew me better than I knew myself when he declared I could love or wed none other."

So together they went,—a comely pair, methought,—over the pleasance and adown the grassy lane. Marmaduke's fears had vanished; happiness shone on his countenance,—joy at the fair maid's presence, joy in the love of which he was now most assured. Dorothea was happy too, though she had knowledge which clouded her heart's bliss even as a cloud shadows a blue stream. I know not what pretty phrases passed between the two, that honest and gallant gentleman and this lady newly turned aside from the path of idle pleasure-seeking. But it was good to see them walking a sunny pathway to a marriage ceremony which the brave-hearted bride alone knew might be the prelude to a dungeon.

I followed, as my master bade me, being required as a witness at the ceremony. I walked behind the pair, in company with sombre Mistress Brownlow, who was the lady's duenna.

That was a wondrous solemn ceremony in the chapel of the Lodge, which was but an ordinary room where Mass at convenient times could be celebrated. Sir John Orton had never conformed though he had a powerful kinsman who

had done so. This, with the fact that he had never publicly acted in opposition to the authorities, caused him to be left undisturbed.

Now, it was of a verity to shield Sir Marmaduke by the potent protection of her kinsman that Dorothea insisted upon so hasty a marriage. The ill tidings which she had learned from that relative at the court, and which were as yet unknown to Marmaduke himself or to us of the Hall, had led her to this act of rashness, generous and most noble. She stood in high favor, because of her beauty and grace of person, with that high personage, who had esteemed God below Mammon; and though he might be wroth at her marriage, under present circumstances, with a Papist, he would not let her suffer.

The marriage ceremony was short but impressive. The youthful couple knelt earnestly in prayer before and after; Dorothea begging of God to spare them from the dread peril which she knew overhung them, and beseeching that favor of the Most High to enable her to live a true Christian life with the noble gentleman who had given her his affections. All this do I find recorded in her own hand; and though Marmaduke has left no record of his devout sentiments, it is most certain that they did in nowise fall short of those expressed by the newly-made wife.

After the ceremony Marmaduke held his bride's hand a moment, looked earnestly at her and repeated with awestruck voice:

"Till death do us part, my love!"

And the poor lady turned pale at the words, knowing that which was in her mind. Nor could she mar the joy of the moment by revealing as yet the dread truth; but suffered Marmaduke to lead her into the garden, pacing up and down by his side in a half hour of sacred confidence and a love which was surely hallowed. Then, plucking up courage in the strength of their mutual tenderness,

she told him the reason of her unseemly urging of their marriage. Marmaduke would have interrupted her with words of love and gratitude, but she stayed him.

"It is sweet that I am yours, dear Marmaduke," she said gently, "even if it be but for a few short weeks!" (Sir Marmaduke turned deadly pale.) "And sweeter yet that I may share whatever the future holds for you. I shall demand the right, my husband, to remain close at your side in this hour of distress the most considerable of your life."

Marmaduke's fears pointed quickly to the truth, but he waited.

"It is best that you hear it from my lips, my dear love!" she went on. "But, O Marmaduke, Anthony is now in durance, and your own apprehension may follow at any moment!"

For a time Marmaduke was too overcome by the dread tidings concerning his dearest brother to speak or think. But, as his mind recovered its wonted balance, he clasped Dorothea a moment in his arms.

"Noble heart!" he cried out. "But wherefore did Sir John consent to the sacrifice? My wife, my love, you have placed yourself in irrevocable bonds to one who is henceforth a felon, an outlaw, over whom hangs the shadow of the gallows!"

"Marmaduke," said the girl, raising her beautiful eyes toward the heaven that shone most fair above them, as though she took the firmament itself to witness, "rather your wife, were you even a convicted felon, than wedded to the proudest lordling of the court. And now to act!"

They returned to that most spacious apartment where Sir John was pacing up and down with much restlessness and irritation.

"Alas, Sir, why did you permit the sacrifice?" said my young master to him.

"'Twas her own perversity forced me

so to do," answered Sir John. "She vowed she would proceed forthwith to London and have herself apprehended for the succoring of priests and other suspects, if I opposed the marriage, or so much as informed you of what we had heard till you had got the blessing of the priest. The baggage would have kept her word."

He ended with a groan, but Dorothea could not forbear a laugh, which was checked forthwith when she remembered poor Anthony's plight and Marmaduke's imminent danger.

"Time presses!" she cried impetuously. "So, most honored father, we may not discuss what is past and can in nowise be amended. Rather let us turn to the future and consider how my husband and I may save ourselves—if safety be possible—from the clutches of Topcliffe."

Sir John opined that it would, peradventure, be wisest for them to return to Leigh Hall and await events. He urged that there was no proof against Marmaduke for the procuring of his arrest, since Anthony had not been apprehended in his house; that influence might be used at court showing that Marmaduke had but received his brother, who was not yet priested, as the man and not as the ecclesiastic.

But to all these arguments Dorothea turned a deaf ear.

"Let influence be used when Marmaduke is well beyond their reach!" was her cry.

Her father objected that even if flight might be possible—which was doubtful, as the roads were narrowly watched—it would lead to the sequestration of the Leigh property. Dorothea deemed this by far the lesser evil—as, indeed, it was,—and contended that court influence might prevent this, the Ortons being now interested parties. She gave her final decision as follows:

"Let us even be up and away like the gypsies. We may have some hours the start of our pursuers, who will hover

about Marmaduke's domain as crows about carrion flesh. If we be captured, as well in the greenwood or on the seacoast as at Leigh Hall."

The old mischievous fire was in her eyes as she spoke, and it was clear that she relished the adventure as though she had been a scholar escaping from school to a merrymaking. The project did likewise commend itself to Sir Marmaduke, who was of a bold and ardent temperament; and the spice of danger lent coloring to the projected wanderings with his high-spirited and generous lady.

Sir John still groaned at the most certain sequestration of the property.

"They will hold you as a recusant; and, moreover, it is præmunire to shelter a priest or any one of a religious calling."

"Our kinsman will save the property, dearest father, for your sake and mine," said Dorothea, hopefully. And in truth at that moment the property counted but little in her eyes with the urgent need to deliver Marmaduke and herself from the hands of the pursuivants.

"I will do all in my power, my child, to protect you from the consequences of your acts," Sir John declared. "But you must not count too much on the using of our kinsman's influence or its owner to save you."

Then Mistress Dorothea Leigh knelt down beside her father's chair, and Sir Marmaduke knelt beside her.

"Now give us your benison, honored father, and let us fare forth upon our travels, as goodman Finch and his goodwife."

She chose the name which first occurred to her mind, and her father and Sir Marmaduke smiled at the sound of it.

"We will wear a disguise," Dorothea continued, "and we will seek a hiding-place now here, now there. When the pursuivants appear at the Hall, they will discover the bird to have flown; and the answer to their queries must be that Sir Marmaduke is gone upon his

wedding journey with the daughter of Sir John Orton, which will remove the imputation of flight; also that he may be many weeks absent, as he was minded to visit the French Kingdom and the Low Countries before his return."

Sir John, laboring under a deep emotion, gave the paternal benediction to the handsome young couple before him, and begged of God to send them good fortune and deliver them safely from their ill plight.

Scarce an hour and a half had elapsed before all arrangements were made. Mistress Dorothea had exchanged her kirtle of ginger-colored satin, with petticoat of quilted taffeta, for a plain waistcoat of prune-colored cloth and petticoat of the same, which might have been affected by a farmer's daughter; while her beauteous tresses, released from their gold net, were concealed under a close-fitting cap of sad-colored velvet. Sir Marmaduke, in a plain doublet of green linsey, corduroy breeches, and a velvet bonnet with no other ornament than a turkey feather, was still marvellously handsome and of excellent proportions. Nor was my dear lady less wondrously fair in this disguise of a Devonshire peasant. And thus the two set out, young lovers in the sweetness of their Maytime, and, I dare be sworn, forgetting the peril and privations that awaited them, joyous as two performers in a mimic masque.

Dorothea called backward to Sir John, who stood and watched them with a mien that was sad enough, and yet half smiling:

"Goodman Finch and his goodwife's humble duty to you, most noble Sir John!"

She waved a kindly hand to me and smiled; and her smile was with me all that day as a ray of morning sunlight, and warmed my old heart even when the shadows gathered darkly, as I took my lonely way homeward to Leigh Castle.

(To be continued.)

Past Delight.

BY MARION MUIR.

O DAYS that were so sweet,—
That were, and are no more!

As silken breezes greet
The sailor nearing shore

With scent of roses blown,
And breath of leaves gone by,
The happiness once known,
Will not completely die.

The exquisite perfume
Of lily buds at noon,
The evanescent bloom
Of dappled hills in June;

The saffron of the dawn,
The shaken sweets of trees,
The twilight-circled lawn
Among the homing bees;

The golden, swift sunbeam,
The silver sweeping spray,—
Are woven in a dream
That will not pass away.

Tuckernuck.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.

MORNING,—a dark gray morning,
and the rain beating furiously upon the roof and dancing upon the quarter-deck in a thousand little waterspouts an inch or more in height. The lagoon looks as if it were paved with corrugated iron. No sails in sight; we are walled in by the sheets of the pelting shower. Why am I not depressed? I am not; I am not even damp or faint hearted. "Into each life some rain must fall," and I love rain as much as the flowers and the grass love it. God bless me and enlighten me that I may appreciate His blessings! Doubtless, if considered from the right point of view, there is in reality nothing that is not a blessing in the end.

I am so happy I can not realize that

it is I. Perhaps it is thus the prisoner who has served his time feels when he turns his back upon his solitary cell and goes forth a free man. He does not realize the situation—the great change that has come into his life; he will not be able to for a long time to come. The old fear, the old dread, the old sense of helplessness and hopelessness will return to him, and haunt him day after day week after week, month after month.

I can not fully realize it—the change that has come to me. I want to get up and pinch myself, and laugh and sing and shout for very joy. Yet all this but little comprehended condition—the new atmosphere—is not to be expressed in that way or in any way. One must absorb it and get used to it and live up to it, and become a new man for its sake. The old man is to be shuffled off and cast aside; for now we live for the first time, having arisen from conscious death to conscious life.

Can it be the association of ideas, of memories, that so elates me? Am I bewitched with thinking on Crusoe's Island or on the dear dead days in old Hawaii, now gone forever? There are no palms here; there are no grass houses filled with fragrant mats. I do not hear the soft voices of the Hawaiians lifted in sad, sweet song; I do not even hear the faint and far-away wail of joy or sorrow floating down upon the winds. But there are good salt-breezes blowing over the bungalow, and the sea-gulls hover about our eaves, and we are ever within sound of the sea. There are floating gardens of sea-grass tossing on the waves yonder, and hanging gardens of sea-fed flowers stretching to the very brink of the bluff, and roof-gardens of sea-green moss hanging upon our peaks and gables. Ah, me! this island of islands, with all the delicacies of the season injected into my solitude, and three serving-men to whisper me at intervals: "How sweet is solitude!"

How is it possible to turn over the pages of a Crusoe journal without finding it monotonous? Yet, as this is a kind of study of human nature left comparatively alone with Nature's self, I'll make a few excerpts just as they come, one after another, from hour to hour or day to day.

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So gray the sea, so green the grass, so silvery the shower—falling gently or briskly. Oh, it is delicious! Read three books; wrote three letters; ate three meals; walked three thousand paces on the veranda deck,—so passed the day away.

I have a new joy in life—a cruel one. This morning I found on my writing table a box like a large music-box. The open side of it was enclosed with fine wire gauze, making a kind of conservatory; the opposite covered with a curved glass that was scrupulously clean. Between these two sides, uncovered at the top, was a square cylinder, the length of the box; this turned, mechanically, very slowly toward the glass; and each corner of the cylinder as it slipped under the glass swept all before it. The four sides of the cylinder were moistened with syrup or sweetened water. This excited my curiosity and I began to watch it. Fly after fly lit on the cylinder and sipped of its sweets; the cylinder turned so slowly that the flies were borne unconsciously under that curved crystal, and found themselves very shortly in a kind of dungeon keep, out of which there was no escape save through a small hole, that ushered them into the wired chamber which was the death chamber. But the wholesale execution took place later, at an unadvertised hour, in a remote part of the bungalow.

O the fool-flies, that constantly pause upon the brink of destruction to sip of the sweets spread there to tempt them! Even within sight and hearing of the wretches in the condemned cell, they offer themselves as frightful examples,

yielding to their appetites until the wheel of fate has lured them past escape. I suppose there is a moral here if one has wit to see it.

Have read with so much profit "Some Fruits of Solitude," by William Penn. An old copy of this book (which has been republished) Robert Louis Stevenson picked up at a bookstall in San Francisco some years ago, and found it charming. It is a book to be read in such a place as this.

Sometimes I am hungry for letters,—so hungry that I can neither eat nor sleep. Then I begin to feel the burden of the silence and I lose all my philosophy. I know that Bacon says: "Little do men perceive what solitude is and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures." Yesterday I knew solitude at its worst. I kept talking to myself and telling this friend and that friend—all absent—long stories about myself. How do men in solitary confinement keep from going mad? This is all on account of a change in the weather. Climatic conditions enslave me. The approach of a storm makes me ill; the very first symptoms have their visible effect upon me. Rain soothes and refreshes my spirit. How glad I am sometimes—clear into my marrow,—yet undemonstrative! My soul is then rapt in an ecstasy of appreciation—a beatitude!

Sometimes I look up from my book and my eye rests upon a vista of enchanting loveliness. Sea and sky in harmonious conjunction; the clouds emphasizing every beauty; the distant sails like pearls set in lapis lazuli. Then I say to myself: "I must look always; I must not lose one moment of this, for it is a glimpse of Paradise." In a moment it has vanished. All perfection visible to the naked eye is momentary. It is not really that we grow weary of it, or lose the effect by becoming too much accustomed to it: it really changes in itself under the infinite variations of

light and shade. I will return to my book, and take a glance at the island world from time to time. That is the safer way.

I heard a sound and went out to inquire into it. That is what it is to live in a Desert Island, an Isle of Voices: just three voices besides mine,—no more than that. I saw no one, but the sound continued. I listened, enraptured: it was an unexpected and surprising sound. Usually there is no sound here save the sigh of the wind, the sob of the sea, and the cry of the sea bird. I thought it was the note of a far-away bell wafted over the water, and a thousand memories were awakened—as if I had been long, very long, asleep. It was the boom of a bee!

Again I heard in the stillness of the night the sound of a bell. It was softer, sweeter, more crystalline than any note that ever fell from any bell. It was like fairy—like angelic music, and literally ravished the ear. Such a bell I heard once before, when its music was borne out of the century-old silence. It is only in a land of silence the deepest and most profound that this celestial note is heard. That bell rang in the tower of a little monastery on the edge of the Desert of Sahara; this one swings in the bell buoy anchored on that distant shore, where the waves rock it night and day the whole year long.

Man Friday has just called me to see one of the surprising results of evolution—a seven-masted schooner. She is passing the island on her maiden voyage, and it is said that the captain has his bride aboard. The newspapers have been heralding the advent of this wonderful boat for some weeks past. All her sail was set. This water nymph is not beautiful but she may be good; she is even larger than the old-fashioned clipper ships with their clouds of canvas, that in the sunshine or the moonlight used to look like a thousand-petalled orchid blown over an azure sea.

The sight of this weird schooner flying past us in a good stiff breeze has filled me with longing for a voyage under sail,—in a fine cabin, with lots of books, and plenty of stationery in the most unstationary of human habitations. Ah, me! “Anon, good nurse.”

The rain is blowing over the moor and spangling the windows with diamonds. Oh, how I love a bit of weather like this! The sea is cold and gray, and slashed with long whitecaps. Cattle are wandering about in an aimless and disinterested way, as if they were merely killing time. Killing time? What do I do when my pen halts and my book blurs before my eyes, and there is nothing special without the bungalow to call me forth? There is always the mechanical flytrap with its fascinating fatality. Why will they never learn to shun danger and death? Why do they attack me viciously, and deliberately bump me seventeen times in the same place? Revenge! This is my revenge!

A moment ago, glancing over the top of the book I was reading—the fascinating “Adventures of Captain Horn,” by the late Frank R. Stockton,—my eye caught a glimpse of Muskeget, the wee little island off to the west of us; and caught it through a defective pane of glass. The little, low island, a mere reef, was wonderfully transformed; it shot up into highlands and peaks, and down into lowlands and valleys that lay between them; the tumbling sea, with its tossing whitecaps, filled in the foreground,—if that can be called foreground which is all water.

A delightful sensation was reawakened after slumbering so long within my breast. I seemed to be on shipboard approaching an island after a voyage of many days. I wondered what manner of men might people it, what life they led there, what shelter they wove for themselves against the elements. The moment was delicious; it was like a dream of the past. How often have

I not looked upon lovely and lonely lands thus rising from the sea! And as I looked my mind and my heart were filled and thrilled with wonder and expectation.

Have just written to a very dear friend: “Do I get lonesome? Yes, sometimes I get lonesome. No man loves solitude—or at least seclusion—more than I do; but I want the key to it, so that I can lock myself in with it or lock myself out of it at a moment’s notice. A seclusion up one or two flights of stairs is what I want, with the legend ‘Not at Home’ conspicuously pasted at the street door.”

Noticed, as I glanced out of the window, a bit of afterglow that was quite ravishing in color. The window framed it and made a picture of it. When I went out onto the lawn to take in the whole horizon, the effect was spoiled. Moral? There certainly is one, and a good one too.

A great fog is sweeping over the land. It is very beautiful; it has rolled down to our fence and gathered under the bluff, so that the sea is no longer visible. There is a rainbow—or a fog-bow which is like the ghost of a rainbow. One end touches the grass just beyond the fence—is the crock of gold buried at the foot of it, I wonder?—the other end of the arch is in the sea not far away. There are wonderful effects of light and shade; for the fog keeps passing over and about us, and is sometimes almost transparent, and anon quite opaque, so that the sun is obscured and we know not where we are or whither we are going. This is in reality Cloudland. I begin to feel as if the bungalow were floating in mid-air and I and the others were so many ghosts.

To-day is a real old-fashioned country Sabbath. In itself it is most depressing, most empty, most inexcusable. Why can it not have something of sweetness and light in it,—something that shall impart rest to the weary instead of

boring one to death? There is nothing whatever in this sort of thing that suggests a Divine Creator, or causes one to desire Him, or even to think of Him as a Lord of Loving Kindness.

There is no chapel on the island—never has been one. There is never any religious service of any kind held among these people. The days are undistinguished; there are night and day, a fair day, a foul day, and moonlight—that is all. Poor old Robinson Crusoe! was he ever bored?

Now it comes back to me—the bit of verse I wrote so long ago. To be sure I can recall bits of it only, but these bits I have never been able to forget: so it happens sometimes even in the case of the poorest of poems. I called my lines “Robinson Crusoe: A Dream of Youth”:

The air is warm upon his face;
The wave before him parts with grace;
His sail of woven cocoa-thread
Upon the bended cane is spread;
His light canoe of sandal-wood
Seems conscious of his tranquil mood.

Returning to his still retreat
From breathless calm and noontide heat,
He looks upon his island home,
Its azure depths and wreaths of foam.
Through clustered palms, in purple skies
He sees the mellow moon arise.

The green turf is his ample bed;
He lies upon a goatskin spread;
The arbor shadows dim his sight
And fold him in their dark delight;
The odors of wild blossoms sweep
Upon him in his dreamless sleep.

He threads the river to its source;
He angles in the watercourse;
He tracks the sea bird to her cave;
He harvests coral in the wave;
What heart could restless be imbued
With this delicious solitude?

O happy life of simple ways!
O long recurrence of sweet days!
O incident of sun and shower,
And great event of opening flower!
O watchful Death, that never found
My Crusoe in his hunting ground!

In after years his spirit yearns
To linger in the vale of ferns;
To visit the delightful glen

And clamber with his goats again;
To trap the turtle drifting slow
And sleeping, while the tide is low.

The busy seasons can not wean
His heart from longing; though between
The wild and wilful waters play—
He watches for his isle by day;
Beyond the ocean seems to gloam
The shadow of his island home.

The sun is sinking in the west:
His dumb companions seek their nest;
He sighs to see that valley dim
While golden stars are watching him;
He weeps to tread again that soil
Beyond the reach of time and toil.

And shall it come to this with me when I have left the bungalow and all its peculiar attractions? Only the other day I sat for an hour on the bluff watching a little point of moist sand, that would have looked lonesome enough but that a solitary crane stood motionless upon the extreme edge of it. This crane was of a snowy whiteness and shone like silver; its bill was thrust into its bosom; one leg was drawn up under its wing, like a crutch no longer in use. It made not the slightest movement so long as I watched it. Indeed, it looked like a statuette of frosted silver erected in memory of the peace, tranquillity, silence and utter repose which I had so long enjoyed and which I was about to depart from; leaving all these and ever so much more far, far behind me in Tuckernuck,—beloved Tuckernuck the fabulous, the forbidden.

(The End.)

BEGIN each day with Alfred's prayer, *Fiat voluntas tua*, resolving that you will stand to it, and that nothing that happens in the course of the day shall displease you. Then set to any work you have in hand with the sifted and purified resolution that ambition shall not mix with it, nor love of gain, nor desire of pleasure more than is appointed for you; and that no anxiety shall touch you as to its issue, nor any impatience nor regret if it fail.—*Ruskin*.

The Lawyer-Saint of Brittany.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

(CONCLUSION.)

MANY miracles were wrought by St. Yves during his lifetime. He healed the sick and cast out devils, as did the Apostles of old; food multiplied beneath his hand and rivers parted before his feet. Like St. Gregory and other saints, he too sometimes "entertained angels unawares." One day, after he had made his usual distribution of bread to the poor, a particularly loathsome beggar presented himself, too late to receive alms with the others; whereupon Yves took him to his own table and made him eat from the same plate with him. When the man had eaten a little, he rose from the table, went toward the door, and then turned to his host. "Farewell!" he said, speaking (as is specially noted by the chronicler) not in French but in the Breton tongue. "May the Lord be with you!" And as he spoke he grew radiant in wondrous beauty, so white and shining that the whole house was filled with his light. And as he disappeared St. Yves burst into tears, exclaiming: "Now I know that the messenger of the Lord has been among us!"

Perhaps the quaintest of the popular legends surrounding his name, and undoubtedly the most uncommon, are those which tell of his lawyer-life—that passion for justice which has made his name the synonym for all that is at once sagacious and chivalrous; a kind of legal knight-errant, ever espousing the cause of the poor against the rich, of the weak against the strong, of Right downtrodden against Might the oppressor. One of these, very illustrative of the manners of the times, is as follows.

On a certain day St. Yves came to Tours on some legal business, and went to lodge at a hostelry where he had

been accustomed to put up, and was therefore acquainted with the hostess. On his arrival he found the good woman in a terrible state of distress, and asked what ailed her. "O sir," she said, "I am a ruined woman! I have been summoned before the judge by a wicked man, and to-morrow I shall be forced to pay twelve hundred gold *écus*, which I can not do without selling all my possessions." The saint spoke words of comfort to her, and asked her to give him some particulars of the case, which she did: saying that about two months before, there came to her inn two well-dressed men, representing themselves as merchants. On their arrival they brought with them an iron coffer, locked, and very heavy, which they placed in her keeping, charging her not to deliver it up to either one of them in the absence of the other. This she promised, and they left the box with her.

After five or six days, as she was standing one evening at her own door, she saw these two "merchants," with some other men, walking along the road, and they called out to her that she must prepare them some supper. When they had passed, one of the two turned back and said: "Good hostess, give me our box, for we have to make a payment from it to those merchants whom you saw with us." So she fetched the box and gave it to him, and he went away with it. By and by the other man appeared and asked if she had seen his companion. "No," said she, "I have not seen him since I gave him the box."—"You have given him the box?" exclaimed the man. "Then I am ruined!" And he proceeded to upbraid her in the strongest terms, saying that she had been forbidden to give up the box to either one of them alone. He summoned her to court, and related on oath what had occurred, declaring that the box contained twelve hundred pieces of gold besides valuable

papers. "And to-morrow," the woman concluded, "judgment will be given, and I shall be condemned."

St. Yves, after interviewing her lawyer and finding that everything was as she had stated, accompanied her to the court next day and asked permission to take up her case. This being granted, he said:

"My lord the judge, I have to bring to your notice a fresh piece of evidence which has transpired since yesterday, and which must materially affect your judgment. It is that, thanks be to God! the box in question has been found, and shall be shown as evidence in due time by the defendant."

On this, the counsel for the prosecution demanded that the box should be brought into court at once, or judgment be given against the landlady.

"My lord," answered the undaunted Yves, "the express injunction of the prosecutor and his companion on giving the box to their landlady's custody was that it should not be given up to either one of them save in the presence of both. Let, therefore, the prosecutor summon his companion, and in their joint presence she will produce the box."

The judge agreed that this demand was just, and at his decision the *soi-disant* merchant turned pale and became evidently much disconcerted, so that all eyes were riveted on him, and suspicion grew strong. He was detained in custody while awaiting further evidence. And it finally transpired that the famous box had been filled, not with gold pieces, but with iron nails, and that the whole transaction was a concerted plot for extorting money from the poor woman. The pretended merchant confessed his guilt and was punished rigorously.

It was this marvellous combination of sagacity and benevolence—the lawyer's wit joined to a saint's all-embracing charity—which has won for Yves of Brittany such passionate and enduring devotion that he is looked upon by the descendants of those whom he

succored in their need as something more than half divine,—a wonder-worker like the Christophers and Thaumaturgi of old. In the popular mind he grew to be almost ubiquitous. Whenever the poor were slighted, the feeble wronged, there stood Yves at their side, ready, not with the sword of St. George or the spear of St. Michael, but with the one magic word—justice! And human malice failed and plotters owned themselves outwitted when Yves de Kermartin entered the lists against their most skilful combinations.

There is, however, a darker side, and one which can not altogether be omitted, to this touching story of six centuries of a people's gratitude, since Yves the lawyer passed from town to town of his native Brittany, bringing justice and peace to all. The Bretons are, as we have said, essentially a conservative race: they are slow, stolid, difficult to teach or to convince. But when once an idea, a thought, a faith has penetrated the heavy but tenacious soil of their understanding, it remains there ineradicably fixed for good or ill. What they have been taught in childhood, that they do; what their fathers worshiped, to that they cling. It is, in some respects, a safeguard and a precious instinct; only, as indeed our enemies are apt to remind us, popular faith is liable to degenerate into superstition; and it seems that the devotion to St. Yves is not free from this defect.

Among the untutored minds of the lower classes there has sprung up, and still lurks in spite of the "culture" of our day, a curious perversion of true devotion. The peasants of Brittany believe in two St. Yves: one, the true, historic man, St. Yves de Kermartin, patron and protector of the poor and the oppressed; the other is called St. Yves de Vérité. St. Yves de Vérité is a kind of fetish, a creation of superstition and fear, a name to be whispered with shuddering awe. The litigant of an

earlier day, believing in the justice of his cause, would boldly invoke St. Yves to obtain for him a favorable verdict. But the peasant of modern times, gleaned from the past faint echoes of some of those magnificent appeals to the Supreme Justice which were made by the lawyer-saint, now calls upon St. Yves de Vérité for vengeance rather than justice. If any wrong is done him, if the author of some theft can not be discovered, or trespasser tracked and punished, the aggrieved peasant calls out a solemn summons to his adversary to appear before St. Yves de Vérité; and it is believed that whoever is in the wrong will die within the year by the hand of the Saint of Brittany.

Strange attribute, that of a dark and gloomy vengeance, to be given to one who lived so gracious a life, who died so gentle a death, that, as the old story gives it, the first intimation of his approaching end came from his own lips to his people, when, "conversing one day with a pious member of his flock, the Dame de Keranvais, he told her that he believed the end of his earthly career to be at hand." She was struck with consternation at his announcement, and begged him not to ask, not even to wish, for what would be to his people such an irreparable loss. But he answered her quaintly and solemnly: "Madame, will you not let me think of my own interest as well as yours? You would feel glad,—would you not?—if you had overcome an enemy. I feel the same gladness at the approach of death, since I know that my enemy is at last conquered by God's grace."

And so it came to pass that after this he grew weaker and weaker for some days, without any apparent cause, till all could see that his end was at hand. On the eve of the Ascension, though too weak to dress himself, he said his last Mass and heard his last confession; then, completely exhausted,

he sank on his rude bed to rise no more. His brethren entreated him to let them put a little straw under him and rest his head on a pillow; but he refused, saying that he was not worthy of such indulgence, and that he was more at ease, as he was accustomed to lie with only a stone to support his head. Then he began to speak to those about him of spiritual things, refusing to call in any doctor, and saying he desired no physician save Jesus Christ. And so he lay for three days, his life ebbing slowly away; until, feeling himself near the end, he asked for and received the Last Sacraments. He joined fervently in the prayers said over him, and then remained rapt in contemplation throughout the remaining hours, until, on the Sunday after Ascension Day, May 19, 1303, he fell asleep without a struggle.

After his death his face seemed to grow in sweetness, beauty, and even lifelike coloring; little wondered at, however, by the crowd which thronged about his remains in the cathedral, since they already regarded him as a saint. The clothes in which he died were distributed among his followers and penitents; and the multitude pressed round his body to kiss and touch it with the rings, rosaries, and other pious objects which they had brought.

Yves was then interred in the Cathedral of Tréguier, with all the pomp and ceremony with which a mourning bishop and chapter could testify to their sense of loss. And as the Requiem Mass on the seventh day after his decease—called the "seventh-day service"—was being sung, one of the nobles of the diocese, the Chevalier Alain de Keranvais, perceived a young man prostrate upon the newly closed tomb, and asked him what he did there. The youth replied that he had come blind to the tomb and had there recovered his sight. And thus began the long and unceasing succession of miracles which have con-

tinued from that day to this round the shrine of the lawyer-saint. For some unexplained reason the processes and formalities necessary for canonization, begun soon after his death, lasted for many years; and it was not until St. Yves himself appeared to the then reigning Pope, Clement VI., in a vision—according to certain chroniclers—and upbraided him for the lengthened delay, that Yves de Kermartin, lawyer and secular priest, was raised to the altars of the Church on the 19th of May, in the year 1347.

From the moment of his canonization churches, chapels, shrines, confraternities, were everywhere placed under his invocation, and his name became a household word throughout France as well as in his native province. Even in Rome, where every nation has its own church, its national shrine, that of the Bretons, in the Via Ripetta, bears on its portals the significant inscription: "In the year 1568 the nation of Brittany restored this church, already consecrated to St. Yves of Tréguier, the advocate of the poor and of the widow." More than one confraternity of lawyers in Rome and in Paris met, or perhaps still meets, under his name and patronage. The ancient Cathedral of Paris had a special Office of St. Yves in its Breviary; and, as Froissart relates, the Bretons took the very name of Yves for their war cry, as the French that of St. Denys.

In the minds of the unlettered peasantry the quaintest of legends sprang up, to keep green the memory of the man who in life had suffered and pleaded for them in days when the populace were of small account, and oppression and injustice reigned almost unchecked. Some of the strangest stories ever told of a canonized saint have been crystallized into popular legends, such as "How St. Yves entered Heaven." Among the crowd of souls who were entering the gates of Paradise, Yves slipped in without being noticed. St. Peter, the

doorkeeper, finding this out, wished to eject him; but St. Yves declared, lawyer-wise, that having once obtained possession he could be turned out only by a *huissier*, or bailiff. St. Peter recognized the justice of this, and immediately went all over Paradise hunting for a *huissier*,—but in vain, for no *huissier* had ever entered heaven! So Yves was permitted to remain there.

One is tempted to suggest that the author of this legend must have been an Irishman instead of a Breton; and the fine irony of the next must surely have originated farther East than Finisterre.

When Yves died, he presented himself at St. Peter's gate in company with a number of nuns. "Who are you?" asked St. Peter of one of them.—"A religious," she replied.—"Oh, go to Purgatory for awhile! We have nuns enough here."—Then to Yves: "And who are you?"—"A lawyer."—"Ah, we have none of these, so come in!"

So it is as lawyer that his name is remembered amongst his people; although he was also the only secular priest, the only *curé de campagne*, who was ever raised to the altars in historic times. And within his shrine in the Cathedral of Tréguier, in Lower Brittany, once sacked and destroyed at the great Revolution, but now restored to its pristine glory, his relics still lie awaiting their glorious resurrection.

THE Protestant does not become a Catholic in order to retain what he already has, but in order to get what he has not. And to arrest his attention and induce him to investigate the claims of our religion, we must hold out to him, not what we have in common with him, but what we have which he has not, and can not have unless he becomes one of us. Few men will abjure Protestantism for the sake of receiving it back under the name of Catholicity.

—Brownson.

Love of the Blessed Virgin in Ireland.

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.

DOUBTLESS the explanation of the miracle of the invincible Catholicity of the Irish people is to be found in their great devotion to the Mother of God. A divine inheritance, it has come down to them unchanged through all the ages, through centuries of cruelest persecution, with never a link in its golden chain severed. Under Providence, it was the anchor by which the faith was held fast throughout the perils of the storms. Not all the terrors of the most iniquitous penal enactments could make the people deny their God and His Blessed Mother, as they themselves would say.

No prayer is more efficacious to their minds, sweeter to their ears, readier to their lips, dearer to the Irish heart, than the simple but inspiring "Hail Mary." Could they by any possibility have been deprived of the power and grace, and charm of that touching invocation—fragrant with the incense of benediction, and breathing of love and hope and happiness,—all the faith, if not all the virtue, of the Irish might have long since disappeared. One almost fears to think what they might have become. So intensely Catholic a people might have lost their spirituality, become dechristianized, have abandoned their beautiful ideals and grown irreligious.

The child at its mother's knee would then no longer, with hands joined, lisp the prayer which so sweetly appeals to, so tenderly touches the infantile heart; nor would the young imagination see in the azure-blue of the noontide sky, peeping through banks of gold-tinged snowy billows, the mantle of the Queen of Heaven; or in the bright moon at night, her footstool. And later all the flowers of the fields—the hawthorn and primrose, cowslip and daffodil—would

have little interest or meaning; for there would be no rustic altars to adorn. The maiden and the youth would be spiritually motherless, and the aged sink into the grave with feelings bordering on despair. For love of our Blessed Lady is deep-planted in the heart and soul of the nation, growing with the people's growth, strengthening with their strength,—a love intense and inextinguishable, begotten with the inception of Christianity in the land once known as the Island of Saints and Scholars.

Nor does this beautiful, saving devotion flourish less vigorously to-day than ever it has done. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every Irish Catholic child is born a child of Mary. His lowly dwelling is hung with prints representing the Blessed Virgin in the various characters in which the old masters have depicted her, and her shrine fills an honored corner in his humble abode. A member of every family bears the blessed name of Mary. In their morning and evening devotions a special Ave is said in her honor; while in the ordinary salutation in the Gaelic, the name of Mary is coupled with that of our Divine Lord—*Dia's Muire dhuit!*—"God and Mary save you!" *Muire* and not *Maire*, be it observed,—exaltingly to distinguish in the vernacular the great Mother of God from the ordinary human creature. In fact, the old tongue teems with similar instances, demonstrating alike the antiquity and the fervor of the devotion as practised and propagated by the Irish from the time of Patrick's apostleship to the long Pontificate so worthily closed the other day.

Yes, there has been no break in the continuity and fervor of this the most convincing testimony of imperishable Catholic fidelity. On all hands undeniable evidence of this truth exhibits itself; yet not in the remotest degree in a public, ostentatious manner. Whatever

their failings, the Irish most assuredly are not pharisaical in the practice of religion. Hypocrisy is not one of the vices of the race. Rather do they pray according to the spirit of the divine injunction. It is not the lips but the heart that supplicates, communes with Heaven.

Even as we jot down these random impressions we sit—as we might every other day—within earshot of an octogenarian telling her beads in the cool of the shade in the broad noonday. But the soulful words of praise will instantly cease, and the well-worn beads (purely out of a spirit of humility and devotion) magically disappear, if any but a familiar friend breaks in on her privacy. And as with this so is it, universally and equally, with the other informal devotional exercises,—a form of divine praise and thanksgiving most acceptable and efficacious.

Dia agus Muire!—"God and Mary!" The two blessed names are ever indissolubly linked. It is Jesus and Mary with the faithful people through sunshine and storm. In the hour of trial and affliction the aged fly for succor to the feet of Mary with as much readiness and confidence as might a little child to the arms of its mother to quiet its fears and alleviate its sufferings. And the faith and fortitude of the young and the adult are not less ardent and sincere. Whether visited by ill-fortune or assailed by temptation, recourse is always had to Mary as their most powerful intercessor with their Redeemer and Judge. To the Irish Mary is the one bright particular Star in all the firmament of heaven; the Beacon Light which illumines their soul, revivifies their spirit, directs them securely through the tortuous paths of life, leads them to the consummation of their highest hopes and noblest endeavors. Mary is the special patron and powerful protector of the Irish race.

Oh, marvellous faith and truth and

lovingness! Ah, little wonder that the home-life of the Irish should be so pure and edifying; that, generally speaking, so much faith and love and virtue should be found flourishing under the roof-trees in the old land! It can scarce be questioned that it is the sublime influence of the Blessed Virgin which has preserved the religious character of the race so pure. She, above and before all the saints and spirits in heaven, is transcendently their great exemplar: patient, loving, condescending,—yes, patient, loving, condescending.

It is not as the Queen of Heaven, awful in dread majesty, that our Blessed Lady has ever appealed or does appeal to the Irish. Though seeing her with the eyes of faith brilliant as the sun, radiant as heaven, ministered to by myriads of spiritual beings, a sharer in God's eternal glory and infinite delight, yet it is as the Mother of Sympathy and Compassion that the Blessed Virgin is best conceived by them: as the Mother of Sorrows by the afflicted Irish parent, as the humble Handmaid of the Lord by the modest Irish maiden, as the Mother of the Infant Jesus by the imaginative Irish child. Her brilliance never dazzles, her radiance but softly glows; her glory and majesty never awaken fear. She is to them the ever sweet, compassionate, Mother of our Saviour; who never frowns but always kindly looks, never disdains but ever condescends; who hearkens and invites, elevates and purifies; who receives and presents their prayers and petitions,—their constant and most powerful advocate with God.

Dia agus Muire! It is the watchword of the race. The blessed names of Jesus and Mary are engraved in the hearts and minds of the sons and daughters of Erin scattered throughout the wide world, as well as on those dwelling amid the scenes and surroundings—ancient ruined fanes, crumbling historic piles, holy abbeys and blessed wells—consecrated to memory by the genius of

saintly piety, Christian martial glory, erudite scholarship.

Dia agus Muire! In this simple phrase all the theology and philosophy of the ancient race is concentrated, crystallized. It is the sum of their belief, the guarantee of their salvation, the pledge of the Irish people's Catholic fidelity. The sublime utterance is the hourly aspiration of their lives; largely entering as it does into their actions and discourses,—whether variously employed as an expression of good-will, hope, friendship, or of worship. It is used as a thanksgiving at the hour of birth, as an act of faith and homage at the moment of departure,—ushers in the soul to its temporal abode, and wings its flight with it to the realms of life sempiternal.

Dia agus Muire! Yes, yes, believe it, the sacred legend is writ large in Irish history, stamped indelibly on the Irish heart and character. Yonder hoary walls—venerable relics of a one-time monastery, sweet with the perfume of sanctity and learning—still bear the honored title of St. Mary's Priory; and that diminutive shrine in the cluster of bushes on the hillside, whence issue in never-ceasing flow limpid, cool, spring water, and sought as a place of relief, of cure, of miracle, by the blind, the lame, and the paralytic, is known as Lady's Well; while the Litany is sung, and the May processions wend their flower-strewn way through all the churches, with the children of Mary, boys and girls, attired in vestal costume, and the Rosary recited before the poor little altar in every cot throughout the land.

The very atmosphere, as it were, is impregnated with the fragrance, and the soil sown with the seed of the devotion. The ancient hills and romantic glades of Ireland are stored with it; the praises of Mary are sung everywhere; both things and people honor the Redeemer's Mother, hail her forever Blessed. The gleaners in the fields and the workers in

the towns and cities are enrolled in her confraternities, and the beads are the most cherished possession of the people's poor personal belongings; which, associated with them in life, are not to be parted from them in death, but are laid in their graves and mingle with their ashes.

Oh, the soil of Ireland is holy! Believe it, the Irish people are good. *Dia agus Muire!* As it has been throughout the ages, so shall it, with God's blessing, be thus for all time with the faithful Irish race.

Two Recent Cures at Lourdes.

THE case of Vital Arthur Frérotte, aged thirty-two, living at 27 Rue St. Julien, Nancy, France, who went to Lourdes with the National Pilgrimage, still attracts much attention. He was in the last stage of pulmonary and intestinal tuberculosis, as was testified by the certificates of Doctors Soignies and Spillmann, of the Nancy hospital, where he had received treatment. For fourteen months previous to his visit to Lourdes he had been confined to bed from excessive weakness, and was unable to rise or even sit up. He inherited this fatal malady from his father, who died of it at the premature age his son had just reached.

On the 15th of June last Frérotte was taken to the tuberculous sanitarium, where he followed the usual regimen of fortifying nourishment, and so forth. At first he was refused admission, for his case was considered hopeless. Expectoration was profuse and purulent; fever and nocturnal sweats were continuous; Koch's bacilli were found in the sputum; the intestinal complications were painful and produced diarrhea; the physicians feared the peritoneum also was affected. The Pilgrimage committee, seeing the poor man in so enfeebled a condition, hesitated to inscribe him on the list of

gratuitous pilgrims; yet by dint of supplication he succeeded in obtaining a ticket.

From the outset of the journey Frérotte seemed to suffer less; notwithstanding the fatigue of the long ride, his faith and patience never wavered, and he was a subject of astonishment and edification to his fellow-travellers. On being taken out of the car at Lourdes, some of the worst symptoms, such as the purulent expectoration, had diminished, and a bath in the piscina produced a beneficial effect. The next day, during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, Frérotte rose from the mattress on which he lay. The Eucharistic miracle was again renewed in his favor. At the Bureau des Constatations the medical men carefully examined and sounded his lungs without discovering the least trace of tuberculosis. A detailed report of this extraordinary cure was accordingly registered.

The Nancy pilgrims numbered more than six hundred; the crowd that came to welcome them on their return was enormous. Frérotte was naturally an object of general interest and congratulations. He was met by his wife and brother. Their joy and emotion can be imagined on seeing him so wondrously restored to health. His cure created a great sensation at Nancy, and many who up to the present were incredulous about the miracles wrought at Lourdes, now declared their belief in them. Some were even heard to exclaim: "Now we believe in God!"

It remains to be said that Mgr. Turinaz, Bishop of Nancy, referred to the cure of M. Frérotte in a pastoral letter. He expressed lively gratitude to God for the favor wrought in behalf of one of his flock. His Lordship is considered one of the most learned of the French bishops, and had made a thorough investigation of this remarkable case.

The following cure is related by the reverend pastor of Bragnerolles, in the

department of Aude, to whose parish the privileged invalid belonged:

"Since July 7, 1902," says Abbé Berge, "when Victorine Dorbic, aged twenty, escaped from accidental suffocation, her health had been seriously affected. Endowed with great energy and sincere piety, she fought as long as she could against the increasing debility; but in March, 1903, she was forced to give up the struggle. A violent attack of fever confined her to bed for two months; her lower limbs became swollen and distorted; the ankles projected on one side, leaving on the opposite side a marked cavity; the heels and knees also became deformed.

"Victorine could not walk without great pain. Her feet were insensible: she did not feel the floor upon which she stood, and the least false movement caused acute suffering. Two eminent physicians treated the case. One pronounced it a form of tuberculous-consumption; the other declared it to be "crippling rheumatism," and sent her to the waters of Carcanières. She returned home much worse. The remedies of earthly doctors proving of no avail, we sought relief from Our Lady of Lourdes, and we obtained it. Thanks be forever to the Most Holy Virgin!

"Arrived at Lourdes on the morning of the 23d of August, with the pilgrimage of the diocese of Carcassonne, the sick girl assisted at Mass with the greatest devotion, and after receiving Holy Communion felt a slight improvement. That afternoon, at four o'clock, I myself took her to the Bureau des Constatations. A medical man examined her carefully—pricked a steel pin in her feet, knees, arms, hands and face,—and convinced himself that sensibility was partially extinct in the body. He deemed the case very serious. After taking minute notes concerning the invalid, he advised her to bathe in the piscina, and insisted that we come to see him the next day.

"On the 24th Victorine took a bath in

the healing water, and the improvement increased to such a degree that she was able to walk easily, even with rapidity. We ascended the Calvary; she preceded the sixteen pilgrims of my parish, accomplishing the feat without experiencing fatigue or pain of any kind. The feet and knees, however, still remained deformed,—strange to say.

"The same evening, at six o'clock, she took a second bath; and on emerging from the water, to the surprise of the nun to whose care I had entrusted her, her whole body was agitated by violent trembling. At the same time her knees and feet straightened, while her ankles returned to their sockets, leaving no trace of the cavities the physician had noted, in my presence, the evening before. The cure was complete, and the crowd, according to custom, shouted enthusiastically, hailing the favored child of Mary on every side.

"We should have had great pleasure in complying with the doctor's request to visit him the next day, as we wished him to witness the miracle; but so dense was the multitude round the Bureau des Constatations that we were forced to abandon the idea. The hour for the torchlight procession was drawing near. We had to hurry off to our evening meal, that we might be able to assist at the procession before taking the train with the pilgrimage of our diocese.

"The cure remains perfect. Victorine Dorbic has resumed her work, and, to the amazement of all my parishioners, feels no pain whatever, even after long walks."

HE that will not obey the laws of God must obey his own passions, which are the worst tyrants; he must obey the words and the humors of others. In short, to serve God is perfect freedom; all else is mere slavery, let the world call it what they please.

—Matthew Arnold.

Notes and Remarks.

There is matter for meditation in the statistics given out by Chancellor Barry regarding the racial and linguistic complexion of the parishes of Chicago. The statistics are these: "English-speaking churches (including one for colored Catholics), 70; German, 34; Polish, 16; Bohemian, 10; Italian, 8; French, 4; Slavonian, 4; Croatian, 4; Lithuanian, 4; Syrian, 1; Dutch, 1." The United States is almost universally set down as one of the Anglo-Saxon nations; and the credit for the vitality, energy, progressiveness and prosperity of our people has commonly been awarded not to the marvellous resources of the country but to the "Anglo-Saxon" blood of the people. As Chicago is of all our cities the most typically American, these church statistics afford a valuable commentary on the peculiar meaning attaching to the hyphenated adjective. Again, certain sectarian clergymen are very unhappy because the name *Catholic* is commonly understood to be the special and peculiar epithet of the Church whose head is the Bishop of Rome. If any of these clergymen can match figures with Father Barry, we shall be glad to admit that the sect of such a one may properly be called a catholic, though not *the* Catholic, Church. The capital C belongs to the Church which holds the capital See of Christendom.

Writing in the London *Guardian*, Mr. Cyril Howell gives some personal impressions of a visit he paid to the Vatican a year previous to the death of Leo XIII. Mr. Howell is one of those zealous Anglicans who, as Pío Nono used to say, ring the bells to call people to church and remain outside themselves. He writes: "In September, 1902, I had the privilege of an audience with Leo XIII., and took the longed-for opportunity of asking his blessing upon those

amongst us Anglicans who prayed for reunion. With that wonderful penetrating glance which no one who has seen it can ever quite forget, he bent forward, caught my hands in his and held them against his heart. 'Ah,' he said, in harsh, distinct French, 'you are one of those Anglicans who wish for reunion with us! See what I do: I take you by the hand and I bless you. And with you I bless all those Anglicans who work and who pray for reunion with the Holy See. Courage!'"

Some time before his death Pope Leo XIII. issued a decree that Protestantism should be crushed out in Italy. It is said that the court of Cardinals summoned a priest and charged him with the duty of leading the fight. He replied: "I shall not make a fool of myself. My Protestant brethren have too much truth for me to undertake to suppress them." And he walked away from the court.

This paragraph is from a Baptist paper published in Texas and presumably edited by a preacher of that sect. It is a fair specimen of the misrepresentation to which many Protestant ministers, especially Methodists and Baptists, constantly resort. It will be an ill day for these men when their "vulgar virulence toward the Catholic Church," as the Rev. Dr. Starbuck calls it, is revealed to their followers. There is still a vast amount of ignorance and prejudice among Protestants in this country, but the time is coming when preachers will no longer dare to bear false witness against Catholics.

It is pretty safe to say that no other Catholic who has had the privilege of an audience with Pius X. has been so vividly impressed by the experience as a young Negro student of the Propaganda. This African youth arrived in Rome recently, in company with one of the White Fathers from the Tanganyika mission. Being present with two of the Fathers at a collective audience in the Vatican on the following Sunday, he

attracted the attention of the Holy Father, who inquired who he was. Informed that the youth had come to Rome to pursue his theological studies, Pius X. regarded him fixedly for some time; then, tracing on the young man's forehead a large cross, he said: "Yes, you will be a priest." He then placed both hands on the youth's curly head and kept them there a moment, as he implored a benediction upon this candidate for the sanctuary. The young Negro had remained silent, but he had contemplated with reverence the Pope who treated him so kindly. "What is your impression?" asked the missionary as the Holy Father moved on. "I think, Father, that there is not on earth another man comparable to him whom I have just seen." A few minutes later, as they were leaving the Vatican, he added: "If I wished to represent to myself our Blessed Saviour, I should willingly figure Him under the image of Pius X."

While rioting and disorder in connection with religious celebrations is to be deplored, we don't know that the physical resistance offered last month in Lyons to an organized band of irreligious rascals by the Catholics who were solemnizing in their usual way the Feast of the Immaculate Conception was an incident over which to mourn very bitterly. There are a good many French bullies nowadays who, counting on the sympathy of governmental officials, insult religion and its ministers with a hardihood that can be adequately met only by physical chastisement administered without any unnecessary delay.

A correspondent of a great London daily, travelling in this country, finds the explanation of the divorce evil in the large social and industrial freedom enjoyed by women in the United States. Whether this be correct or not, there seems to be a growing conviction among

intellectual women that the better sex has already got too far away from strictly home duties and pleasures, and that participation in political life would only hurt woman without helping politics. In the strongest essay we have seen from her pen—it is published in the January *North American Review*—Miss Annie Nathan Meyer says:

Will the woman who quails before the departing cook, stand firm before the District Leader? Will the woman who submits to the tyranny of her volatile dressmaker, resist the voluble Walking Delegate? Will the woman who has made a mess of the domestic question, straighten out the tangles of the industrial and financial world? And, finally, will a woman who has shirked the noblest duty on God's earth, not shirk the lesser duties to which she, strangely enough, aspires?

These questions, of course, are addressed especially to women who have the platform habit; hard-headed, right-hearted men have already answered them to their own satisfaction. We venture to think that even those New Yorkers to whom Tammany is as a stench in their nostrils would not hesitate long if asked to choose between the Lady and the Tiger. But Miss Meyer asks some other questions which are of more practical consequence to both the men and the women of America. For instance:

In the very charge of inferiority launched against men by the women, they present the strongest possible indictment of their own sex. These men, who are so weak, so corrupt, so far below the standard of the women,—had they no mothers? With so many grafters, so many "respectable" tools of a machine, is it possible that a great many women have not betrayed their trust? Do not tell me that the casting of a bit of paper in a box once a year can offset the daily influence of a mother, or that votes can be better gained from a political platform than at the home fireside.

The Anglican Dean of Gloucester has discovered in the oratorio *The Dream of Gerontius* a subtle "Romanizing" influence which he feels obliged to combat. The Catholic words of Cardinal Newman and the Catholic music of Dr. Elgar constitute, it would seem, a danger to the evangelical faith of free-born

Britons. The Dean has pointed out that in the first pages of the libretto the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, the Holy Innocents, and all the saints, is asked for, and has declared that the oratorio may not be rendered in his cathedral without expurgation—which, of course, would ruin it. He acts logically enough in closing his cathedral to *Gerontius*; but, unfortunately, his prohibition would have to be extended to all the masterpieces in all the departments of Christian art, for consistency's sake; and that would be unsatisfactory for the æsthetic members of his flock. The episode shows that the evangelical who would be at once consistent and cultured has a hard road to travel.

The first French painter to depict the handsome countenance of Pius X. will be M. Gabriel Ferrier, an old-time winner of artists' "Prize of Rome." If M. Ferrier succeeds as well with the present Pontiff as did M. Chartran with his predecessor on the Papal throne, a superb portrait, that will be both an artistic masterpiece and a "speaking likeness," will be the result. Even the most mediocre painters will experience little difficulty in executing good-looking pictures of so excellent a subject as is the present Holy Father.

The late General Longstreet was a convert to the Church, like numerous other army and navy officers who won distinction during the Civil War—Rosecrans, Hunt, Stanley, Newton, Stone, Hardie, etc. Many of them were model Christians; in fact, the most pious person we have ever known was an officer of the regular army, who had been a Freemason of high degree. His conversion resulted in many others.

The old legend which forms the theme of Wagner's much-discussed *Parsifal* is familiar to all students of literature, and

has often been used by Christian poets in a way that fully satisfied both the æsthetic and the ethical demands of the severest censors. If one may judge by the verdicts passed by authoritative critics in this country, however, the elaborate performance in New York fails of ethical value. Long ago Alfred Ernest wrote: "I know of but one thing more beautiful than *Parsifal*, and that is any Low Mass in any church." And Mr. J. G. Huneker, whose word goes further than that of any other expert in this field, says of Ernest's remark: "In this sentence the writer puts his finger on the weak spot in *Parsifal*—it lacks sincerity.... With all its grandeur, its theatric pathos, its conjuring of churchly and philosophical motives, its ravishing pictures, its marmoreal attitudes, *Parsifal* falls short of one thing—faith." Wagner, "luxuriously Byzantine in his faiths," was hardly the master to interpret a theme so austere as Christian; yet we are told that it was on bended knees, in a little country church on Good Friday, that he wrote the first notes of *Parsifal*! One thing seems certain: Wagner was altogether right when he insisted so emphatically that *Parsifal* should never be rendered except in his own theatre at Beirut. If people would be content to hear it on bended knees in the spirit of Good Friday, perhaps the seductive scene which forms the basis of the popular objection to it might become not only harmless but even helpful.

The death of Bishop Bradley has been widely mourned, not only in the State of New Hampshire but throughout New England. He was a model prelate, venerated by his own flock and admired by non-Catholics of all classes. An exemplar of every Christian virtue, he was especially distinguished for his spirit of prayer. His manner was that of one who never forgets the presence of God. A priest who lived with him relates that he spent many an hour before the

Blessed Sacrament seeking light and strength. "Though we knew the hour of his rising, we were never sure of the time he retired, so long were these vigils of prayer. Once a priest of the house returning from a sick call after midnight, hastily entering the chapel, stumbled over the Bishop kneeling there in prayer." The blessings which Father McDonald, of happy memory, brought upon the city of Manchester were extended to the whole diocese through Bishop Bradley, who was one of his schoolboys. Peace to their souls!

Apropos of a remark recently made in these columns about the efficacy of the pastoral policy of Pius X. to produce even political reforms, we may quote some words of an observant traveller recently returned from the Eternal City. The Rev. Dr. Wall, of New York, speaking of what his own eyes had witnessed during six months in Rome, says of the effect of the Pope's Sunday afternoon sermons: "Pope Pius is bringing [the people of Rome] to him, is being the pastor of every congregation there. His attitude, which has done so much to popularize the Vatican, has done more to alarm the government than any individual or concrete action since the days of the Temporal Power."

Cardinal Merry del Val has taken possession of his titular church, St. Praxedes. It is recalled in this connection that one of his predecessors therein was St. Charles Borromeo, who, made cardinal when only twenty-two years old, began by serving as Secretary of State for his uncle, Pius IV., at a time when the affairs of the Church gave grave concern to the Sovereign Pontiff. If the youngest of Pius X.'s cardinals retraces in his later career the footsteps of Pius IV.'s youngest cardinal, Rome and the world at large will have reason to rejoice at his elevation to his present eminent position.



Odo the Good.

BY E. BECK.

SAINT ODO was the son of Danish parents, and was born in England in the reign of Alfred the Great. He became a Christian while yet young, and for the sake of his faith he suffered many indignities at the hands of his barbarian father. At length he was obliged to seek the protection of a Saxon nobleman named Athulf. This noble not only gave him the protection he sought: he also placed the youthful Dane under the care of pious and clever teachers; and in due time Odo attained to great proficiency in the Latin and Greek languages, and became known as a fluent writer of both prose and verse.

His patron visited Rome about the year 887, and in that pious pilgrimage Odo was his companion. On the journey Athulf fell grievously ill. Saint Odo procured a cup of water, made the Sign of the Cross over it and gave it to his friend to drink. The nobleman instantly recovered, and at once continued his journey to the Eternal City. Soon after the return to England Athulf died.

That was not the only miracle wrought by the Danish saint. On the death of Edward the Elder, his son, Athelstan, the hero of his day, came to the throne of his race. Historians love to dwell on the beauty, bravery and generosity of Alfred's golden-haired grandson; and they tell how the great Saxon King had girded the lad with a sword set in a golden scabbard and jewel-studded belt. Such was not the weapon, we may surmise, that Athelstan wore when he went forth to encounter the men of Scotland and his hereditary

enemies, the Danes, on the field of Brunanburgh in 937.

To this battlefield, sung of in glorious war-song, the King was accompanied by Odo—who had been elevated to the see of Wilton—and several other bishops. On the battle's eve the Danes entered the Saxon camp unmolested and unnoticed, and, making for the King's tent, slew the Bishop of Sherborne and several nobles. Athelstan armed himself hastily, and in the terrible hand-to-hand struggle that ensued his sword snapped at the hilt. The nobles, panic-stricken and confused, had turned to fly, and the rout of the Saxons was imminent, when Bishop Odo rushed into the thick of the fight. "Your sword is by your side, sire!" he cried; and Athelstan's hand found a wondrous sword attached to his girdle. With that strange gleaming weapon doing good service, the flying soldiers paused and turned: the fright and panic were over. With a great burst of enthusiasm, the Saxon warriors clustered round their King, and in a little while the Danes were the fugitives. The mysterious sword was hung up in the royal treasury, and venerated ever after.

Renowned as Athelstan was in war, he was yet more famed for his piety and humanity. He was generous and open-handed,—“munificent,” the Saxon annalists say, “to God and man.” In the wise laws which he framed may be traced the counsel of the prudent and holy Bishop who was his constant companion.

In 942 Saint Odo was translated to the metropolitan see of Canterbury, and in his high position he enjoyed the confidence of two succeeding kings: Edmund and Edred. In the reign of the former the Archbishop translated the relics of Saint Wilfrid from Ripon to

Canterbury. With Saint Dunstan, he gave to the court of Edred a new religious character; and the King, through the advice of his saintly counsellors, governed so ably and well that he became the "Cæsar of Britain."

In 955 Edred died, and the boy-king Edwy came to the throne. Young, foolish, and luxurious, he was no fitting monarch for the new England just welded together. He had married in defiance of the laws of the Church, and Saint Odo was obliged to declare his union unlawful. Saint Dunstan was banished beyond the sea by the order of the new King; but the revolt of his incensed subjects in Mercia and Northumberland was the signal for Dunstan's recall.

Edwy died in a few years, and Eadgar, his brother, became King. He, too, honored Saint Odo exceedingly. The saint continued to engage in his usual works of piety and penance till his death, which took place in 961, and so won for himself the name by which he is known even now—*Odo se Gode*.

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

VIII.—A NAME FOR THE DOG.

Camille ate with unusual eagerness for a few moments; then, by the light of the lamps, he noticed that his dog was eyeing him with a wistful expression. At every mouthful the boy took the dog got up and wagged his tail; then, seeing that there was nothing for him, he sat down again on his haunches, licked his jaws, and looked so disappointed that Camille exclaimed:

"Poor dog! he is hungry too. I haven't any too much for myself; but no matter, I will share it with him. I have suffered too much to-day not to have pity on everything."

After this conclusion, Camille did not take a single bite without giving one to his dog. The poor beast was overjoyed

at each mouthful offered him. He did not know how to manifest his pleasure; he jumped up and wagged his tail, or rolled over and crawled about at the feet of his new master, regarding him with an expression which seemed to say: "I am your dog now. I belong to you. You saved me, and I will never leave you."

"I'd like very much to know your name, my little friend," said Camille, talking to the dog as if he could understand him. Then, with a quickness of thought belonging only to a child, he began recalling all the dogs' names he had ever known. He named them over, one after another, watching for the least movement of his companion's ears; but the dog made no sign at any of them.

"Perhaps the dogs of Paris have different names from those of Bordeaux," thought the boy.

Just then a man, wearing a cocked hat and a dark blue overcoat, passed by, whistling to a large greyhound and calling "Fox!"

Our spaniel made a bound as if to run to the man; then he came back and lay down at Camille's feet, with a little low growl of pleasure.

"Aha! so your name is Fox?"

The dog wagged his tail in token of assent.

"Well, Fox, we've had our supper, haven't we? But we haven't had anything to drink, and I'm very thirsty. Are you thirsty too?"

As if he understood, the dog started off toward another street, looking back at every step to see if the boy was following him. In this way he led his new master to a public square, in the centre of which stood a fountain. Sparkling water spurted out from its two faucets. The dog began to drink out of the basin and Camille put his mouth to a faucet.

"Thank you!" said the boy, after he had drunk. "I gave you some bread and you have given me water, so we

are even. Now we must manage the best we can for ourselves, and sleep out of doors. Fortunately, it is warm."

As he spoke, Camille sat down on the sidewalk and was cuddling up for a nap, when the man with the blue overcoat, who had been watching him, came up and addressed him.

IX.—THE POLICEMAN AND THE LITTLE VAGABOND.

"What are you doing here at this hour, my little friend? Do you know that it's late?"

"You can see, Monsieur: I'm talking to my dog," replied Camille.

"I thought you were a lost child, but I see by the neatness of your clothes that I was mistaken."

"If I had been a lost child, what would you have done, Monsieur?"

"I should have tried to find out where your parents lived and I would have taken you to them."

"You're very kind," said Camille, rising. "So it is your business to look after children who stray away?"

"I am a policeman."

"And do you take lost children home? But, Monsieur, what do you do when poor lost children have no homes?"

"Then, as homeless children are mostly vagabonds and rogues, I take them to prison."

"But they might not all be vagabonds or rogues. Suppose, for instance, it was a little cousin that a big cousin lost to get rid of?"

Amused, doubtless by the boy's question, the man began to laugh, and answered:

"The big cousin would indeed be a very bad cousin."

"Well, what if it really happened?"

"I should take the little cousin to prison just the same. It's against the law for any one to sleep on the streets; and the prison isn't such a bad or lonesome place. Once there, the little cousin

would be examined; and if no relatives came to claim him, he would be placed in a home where he would be well cared for and taught a trade."

"Would it be like a boarding-school?"

"Not exactly; for he couldn't go away, as he wouldn't be free. Then, too, he wouldn't be allowed to have such a pretty little dog as you have for a companion."

Camille looked thoughtful.

"It's forbidden to sleep on the street," he reflected. "That's strange. But Robinson Crusoe, on his island, didn't worry as to his fate." Then he said aloud:

"I thank you, Monsieur, and bid you good-evening!"

He took his dog under his arm and walked away, thinking hard all the time.

"Really, I am worse off than Robinson Crusoe. Where shall I go to find a place to sleep? If I could only see a house that is abandoned like myself, it would suit me, and Fox too. Isn't that so, doggie?"

Camille had reached this point in his musings when his attention was attracted by a lantern burning in the middle of the street. He saw on his right two houses in process of building, and a scaffolding, in front of which another lantern shed a black, bad-smelling smoke.

"Hello!" he said to himself, joyfully. "Here are two houses without doors or windows and probably without tenants. As there is no one to speak to, no one can refuse me admittance. Let us go in."

The poor boy was deceived in his conjectures, however; for scarcely had he put his foot on the scaffolding when a hoarse voice called out:

"Who goes there?"

Camille's heart nearly stopped beating.

"Some one again to drive me away!" he thought, holding back his dog.

Fox answered the voice with a prolonged growl.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Roman Commission has received among other gifts for the Marian Library a richly-bound volume containing the *Magnificat* in one hundred and fifty different languages. The work is adorned with six chromo-lithographs and each page is surrounded by an illuminated historical border. The book contains also the great masters' musical compositions on Our Lady's Canticle, beginning with an old *Magnificat* of the twelfth or thirteenth century.

—The well-known Abbé Fouard, whose "Life of Christ" is perhaps the best refutation of Renan's rationalistic work on the same subject, died recently at the age of sixty-six. He was honorary professor in the theological faculty of Rouen and a member of the Roman Commission on Biblical Studies. Distinguished not less by the dignity of his private life than by his erudition, Abbé Fouard has been of late years perhaps the most eminent ecclesiastic in the Rouen archdiocese. He was finishing a life of the Evangelist St. John when the death-stroke came, and his loss is deservedly mourned by our French exchanges. *R. I. P.*

—A thoroughly enjoyable satire is "The Literary Guillotine," which is among the recent publications of Mr. John Lane. Besides being ingeniously conceived and very cleverly wrought out, it abounds with good things that will delight every reader who possesses a modicum of taste and scholarly culture,—every reader who, for instance, has got beyond the point of considering Hall Caine and Marie Corelli great writers. The book purports to be "An authorized report of the proceedings before the Literary Emergency Court holden in and for the district of North America." The bench consists of Mark Twain, Oliver Herford, and "Myself," while Charles Battell Loomis is the prosecuting attorney. A score or so of contemporary authors appear before this literary court; and in the guise of moot-trial absurdities not a little keen criticism is directed against the weak points in their armor. The anonymous author knows his multiple subject "from a to izzard," and writes most entertainingly. Clever people will read "The Literary Guillotine" at a sitting, and then regret that the sitting has been all too short.

—To appreciate the importance of Monsignor Wilpert's magnificent volumes on the paintings of the Roman catacombs, Prof. Lanciani says that one must bear in mind the following facts: First, the paintings have been reproduced photographically, the exposure lasting sometimes over two hours; the proofs have then been colored on the spot by a specialist, Prof. Tabanelli, and, lastly, transferred to the zinc plates by the "three-

color" process. In this way Monsignor Wilpert has been able to produce, in the space of two years only, 133 exquisitely colored plates and 134 monochromes. It would have taken De Rossi half a century to do the same work by the old methods, which, besides, did not guarantee in the least accuracy of reproduction. In the second place, Wilpert supplies a complete set of existing cemetery frescoes, including many which had been seen by early explorers and lost, and others which had been almost obliterated by damp, neglect, smoke, or the oxidization of colors. To recover the first, Wilpert has been obliged to undertake special, difficult, and in some cases dangerous excavations; while the second were called back to life by careful manipulations.

—The current *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society contains the concluding half of a very interesting sketch of Dr. William Horner (1793-1853), professor of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, and an exemplary convert to the Faith. The motives which led him into the Church, as well as the deliberation which preceded that step, may be realized from this memorandum made by him in 1833, after three years of hard study and close observation:

Having since August, 1830, read many of their works, scarcely passed a day without some reflection upon them, and observed frequently the moral influence of this religion upon its votaries, I now find myself deliberately, and I think without impulses of mere enthusiasm, at the development of a captivating theory of religious worship, disposed to trust my temporal and eternal fate with theirs. I have risen early in the morning, ere yet the watchman had cried the last hours of his vigil, and in undisturbed solitude, giving my whole heart and understanding to my Maker, prayed fervently that I might be enlightened on this momentous subject, that I might be freed from the errors of an excited imagination, from the allurements of personal friendship, from the prejudices of education, and that I might, under the influences of Divine Grace, be permitted to settle this question upon its true merits. It has been the last subject of reflection before falling to sleep and the object of my thoughts in the interruption to my natural repose.

A footnote by the editor gives the further information that "among our Pennsylvania converts to Mother Church at the time of Dr. Horner's reawakening to the Truth, were Professor George Allen and Professor Samuel S. Haldeman, also of the University of Pennsylvania."

—Mr. Horace White, who has held editorial positions on great papers ever since he entered journalism more than forty years ago, finds nothing but discouragement in the changes that have taken place in the daily press since then. He writes:

When I entered journalism, the press of the country, with only one exception that I can now recall, was clean, dignified and sober-minded. It had various aims in life—aims political, literary, scientific, social, religious, reformatory and

mixed,—which were deemed by the conductors of the papers advantageous to the common weal. To make money by pandering to the vices and follies of the community, and thus adding to the mass of vice and folly, was generally unthinkable.

The yellow journalist, when somebody remonstrates against his practices, says that the fault lies with the public taste: that he merely gives the people what they want. This means that he has made experiments on the public appetite, and has found that he can get more dollars by spreading folly and foulness through the community than by publishing decent news in a decent way. In like manner others have found that they can make more money by keeping pool rooms and disorderly houses than by following the plough or sawing wood. Yet when we have said this—when we have heaped anathemas on the head of the yellow journalist—we have not advanced an inch toward betterment. We stand confronted with the fact that it pays to publish this kind of newspaper, and that, as long as it pays, this kind of newspaper will be published.

Undoubtedly, the desire of the morbid, sensation-loving reader is responsible for the yellow journal, but, as Mr. White hints, the gratification of such a desire, though a lucrative, is not a legitimate business. The owners of such properties ought to be made to feel that they occupy in the public esteem, precisely the same plane as the panderers to any other unwholesome or depraved tendency in human nature.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, *net*.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, *net*.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, *net*.

Problems and Persons. *Wilfrid Ward.* \$4.60, *net*.

The Beginnings of Christianity. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D.* \$2, *net*.

The City of the Kings. *Mrs. Lew Wallace.* \$1.12.

The Symbol of the Apostles. *Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D.* \$1.50, *net*.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. *Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J.* \$1.50, *net*.

Edgar; or, From Atheism to the Full Truth. *Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J.* \$1.25, *net*.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, *net*.

Sketches for Sermons. *Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S.* \$1.25.

On the Priesthood. A Treatise by St. John Chrysostom. 85 cts., *net*.

London Catholic Missions. *Johanna H. Harting.* \$2, *net*.

The Daughter of a Magnate. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.

The Dream of Gerontius. 30 cts.

St. Cuthbert's. *Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J.* 85 cts.

The Ship of State, by those at the Helm. 75 cts., *net*.

Glimpses of Truth. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 88 cts.

The Life and the Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. *P. Justin O'Byrne.* \$1.35, *net*.

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury. *Bernard Ward.* \$1.60, *net*.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Schmid, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; and Rev. Dr. Kilroy, diocese of London.

Mother M. Walburga, of the Sisters of the Holy Child; Mother M. de Chantal, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; Sister Laurienne, Sisters of Charity of Providence; Sister M. Gelasia and Sister M. Geraldine, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Louis Ripberger, of Tipton, Ind.; Mrs. Nicholas Meyer, Belleville, Ill.; Miss Margaret O'Donnell, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. Johanna Daly, S. Windsor, Conn.; Capt. Edward B. Ives and Mr. John Schaefer, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Thomas Quinn, Ballindine, Ireland; Miss Catherine Muldoon, New York; Mr. Daniel Sheerin and Mr. Henry Blaney, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Summers, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. Chauncy J. Neal, Millersburg, Mo.; Mrs. Mary R. Walsh, Boston, Mass.; Mr. James Curley and Mrs. Mary Gaines, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. John Callahan and Mr. Stephen Doe, Port Huron, Mich.; Mr. Frederick York, London, England; Mrs. Josephine Monville and Mr. John Slevin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Michael Dalton, Camden, N. J.; James and Richard Gibney, Co. Meath, Ireland; Miss Nettie Peterson, Fargo, N. D.; Mrs. James Maloney, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Magdalena Stauter and Mr. Michael McDermott, Mobile, Ala.; Mr. Walter Claus, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Doody, Co. Limerick, Ireland; Mr. Robert Forrest, Mr. James Hayes, and Miss Agnes Anglin, Cambridge, Mass.; also Mr. James Mague, Brighton, Mass.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 30, 1904.

NO. 5.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Ad Mariam.

Translated from the York Missal.

THOU the brightest of the stars,
Still the fearful strife of wars
In this battlefield below;
Aid the Church, thy Son's true bride—
Peter's Bark upon the tide,—
Lest she suffer harm or woe.

Port of storm-tossed sailors sure,
May our prayers through thee procure
Aid and mercy, which we seek!
Mary, help the wandering;
Queen, console the sorrowing;
Strength and courage give the weak.

Thou who joinest God and men,
Things divine above our ken—
To the lowliest of the earth;
Heresies thou wilt destroy,
Schisms that the Church annoy,—
All will change to joy and mirth.

A Reparative Discourse.



FEW weeks ago we noted the awarding of the first of the Montyon prizes for 1903 to Sister M. Charles, whose life has been devoted to the Negroes of Equatorial Africa. Our readers are aware that these annual "rewards of virtue" (*prix de vertu*) are proclaimed by the French Academy, and that the proclamation usually calls forth a brilliant and scholarly address from a member of that distinguished body. To M. Thureau-Dangin was committed this year the honorable if somewhat difficult task,

and he did it so notably well that we venture to offer a translation of some portion of his interesting oration:

"Each successive year, when we are called on to accomplish the task assigned to us by M. Montyon and his imitators, we must perforce acknowledge that the public regards us with a smile not wholly devoid of raillery. The habitual attendants at these sittings are too courteous to allow it to be seen; but, outside, no trouble is taken to conceal it. The reason for this raillery is easily enough discerned: the world smiles, not of course at the virtues which we recompense, but at those who apparently constitute themselves judges of these virtues.

"*'You judges of virtue!'* these critics say to us. 'Pray, by what title? You represent literature. What alliance exists between literature and virtue? Is there not rather opposition between the two? Is it not admitted that virtuous literature is synonymous with dull, tiresome, uninteresting literature? Has it not been laid down as a theory that art need not bother about the moral consequences of its works? What are your most popular novels and most successful plays if not the exaltation, or at least the complacent portrayal, of passion in revolt against duty, and often the vivid painting of corrupting frivolity and the most debasing realism? Is it not, also, passion rather than duty which serves as a theme for poetry, and are not your singers readier to confide to us their weaknesses than their moral victories?

"And even in a more austere order of ideas, philosophy, with its boldness, its mistakes and uncertainties,—has not philosophy striven to shake rather than to strengthen the foundations of duty? And has it not reached the point of insinuating that those who sacrifice pleasure to virtue in the hope of future compensation are very likely the dupes of an illusion?"

"This picture is, of course, somewhat too black. Guilty as literature may be, it is not so criminal as all this. If it has disturbed more than one imagination, obscured more than one intelligence, destroyed the faith of more than one reader, it must not be forgotten that there is not a single one of the great truths and high and generous thoughts that nourish the moral life of humanity which has not been propagated by the voice of the orator and the pen of the writer.

"But is it really in this capacity of judges that the founders of the Montyon prizes have charged us with the distribution of their gifts? Is it because of their recognition of our authority in matters of virtue that they have imposed upon us the task of which we acquit ourselves to-day? Have they not rather been actuated by a far different motive? Who shall say that they have not considered it a striking and piquant lesson that literature, too often accustomed to disregard morality, should be constrained, once a year, to render homage to virtue? Who will assure us, in a word, that this task, instead of being an honor, is not a species of penance?"

"Possibly these founders may have wished to say to us: 'You writers have too often seemed to find the portrayal of vice more attractive, more dramatic, and more speedily successful than the depicting of virtue. You will be condemned to interest one of the most critical and difficult of audiences by repeating to it every year the same discourse on virtue; by praising before

it, not the brilliant virtues, not those which a fellow-academician has styled "the oratorical virtues which adapt themselves naturally to the form of a funeral oration or an academic eulogy," but the obscure, monotonous virtues,—I would say the earthly virtues were it not that their distinctive character is that they come from Heaven and tend thereto.'

"These founders seem to say to us: 'You writers have believed that a literature so many centuries old could no longer find new effects save in the morbid complexities of a refined dilettanteism. You will be forced to tell us about souls of infantine simplicity, and to testify to their beauty and their charm.'...

"Seen under this light, does not our rôle appear quite otherwise than at first blush you imagined it? It is more modest, but less open to criticism and railery. There is no longer, indeed, any question of our exercising a sort of magistracy with which we have been invested by reason of our competency: we but celebrate a reparative ceremony to which we have been condemned by reason of our sins. We do not pretend to pontificate in the character of arbiters of moral qualities: we merely accomplish, in the name of Literature, the expiatory pilgrimage which she is bound to make once a year to that distant land all too commonly neglected—the land of the humble, lowly virtues."

After a detailed and charmingly graphic narrative of the life-work in Africa of Sister M. Charles, M. Thureau-Dangin proceeded as follows:

"The Academy rarely disposes of its prizes in favor of religious, of monks and nuns. It seems to it that, so far as these are concerned, devotedness is natural, is expected, is in a certain sense professional. From time to time, however, as if to show that it neither ignores nor underestimates the virtues that work beneath the cornet and the veil, it decides

to inscribe on its honor-roll some one of these 'good Sisters' who are especially recommended to its notice. One year it is the Ursuline nun of Tinos Island, or whom we heard through members of the School of Athens; another time it is Sister St. Margaret, the marvellous teacher of poor girls deaf, dumb, and blind from birth.

"Shall I add that this year, apart from the exceptional merits of Sister M. Charles, the request of those who have recommended her with such insistence comes with especial timeliness? Could we forget that the courier who will carry to her in Africa the notification of the prize that we have awarded to her will take to her at the same time the sorrowful tale of the trials to which in this land of France her sisters in religion are subjected? Agitated and wounded by the story, she can not but ask herself with anguish how the life of sacrifice and devotion to which she and her imitators have consecrated themselves could have earned for them so much envenomed hatred. Let us hope that she may then be a little reassured and comforted by seeing that other men who have, it would seem, a more durable title than have the proscribers of a day to speak in the name of French thought, agree, on the contrary, without distinction of opinions or beliefs, in proffering her their gratitude and their admiration."

The foregoing somewhat caustic allusion to contemporary Frenchmen of the Combes school made one "galled jade" in the audience wince, and a hiss was heard. It merely served, however, as the signal for an enthusiastic outburst of applause. The French Sisters are doubly honored: they have earned the odium of the French government and the eulogies of the French Academy.

THIS is the age of incompetent criticism, and no one is too ignorant to offer an opinion.—*F. Marion Crawford.*

In this Sign I Conquer.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VI.

I WOULD I could give a precise account of the wanderings of that noble and courageous pair. The few details which I have been able to learn were from the lips of my master and his fair young wife herself, or from the scraps of a journal which Mistress Dorothea kept, jotting down from day to day something of their adventures. Had they been preserved completely, the tale might be told more fully. But such as remain I will here transcribe to give what color I may to my narrative.

∴

Goodwife Finch is happier than was ever Dorothea Orton. Never was better husband than Goodman Finch, only that he will lighten all burdens for his helpmeet by the doubling of his own.

The goodwife scolded him roundly to-day, complaining that he will let her suffer naught for the Faith, but make all hardships light.

We have skirted the town of Barnstable and avoided all detection there. God protect us! And, in Him putting our trust, we laugh at prison and bolts and even the hangman himself. When our spirits are overcast for Anthony, I urge upon Marmaduke his brother's chances of escape. For not all those who go to prison are condemned; and Anthony is not as yet a priest, and my kinsman will bring his story to the ears of the Queen's Majesty who, if her humor be propitious, may pardon the dear lad.

To-day it is grim November. We have been minded of the blessed saints and of the souls of those departed in the Faith, and we prayed very much for Anthony and for ourselves. To every saint in the calendar did I commend my dear Marmaduke, beseeching those holy

ones to look with compassion on our earthly love and joyfulness. But this third day of the month the weather is as May, most rare; and we two are but boy and girl on a May frolic. We laughed outright for joy, and we ran a race together, which assuredly we could not have been guilty of had I been Mistress Dorothea Orton; and Marmaduke, Master of Leigh Hall. I am curing him of his stateliness. Many times he is as frolicsome as Anthony was wont to be in his boyish days.

But the news of Anthony is good to-day. We chanced to hear in the inn of one Geoffrey Horner that the Queen's Majesty was minded to pardon all those who lie prisoners in the Tower, if they will but depart from the kingdom forthwith. I played my part of country wench so well that a travelling minstrel, who amused the company with playing on the viol, asked Marmaduke if the simple lass had ever been in town. Marmaduke answered him with some sharpness that her of whom he spoke was his wife; but at my pressing of his foot under the table he further declared that I had seen but little of cities and their ill-doings, and had lived most constantly in the country.

To-day it is chill and cold, nearing the mid-month. Having reason to fear an arrest because of rumors heard by the wayside, we have wandered in devious paths, having for food the wild fruits of the tree, nuts and such like. As we sat down to rest we missed the cheery sunshine, and the birds that used to make excellent melody over our heads; and, perchance our mood being sombre, we fell to talking of Topcliffe. Now, the mere mention of his name does ever disquiet me and sobers my maddest moods; for albeit we are free and happy, despite hardships, he holds our dear Anthony in durance and makes many of our Faith to suffer grievously. As the darkness fell around us, and we durst in nowise seek shelter at the inn nor at

a farm-house, we knelt in the shadow of a hedgerow, and side by side we prayed of God to have us in His care, and to save Anthony and all priests and Catholics.

Marmaduke is making a better Christian of me; for he has a most deep faith and is warm in his devotion, though ever chary in speaking thereof. And he chides me if I fail in these things. How meekly do I accept his chiding—I who was once so froward,—and love him the better for it! When we pray together, I strive to reach his fervor. God bless my Goodman Finch! There be times when I wish he were that and no more, so that we might spend a peaceful life together, undisturbed by the storms that pass over the lowly to blast those in high places. I pray God to make us both His true servants, whether we travel forever like strolling gypsies, or return to ruffle it in state at Leigh Hall. I myself love this rambling life, but Marmaduke discourses of duty.

We have had much ado to elude the miscreants who are at our heels, as we suspect, with a pursuivant's warrant. Last night being cold, we took lodging at the house of a poor cotter; but long before the dawning we were up and stole away, leaving our reckoning on the table. The night before being mild, I lay, wrapped in Marmaduke's cloak, in a field behind some bushes; and Marmaduke watched all night. Just now we have found a cave, wherein we must lie hidden for a sennight longer; after which, and the way being clear, we will even push on toward the sea, taking a sailing vessel for the coast of Flanders. Once there, we can get tidings from my father as to how it fares with Anthony and what has been done against ourselves.

From this cave I witness many sights; for, though it is amongst the hills, hidden away securely, I peep through the screen of leaves at all those who

pass upon the roadway. Now it is a cavalcade of ladies and cavaliers. The gentlemen are in rich doublets of scarlet or blue slashed with gold; and the ladies dressed with much splendor, in kirtles of varied hue and texture. I marked one lovely maid, who wore a cerise kirtle trimmed with silver lace and aiguillettes, and a hat of tawny-colored taffeta fringed with gold, and resting lightly on the silken net which covered her chestnut-hued hair. I bade Marmaduke to observe her and how beauteous her aspect; but he vowed that his eyes had been blinded by the one fair sun which had risen on his existence, and that he could see naught of beauty save in one Goodwife Finch, who outshone these fine court ladies as the moon the stars. I tapped him sharply on the arm with my porridge stick, and bade him cease these fine courtier phrases, which would but make me doubt of his true-love, even as the tinsel of his doublet betrays a play-acting king. Then we had a merry war of words, which lasted till our porridge was boiled, and we set to eat thereof on plates made of the bark of trees.

Again I have seen a troupe of strolling players and jugglers passing along the wayside, full of jests and merriment,—a motley group: minnesingers, morrice dancers, masquers. And I sighed to think how in this fair land, with all its merry doings, there was yet so much of cruelty, suffering, and black treachery. Alack that so many of the subjects of this realm should be in such hard estate, their plight more woful than that of the meanest beggar!

Our free and roving life is even at an end, and I grieve to say I can not rejoice thereat. We are aboard ship now, and Goodman Finch is Master Finch; the silk mercer, in brave doublet of finest cloth, goes abroad with his helpmeet to purchase the wares of Flanders. Once landed, we shall take up our rank and title again. I told

Marmaduke I should ever call him "Goodman" save when I was in a petulant humor. We have not quarrelled thus far; but I assure him that the quarrelling will come, and that it was but the fresh air and sunshine which have kept my temper wholesome. He laughs and declares he should mind my tongue, if I disposed it to be shrewish, as little as the gale blowing in the shrouds of the vessel.

∴

The diary did not continue thenceforward, which is a pity, on account of the insight Mistress Dorothea's shrewd observation and pretty wit might have given upon those countries wherein they travelled. I know but from hearsay that the pair landed on the Flemish coast, and, journeying through that country, went afterward into the Kingdom of France, where they remained until such time as Sir John Orton's powerful kinsman obtained them a pardon. Sir John had much hope that the Queen's Majesty would forgive the handsome and gallant lad who ran away with his lady love in the teeth of danger; though in my solitude I shook my head betimes, recalling that that sovereign lady is ever averse to matrimony, extolling the single state.

But before proceeding further with the doings of my dear Sir Marmaduke and his beauteous wife, I will even return to that night when I was left at Leigh Castle to meet what might befall; and shall in due course chronicle those happenings, distressing and otherwise, which belong to this simple story.

VII.

It was about the middle hour of the night, and with much quaking of body and misgiving of mind, God wot, I fastened the doors and windows. In my eagerness for the full security of the place, I chanced to lock out worthy Roger the butler, who came to the side door with such wrathful pummellings and such noisy demand for entrance

that I opined Master Topcliffe and his minions were already upon us; so that I put on my best attire and arrayed myself right carefully to meet the eye of that insolent bully who represented the law.

Being come to the door and seeing no sign of Roger or other lackey, I made what haste I could to open it, and was rewarded by a sharp rap upon the pate from the irate butler, who believed me, in the dim light, to be a footboy. I should have liked to set upon him then for the proper chastising of his insolence; but he, perceiving my excellent apparel and the dignity of my bearing, fell into another error—falling upon his knees and entreating my worship's forgiveness. From this later state I had much trouble to arouse him; he pouring forth apologies, and I crying out that I was but Sir Marmaduke's tutor and an old acquaintance, till at last I threatened him with Sir Marmaduke's riding whip, which was at hand, and gave him a sharp cut or two, in my irritation at his senseless behavior. This brought him to his senses and to a standing posture, whereupon, discovering my identity, he began to remonstrate against the indignity and the needless sharpness of the blows I had dealt him, rubbing his shoulder-blades and looking at me askance.

"Nay, and it is an ill knave would play so foul a trick!" he muttered.

"And what of my broken head, Master Faint-Heart?" I cried. "If you may so mistake me for a footboy, little marvel that, seeing you upon your knees and whining, I should deem you to be a cringing varlet in need of the whip."

So, swallowing our mutual injuries, I explained to the butler that I had taken divers precautions in the securing of doors and windows lest Topcliffe should enter unbeknownst; and he, in turn, confessed that he had made a reconnaissance of the grounds to be assured that none lurked in ambush.

It was not, howsomever, that night nor the next that Topcliffe disturbed our slumbers. But well I mind me of that dread hour when at last I was aroused from sleep by a thunderous knocking, and there was naught for me to do but descend to the hall entrance, where I found the butler, pallid and terror-stricken. I bade Roger throw wide the door, while with what dignity I could muster, I entered the oaken hall and stood awaiting the entrance of these most unwelcome visitants. Topcliffe himself advanced into the room, with wig awry and face aflame. He looked about him.

"Where is the Popish recusant?" he demanded.

"Of whom speak you?" I inquired.

"Of Marmaduke Leigh, caitiff! Who else answers to that name, save it be your canting self."

"Sir Marmaduke is absent."

"Absent from this house?"

"Verily."

"When does he return?"

"Worthy sir," I answered, "that is a question difficult to determine, since my master is gone upon his wedding journey."

"You lie, minion!" cried Topcliffe, in such a heat of fury as made me expect to see him overtaken by apoplexy. "I visited this house scarce a week back and there was no talk of wedding journeys."

"Sir Marmaduke is not one to talk overmuch of his affairs, and the matter was privily arranged," I made reply, plucking up my spirit. "And I would pray you, Master Topcliffe, to be more civil of speech to an unoffending man. I take the lie from none."

"A fig for your taking or leaving!" roared Topcliffe snapping his fingers in the air. "But as to this wedding of which you prate, who would be bride to a beggarly outlaw?"

"The daughter of Sir John Orton," I made answer, with pride.

At mention of the name Topcliffe let out an oath; for he knew full well that Sir John had much influence at court. Though a suspected Papist, he was of good repute as a law-abiding man, and in some favor with the Queen's Majesty for a service he had once been enabled to render her.

"The wench must be unsettled in her wits to wed a man with a halter for neck-gear. Ho! ho! there shall be another wedding on Tyburn Hill, with the hangman for priest and a noose for ring!"

"Nay," I cried out, pricked to anger by his words, "that festival shall never be; for the youthful pair are away to the Kingdom of France and the Low Countries a-pleasuring, and shall return when the will of their Sovereign Lady the Queen is known to them."

The man's evil face grew black with passion.

"You have a glib tongue, my arrogant Jack!" he retorted; "and can spin out lies with the best. But, though married they may be, they haven't got clear of England yet; and, if they be above ground, my merry men will bag the game."

His next move was to order a general search of the place. Had he dared, it would have gratified his wicked spite to permit his myrmidons their will of the mansion. But the fear of Sir John Orton so far restrained him as to leave the Hall undisturbed, declaring that it was but for a time, as the property would be sequestered. I heard him, nevertheless, mutter to one of his men:

"That crafty old fox Orton would never have allowed the match had he not had a certainty of pardon for this Leigh. Wherefore we must be cautious."

It was acting on this advice that he at last withdrew his sinister presence and malodorous company from the Hall, without having done any grievous damage. Nor did he molest any of the household. Roger was all of a tremble

even when the ruffianly crew had disappeared.

"Our necks were nearer to the halter this hour or two past than it is well for honest necks to come," he observed.

And, though I pooh-poohed the saying, and declared with much coolness that the scoundrel had no power to hurt us, I was not so convinced in my own mind that we had not been in imminent danger of our lives or at least of a dungeon. I believed, furthermore, that it was the influence of Sir John that saved us. I betook myself to prayer in thanksgiving for our delivery, and counselled the butler to go upon his knees likewise in gratitude for the protection of the Most High.

From that time onward we were left undisturbed at Leigh Hall. The place was wrapped in a great gloominess, and a silence well-nigh intolerable hung over each apartment and out on the parterre amongst the flowers. The oaken room, with its wainscoting polished till it shone, filled me ever with sad memories of Anthony's light heart and Marmaduke's brave spirit. And as I noted the scrollwork above, where were inwrought dolphins and scorpions and birds, with devices of flowers and running vines, through it all appearing here and there in high relief was the motto of the Leighs, "In this Sign I Conquer."

Thence my eyes travelled to the Spanish footcloth, with inwoven flowers and fruit, which Sir Marmaduke's father — May Christ assoil him! — had brought from the country of Spain. Upon that carpet had the two lads as little children made merry, feigning to pick the fruits and flowers and offer them to their lady mother. Now it full sorely grieved me to recall them thus, and to consider that Anthony lay in a foul dungeon, and Sir Marmaduke, though at liberty, might not set his heart upon continuance of that freedom if ever he returned to this country of England. So that my tears, falling

down, blurred the brightness of that footcloth, dimming all its brilliant colors. In that I compared it to the lives of my dear young masters, blurred and dimmed by sorrow and unmerited persecution.

Ever and anon came from beyond seas, by some trusty messenger, a parchment tied up in silken covering, wherein Sir Marmaduke gave me tidings of himself and his lady; and Mistress Dorothea added some playful words, declaring that it was well for me I had thus long escaped the tyranny which she would set up at Leigh Hall, making the veriest slaves of its masculine inmates; or she would picture me sitting solitary on some blessed evening, and hearing the sound of horses' feet, and presently, with a great clangor and the ringing of joy bells from the old turret chamber, she and Marmaduke would appear before me. I smiled somewhat dolefully; for many a time had I dreamed this, dozing over the logs on the hearth. In these letters were always sad queries concerning Anthony; though, in truth, both seemed hopeful of his release, efforts being made at the court in his behalf. I am about to tell, to my sorrow, how futile were their hopes.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Snow of Years.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

FAIR crystal flakes innumerable descend
 All quietly throughout the silent night,
 Transforming softly each unlovely sight
 Where sullen landscapes far and wide extend
 And gnarled trunks from barren cliffs depend;
 Full fragile singly, yet with noiseless might
 Their gathered forces leave the earth bedight
 With robes that Beauty's self must e'en commend.

So through the winter of our waning life
 The snowflakes of the years should gently fall,
 Concealing each rude scar of bygone strife,
 Effacing hate and pride and passions all
 Save only one, the all-embracing love
 Of neighbor here below, and God above.

Westminster Cathedral, Eventful Functions.

BY DUDLEY BAXTER.

AT length the new metropolitan cathedral of England and Wales in royal Westminster has been inaugurated for the perpetual daily celebration of divine worship, and another splendid fane is thereby added to the terrestrial magnificence of Christ's Kingdom. Our three great Cardinal Archbishops of Westminster—Wiseman, Manning, and Vaughan—urgently desired to secure in the huge metropolis of this world-wide empire a cathedral that should worthily enshrine Holy Church's Liturgy. This was the dying wish of Cardinal Wiseman, the ardent dream of Cardinal Manning (who purchased the site), and the glorious realization of Herbert Cardinal Vaughan.

On the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul in A. D. 1895 the foundation-stone of the future cathedral was laid by its zealous Archbishop, while the Cardinal Primate of All Ireland offered the Holy Sacrifice in the midst of a great assemblage of faithful. The design finally chosen was that of a Byzantine basilica, modelled upon the work of primitive Christianity as seen at Santa Sophia, Constantinople, though strictly original in actual detail; for the architect was John Francis Bentley, a devout Catholic and truly a master-mind, who has here indeed crowned his labors for all time.

So costly and enormous an undertaking was emphatically a work of supernatural faith,—faith, indeed; rewarded; for the necessary amount was eventually raised by rich and poor alike. During six expectant years the work steadily proceeded; millions of bricks and tons of concrete being utilized in so extraordinarily solid a fashion that it may be considered as indestructible as the Egyptian Pyramids! At the end of A. D. 1901 the entire shell was com-

pleted, except the towering campanile; and, all the scaffolding at length being removed, the architect was privileged to behold this glorious fruit of his genius.

But the great project was destined to be scarred with its cross: first of all, Mr. Bentley, who had just partially recovered from serious illness, was suddenly stricken by paralysis on March 2, 1902,—an irreparable loss to the unfinished cathedral and a poignant grief to his many friends. Meanwhile it was an open secret that Cardinal Vaughan himself was in a precarious state of health, owing to heart disease. However, on Ascension Day, 1902, his Eminence was happily enabled to inaugurate this perpetual daily celebration of the divine liturgy in its entirety.

A new archiepiscopal residence had been erected adjacent to the basilica, with a large chapter hall used temporarily as the cathedral itself. Here first Vespers and Compline were chanted on the previous afternoon; Matins and Lauds, Prime and Terce were duly recited before the Solemn High Mass *coram Cardinali* of Our Lord's Ascension, followed by Sext and None,—together with second Vespers and Compline that afternoon, of course. As a foretaste of its musical future, the cathedral choir, under the competent direction of Mr. R. R. Terry, reproduced from oblivion a Mass of William Byrd, our own sixteenth-century composer.

Thus was a glorious feature of England's Catholic past, after the lapse of centuries, at length restored in the very centre of her mighty empire. For, in addition to the countless monasteries, each cathedral—and, to some extent, many a parish church of old,—used to enshrine a similar daily round of prayer and praise before the iniquitous Reformation.

Early in 1903 the soaring campanile—named "St. Edward's Tower" after the Coronation—was completed, and Cardinal Vaughan blessed the archi-

episcopal cross for its summit, placing therein a small relic of the True Cross itself. At length, on St. Joseph's Day, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time in the great cathedral,—but only in semi-privacy, in the future Lady Chapel, thus inaugurated chiefly for the neighboring Catholics, and partly so that the Cardinal's devotion to the Holy Patriarch might be thus auspiciously celebrated before his death. By a pathetic coincidence, on this very day his Eminence became so ill that the Last Sacraments were administered, after which he again revived.

Exactly three months later, on June 19, 1903—as he had foretold and fondly desired, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart,—his Divine Master called this *servus fidelis* to eternal rest,—aye! to eternal transcendent reward. Then the good Cardinal's new cathedral opened its portals amid the twilight of a summer evening to receive its chief pastor; not, as so ardently wished by his flock, with that stately, handsome presence the centre of a gorgeous pageant, but in the sad, devastating silence of death. Sympathizing multitudes passed before a coffin devoid of any pomp; solemn dirges were chanted amid the shadows of those encircling domes; and finally the cathedral itself was officially "opened" by, alas! its builder's *Requiem*.

Once again Cardinal Logue was present, together with the complete hierarchy of the lamented prelate's Province, hundreds of clergy, and a vast concourse of laity. Then for the first time the massive high altar—composed of a single block of granite from Cornwall, 12 feet by 4—was used for the sacred mysteries. The erection of Westminster Cathedral had been entirely due to the incessant zeal of Herbert Cardinal Vaughan—his work was done, so was the untiring hand at rest, *in pace*,—and now it received verily a sacring of tears; its storied history had commenced.

The actual fabric is unique among European cathedrals and perhaps can be compared only with the famous basilica of St. Mark's, Venice. Its external dimensions are 360 feet by 156; and the internal, 342 feet by 148,—the whole area covering about 54,000 square feet. Outside, the sacred edifice is composed of red brick, with occasional bands of Portland stone. To the left of the main entrance soars St. Edward's Tower, 284 feet high,—a slender structure crowned with a graceful cupola. The western façade is now complete, except for the mosaic in its tympanum. A large porch with its domed turrets, receding tiers, and elegant columns, leads to the narthex within.

Upon entering a sublime vision is seen. Before one stretches the great nave, higher and wider than any in this land, with its three mighty "saucer" domes (112 feet high); and beyond that the noble sanctuary, with its sweeping apse; and yet another soaring dome, brilliantly lighted by a *corona* of twelve windows over the high altar. The immense and perfect proportions of our basilica, even causing a slight haze, fill the mind with a sense of awed repose. From the sanctuary arch now hangs—the cynosure and centre of every eye—the elaborate Holy Rood, with its painted figure of Christ Crucified silently proclaiming to all whose temple this is—*Domus Mea!*

Everything fittingly leads up to and culminates in the high altar itself, which stands raised aloft and visible from almost every point. For this the late Mr. Bentley designed a superb marble baldachin with eight onyx monoliths (each costing two hundred and fifty pounds), not yet erected, owing to an accident in the transit of these columns from Africa. The present choir-stalls are only temporary, of course, with their covering of pale green cloth; as is the crimson canopy over the altar; but the new archiepiscopal throne is now *in situ*.

This is an exact copy, on a smaller scale, of the Papal *cathedra* itself in the Lateran Basilica, and was the gift of his suffragans to their late Cardinal Metropolitan,—alas, never used by him! On either side are gorgeous tribunes, resting on four arches, composed of *pavonazzo* columns; and the wall-space itself is already faced with varied marbles. Here, too, on either side an enormous organ will be located—one of the largest in the British Isles,—but at present only a portion has been set up.

To the left and right respectively, opening out of the unique transepts, are the chapels of the Most Holy Sacrament and of our Blessed Lady. For the former the dead Cardinal's brother, Father Kenelm Vaughan, has during the last few years been incessantly collecting money both in ever-faithful Spain and in Spanish South America. These devoted peoples have given no less than about fourteen thousand pounds toward London's future Sagrario of Expiation. The work of casing the walls in precious marbles and glittering mosaics is now in hand, and of course this will be the gem *par excellence* of an architectural "casket of jewels,"—a sight almost worthy of the King of kings in His Mystery of Love. For the future Lady Chapel of a Westminster Cathedral, the late Baroness Weld bequeathed over eleven thousand pounds in A. D. 1871; and thus here in regal Westminster, the very centre of "Our Lady's Dowry," the Immaculate Queen of Heaven will indeed reign over English hearts once more. Cardinal Vaughan wished its mosaics to illustrate this proud historic title of our beloved country.

The nave is divided by the three enormous spans of its domes, themselves each divided into two mighty arches; each again underneath subdivided into a double colonnade, with marble monoliths supporting a very useful triforium. All

around runs a vaulted processional aisle, and on either side of this open out seven more chapels (four on one side, three and registry on the other); thus many a charming vista is obtained amid the rows of gleaming columns. For the latter, two ancient classical quarries in Greece have been reopened, and their *verde antico* could tell many a romance, including recent capture by Turks! Italian and Swiss marbles as well as Norwegian granite have been utilized; and nearly every column is an individual offering to the cathedral. All their white Carrara marble capitals are carved with a different pattern,—also the design of John Francis Bentley.

At present only two of the side chapels have been prepared; while a third, in honor of St. Joseph, has been promised. To the immediate right stands that of SS. Gregory and Augustine, the costly gift of a famous convert (Sir Henry Hawkins, now Lord Brampton) and his wife; it is nearly completed, being lined with slabs of brilliant marbles, and glittering with pictorial mosaics. The altar is even inlaid with lapis lazuli and mother-of-pearl; while up above, the beautiful *opus sectile* portrays St. Gregory with St. Austin and four of his fellow Benedictine missionaries, afterward successive Archbishops of Canterbury. Elaborate bronze grilles are to enclose this exquisite chapel, which will probably be opened upon the approaching thirteenth centenary of St. Gregory the Great, "England's Apostle."

The first chapel on the left is dedicated to the Holy Souls and was the gift of Mrs. Robert Walmesley, who became a Benedictine nun upon the death of her husband. The marble and mosaic decoration is here appropriately of sombre grandeur, with darker marbles and superb mosaics executed from the drawings of Mr. Symons the painter. Want of space, unfortunately, precludes any

description of this varied symbolism.

The baptistery contains the gifts of two more converts: a splendid Byzantine font, executed in Rome to Mr. Bentley's design at the cost (one thousand pounds), of the Dowager Lady Loder; and a fine copy of Thorwaldsen's statue of St. John the Baptist ordered by the late Marquess of Bute. The pulpit is a most gorgeous erection, also made in the Eternal City, of white marble inlaid with costly porphyry, etc., and gold mosaic. Beautiful statuettes of the four Evangelists stand on either side of the central panel with its Agnus Dei; and there is room within for "my Lord Archbishop," together with his assistant ministers. This is the handsome gift of Mr. Ernest Kennedy.

As illustrating the munificence of both clergy and laity, the following sums given toward the building fund—itsself actually about £200,000 (expenditure only) up to date—are instructive: Cardinal Vaughan, £5000; the Duke of Norfolk, £10,000; and somebody "Anonymous," £17,000! There were nearly ninety "founders"—viz., persons who contributed £1000 or more,—and these included our late beloved Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. There is also a fine facsimile from Rome of the famous Vatican statue representing St. Peter in his Chair of infallible Supremacy, for which the writer collected nearly £300 as a memorial to the late Dr. Luke Rivington. Originally destined for St. Peter's Chapel in the crypt with its red granite piers, this statue has now been placed at the end of the nave.

In conclusion it should be added that some day—though probably not in our time—the *whole surface* of Westminster's mighty basilica will be covered with marbles and mosaics. Then upon a festival, when amid all the splendor of Holy Church's pageantry, its walls and domes gleam and glitter to the glory of God, what an august scene will be there presented!—worthy of those whose

forefathers built such temples as Canterbury or York, Lincoln or Durham; worthy of the children of so many dauntless martyrs; worthy of our Anglo-Saxon race's implicit Christian Faith divinely centred in the Apostolic See, and now, *oculis apertis*, returning to its old allegiance.

To proceed with its history. Yet another eventful function took place in Westminster Cathedral during the holy night of Christmas. At eleven o'clock the Canons, prebendaries, and choir entered the great building, all illuminated with electric light, for the midnight celebration of the Roman Liturgy. Matins and Lauds preceded the Holy Sacrifice, offered by the Provost—the venerable Monsignor Johnson, who has worked incessantly for years past on behalf of the building fund as its Hon. Treasurer. This was in reality the actual “opening” of the cathedral,—this Midnight Mass in historic Westminster; for henceforth the Divine Office and daily High Mass will be celebrated within its massive walls for, please God, all the centuries to come.

In this connection it seems passing strange that so far, throughout the entire English-speaking world (excluding the Benedictine pro-Cathedral of Belmont in Herefordshire, and including even Ireland), Westminster is the *only* Catholic cathedral in which the Divine Liturgy is fully celebrated according to Holy Church's normal rule in Catholic lands, both past and present. Let us hope that before long other archdioceses will follow suit, thereby glorifying God and edifying man.

Finally, with the appointment of Monsignor Bourne (the youngest of all the English bishops—in itself a striking tribute to his sterling merit) to our important Metropolitan See, has come the inauguration of its cathedral functions. Very appropriately, on the Feast of England's glorious martyr-Primate, St. Thomas of Canterbury (December

29, 1903), the zealous new Archbishop was solemnly enthroned therein. This historic function may be said to have, moreover, signalized a new epoch for Catholic England, and to have symbolized the passing of “the Second Spring” into a *Second Summer* of the ancient Faith,—a thought intensified by the unusually bright rays of sunlight which streamed around the archiepiscopal throne that day.

With our very existence cruelly bought by the life-blood of over three hundred English martyrs (this December 29 being the anniversary of the Venerable William Howard, Viscount Stafford, martyred in 1680), and after three centuries of barbarous penal suppression, at length the Old Church once more is enabled to arise phoenix-like from her ashes. Forthwith she begins to build anew.

The great basilica was filled with a representative congregation drawn from every class. Prelates and superiors of religious Orders occupied stalls in the choir, while about five hundred clergy were seated between the transepts. Several hundred lay “founders,” benefactors, or notabilities occupied reserved chairs beyond, headed by the premier peer of our ancient realm—Philip Fitzalan Howard, Arundel's truly noble Earl, and fifteenth Duke of Norfolk. The rest of the nave was free to all, and in its tribunes representatives of the various sisterhoods and a large number of children were suitably accommodated.

The ceremonial was of unique interest, as being literally a reproduction of that observed on similar occasions in pre-Reformation England, when her Primate returned like Archbishop Bourne from Rome with his pallium; in fact, it was taken verbatim from the pontifical of Archbishop Chichele (A. D. 1414-1443). For Westminster is a *new Canterbury*: its cathedral enshrines the spiritual heritage of St. Augustine, with the same faith, the same obedience, even the same identical language of worship. Every

single Archbishop of Canterbury (also of York) received this pallium from the Apostolic See, commencing with our apostle St. Austin in the sixth century, and now the broken chain has been linked anew across the centuries.

His Grace the Archbishop Metropolitan arrived in state at the great west door, and was met by the entire chapter (the Canons in their ermine capes, with the prebendaries or cathedral chaplains in grey fur, as in the Pope's own Cathedral of St. John Lateran). The Provost, or Dean, then presented holy water to and censed "my Lord of Westminster," who afterward knelt in the narthex to kiss the cross and the Holy Gospels. We may note how on either side the sculptured medallions of this porch aptly portray the canonized Archbishops of Canterbury, his Grace's predecessors,—each of course wearing his pall.

The Archbishop's chaplain then handed the veiled silver casket enclosing the sacred pallium to the Provost, who in turn gave it to the senior Canon to be borne *manu erecta* in front of his Grace. A gorgeous canopy was held over the Archbishop, who, thus escorted, in his trailing *cappa magna* passed up the long nave, bestowing his blessing with much dignity on the kneeling congregation. The pallium having been placed on the high altar, the choir sang the ancient responsory, *Summæ Trinitati*, used in Catholic England for solemn receptions, and probably last heard here in Westminster when Thomas Wolsey arrived at the neighboring Abbey to receive his cardinal's hat. Meanwhile the Canons and prebendaries each in turn knelt and kissed the holy emblem.

After the usual prayers, the archiepiscopal benediction, and the *Te Deum*, all withdrew to a specially prepared chapel, where Terce was recited, and the beloved prelate duly vested in *pontificalibus*. Then the procession reformed, with the Canons now wearing crimson chasubles

or dalmatics, while the choir sang the identical responses formerly used on similar occasions at desolated Canterbury,—even the old Plain Song having been unearthed by Mr. Terry. Truly it was an inspiring sight to behold Archbishop Bourne in his Mass vestments surmounted by the pall, crosier in hand, pass along to the sanctuary,—heir of St. Augustine, St. Anselm, or St. Thomas à Becket himself, and now the Primate of Catholic England.

Standing by his throne, Provost Johnson intoned the ancient prayers of enthronement, and finally placed the Archbishop in his Metropolitan *Cathedra*, whilst the choir rendered the exquisite old chant *Benedictus Deus qui te Pastorem elegit*, again recalling Canterbury of olden time. It was the writer's privilege to see his sovereign, King Edward VII., crowned in the despoiled Benedictine Abbey of St. Edward's, Westminster, amid a scene of quite indescribable magnificence: now I was enabled to behold St. Augustine's heir enthroned in this same imperial Westminster; as it were symbolizing the virtual fulfilment of that curious old prophecy:

Under Edward the Sixth the Mass was no more,
Edward the Seventh the Mass shall restore.

The Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop himself, but there is no need to detail its familiar ceremonial to Catholic readers. After the Gospel his Grace advanced to the midst of the choir-entrance and read an important pastoral, in which he paid a touching tribute to one, who, with the lamented architect, was in the thoughts of all that day—Herbert Cardinal Vaughan,—“alone in the beginning and without encouragement, in face of criticism and indifference and opposition, trusting in God with sublime faith, he built this great cathedral, which, as he lay dead, he gave for the first time to the worship of his Maker.”

When, amid a profound stillness, Westminster's fourth Archbishop elevated the

Precious Blood—to which this cathedral is primarily dedicated—was not that chalice seemingly upheld by a glorious martyr band, by the many confessors of a vanished England, by the holy souls of countless Faithful? Assuredly heaven and earth met that happy morn in the Communion of Saints, while the new primatial sanctuary of Our Lady's Dowry welcomed its abiding Shekinah of sacramental glory. The function concluded with the Papal Blessing, and then the archiepiscopal array returned, amid the organ's triumphant strains; the great pageant was at an end; the next item for most people being a great lunch! for it was now about half-past one in the afternoon, and quite three hours had been passed in the cathedral.

The music of the Mass was Palestrina's immortal Missa Papæ Marcelli, chiefly rendered unaccompanied; and the singing throughout was remarkably good, if a trifle funereal in character. One noticed with delight that, according to the reverent ancient custom, most people knelt for the Collects and stood during the chanting of the Preface. Everything was carried out with orderly solemnity and marked simplicity.

Meanwhile this greatest of modern Catholic functions here in England has attracted unusual interest in the secular press, and thousands of "our separated brethren" come to inspect London's new Catholic cathedral. What a contrast to the poor secluded "Popish Chapels" of a century ago! Its daily offering of Mystic Sacrifice and liturgical praise, with befitting observance of each great festival, must, slowly but surely, herald a further advance of the One True Fold so dearly purchased by our Divine Redeemer's Most Precious Blood.

FAITH is a venture before a man is a Catholic, it is a grace after it. We approach the Church in the way of reason, we live in it in the light of the spirit.—*Cardinal Newman.*

Hornbooks.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

IN many pictures of the Holy Family, painted by devout men during the seventeenth century, the Blessed Virgin is depicted as teaching her Divine Son to read by the use of what was known as a hornbook. This was a book of one page, therefore not a book at all, but a thin piece of wood covered with a sheet of paper upon which was printed the alphabet in large and small letters, some short syllables and the Lord's Prayer. This was covered with a piece of transparent horn, the whole bound firmly with some flexible metal. At the bottom of the wooden back there was a handle in which was an aperture for the string which was to hold the hornbook about its owner's neck or waist when it was not in use. These strange books were employed by all teachers at the period mentioned and long before; and their use was so common, that artists quite forgot that to place one in the hands of the Mother of Our Lord constituted an anachronism.

Vast numbers of these hornbooks were in use in the American Colonies, but of them only three have survived,—three little battered objects, very precious to their owners and very interesting to antiquarians. A penny hornbook sold recently in London for sixty-five pounds. Hornbooks were sometimes called horn-gigs, horn-bats or battledore-books. Sometimes they were embroidered or written, instead of printed, and the letters were even carved out of a solid piece of wood. Strangest of all were the hornbooks made of gingerbread, which were promptly eaten by their happy possessors.

To Master John the English maid
A hornbook gives of gingerbread;
And that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.

To this day there are places in England where one can go to the fair and buy a gingerbread hornbook.

The Dutch, too, had hornbooks which they called *a-b-boardjes*, and, like the English, they used to copy them in dough, then eat them. When you eat a "cook" you eat what the Dutch spelled "koeckje" but pronounced much in the same way, and often their cook moulds were made so that they cut out a hornbook, letters and all.

The alphabet on the hornbook was always prefaced with a cross; whence it was called the Christ Cross Row, or, afterward, the Criss Cross Row. It was not unusual for a bigoted Puritan to take a knife and hack the cross from the hornbook used by his children. Strange fact that the Sign of Redemption should have been so much hated! The use of the frame was to protect the letters, as we read in some verses called "The Schoolmistress":

Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are
To save from fingers wet the letters fair.

There is a game, played often, no doubt, by our young people, in which the words Christ Cross or Criss Cross of the hornbook survive. This is what is called Cats Cradle. In it one player stretches a long cord over his fingers in a certain way and the second player takes this cord upon his own hands in a different form. The game was formerly called Cratch Cradle, *cratch* being the ancient word meaning crib or manger, and the string on the fingers was supposed to represent the manger where Our Lord lay. The youngsters used to say "Criss cross, criss cross," when they took the cord from other hands.

The sampler, an embroidered piece of canvas upon which was worked the alphabet, some pious verse and often crude pictures, has been called a needle-work hornbook; and often we find upon these relics of old times the little crosses in the "criss cross row."

A Scene That May be Re-enacted.

THE trend of affairs in France renders it not absolutely improbable that history may repeat itself with such fidelity in that unfortunate country that the following page of revolutionary annals may serve as a description of a coming event not less than the record of a past iniquity.

After the 9th Thermidor, which witnessed the death of Robespierre, the Reign of Terror ceased for an interval and honest folk began to breathe more freely. The respite, however, was of brief duration. The reaction of the 18th Fructidor started the Directorate on a new course of persecution. It was during this period that the following scene occurred:

A priest was led as a criminal into a spacious hall of judgment, open to the public. The judge brusquely interrogated the accused, demanding his name and nationality. These were given.

"What is your calling?"

"By the grace of Jesus Christ I am a priest."

"Have you taken the oath prescribed to the clergy by the civil constitution?"

"No, thank God! That is why I was condemned to banishment, and why I have spent nine months in the convict-galleys at Rochefort."

"And since then you have been playing the fanatic?"

"If you understood the meaning of that word, you would not put such a question to me. There is no fanaticism in preaching a holy and divine religion that inculcates nothing save virtue and condemns nothing save crime; which teaches mercy, peace, and charity; which constitutes both the comfort of men and the happiness of society. But, to proscribe that religion, to calumniate and persecute its ministers,—that is fanaticism, and the blindest and most cruel form of it."

"*That's true! that's true!*" cried several voices in the hall.

The French people were beginning to tire, about this time, of the stupid revolutionary fury, and many of them sighed for the rehabilitation of their religion and its priests.

"Do you dare insult me on my tribunal?" sternly demanded the judge.

"My reply was the patent truth," replied the priest. "If you consider it an insult, it is neither my fault nor my intention."

"Where have you exercised your ministry?"

"In a large number of parishes that I have visited one after the other."

"Did you exercise it publicly?"

"Yes; I have sometimes celebrated Mass in the open air before an immense multitude of the faithful."

"What audacity! Why did you commit so great a crime?"

"I committed no crime. I merely gratified the piety of people who hastened to me from many surrounding parishes."

"Have you not also exercised your ministry in the churches?"

"That's what the churches were built for. I have done so when prudence permitted it."

"And in houses, also, have you not?"

"Yes; that is true."

"Now, in the churches of what parishes, and in what houses have you performed religious functions?"

"I shall name neither the parishes nor the houses. Charity forbids my compromising others."

"In order to exercise your cult, did you make the prescribed declarations and take the oath?"

"God has not subjected His ministers to these formalities; they are simply snares laid for our good faith and are but pretexts for persecution. I should have refused, had they been proposed to me. You are very well aware, however, that your law is quite implacable

toward banished priests and utterly refuses to grant them on any condition either freedom to exercise their ministry or even personal liberty."

"Drop these subtilities, and confess rather that you and your fellows defy the laws for the purpose of exciting troubles, sedition and revolt."

"I have never exercised any other ministry than one of peace and charity; and Catholic priests know no other. It is in vain that, in order to deprive us of the glory of confessing our faith, or the glory of martyrdom, we are accused of civil crimes. We are all innocent of such crimes. And where is the man who can honestly repeat these calumnies spread by the enemies of religion against her ministers? Have they not been falsified a thousand times? During the eight years in which blind hatred has been persecuting us priests, and, to justify its fury, has been accusing us of all sorts of crimes, has a single individual of our number ever been convicted of one such crime? Why, you don't condescend even to try us; we are condemned beforehand and collectively. Like the first Christians persecuted by the Roman tyrants, our one crime is our name."

"You are all fanatics, criminals, and monsters."

"I can only say God forgive you the outrageous calumny!"

Exclamations were heard throughout the hall.

"'Tis a lie and a shame! The priests injure no one; they are our fellow-citizens, our friends and relatives. We must have our religion and its ministers back again."

"You are inciting a revolt even here," cried the infuriated judge.

"He is innocent," protested a voice in the crowd.

"He is one of the worst of criminals," vociferated the judge, "one of the most dangerous of fanatics."

A chorus of dissenting cries arose and

one citizen boldly exclaimed: "'Tis the executioners of our priests who are fanatics and criminals.'

"Silence!" shouted the judge, "or I'll have the court cleared by military force. And you, wretch, why do you violate the laws which forbid the exercise of your pretended ministry?"

"My answer is that which the Apostles gave to the magistrates of Jerusalem who forbade them to preach Jesus Christ. Arrested as I am, they replied: 'Judge, yourself, whether it be just to obey men rather than God.'"

"He is convicted," said the judge, "of fanaticism and of transgression of the laws. Return him, in irons, to the chief prison of the department."

"I return thanks to God," said the priest; and the court arose. The crowd grumbled and criticised the result. "It is Pilate's sentence on Christ!" cried one more bold than the rest. "It is most unjust; 'tis simply barbarous!" said others, under their breath. But the sentence was nevertheless carried out.

Let us hope that the present conditions in France may not be developed into their most logical conclusion; else such pseudo-trials as the foregoing may again take place in the braggart Republic of fallacious "liberty, equality, and fraternity."

TAKE away God, and this world is unintelligible. Take away God, and human life is a melancholy puzzle. Take away God, and each human existence drifts like a frail bark which has been cast loose from its moorings and is at the mercy of the waves and currents of the treacherous sea. Take away God, and death hangs over our life's end like a dark and heavy curtain, hiding we know not what, extinguishing hope, and tempting perplexed mortals to give themselves up to this world when the world is bright, and when it is black to lift their hands against their own lives.—*Bishop Hedley.*

A Timely Charity Sermon.

MGR. DE CHEVERUS, who died Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux in 1836, was Boston's first bishop, presiding over that see from 1810 to 1823. The saintly virtues which had endeared the prelate to his American flock continued to elicit the reverence and affection of all with whom he came in contact up to the very close of his beneficent career; and his memory is held in the deepest veneration on both sides of the Atlantic.

It was during his incumbency of the archdiocese of Bordeaux that Cardinal de Cheverus took occasion one day to deliver a brief charity sermon, as unexpected as it was opportune and effective. A wealthy lady of Bordeaux had requested the Cardinal himself to baptize her newly-born son. The prelate at first declined to do so, on the plea that other families would be offended and grieved if the same favor were not extended to them. The mother, however, continued her entreaties, and when she finally had recourse to tears the kindly Cardinal consented to perform the ceremony.

He took good care, however, to enforce the lesson that the Church knows no distinction between rich and poor, the great and the lowly; for he caused one of his chaplains to seek out in the poorest quarter of the city another infant as yet unbaptized, and he conferred the sacrament on both at the same time. The ceremony finished, he turned to the congregation—some half dozen relatives of the child of poverty, and some scores of the fashionable friends of the other's parents—and said:

"These two children are equally great before God, equally dear to His heart. Both are destined to the same glory in eternity, but they are to attain it by different paths: the wealthy one, by the charity which comforts and relieves his needy brethren; the poor one, by a

humble and laborious life. Heaven will open to him who suffers, because of his patience; to him who relieves, because of his compassion. The characteristic virtue of the one should be generosity, of the other gratitude; and they must begin, each of them, from this very moment to fulfil their respective destinies. This poor child can not solicit, and his heart as yet knows nothing of gratitude: I will be his interpreter and I take upon myself his debt of gratitude for all the good that you may do him. His rich little brother Christian can not give, and his heart as yet knows nothing of generosity: it is you," and he turned to the well-dressed throng,—“it is you who must be his representatives, you who should take upon yourselves to be generous in his stead. The alms you offer in his behalf will be the greatest proof of tenderness that you can show him; it will sanctify his entrance into life, and will cause his whole career to be blessed by that God who, not in vain, calls Himself the Father of the poor.”

Without further words, the Cardinal took one of the collection boxes and personally went through the assembly, receiving the contributions, which, as may readily be imagined, were more than generous. All were touched and charmed with the appositeness of his brief discourse, and the ingenious grace with which the baptism was made to introduce so naturally a most effective charity sermon.

WHAT a corpse is without a soul, that a deed is without a motive. Everything in life depends on the intention; and if this truth is not more widely understood it is because so many lives are purposeless.—*Rev. F. C. Kolbe, D. D.*

THE test of a man's or a woman's breeding is how he or she behaves in a quarrel. Any one can behave well when things are going smoothly.

—*George Bernard Shaw.*

Notes and Remarks.

We have heard the ward-politician and the political “heeler” denounced in all the moods and tenses because of the radical selfishness which leads them to inquire, first of all, concerning any new project or policy, “What is there in it for us”? Essentially, however, we suppose that national is not appreciably more creditable than is personal selfishness; and we must confess that the philosophical discussion of the commercial benefits likely to accrue to this country from a war between Russia and Japan impresses us as a somewhat cold-blooded looking out for number one. Yet a recent leader in one of the most widely quoted of our great dailies dealt with the question, “How war in the far East would affect the United States”; and its concluding paragraph was:

Whether, therefore, the war in the far East shall be limited to the rivals for ascendancy in Corea, or shall ultimately sweep into its vortex all of the great European Powers, the United States will have but little to lose, and very much to gain. The certainties of profits are large, the possibilities are measureless. Phenomenal as has been already the good luck of Theodore Roosevelt, he would owe a supreme gift to fortune should the United States, as the one great neutral, become, during his term of office, the chief purveyor and the principal ocean carrier of the world.

Says Mr. Theodore Munger in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* to which we have already called attention: “The family; obedience to law; labor; these are the problems with which the nation and the churches are struggling, but no church is doing more to safeguard these interests than the Roman Catholic.” This is clear enough and true enough; every observant American sees it for himself; but Mr. Munger's comment on the fact is somewhat inconsequential. “The question how it [the Church] happens to have this influence,” he informs his readers, “may go by; that

it has it is sufficient at present." Now, to an unprejudiced mind it would seem perfectly clear, we fancy, that this question is precisely the one that should *not* be allowed to "go by." On the contrary, it ought to be arrested and thoroughly investigated, examined with all the painstaking care and study possible. But we fear it will not be, because a good many besides Mr. Munger are not anxious to follow up his assertions to their strictly logical conclusions.

There daily arrive at the Vatican hundreds of letters addressed to the Holy Father. They go through the hands of Mgr. Bressan who winnows the pile considerably, but who has received formal orders not to open envelopes addressed "for the sacred hands of his Holiness," or "expressly reserved to the Holy Father." Such letters may, of course, contain the statement of absolutely private cases of conscience which none but the Holy Father should know. It will be easily understood, therefore, that Pius X. finds his correspondence at times excessively fatiguing. As a slight relaxation he has taken up again his favorite pastime at Venice, music. A splendid harmonium recently presented to him has been installed in one of his apartments, and the *maestro* Perosi often executes thereon his old and new compositions.

Whatever Thomas Nelson Page writes about the lynching of Negroes is sure of a wide reading on account of his popularity as a writer of fiction. It is worth noting, therefore, that the remedy he proposes for the lawlessness which nearly all Americans feel to be a blot on our civilization is this simple one: let the better element among the Negroes cultivate a strong sentiment against "the usual crime"; and let the Whites cultivate an equally strong public opinion against lynching. It is well known that the Blacks of a community have a

tendency to shield the brutes who are guilty of the unspeakable crime; let them, on the contrary, be the first to hand the malefactor over to justice; let them insist most implacably on extreme punishment for the offence. On the other hand, let the sheriff who yields up a prisoner to the mob be disfranchised and disqualified for ever holding office again, and let lynchers share in the public mind the odium of plain murderers. The most illuminating of Mr. Page's remarks, however, are those which show the evil influence on the Negro of the dream of social equality with the Whites. That explains the difference between the faithful black man who protected his master's family during his long absence in war times, and the black brute who makes armed protection of Southern families necessary nowadays. It explains, too, the otherwise inexplicable hue and cry raised by the South when the President invited Mr. Booker Washington to dinner.

Six Chinese converts and a colored man were baptized in St. Vincent's Church, St. Paul, Minnesota, last October, and very lately three other adult Chinese and a Negro were christened in the same parish. Three colors were represented at the ceremony, for side by side with the yellow and the black stood the white man—and of him there were three nationalities: one Dane, one German Lutheran and three Swedes. One of the Chinese converts, Mr. Ho Sam—he has taken the name of Joseph in baptism,—is said to be very influential among his people in the Northwest.

The *Sacred Heart Review* quotes a Protestant weekly as saying: "If American Roman Catholics gave more to the Foreign Mission cause they would have more to spend at home. This is a paradox of mission mathematics which Protestant experience has demonstrated." We have no quarrel with this

statement: it is a favorite saying of our own. No religious denomination in any country of the world has reared for itself such a monument of generosity as is our parish school system; on the other hand one often finds among zealous priests and earnest laymen an ungenerous, un-Catholic and wholly erroneous feeling that whatever is given for religious needs outside their own parish is so much taken from the revenue of the parish itself. It will be an ill day for the hard-working, church-building clergy when the faithful lose the missionary spirit, which is really the best barometer of faith. A man who prizes his religion at anything near its true value must be always eager to share it with others.

It was thought by many that when the Rev. Dr. Briggs sought rest for his soul within the comprehensive bosom of the Episcopalian society he would also "cease from troubling," the common feeling being that no one could possibly quarrel with such spacious quarters. Yet Dr. Briggs has publicly said some things of late which will not contribute to his own comfort nor to that of his *confères*. Pope Leo, he told the Protestant Episcopal Club of New York, was quite right in condemning Anglican orders; they are assuredly not valid in the way Episcopalians think they are; the continuity theory hangs by a thread of silken softness, and for himself he considered that a wholly unwarranted indignity had been put upon him when he was required to accept reordination in the Episcopalian society, though he would have no sort of objection to receiving ordination from the Pope. The *Chicago Tribune* is a little impatient with Dr. Briggs, whom it seems to regard as a professional disturber of the peace. It wonders whether he is not paving the way for his entry into the Catholic Church "where he seems to belong," and warns him that if he becomes a Catholic he will have to be quiet. "That Church,"

says the *Tribune*, "does not permit disturbances." It is a little curious how the best intentioned non-Catholics alternately blow hot and cold on the claim of the Church to teach with authority—yesterday descanting on her narrowness, to-day gleefully assuring such persons as the recalcitrant Doctor that if they come into the Church they must, in the expressive *argot* of the hour, go away back and sit down.

Captain Shawe-Taylor's project of assembling representatives of the warring elements in Ireland for the purpose of deliberating regarding the Catholic University has already been noted here. We believe the probabilities of the case to be these: the present Government is secretly discussing the proposition of a Catholic University for Ireland. If the conclusion be unfavorable Captain Shawe-Taylor's projected conference will never take place; if favorable the Captain and his associates will meet for the purpose of securing from Government a more generous proposition than it would otherwise be likely to offer. An influential friend of the Catholic cause has unexpectedly arisen in the person of the Protestant Lord Dunraven, who pleads for a Catholic college to be set up on an equal footing with Trinity, which, he says, represents only a section of the nation and is redolent of racial and religious intolerance.

While it may be quite true that the school authorities of the town of Sheffield, Mass., had no intention, in their recent division of districts, of drawing the color line, they will find it extremely difficult to convince the world outside Sheffield that antipathy to the Negro did not in some degree influence their action. At this distance it looks as if a distinct effort has been made to separate the colored from the white children; and, if there is one State in the Union wherein such action

is inconsistent and unreasonable, it is assuredly Massachusetts, the recruiting-ground of the abolitionists who brought about, or at least, precipitated, the "irrepressible conflict" of forty years ago. There may be some justification for "Jim Crow" cars and schools in the South; there should be no such anomalies in the North, and least of all, in the Bay State. Our sympathy is with the two Negro ex-soldiers who, in connection with the Sheffield school-matter declared that they had fought to obtain their liberty, and were ready to fight to maintain it.

It is not often that the preliminary steps to canonization excite such world-wide interest as in the case of the Venerable Joan of Arc. She is such a saint as even the irreverent Mark Twain may venerate—indeed the best pages ever written by him are those which have the Maid for their subject. Like Mary Stuart she has been a storm centre round which the gusts of controversy blew perennially until the full report of her "trial," published a little while ago, removed the doubts of the most sceptical and revealed Joan as one of the truest martyrs of history. Thousands of visitors were present in the Consistorial hall when the Holy Father proclaimed the heroicity of her virtues. The moment was auspicious, for now, even more urgently than when La Pucelle rode at the head of her armies, France needs a deliverer.

Hitherto it has been customary, when attempts have been made to create right feeling regarding Gregorian chant and the music in churches, to point to Rome itself as the *Alma Mater* of theatrical music. We are of opinion that a new argument will have to be found henceforth. Pope Pius X. has not only published a long *Motu Proprio* enunciating the principles which must be observed in the sacred chants, but has

followed it up by a letter, since given to the press, to the Cardinal Vicar of Rome in which he assures his Eminence that meretricious music is to be "completely extirpated" from Rome. "The Patriarchal basilicas will lead the way by the example of solicitous care and enlightened zeal of the Lords Cardinals who preside over them, and with these will vie especially the minor basilicas and the collegiate and parochial churches, as well as the churches and chapels of the religious orders. And do you, Lord Cardinal, neither grant indulgences nor concede delays. The difficulty is not diminished but rather augmented by postponement, and since the thing is to be done, let it be done immediately and resolutely." One almost suspects that his Holiness is conscious of humor in this solemn document when he anticipates and answers the possible objections to the reform. The Holy Father evidently knows Rome, and we suspect that Rome is beginning to know the Holy Father.

The Chicago theatre fire, in which almost six hundred persons lost their lives, has almost begun to pass out of memory elsewhere, so fast is our modern pace. The only echo one hears is the extraordinary zeal of officials in closing theatres, schools and churches which do not comply with the requirements of the laws for public safety. The vast majority of the theatre-victims were women and children, and there is more truth than consolation in the reflection that the proportion would also hold good in case the destructive fire had occurred in a church instead of a theatre. By all means make the churches safe. The men are safe—most of them.

Verily the whirligig of time brings in its revenges. Think of the Boston *Transcript* delivering itself thus disparagingly on the public schools: "...It is because of this failure to teach religion

and ethics that the average American youth is so ready to enter into schemes for getting rich quickly without over-scrupulousness as to how it is done; it is because of this lack of training in reverence that we impress Orientals as a singularly rude, irreverent, and unfilial sort of people, respecting neither old age in our parents nor the traditions of government or worship." And so, the clay feet of our popular idol are being thrust within the view of even its most devoted oldtime worshippers. It is an encouraging sign of the times. Let us not force the school question: it is settling itself.

That the propounders of novel theories in literature, science, art, and the thousand and one ramifications thereof, are not always dowered with the saving sense of humor, explains why they so frequently take themselves, and evidently expect the world at large also to take them, rather more seriously than the occasion calls for. There is compensation, however, in the fact that the sense of humor, lacking in the faddists, is safe to exist in the newspaper men who comment on their fads; and if the solemn pomposities of the theorists do not quite serve "to point a moral or adorn a tale," they do prove available to point a paragraph and evoke a smile. "Stomachological sociology" is what the New York *Sun* calls the prevalent strenuous development of the principles of nutrition, diet, etc., and anent this new science, it says among other things:

The struggle to keep warm must not be allowed to slacken the struggle to keep up with the march of sociology. The sociology of the stomach is the branch which has been making the most gratifying progress of late. Thus the Hon. Edward Mallinckrodt, Jr., of Harvard University, has offered as his thesis for the degree of master of arts his "dietary studies in the Harvard refectories." The world hungers and thirsts to know upon what meat the Harvard students feed that they are grown so great in athletic performances. The Hon. John P. Fox, sometime a "nutrition investigator" at the Wesleyan Uni-

versity, in Middletown, Conn., the capital of Prof. Atwater, "has made a number of dietary studies of professional men's families in Cambridge and Boston," and a great publishing institution, the Department of Agriculture, has been asked to make those studies public. The subject is fascinating and mysterious. It has high psychological as well as sociological import. What meats or legumes or cereals, what divagations of digestion, what eccentricities of metabolism make the professional men of Cambridge and Boston so bilious against the frame of things, so passionate for reform, so eager to sign petitions and instruct mankind? The answer must be sought in Mr. Fox's studies.

Thus far New York does not seem to have suffered any considerable deterioration from the advent to power of the Tammany administration. The new mayor's message was a modest, manly, business-like document, and it has yet to be proved that he will become the cat's-paw of the "grafters." The new Commissioner of Police, too, has won the approbation of the public by this announcement as to his general policy: "As I conceive it, the duties of this office are to enforce the laws according to law and by legal methods, and to see to it that the personal security of the one citizen and the personal liberty of the other are not infringed or violated. Of course, I have no views to express as to the policy of enforcing or not enforcing existing laws." This last sentence throws a white light on the Commissioner's mental habits. If the laws are bad, let the legislature repeal them. So long as they remain in the statute books, they should be observed, and their enforcement or non-enforcement by the police is not a question of policy or expediency at all. Perhaps Tammany, in spite of all that has been said against it by time-serving newspapers and sensation-loving preachers, is not so black as it has been painted. The most enlightened citizens of Gotham have learned to distrust their great dailies, and to pay as little attention to the eccentricities of ministers of the Gospel (so called) as to the tirades of political rivals.

Notable New Books.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office.—An Apology for the Religious Orders. By St. Thomas Aquinas. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

These two books edited, the former with an adequate prefatory notice, the latter with an admirable introduction, by the Very Rev. John Procter, O. P., recommend themselves. They are a translation—the first in our language, we believe—of three treatises by the Angelical Doctor explaining the meaning and object of the religious state and defending the Religious Orders against the objections urged by William of St. Amour. The second volume, which is a sequel of the first, is divided into two parts: Against those who Attack the Religious Profession, Against those who would Deter Men from Entering Religion. The completeness with which the Holy Doctor answers all the accusations of his adversary is very remarkable. These arguments will be all the more interesting to those who first master the treatise on the perfection of the spiritual life.

Religious, whether cloistered or leading an active life in the world, bishops and priests will welcome these two books. No observant student of the times will say that there is no need of them. To preachers of retreats to religious and to chaplains of nuns they will serve as a mine of wealth. The value of each volume is enhanced by an index, and both are well printed and bound.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. By the Rev. W. E. Randall. McKeown Brothers.

Father Randall's book may be made to do excellent service wherever Myers' *Medieval and Modern History* is used as a text-book in the schools. We believe that Myers is not consciously unfair to the Catholic side of history, but he writes with all the limitations and prejudices of a Protestant; and he is even less fitted by temperament than most text-book makers for the peculiarly difficult work of preparing a manual of history for use in public schools. In all such cases the fault lies not in the statement of historical events, but rather in the inferences drawn, the causes and motives assigned, the *obiter dicta* let fall, the word unhappily chosen, the epithet colored by personal feeling. Father Randall takes the historian to task statement by statement after the manner of Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll," and the result is often diverting, always instructive. There is something arresting about the cold-blooded way in which Mr. Myers' "facts" are checked off and his fallacies pilloried. With an adroitness which we greatly admire and a learning as comprehensive as it is solid, Father Randall has not only furnished the corrective for the mistakes and

misstatements of a popular text-book, but has produced a volume possessing what to many minds is the double charm of controversy and instruction. The only fault we have to find with it is that harsh terms are sometimes employed.

Lex Orandi. By the Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co.

It is proof of Father Tyrrell's power that he either pleases you altogether or displeases you very thoroughly: you can not regard him with indifference. His essays on religious subjects are among the most thought-provoking deliverances of the last decade. They have in them the qualities of freedom, largeness and open-mindedness that make the reading of Bishop Spalding's books a delight to the cultivated taste. In this volume, far more than in any of his others, he shows himself sensitively impressionable to intellectual influences from without; but no discerning reader will fail to see that his purpose is to place himself in sympathy with those who have been touched by such influences, the better to steady and guide them. The topics dealt with are so many that we can not even enumerate them here; briefly, they cover almost the whole field of modern questionings in theology. The intellectual reader will find them helpful, and other readers will not get far into them,—for a book by Father Tyrrell is not precisely "the pastime of a drowsy summer's day."

History of Ireland. By the Rev. E. A. D'Alton. Vol. I. Sealy, Bryers & Walker.

It is of course only a coincidence that the first volume of Father D'Alton's *History* appeared almost simultaneously with Dr. Emmet's vigorous work and just before Mr. Justin McCarthy's. The present production has a mission of its own, however; for while Dr. Emmet's two volumes are frankly an indictment of England and Mr. McCarthy is known as a writer who does not severely tax the energies of his readers, the task essayed by this Irish priest is the comparatively new one of producing a history, at once scholarly and impartial, of Ireland. We think he has met a fair measure of success in both respects; as to impartiality, indeed, in at least one place (p. 194) he stands so straight that he leans backward. We quite agree that Irish scholars have hitherto shown a somewhat natural intolerance of the view which holds that the famous document *Laudabiliter* is genuine; but that fact in no way invalidates this other fact: that the studies of Dr. Thatcher, of the University of Chicago, have established a strong probability that the alleged Bull of Pope Adrian IV., while not a conscious forgery, is only a Latin exercise by a Medieval student. As to scholarship, Father D'Alton's work, while in no sense a revelation, is well buttressed by references to the very

old and the very new authorities. Indeed one of the best services it is destined to render will be in calling attention to the invaluable work of such patient and erudite investigators as the late Sir John Gilbert, who is yet to receive his due meed of appreciation from historical students, especially from men of Irish blood.

The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. By the Very Rev. W. J. Kelly, V. F. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

This is a volume that one may unreservedly recommend to the clergy, to religious communities, and to the more cultured of the laity. Written in a style both lucid and flowing, it will prove far more interesting, as a book for occasional spiritual reading, than the average Catholic, judging only by its title, will be inclined to think probable. It has a higher merit, however, than that which attaches to a merely interesting book; it is a valuable addition to Eucharistic literature, and will be welcomed by preacher, catechist, and controversialist. The author treats, not of course exhaustively, but with excellent choice of salient features, the whole field of the Real Presence; and several of his chapters are particularly effective as answers to the objections formulated against the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Sacrifice by the descendants of the Reformers.

The Gift of Pentecost. By the Rev. F. Meschler, S. J. Translated from the German by Lady Amabel Kerr. B. Herder.

Scriptural and devotional is this treatise on the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. The place of the Holy Ghost in the economy of creation; His relations with the Church and with the individual soul are fully set forth by Father Meschler, who takes as theological guide the Angelic Doctor. The office of the Holy Spirit in the Sacraments is dwelt upon, and the explanation of the Gifts and Fruits of the Holy Ghost should increase devotion to Him through whom they come. The last part of the work treats of the purely devotional side of the subject and includes an account of the services rendered by Christian Art in promulgating the honor of the Holy Ghost.

Studies on the Gospels. By Victor Rose, O. P. Translated by Robert Fraser, D. D. Longmans, Green & Co.

The quality which has impressed us most in this volume is the ease with which the weighty message is conveyed in a fluent and limpid style. The author's wide acquaintance with modern writers on Scripture and Theology is apparent on every page. The eight chapters deal with such substantial questions as the Inspired Gospel, the Virgin birth of Our Lord, the Messianic preaching, the Father as revealed by Our Lord, the titles

"Son of Man" and "Son of God," the Redemption and the Resurrection. Surely these matters are heavy enough, and Father Rose made no attempt to lighten them by paring down the difficulties raised by the antagonists of the Church. Yet the volume is remarkably readable, and free from technicality and the awkwardness of excessive condensation. Much of this success is doubtless due to the skilful translation by Monsig. Fraser, who also showed excellent judgment in selecting so worthy a book to render into English. We are sure these "Studies" will have a wide circulation, especially among the clergy, once their value becomes known.

The Priest, His Character and Work. By James Keatinge. Benziger Brothers.

This excellent book, which is intended exclusively for the clergy, is divided into two parts: the priest's character, the priest's work. There are twenty chapters, and the matter of every one of them is interesting and arresting. The reverend author has much to say on the priest's personal life, and on the duties and offices that fall to the priest on the mission at the present time. Some of these things are admirably put. Especially thoughtful and practical are the chapters on The Priest's Attitude toward Money, Rectors and Curates, The Priest in the School, and Social Work and Lay Help. The book presents the fruits of the experience gathered during nearly twenty-seven years of parochial work. One need not agree with all the views expressed by Canon Keatinge: he would be the last, we think, to insist upon this; but they are interesting nevertheless, and we are of opinion that the subject-matter of this volume is destined to excite more rather than less attention in this country as time passes. The book is sure to be of great service to its readers, and we hope there will be a host of them.

The Inner Life of the Soul. By S. L. Emery. Longmans, Green & Co.

The author fitly describes this book as made up of "short spiritual messages" appropriate to the changing seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year. It amounts to a volume of sermons by a member of the laity, and the sane, cheerful spirituality of it, the frequent citations of passages from the writings of the saints or of such modern masters as Newman and Faber, the examples from the lives of canonized heroes and heroines—all this makes us wonder whether the writing of books of sermons ought not to be encouraged among the laity! We gladly recommend "The Inner Life of the Soul" to those who do not hear sermons regularly, as well as to those who desire to keep their souls attuned to the spirit of Mother Church as she moves through the changing scenes of her symbolic year.



Margaret Carroll's Secret.

BY HELEN ATTERIDGE.

I.



MARGARET CARROLL was like the queen of our school. She was a very brilliant Irish girl; and we silly little things had got it into our heads that she was not only the most clever but the handsomest girl there—in every way the most gifted. I have doubts now about Margaret's beauty, because schoolgirls have next to no idea what beautiful faces really are; and when they try to decide for themselves they are generally all wrong. But about the girl's talents there could be no doubt. She learned her lessons as easily as you would pick up buttercups. She remembered everything, not only next morning, but right on to the examinations. If she took a part in charades on feast nights, she put such an amount of wit into it that every one in the room, from the youngest "baby" to the oldest Sister, shook with laughter. And at our dancing lesson—for we really had a dancing lesson at St. Mary's—she was like a feather or a butterfly; and if she only stretched out her arm or twisted round on her toe, she did it just as if it was all for sheer enjoyment—as indeed it was.

We all knew that Margaret was to leave at midsummer, and she was working desperately hard to get the "Science Prize." At many schools they call that prize "Excellence," but they called it "Science" at St. Mary's, because, as we were told, the Latin word that science comes from means simply knowledge. So our knowledge prize, or science

prize, was the result of all the examinations put together.

There were pretty customs at St. Mary's on our midsummer prize day. Great bouquets of flowers were put on Our Lady's altar the day before, and on prize day the nuns made two wreaths from the freshest of these flowers, that had been on the altar all night. A white wreath of Our Lady's flowers crowned the winner of the good-conduct prize, and a colored wreath was worn by the winner of the prize for religious knowledge. Then there was a gilded laurel crown for science, and a little wreath of silver leaves for the child who had tried most to improve; because the good Sisters knew well that the child who has tried hardest to get on, and who has really made the greatest progress, is often not the one whose marks are highest. Our beautiful reward books were not so much thought of as these crowns, which the happy winners carried home to show. The laurel crowns of gold and silver, of course, had to come back again, to be tried for another year; but "Our Lady's crowns" belonged to the children who won them, and some of their flowers were pressed and kept forever. And I need not tell you the pupils of St. Mary's valued the wreaths from the altar far above the gold or silver ones.

There will be another story to tell you about one of those wreaths, but the present story is about the golden laurel crown, which went with the science prize.

"I want to take the gold wreath home," Margaret Carroll said, quite frankly. "I had it last year and the year before, and I want to leave St. Mary's in style. All you girls may just as well turn your books upside-down."

It was a good-humored announcement, so nobody could be vexed.

"Margaret!" the nun in charge of us said. "What advice you are giving them!" Sister Martha tried to look shocked, but she could hardly help laughing. "You had better not make too sure of the science prize yourself. Do you really mean to get it, Margaret?"

The girl got suddenly serious—perfectly serious,—and looked straight to Sister Martha's face.

"I shall get what I set my heart upon; I always do."

It seemed, indeed, as if all the others might as well have turned their books upside-down,—all except one. Janet Bromley was running our dashing Margaret Carroll pretty close. Janet was a tall, serious girl, with a quiet, pale face, and with a very long plait of fair hair hanging down to her waist over her shabby dress. Yes, it was a shabby dress. The eyes of schoolgirls are observant, and gossiping groups sometimes wondered in whispers why Janet was dressed so badly, when she seemed to have rich people belonging to her; for on visiting days Lady Skipton would come in a carriage to see her, and her letters often had the Skiptons' crest.

Janet studied hard and kept to herself. She was always helping stupid heads with their lessons; she was a great mender, and the only scrape she ever got into was when she was found doing all the mending in secret for some of the smaller ones, who pricked their poor little fingers whenever they tried to sew. The "babies" loved her; perhaps she had little sisters at home; but, anyhow, she never spoke of home at all. Among fifty or sixty schoolgirls full of spirit and life a girl like Janet was not much of a favorite. The nuns had to force her to play in the garden. She was painfully shy, and sometimes, when it was the day for home letters, she wrote pages on pages, and afterward looked as if she had been crying.

One visitors' day a whisper of gossip got into the school. A thoughtless girl, who went by the name of "Pinkie," heard it in the parlor, and told it to a little one and to Margaret Carroll in that corner of our garden play-ground where the beautiful white statue looked down upon us from among the trees.

"Why, Janet Bromley is no relation of Lady Skipton's at all! I know all about it now. Lady Skipton is educating her for charity. She shouldn't have sent her *here*, I think!" Pinkie said this with a flush and a toss of her head.

"Why not?" asked Margaret.

"Well," said the thoughtless Pinkie, "because those Bromleys are nobodies. They only live near the Skiptons. Janet's father is a poor minister that became a convert, and he hasn't a penny; and there are about a dozen children, and the eldest is going to do something for all the others, so Lady Skipton put her here. Janet has never done anything but darn stockings, and dust and cook and learn lessons from her father. She is going to be a governess or something."

Margaret looked at Pinkie for a time, quite silent, but with her eyes wide open,—very thoughtful, and a little angry. Margaret had Irish grey eyes, with long dark lashes; and when she was serious her very soul looked out of them, they were so expressive and so true.

After a little while she said, with a twitch of a smile about the corner of her lips: "Pinkie, would you like to come to the well and see how nice you look? Your hair is just as if you had been going backward through a gooseberry-bush."

The well was in the disused stable yard; it was not deep, neither was it strictly speaking a well, but merely a square, sunken corner of the yard, full of water, with a huge tap above it. The wild spirits sometimes slipped away from recreation to get a look at their faces in the still, black water, as mirrors were not among the luxuries at St. Mary's.

Pinkie and Margaret and the unnoticed little one—alas!—broke the rules, and got away to the well. Pinkie was still talking about her great news, mingled with longings for a curling-tongs, which her front hair had not known for many a day.

"Now," said Margaret, suddenly, as we stood on the brink, "I just want to tell you, Pinkie, that I shall pop you in there, body and bones, if another child in the school gets to know about Janet Bromley."

"Why?" exclaimed the other.

"Because it is a shame to tell her private affairs all over the school, Pinkie."

"But it is all a fact," said Pinkie, braving it out.

"A fact! Yes," said Margaret, with flaming cheeks; "but you told it the wrong way. Here is the fact told the right way. Janet's father gave up everything for the Faith, and you talk about them as if they were beggars. Why, we are not worthy to be at the same school with the child of a man who suffers for his Faith! Did you think of that?"

"Oh, you are always so romantic!" sneered Pinkie.

"I don't care a pin what you call me, it is the flat truth!" said Margaret. "And Janet has been helping at home for all her people, and now she is studying to be able to help her father to earn their bread. I think she is a magnificent girl!"

"Oh, yes, you are so enthusiastic!" said Pinkie,—"so romantic! We don't think so."

"I am not a snob, anyhow!" exclaimed Margaret. "And you'll find yourself in that well if you talk to any one else. It is a foot deep, and I should think there's mud in it by the color."

Poor Margaret! she had worked herself up into a rage. Her indignation with snobs was something tremendous, and the schoolgirl meanness of Pinkie had roused her very soul. When she

turned round, Sister Martha was standing there; but Margaret did not care in the least.

Sister Martha was shocked at her threat to her companion, and Margaret Carroll was banished from recreation, and passed the rest of the half hour in one of the study-rooms. But she was of a forgiving nature, as became her large heart; and she made peace with Pinkie the very day after over a packet of chocolate. On her part, Pinkie was forced to hush up the bit of gossip; and as for the little one who was a witness of the scenes in the garden and by the well, it is only after years of silence that she discloses the secret.

II.

All at once Margaret Carroll's interest in the science prize seemed to slacken. She took the examinations quietly; she never spoke of the prize; still no one could keep her out of it, she was so clever. Comparing notes after each day, there was still a general opinion that she had worked hard and the prize belonged to her.

The last of the examinations was the simplest of all. It was in English spelling. It was a rule with our very practical Reverend Mother that simple spelling should always close the series of examinations; for it would be a disgrace if the girl who excelled in all branches of school knowledge should fail over an everyday letter or a housekeeping book.

"Miss Carroll" was the first name called.

Margaret looked aghast. Perhaps she could look aghast when she liked, for she was great at playing charades. Never did anybody spell so badly as Margaret Carroll that day. Still, everyone thought she had the prize; it seemed impossible that our brilliant girl would not head the list, just as she had done last year and the year before.

The great day came. Many of the parents and friends arrived. The whole

community were there, and the chaplain. The large "hall," as we called it, was gay with wreaths of leaves, and with green dwarf palms and hothouse flowers. The drawings and fancy-work were passed round. The songs were sung. There were duets at the grand piano, and a "violin solo by Miss Margaret Carroll," as the programme said. She played exquisitely, with a perfect ear, a delicate touch, and a living heart speaking through her music. The audience held their breath to listen; but it was much above our comprehension—as were indeed many of Margaret's doings.

The prize list was then read. The white wreaths were given to one happy child among the elder ones, who almost cried; and to one among the little ones, who almost laughed for joy. Then there was the prize for religious knowledge, and again Our Lady's flower crowns went to two delighted children. Then came "Science." One could have heard a pin drop, the great, crowded room was so still. Many faces were turned toward Margaret Carroll. She was very white, looking intently toward the reader of the list. The name was read out:

"Miss Janet Bromley."

A clapping of hands began, which spread like fire all over the room, till pale, quiet Janet had come forward for her golden laurels amidst a storm of applause.

It was only those up in one corner that could explain the outburst. How had Margaret taken her defeat? Why, her hands had begun the clapping that was taken up all round the room. No one near knew Margaret's secret; only one in all the crowd knew why she ran and kissed Janet the first moment she could.

Janet was very nervous, quite overcome with her success. "I had no idea!" she said. "I am almost sorry to win it from you—you have been so good to me all this last fortnight—my friend indeed!"

"And are you leaving too, like me?" Margaret asked.

"I have been talking to Lady Skipton over there," said Janet; "and she is so pleased that she says I am to go to France."

Then there was Benediction in our dear old chapel, and among the white-veiled crowd for the last time those two knelt side by side; and for the last time for many there the organ music and the sweet singing died away into silence.

The story of that prize has remained a secret for years, and of course Janet herself would have been the last to dream of it. So, after all, our Irish girl had managed what she set her heart upon; and, looking back now, I am inclined to think the silent sacrifice heroic,—and the heart that prompted it a noble one.

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

X.—THE OLD SOLDIER.

"Is there any one there?" cried the rough voice, and Camille soon saw coming toward him an old soldier with a wooden leg, leaning on his cane. "So it's you that's making all this noise, you young rascal!"

"It didn't seem to me that I was making very much noise, Monsieur," replied Camille, dejectedly.

"If it wasn't you that was disturbing my sleep: it was your dog. A man can't sleep in peace even here in this deserted place."

"Were you sleeping? You are lucky to find a place," said Camille, in the same tone as before.

"I sleep!" said the soldier. "You can see that I am not sleeping. If I had a dog like yours, he would watch for me and I could sleep. The police poisoned my poor Austerlitz. He found a meat ball in the road and it tempted him, the greedy creature! As a result, he came to die in my arms. Poor Austerlitz!"

He was my friend,—my only friend. We found each other in the battle of Austerlitz, where we were both wounded. Since that time we have both, as the song says, 'floated together down the river of life,'—that is, until last Friday. My poor Austerlitz ended his days here. Won't you sell me your dog—or give him to me, rather? If I had to pay for him, it would be a trifle difficult, as my purse is for the moment empty. Give him to me. I should be very thankful for him. I would name him Austerlitz. I should consider it complimentary for even a dog to be called by that glorious name. Now, what do you say?"

"I will make you a little proposition, Monsieur. This dog isn't mine: I can neither give him away nor sell him. But if you will let him and me sleep here with you, we will both keep him."

"Agreed, my boy. Come in. The room is airy; four walls for hangings and the sky for a roof. Have you had your supper? Are you hungry or thirsty?"

"Alas," said Camille, ashamed of his need, "I have had nothing except a piece of bread since morning!"

"Poor child! Here are the remains of some cold veal which a pretty young lady next door gave me to-day. As for wine, upon my word I never have any left. It is a habit I formed in the army. But here I am chattering on like an old magpie, without asking you how it happens that, neat and clean as you are, you find yourself on the streets of Paris, hungry and alone!"

"I can't tell you that, Monsieur," answered Camille. "It's too wicked."

"Have you been doing something bad, with that angel face of yours?" cried Père La Tuile.

"Not I, Monsieur,—but my big cousin. So, on account of that—because—that's why I can't speak ill of my big cousin."

"If in the army they hadn't explained our duties to us any more clearly than you have told the story of your big

cousin, we should have made sorry soldiers. But you must be sleepy. Good-night! Keep watch, Austerlitz; and a good watch too. Good-night!"

The old soldier now withdrew into a little tent ingeniously arranged between the timbers, while Camille lay down on a bundle of hay in a corner. A moment later the poor boy, wrapped in a sweet sleep, had forgotten all his troubles.

XI.—THE WORKMEN.

At daybreak Camille was startled out of his sleep by his dog, which barked loudly, and looked with a half-threatening, half-timid expression at a large crowd of masons who invaded the part of the house where his master and the old soldier were resting.

"Ho, ho! The old soldier, Père La Tuile!" exclaimed one of the men. "But who are these new tenants who don't wait for a house to get finished before coming to live in it?"

"Well, what is it?" asked La Tuile, raising the canvas of his tent and glancing at Camille, who shrank back behind the bale of hay, as if ashamed. "I gave these new tenants a welcome. Where was the harm, after all?"

"There is no harm," replied one of the men, who seemed to be the overseer; "but I think, Père, that instead of making the little chap welcome, you would have done better to take him home to his parents, who must be worrying about him."

"I have no family, Monsieur," said Camille, rising and shaking the hay out of his hair.

"No father nor mother?" inquired the man.

"I had only an uncle, and he's dead."

At the remembrance of this Camille brushed away a tear that glistened on his cheek.

"No father nor mother?" repeated the men in chorus, surrounding the child.

"And you didn't know where to go to sleep?"

"What did your uncle do?"

"Did he leave you anything?"

To this deluge of questions Camille replied:

"I am from Bordeaux. I came to Paris yesterday morning. An hour later I was an abandoned child,—a second Robinson Crusoe. That is my story."

"Abandoned? By whom?" asked the men all at once.

"That I can't tell. It would be a disgrace for the guilty one. When people met him on the street they would throw stones at him. Besides, it would pain his father, who was so good and who is now in heaven. No, I can't tell."

"What ought we to think of it?" the men said among themselves. "The boy probably doesn't know where to go for his breakfast."

"That's true," remarked Camille, a tear rolling down his cheek.

"As for your breakfast, my boy, we can each give you a bit of our lunch, and that will make you a good one."

Just at this moment a buggy drove up in front of the building and a man alighted from it. The masons instantly dispersed; one seized a trowel, another a shovel, and in a twinkling all were at work. Camille was left alone in his corner.

Alone, did I say? I was wrong. Fox was with him.

(To be continued.)

Even Jewels.

All jewels excepting diamonds are subject to certain illnesses and jewellers are often employed to treat them. Rubies and sapphires are especially delicate, and turquoise often becomes "bilious." Pearls suffer most. They grow old and are then known as dead stones. Dead pearls are worth but little. A doctor of precious stones must be very careful and use good judgment, or he does great damage with the acids he employs.

A Topsy-Turvy Country.

If you should visit China you would think it a very topsy-turvy land. If you met a citizen who wished to salute you, he would shake his own hand instead of yours, and would put his hat on instead of taking it off. You would notice that if he had just made a fine toilet his boots would be whitened instead of blackened. The needle of his compass would point to the south instead of the north. If he ate a melon he would devour the seeds and throw away the pulp. If he received bad news he would smile. He would consider the left instead of the right the place of honor. He would probably ask you your age as a mark of politeness; and if he wished to show his parents the highest honor he would present each one with a fine coffin.

An Old Custom.

What is probably the most ancient survival of feudal tradition is what is called planting the horngarth, a ceremony which has been annually carried out for nine centuries at Whitby, England, without a single break. A wounded boar, so the story goes, was fleeing from its pursuer and was sheltered by a pious hermit who was slain by the angry hunter. The planting of the horngarth or penny hedge is done as an act of reparation for that cruel murder. The horngarth is formed by placing a hedge of stakes in the tideway in the upper part of Whitby harbor in the presence of the lord of the manor. When it is completed a horn, some five hundred years old, is brought forth and upon it three rousing blasts are blown.

THOSE who do not know the value of time have been well called the greatest spendthrifts of all.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Those who like an elaborate setting of the *Ave Maria* will welcome a fine soprano solo by the eminent teacher and composer, Adolph M. Foerster. The piece is published by The John Church Co. and entitled "*Ave Maria* (Praise Jehovah)." The evident attempt to find a Protestant patronage by the sub-title and English words accompanying the Latin ones is amusing or depressing according to one's mood.

—A new way of putting an old truth is Mr. Howells' statement that literary style is not "something which is, with great pains and expense, put into a man, by the studied imitation of master-stylists," but rather "something which can only come out of a man, and is nothing but his peculiar way of saying things, as personal to him as his voice, or his walk, or his delight in sweets or salted almonds."

—Who ever tires of Father Faber? His charm seems to increase as the years go on, and his thoughts on Calvary, on Nazareth, on Bethlehem, never grow old. Recognizing this, lovers of Father Faber have given us many thought-books from the gentle Oratorian's works. Latest among these is a reprint under the title "*The Worshipers at Bethlehem*." It is compiled by Winifred Mary Hill, who presents selections from "*Bethlehem*"; and again we see the *Midnight Cave*, the holy joyousness there, and the *Star* and the *Shepherds* and the *Magi*.

—While it may be somewhat late in the season to speak of almanacs—which of recent years appear several months before the date they bear on their covers—we must be allowed to say a word of praise concerning the annual volume of the *Propagation of the Faith*, published at Lyons. Apart from the statistical information with which it abounds, the literary selections are both copious and more than usually interesting. Everyday occurrences in some of our foreign missionary fields are as romantic or idyllic as the most poetic inventions of literary artists, and the almanac contains several narratives that utterly eclipse the average short story of the secular magazines.

—Henri Labouchere has evidently been suffering from an overdose of London fog, an underdone steak or cutlet, or a combination of both afflictions. In any case, he wrathfully remarks in a recent issue of *Truth*: "The climate of England kills half the population; the cooking kills the rest. Throughout the world, wherever there is the sun or a spring, there are English men and women endeavoring to repair their constitutions. The medicine bill of the English people—together with

its accompanying expenses—is sufficiently large to support a second-rate Power, and does mainly support many large and small towns on the Continent and elsewhere." By all means let us oppose any scheme by which our statesmen may seek to annex England. We have climate enough of our own; New Englanders, indeed, have some to spare.

—"How to Make a Good Confession and Holy Communion," by the Rev. Francis Dent, is a little book which treats earnestly of a most important subject. The points dwelt upon are, the Divine institution of the Sacrament of Penance, the parts of the Sacrament and the Holy Eucharist. It is a resume of the teachings of the Church, and the instructions are clear yet comprehensive. Published by M. A. Butler, New York.

—"Thoughts in Prose and Verse," issued by the English Catholic Truth Society, are seeds that falling into hearts will produce sweet flowers of piety and virtue. Crashaw and Newman, St. Bernard and Ruskin, the Curé d'Ars and Tennyson are among those whose thoughts are shrined in these little books. The work of selection is excellently done by Emily Hickey, a well-known English writer and a recent convert to the Church.

—The death is announced of Mr. W. P. Coyne, chief of the Statistical Department of the Irish Board of Agriculture. Eminent Irishmen—men as far apart in some matters as Father Finlay and Mr. W. B. Yeats—have assured us that Mr. Coyne was an ideal official, though any one who knew him well would have said that his *penchant* was for pure literature rather than for statistical reports. His mind was of an exquisite fineness, as his published work in former volumes of this magazine attests. His noble character and amiable disposition endeared him to a host of friends. May he rest in peace!

—As an off-set to the pessimistic preachments about the degeneracy of modern literature it may be just as well to quote a sentence or two from the latest essay of Mr. Churton Collins, a distinguished literary critic. He says: "No American poet has ever dared, or perhaps even desired, to do what, to the shame of England and France, their poets have so often done—what is mourned by Dryden:

O gracious God! how oft have we
Profaned Thy heavenly gift of Poesy,
Made prostitute and profligate the muse
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use.

"We should search in vain through the voluminous records of American song for a poem by any poet of note or merit, with one exception, who is an exception in everything, glorifying animalism

or blasphemy, or attempting to throw a glamor over impurity and vice." The truth of this judgment must appear to all students of literature; we wish the same could be said of the drama which furnishes a truer test of contemporary standards of living. At any rate it is matter for gratitude that American literature has been started aright.

—"Visits to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament," from the French by Grace McAuliffe, is a collection of devotions centering around the Eucharist. It includes Prayers for Mass, Holy Communion and Benediction, and meditations and prayers for thirty-three Visits to the Blessed Sacrament. To those who need the help of a printed form in their moments before the altar, this little book will be helpful. Its usefulness is enhanced by the neat and convenient form in which the Benzigers have brought it out.—The San Francisco Catholic Truth Society has reprinted "A Simple Confession Book" by Mother M. Loyola. As to everything that comes from the author's pen, there is only praise to be given to these excellent instructions. The second edition of "The Catholic Prayer Book," noticed before in these columns, appears in more substantial binding, and we feel that its usefulness is thereby increased.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1.50, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly.* \$1.60, net.

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

Problems and Persons. *Wilfrid Ward.* \$4.60, net.

The Beginnings of Christianity. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D.* \$2, net.

The City of the Kings. *Mrs. Lew Wallace.* \$1.12.

The Symbol of the Apostles. *Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. *Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Auger and Rev. James Foy, of the diocese of Syracuse.

Sister M. Doluna, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Anselm and Sister M. Britto, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Francis Henry, of New Haven, Ind.; Miss Zara Beltzhoover and Mr. J. Ledlie Gloninger, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Meehan, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. John Sheridan, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Anna Currie, Pontiac, Mich.; Mrs. Eliza Morrison, E. Boston, Mass.; Mr. Daniel Larkey and Mrs. Mary Miles, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. H. E. Wright, Tuscon, Arizona; Mr. D. F. Sullivan, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Warken-Kergen, Münschecker, Luxemburg; Mr. Anthony Gill, St. Lawrence, Pa.; and Col. George Chapman, St. Louis, Mo.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals:

Rev. J. H. G., \$10; J. H., \$1.50; Friends, 30 cts.; Mrs. L. M., \$1; Mrs. C. G., 25 cts.; F. E., \$1; A. W. B., 30 cts.; Mrs. Anna H. \$3.

The Indian Mission Schools:

Miss M. H. D., \$1; Mrs. H. V. J., \$5.

The Propagation of the Faith:

E. H., \$5; S. C., \$5.

The Gotemba Lepers:

Friend, \$20; Mrs. P. B., \$1.

The Maori Missions:

F. H., \$10.25.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 6, 1904.

NO. 6.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

To the Queen of Heaven.

(From the Portuguese.)

THOU art like the fragrant bough
Of the beauteous cassia tree;
Like the Orient myrrh art thou,
Whose sweet breath is worthy thee.
Lady, when the sufferer sighs,
'Tis to thee he turns his eye;
'Tis to thee the sinner cries,
Virgin of the cloudless sky!

Thee does Wisdom's son compare
To the towering cedar trees;
And the Church which is thy care,
To Mount Zion's cypresses.
Thou art like the palm trees green
Which the richest fruits have given;
Thou the olive, radiant Queen,
Blooming on the heights of heaven!

Lady of the golden light!
Dazzling Star beyond compare,
Shining clear in darksome night!
Daughter, Mother, Spouse all fair!
Though the curse that Eve had brought
O'er her children threat'ning stood,
All the evil that she wrought,
Lady, thou hast turned to good.

The Prayer in the Garden.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

ALAS, we know of one pathetic picture! In all this world there has not been such another. In art or fact we have nothing like it. "O all ye that pass by the way, come and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow!" The God of Truth challenges all time and all experience

to produce its like, not for His own glorification, but to win our pity and our love. You yourself can, if you wish, make a picture of Him alone in the midnight Garden.

"The world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." He was of the race and kindred of the Jews. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." He gathered His Apostles "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing"; and one of them betrayed Him, the rest abandoned Him. "My soul is sorrowful even unto death."* "And He was withdrawn away from them a stone's cast."† "And when He was gone forward He fell flat on the ground."‡ "He fell upon His face, praying and saying, My Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from Me."§ "And there appeared to Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him. And being in an agony, . . . His sweat became as drops of blood, trickling down upon the ground."||

The three Evangelists, on simple and uncrowded canvas, have sketched the picture. God ordained that they should do no more. It was His will that the contemplation of the picture, and its filling-in, should be left to the love and pity of our minds, helped by the writings of those who have gone before us. Of these we have three classes: saints, commentators, theologians.

There was a time when I thought that no one in the world was to be so

* St. Mark. † St. Luke. ‡ St. Mark.
§ St. Matthew. || St. Luke.

envied as a great theologian who could read and fathom the sacred mysteries of our faith; or a great commentator who could explain the mysteries and entrancing writings of the Holy Bible. But now—perhaps it is because I am growing older—I seem to realize that there is no one to be envied except the great servant of God. The theologian and commentator see with the brain: the saint understands with the heart. Perhaps it was for this reason that some holy man—I think it was St. Philip Neri—gave advice that books should be preferred whose writers' names began with an S (saint.)

Yet, thank God, we have crowds of theologians and commentators who see with the brain and understand with the heart, as well as canonized saints who have been able theologians and deep and discerning commentators. From the theologians uncanonized we will select a great client of Mary, Father Suarez.

"How great was the bitterness of Christ's sorrow?" he asks, in a volume of his wondrous theology. "To understand the pain which Christ suffered for us," he answers, "we must begin by explaining the bitterness of His sorrow. And in the first place we can certainly assert that the sorrows of Christ were great and vehement, as is evident from the Gospel history. For further testimony of this, let the prophecies of David and Isaias suffice.

"Many calves have surrounded me: fat bulls have besieged me.* They have opened their mouths against me, as a lion ravening and roaring. I am poured

* Cardinal Bellarmine says: "*Many calves have surrounded me.*" We are not to understand weak young calves, but grown ones, with horns, almost bulls; for the following, *fat bulls have besieged me*, is only a repetition. The high-priests and Pharisees are called *strong* and *fat*, because they were powerful and rich. Some will have it that by the *calves* he meant the populace; by the *bulls*, the Pharisees. Not at all improbable, but I prefer the first explanation.

out like water, and all my bones are scattered. My heart is become like wax melting in the midst of my bowels.'*

"I am come into the depth of the sea, and a tempest hath overwhelmed me. I have labored with crying; my jaws are become hoarse; my eyes have failed me.... My heart hath waited for reproach and misery. I looked for one that would grieve together with me, but there was no one; and for one that would comfort me, and there was none.†

"There is no beauty in him nor comeliness. We have seen him, and there was no sightliness, that we should desire him; despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity.‡

"But in order to understand the greatness of His sufferings let us make use of comparison. We can consider them in their nature—that is, arising from the object or from the cause of them; in their intensity; in their duration; or in their extension over vital and sensitive parts of the body. Again, we may compare them with the sufferings of a soul in purgatory or hell; or with the pain which the damned, after the Day of Judgment, shall suffer in body and soul."

Let us now, to begin with, suppose a saint grieving over one of his sins. Adam is said to have wept during the nine hundred and thirty years of his life for the sin he committed in the Garden of Eden; we have undoubted authority for the grief of David; and the tradition of the early Christians puts two furrows on the cheeks of St. Peter, caused by his grief. We have now the figures, as it were, of our calculation. Our Lord was to grieve not for one sin but for all sins taken together. We turn to Suarez:

"Christ grieved for all the sins of men, taken together and most fully

* Ps., xxi, 13-15.

† Ib., lxxviii, 3, 21.

‡ Isa., liii, 2, 3.

considered. No one so perfectly understood and so nicely weighed all the ingratitude to God and all the offence and malice of sin as He did; no one with such undistracted and undivided attention of mind considered all that would tend to the abhorrence of sin; no one so loved God or desired to give Him supreme worship and preserve His rights intact; no one had so much grace and so many aids to detest sin: and therefore He indubitably grieved over sin as no one else could. Again, no one ever loved man with such intensity of love; and no one ever saw so clearly the evils, temporal and eternal, which were brought upon him by sin. Nay, I will add that, even on this score alone, the sorrow for the sins of men was in Christ more vehement and more intense than are all the other dolours, for what cause or purpose soever, that are found in angels or in men, or according to their ordinary capacity can be found."

Suarez compares Our Lord's grief with that pain of the damned called remorse—"the worm that dieth not,"—and which springs in the first place from the "pain of loss." "The dolor which Christ had for the evils He suffered was not so vehement of *its own nature* as the sorrow which the damned have for their state and perdition. St. Thomas teaches this; and the reason is because their grief arises from an evil of a higher order and reason. They have lost God and eternal blessedness; and joined with the certainty of that loss is the knowledge of the eternal hopelessness of their state; whereas Christ's sorrow was only temporal and human."

There is another view, however, in which they may be compared. Suarez approaches it thus: "But if their dolours be compared *as to intensity*, it is not so certain." For one moment let us see what the learned theologian means.

We know that in heaven some of

the blessed have a higher degree of happiness than others; equally in hell some have more terrible torments than others. A soul condemned for its first and only grievous sin would not, according to the justice of God, be subjected to the intensity of punishment meted out to a soul guilty of greater malice. So there is in hell a difference in the pain. We see it readily if we reflect that there are different degrees, for instance, of heat in fire or of cold in frost. "So it may happen," says Suarez, "that though the pain of the damned in its own nature—that is, because of the reason from which it proceeds—be more grievous, yet in intensity it may be less than the sorrow of Christ. But whether as a fact it is so can not be said for certain; and probably *even in intensity* the sorrow of Christ was not equal to that of the damned."

The reason he gives is this: The soul of our Divine Lord suffered according to the natural capacity of a human soul, and to the very full. It may be laid down at once that the soul and body of Christ were peculiarly adapted by the disposition of God to receive and endure pain. Never was a human body or a human soul so nicely fitted to quiver and shrink before pain. And in Christ there was not one power of the soul or one atom of the body quiescent: everything suffered, nothing sheltered itself at all from suffering. But, at its full, the capacity of a human soul is not equal to the capacity of the angels; therefore, as Our Lord's was truly a human soul it was less capable in regard to suffering than are angels. The demons have all the natural capacity of angels,—they still possess all the natural powers they had before they fell; and, consequently, have more capability of suffering than the soul of Christ. That no doubt proves that Our Lord's soul did not suffer pain equal—in intensity, at any rate—to the pain of the demons.

"And if our comparison be with the souls of men who are damned," continues Suarez, "although these in their natural capacity do not surpass the soul of Christ, at least they have to elicit an act of anguish as intense as their natural powers are capable of; this they do from the apprehension of their hopeless state. But, over and above, each one is compelled by divine justice to experience more vehement sadness in proportion as he is worthy of greater punishment. And, therefore, the sadness of Christ is not to be compared with the grief of the damned, either in its species or its intensity."

To bring this out more fully, we will briefly argue against it thus. For one mortal sin a God of justice condemns a soul to eternal torments: eternal torments, therefore, are not more, but less, than the just punishment of such a sin. They are not more; for God is just, and it would be unjust to punish more heavily than is deserved. It is to be supposed, as a tribute to God's mercy, that the punishment is even less than the due desert. If, then, our Divine Lord was to make complete satisfaction for sin, He ought to have endured punishment equal to eternal torments, even if only one mortal sin were to be expiated. But seeing that an almost infinite number of such sins have been committed, and are therefore to be atoned for, He ought to have suffered pains equal to an almost infinite number of hells.

Now, this would be the case if Our Lord were a mere man, unless God had otherwise ordained. God, of course, can do and can ordain as He wishes. If you purchase a lump of brass and have to pay for it in coppers, you must give all but an equivalent weight of money; but if you are going to pay for it in gold, such an equivalent weight will not be required. The one single fact of the Incarnation of Our Lord would, in its infinite condescen-

sion and humiliation, outweigh more, in the eyes of a skilled appraiser (that is God) than the infinite eternities of woe that all the damned—fallen angels and men—shall have to endure. "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him." (Isa., liii, 5.)

"I willingly grant," observes Suarez, "that Christ did not assume, formally and in itself, that pain for which He made satisfaction; for otherwise He would have had to take upon Him the pain of loss and the eternal pain of fire. He assumed, therefore, only the pains of this life, and by these pains made satisfaction for the pains of the other life.* But the completeness of this satisfaction is to be judged, not from the identity of suffering or from its proportion or from its quality or quantity, but from the dignity of the Person and the perfection of charity by which it is endured.... If we compare this sorrow of Christ with all other human sorrow that has been felt because of human and temporal evils, it is true, as St. Thomas teaches, that the sorrow of Christ was the greatest in intensity and bitterness."

One thing is particularly to be remembered in the case of our Blessed Lord. "His will and desire permitted His nature, in the case of any sorrow proposed to it, to be saddened, as far as was utterly possible for it, by its natural propensity to pain or its power to receive it. Even it was divinely ordained that no one act should hinder another; that no comfort of one part

* We have an illustration at our hand when we are performing our sacramental penance. The guilt of the sin is forgiven; and for the satisfaction God agrees to take a very small punishment, especially if endured with charity, in lieu of what (it may be feared) would be a great punishment in the next life. Even a holy act of charity may wipe out not alone the guilt but also the punishment due to sin, as baptism certainly does. This may suggest to us the value of sacramental penance, and indeed of all our acts of worship here.

should overflow into another; and finally that no one member should receive the least solace that could bring it rest or a diminution of pain." St. Thomas tells us that the pain Christ felt was, in its intensity, not indeed the greatest of all possible pains, but that it was the greatest of all that men have actually suffered.

What degree of pain was it necessary for Christ to suffer in order to redeem us? None at all, if He so ordained. But in the present decrees of God, remarks Suarez, "Christ assumed exceedingly great pains. We can not say with exactitude how great were their intensity and bitterness, but we can say that He assumed to the full those pains that in God's appointment were sufficient and that were becoming." And what did those dolours arise from? Mainly from four causes or sources: 1. from physical wounding and its consequences; 2. from sorrow for sin as it related to God; 3. from a full knowledge of the blessedness of heaven and the everlasting woe of hell; 4. from the utter carelessness of the multitude of men.

To any one that passes through the world and thinks in his heart that a God died for the multitudes of those whom he meets hurrying through the streets, standing idly at corners, buying or selling in shops, travelling in railway cars, sailing on the ocean; gathered at race meetings, bazaars, sports, banquets, balls,—a God died for all these! And they are every moment of the day and night thinking of anything but Him!

With regard to the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, and especially the duration of both, who could know so well as He? Who could know heaven as He, who came down from it? Who could know hell as He, whose anger had enkindled it? Dives knew of hell, and he asked that his brothers be forewarned. Who, then, could weep

for the loss of heaven, who grieve for the bitter exchange of hell, like our Divine Lord? It was sin brought the loss, sin brought the exchange; and He wept over sin. He wept with the tears with which Adam wept when mourning over his sin; and He wept more fruitfully in that one night than Adam in his nine hundred and thirty years. David wept over his double sin: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy; and according to the multitude of Thy mercies blot out my iniquity!" And the penitents of all the ages have echoed his supplication: "From the depths I have cried to Thee, O Lord!" But the utter misery of that cry, "Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from Me!" in the midnight Garden was far more heart-rending and piteous in the ears of God.

Now we come, finally, to the physical wounding; and here we place ourselves in the hands of the greatest schoolman, it is believed, that the Church in its twenty centuries has seen. Says St. Thomas:

"The first reason why the dolor of Christ is, in intensity, the greatest of all, is because the greatness of a dolor arises, first, from the greatness of the wounding that is the cause of the dolor; secondly, from the organism of the person who endures, according as that organism be more or less capable of receiving pain; also from the delicately perfect complexion of body, in which an acute sense of touch especially resides; and no less from the power of the soul, and its internal apprehension [capability of discerning pain]; and in this the whole strength of pain particularly lies. But in Christ the wounding of the body was great, inasmuch as it was transfixed with nails, and on these nails the whole weight of the body rested; the head crowned with thorns, the flesh torn with the scourges, and the limbs nailed to the cross. The organism of His

body was most delicately fashioned; the power of His soul to receive and appraise pain, the most efficacious; and therefore His dolor was the greatest."

Was the blood shed in the Garden real blood? "Three things particularly," says Suarez, "are narrated by the Evangelist in that Prayer: 1. that *Jesus began to fear, to grow heavy, and to be sad*; 2. that He prayed to the Father in these words: '*Father, if it be possible,*' and so forth; 3. what St. Luke alone adds, '*And His sweat became as drops of blood, falling down to the ground.*'"

In the time of St. Athanasius a doubting writer said that this was merely hyperbole on the part of the inspired writer: that the sacred sweat from Our Lord's body was so abundant that the Evangelist easily exaggerated it into a sweat of blood. St. Athanasius, writing on the Beatitude of the Son of God, cries out: "Anathema on those who deny that Christ sweated true blood!" St. Hilary, St. Jerome and St. Augustine declare that Christ sweated a bloody sweat.

Why, then, is it said, "*as drops of blood,*"—"And His sweat became *as drops of blood*"? We answer that in the Holy Scriptures the word "*as*" or "*like*" does not, at times, mean similitude or comparison, but equality or identity; as, for instance, when the glory of Our Lord is said by St. John to be like the glory of the Son of the Father. "And we saw His glory as of the only-begotten of the Father." Now, Our Lord was not *like* or *as* the only-begotten of the Father: He was the only-begotten Himself, "full of grace and truth."

But why did not the Evangelist say, 'His sweat was drops of blood,' and not "*as drops of blood*"? "If," says Suarez, "there be in that particle '*as*' any kind of similitude which deflects from reality, it is not in the substance, as if Christ did not sweat real blood,

but in the form and appearance of the drops; because it may be that they had not the perfect figure of a drop, but something similar. And certainly the drops were not purely of blood, but had a mixture of sweat." So that it is the word "*drops*" the "*as*" must be supposed to qualify. And perhaps this is the reason why one ancient ecclesiastical writer uses the term *sanguinolentum sudorem*—that is, a bloody sweat somewhat diluted.

"The fact is simply to be confessed," declares Suarez, "that Christ sweated true blood, as the letter of the Gospel evidently reads, and as it has been understood by the Church from Apostolic times." St. Irenæus says: "If Christ's flesh were not real, how could He have sweated drops of blood?" And St. Augustine: "The Lord Jesus Christ, praying with a bloody sweat, meant to point out that from His whole body (i. e., the Church) the sufferings of the martyrs would emanate." St. Bede: "This blood of Christ flowing down to the earth signifies that *earthly men* are to be irrigated by that blood." St. Bernard: "Christ was not satisfied with tears of His eyes, but with the bloody tears of His whole body did He bewail and wash away our sins."

Was this blood shed miraculously or was it not? Annalists and experts are brought into the question. I confess I do not like it. I believe Our Lord inspired the holy Evangelist to put down, for our instruction and improvement, that *He sweated blood*; and, unless the Church tells me I am making a mistake, I will continue to put a plain and simple meaning on plain and simple language. I love to read what is told of St. Louis of France on being called to witness a miracle of the Sacred Host. "I believe it already," he said, and declined to go. It may not be "*up to date*" to have such notions; but I do not recollect that Our Lord desired we should be up to date, but

He certainly wished that we be like little children.

Let us, however, see what annalists and experts have to say on the matter. They declare that if the bloody sweat took place at all it must have been by more than natural means, and that for two reasons: 1. When pain attacks the body or anguish the mind the system, instead of growing rosy and sweating blood, grows pale, and becomes paler in proportion to the anguish; showing thereby that the blood is frightened from the surface rather than urged to it. 2. Even if some blood-colored fluid was forced through the pores, it could not fairly be called blood, and certainly would not roll down, as St. Luke describes, in large drops to the ground.

To the first it is answered that when anguish has the power of disturbing and even inflaming the body, there is no reason why it may not so affect the heart and the blood as to rupture the bloodvessels and force the retreating blood through the pores of the body. It has not happened often in history. God may have, for the greater solemnity of the Prayer in the Garden, restricted its frequency in human experience; and thus we are more fully convinced of the sadness of the soul of our dear Lord.

Suarez thus answers the second: "It may be said that, though it was a thin, watery blood when oozing through the pores of Christ, immediately when it came to the surface of the body it grew thick, naturally, from the effect of the cold air; particularly when the night and the air were especially cold."

'An angel comforted Him.' Suarez says that "an angel appeared under a sensible and human form; and, outwardly alone, spoke to Christ, as is manifest from St. Luke." But who that angel was is uncertain; nor do I find any mention of him in the writings of the Fathers."

(Conclusion next week.)

Sketches in the Mountain Parish.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE IN DOON."

I.—CURATE OF THE MOUNTAIN PARISH.

IT was, indeed, a great change for me when, on my recall to my native Irish diocese from the Liverpool mission, I was appointed curate of the "Mountain Parish," as it was called, of Killanure. Instead of M. C. (missionary coadjutor, as distinguished from missionary rector, the English ecclesiastical titles), it was now my proud privilege to write C. C. after my name; and to be enrolled in the Irish Directory as "The Rev. J. G. O'Carroll, C. C.,"—an humble member of that splendid body of priests, the curates of Ireland. It was a sudden transition from the bustle and confusion, the hurry and worry of city life to rural tameness and take-it-easy-ness; from that eternal dull roar of a great city, which drowns every joyous and soothing sound, even the laughter of children at play, to the perfect quiet and repose of the country. It was a pleasant change also.

As there happened to be no vacancy for me at home at the time of my ordination, I had been lent to the diocese of Liverpool for five years, during which I labored as assistant priest in a populous parish adjoining the line of docks. And I confess that often and often during that period I was heartily sick of the sight of the "long, unlovely streets" and filthy courts and valleys; and longed for the pure, bracing air and green fields of a country parish in dear old Ireland. Now I had my wishes gratified—and with a vengeance, I might say.

The curate's house, of which I had now become the tenant, was situated at the head of a beautiful valley, whence opened to view a glorious prospect of

purple heather, flaming gorse, vividly emerald meadows of the aftermath, and wavy golden cornfields; and where the air blew soft and balmy and unpolluted.

I shall never forget the delightful sensations I experienced on the first morning of my residence in my new home. It was a glorious morning toward the end of August; and the sun streaming in on my face through a rent in the window-blind—which, as appeared from its faded hue, had screened many curates before me—woke me a good three hours before the hour for Mass. I arose on the invitation; and, after completing my toilet and my devotions, went out for a stroll, to pass the time until I was due in the little church down the valley, some ten minutes' walk from the house. The principal church of the parish was six miles distant. The parish priest resided near it.

I first wandered into the little garden at the rear, which my predecessor in office, an enthusiastic florist and horticulturist, had tended and cultivated with a care and skill for which I now blessed him cordially. I sat down on a rustic seat under a splendid apple-tree heavy with fruit, and fell into a musing mood. It had been an exceptionally warm and beautiful summer; and, although it was yet early autumn, the apples were mellow ripe. One of them just then fell with a soft thud at my feet, looking a delightfully luscious morsel amid the rich green grass.

A rosebush grew near at hand, and I fancied I could see a budding flower expanding under my eyes, as the genial warmth of the sun just risen kissed away the dewdrops with which every leaf and blade of grass was thickly studded as if with precious gems. At the same moment another flower, a large full-blown one, of beautiful carnation tint, crumbled and fell to pieces, scattering delicious perfume all around.

The same warm kiss that had charmed one flower into the loveliness of its first blush blasted another into decay and death. I had been reading over-night "The Lotos-Eaters," and I fancied I saw here exemplified the poet's description:

The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed. . . .

Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in the silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days
The flower ripens in its place,—
Ripens and fades and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

After indulging thus in a long and blissful reverie, in which many wellnigh forgotten memories of the past, both sad and cheering, were recalled, I took a narrow path leading up the mountain side and proceeded along for some distance. The whole valley now lay before me in panoramic view, with its white cottages scattered here and there, gleaming in the blessed sunshine, and the tiny spire of the little church in the distance pointing silently and solemnly heavenward. Truly, it was an ideal scene of soothing sylvan beauty, and holy Christian calm.

As I contemplated this sweetly alluring prospect—with moistened gaze, I must admit,—and thought of the happy, dreamy, peaceful lives of the Old-World, simple people in this Irish Arcady,

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
my attention was attracted by a noise farther up the path. On looking in that direction, I perceived two children, a boy and a girl, of about twelve and nine years respectively, driving toward me a pair of goats, wedded for better or for worse by a coupling-stick, with withes attached round the neck of each; regardless apparently of compatibility of temper, as they pulled obstinately

and persistently against each other in their devious progress down the path. Unused as I was for so long to such a scene, I viewed it with rare delight.

As the barefooted children approached arm in arm, the little girl nestled closer to her brother, whose face she watched intently in order to get the cue from him as to how she should act when passing the priest; for meet me they must,—although they could wish it otherwise, I knew from their looks. I was somewhat astonished when the little boy, not content with taking off his cap, knelt before me, making also the Sign of the Cross, an action which the little girl quietly imitated. She looked, however, away from me when our eyes met; and at last overcome by shyness or fear or reverence, or a mixture of all three, she covered her face with her pinafore, or "bib"; still remaining in a kneeling posture until her brother took her by the hand and led her away, her shy little face still partially concealed. Oh, how beautiful and refreshing it was to witness such a spectacle of sweet simplicity and bashful innocence!

Never, I believe, did I raise my blessing hand more fervently over any one than over those two kneeling children on the mountain side that balmy autumn morning. We formed a group which our hovering Guardian Angels must surely have looked on with wonder and delight. Had the master-hand of a Millet been there to transfer that scene to immortal canvas, it might have proved as touching and soul-inspiring a picture as his "Angelus."

As I watched them driving home their goats—the poor man's cows—to provide "the drop of milk to whiten the tay" for their father's breakfast previous to his starting for his work, I thought of an incident of my Liverpool experience, which at the time of its occurrence affected me almost to tears, and which the sight of these children

on the dewy mountain path recalled. I once asked a whole gallery of school-children, ranging from the ages of five to ten or twelve, and numbering about two hundred, if any of them had ever seen a green field or even a bit of grass, and not more than five of them answered in the affirmative.

How much happier in comparison was the lot of these wild, poorly-clad mountain children, tripping lightly over the dewy grass, "feeling their life in every limb," gay as the lark, and lively as that proverbially nimble animal, the kid! As they sang some unpremeditated and probably unmeaning lay—when they got well away from me, however,—I fancied, as I pensively watched them, I saw the meaning of the poet's address to a little child:

Whose fancies from afar are brought;

Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought

The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol.

I found I had passed an hour or more in my first daydream in the mountain parish—I had many such afterward,—and I now hastened toward the little church, whither I noticed many already wending their way, although it was still an hour before Mass time. It was Saturday, however; and I knew that some were in the habit of going to confession at an early hour on that day to save time,—to discharge their weekly or monthly "duty," as they deemed it, and yet lose none of their working day on that account.

There was a confraternity in the parish, and each one knew his or her "section Sunday" perfectly well, as a rule. If any of the younger people were disposed to forget or overlook this important item in the routine of their lives, they were certain to be reminded of it by their elders; for, practically, all the adult population belonged to the confraternity. Hence when I arrived in the church, an hour before the time for Mass, I was not a little astonished

at the large number I found waiting for confession, a good proportion of them men.

Of course they 'took the full of their eyes out of me,' their new curate,—that is, they gave me a good, long, searching stare as I knelt before the Tabernacle preparatory to entering the "box," as they invariably called the confessional. I might fairly say, without being accused of vanity, that they were not the cold, critical, supercilious looks, so much affected by society, that I received; but, on the contrary, the grateful, admiring looks of unaffected love and reverence. I felt a thrill of pride and triumph, as well I might, in the thought that, although I had never seen one of their faces before, or even exchanged a word with one of them, I might count with certainty on being among friends,—aye, friends dear, true and faithful, who, as they often told me afterward in their own peculiarly expressive way, would put their hands under my feet, or 'walk on their bare knees' to do me a service. Yes, the magic bond which binds priest and people in Ireland made us friends at once by a freemasonry of mutual love and regard, whose subtile influence can scarcely be realized by those who do not belong to the Household of the Faith.

No doubt some of them were also calculating whether or no I was "a nice, aisy man to go to"; or if, perchance, I was "a cross, wicked little man,"—for I ought to premise that, like Zacchæus, I am small of stature. Indeed, I noticed one of my first penitents on the female side of the "box," on her return to the benches, telegraphing to others awaiting their turn encouraging information on the score of my approachableness and amiability, as I judged from the bright, glad look each face assumed as the good news was whispered around. "A nice, quiet, aisy crature of a little

man to spake to, God bless him!" was the comment I happened to overhear an old crone making to another as they left the church after Mass. I was, consequently, glad to know that their first impressions of me were favorable. And I can say in all truth that the people of the mountain parish, judging them from the specimens I saw on that my first Saturday among them, were, like holy Job, "simple and upright, fearing God and avoiding evil." And, oh, how they prayed,—with what rapt devotion and fervor!

I noticed an old man there that morning—a poorly-clad old man of the laboring class,—whose whole life doubtless had been passed in hard, unremitting toil and privations; and the manner in which he prayed inspired me with mingled feelings of awe and reverence, not unmixed with fear; for he gazed heavenward as if looking at a vision. Disdaining the comfort of seat and foot-rest, he remained kneeling on the cold, rough tiles of the floor during Mass, as well as long before and after it; and during all that time—close on two hours—his lips never once ceased to move in prayer. He first exhausted, so to speak, the devotional possibilities of his rosary, then turned to his prayer-book, and lastly had recourse to his own impromptu and informal devotional prayers and aspirations. He seemed to be oblivious of everyone's presence but God's. For a long time he would remain bowed down to the ground, muttering his prayers as if to Mother Earth, and seemingly oppressed with a deep sense of his unworthiness even to look up toward heaven. Anon, however, as if gaining strength and courage from his self-abasement, he would kneel upright with "heaven-erected face," no longer shaking his head, penitently reflectful; but boldly and confidently pouring forth a full torrent of fervent petition and propitiation toward the Tabernacle

of the Hidden God, whose presence he seemed to realize with an intensity of faith that was almost vision.

Could the agnostic or materialist have witnessed that scene as I watched it, with moistened eyes, kneeling near that poor ignorant man as I made my thanksgiving after Mass, and feeling humbled and ashamed of myself, I confess, at seeing such an example of lively faith, I am convinced that poor unlettered peasant would have done more to give the scoffing sceptic a heart of flesh instead of his heart of stone than all the learning and research of all the philosophers,—“heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.”

As I returned homeward after my morning's apostolate I was waylaid at various points of vantage through the valley by young and old. Children came shyly to ask for *Agnus Deis* or medals; mothers brought their infants to me to bless them, and, as a rule, asked if I had 'e'er a Gospel about me to give the little child'; a girl requested a remembrance in my Office for her toothache; an old woman besought me to banish the “magrim” in her head ‘that had her kilt’; whilst an old bent man leaning heavily on a short stick, and very lame, coaxingly insinuated that I could “do something” for his rheumatism if I liked, and that if I'd only ‘rise my hand over him’ maybe he might improve in “the walk.”

And so saluted on all sides with smiles and blessings, compliments and kindly greetings, I returned to my cottage after my first morning's missionary work, with a heart overflowing with happiness and gratitude. As I sat down to a frugal breakfast it was very pleasant, instead of the grinding, grating noise of the city, to listen to the songs of the reapers and the merry laughter of the girls in the cornfields, borne to my ears on the balmy breeze through my open window.

Even the commonplace sounds of rural life—the gabble of geese and the gobbling of turkeys, the quacking of ducks and the crowing of chanticleer, the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep—seemed sweet music in this happy valley where my lot was cast.

Here I was now settled down in the midst of a simple, primitive people, away from the stress and strife of the great world's unrest. I had nothing of what is called “society” in this poor parish; and its humble folk might, perhaps, be considered ignorant, rude and uncouth. But I knew they loved and revered me, and, in their own exaggerated language of affection, worshiped the very ground I walked on. Their manners might be called unrefined, but their hearts were tender, loyal and true; and for me, at least,

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

When I moved among them their murmured “God bless you!” was ever in my ears. The women said it as they came to the cottage doors to see me pass; the girls said it as they curtsied, and showed their ivory-white teeth in their sunny smiles of welcome; the children said it as their shy, serious faces relaxed into dimples and ripples of joy when I said “Good-morrow!” to them; and the men in the fields pulled off their hats and shouted after me, “You're welcome to the parish, your reverence, God bless you!” The running streams seemed to murmur it; the rustling leaves seemed to whisper it; the very sparrows in the eaves of my thatched cottage seemed to chirp it. “God bless you!” was in the air.

And as I thought of all this I thanked the Giver of all good gifts with a heart too full for words. Here in this quiet retreat, among these simple people, was peace indeed. Yes, it was good to be here,—a good and a blessed and a holy thing to be here.

"Till Death do Us Part."

BY BEN HURST.

THE light filtered through the chinks of the shutters and made its way over the bed, across the room, in white threads that gradually became wider. Ruth watched them, still half-unconscious; instinctively feeling it better not to awake. She lay with her eyes half-open, loathe to stir or to define the dull ache at her heart. But the beams grew, and sounds from outside became noisier. At last she was forced to sit up and look her misery in the face.

She who had been a happy bride all these months had herself pronounced the fatal word of separation, and now all was at an end. Last night's quarrel returned to her in a flash. It was a trifle, a nothing,—nonsense without meaning or interest; but it excited her at the moment, and the consequences were disastrous. She sank back with a shudder, drawing the bedclothes over her head once more; but her thoughts were already too busy and her anguish too acute to allow of the sleep which alone could give a respite.

Was it she, her very self, who sprang up yesterday full of happy plans, with one hundred duties and 'pleasures awaiting her? To-day she was to leave them forever. She had no longer a husband nor a home. What an age it seemed since she had been troubling over the drawing-room curtains and the likelihood of being able to purchase a larger sideboard for the dining-room! How could she have cared for such trifles? The carpenter was to call that very afternoon about the additional kitchen shelves. What a mockery was all her housekeeping! How futile her arrangements! Life was not worth living. If marriage was to be taken

so lightly, it were better it should not exist at all.

However, she must be just, and the facts were against her. It was she who had first alluded to a separation, and Francis had only accepted it. At least he had turned very pale, then grown stiff and strange, and he had replied darkly: "Very well; if you wish it, of course you are free to go." So now she *must* go. Rather die than sue for pardon or humble herself by showing her regret—her despair. Oh, if only she had not spoken of departure! The dispute about something so puerile was not worth a further thought; she could not bear to recall it. How could she have cared for such extraneous matters as to grow hot and angry in the assertion of her own opinion! As if it mattered what he or she or anybody thought about such things!

The chirp of birds smote her ear; and more remote, the clucking of the hens in the farmyard. It was a fair summer day,—this day that had turned her life to gall. There was no use in lying here indefinitely; he would think she meant to shirk carrying out her threat. Wearily she arose and dressed. She would wear her usual morning-gown: he could not expect to see her in hat and coat at that early hour. And she had preparations to make: clothes to pack and keys to deliver up. She would do it all calmly and methodically. She would not assume light-heartedness, but neither would she betray remorse.

What was that? The sound of whistling! Ah, how little she was to him!—what a small part of his life! And yet he passed for a man so serious, so earnest in all he did. The breaking of a tie which he had knit so solemnly meant, then, nothing more to him than this? Not that his whistling sounded defiant or gay: on the contrary, it was half-stifled, as if he feared to arouse her. But the very

fact of his being able to whistle denoted carelessness. *He* could be indifferent, after all, because he was not losing much. His part was the easier. House and home and the old congenial occupations remained to him as before her arrival, and little in his life would be changed; while *she*—

Well, her aunt would welcome her, lovingly, blindly. She had never liked the marriage with this stiff Roman Catholic, and had wept over the loss of her pet. Janet, Ruth's younger sister, had not been able to fill Ruth's place as companion to Aunt Martha; so she could now return home, and Ruth would go back to her old duties of reading aloud, nursing and house-keeping. She had been glad enough to escape from them and from the querulous society of Aunt Martha, and to become the wife of the man whom she esteemed and loved beyond anybody she had ever met. But, still, what a blessing to have this haven now! She did not doubt that Aunt Martha would receive her and justify her. She did not dream of returning to her parents, who had a family of seven besides herself to provide for.

The whistling came nearer, but more subdued. No, it was not aggressive. It paused under her window; she heard his footsteps recede, and then it was again resumed at a distance. He had never passed the window before without a tap or a call of some sort. That was all over now. When she would be no longer living here she would not miss these small items, she hoped.

Suddenly her heart failed her and the bitter tears began to flow. "My God! my God!" she sobbed, "take this heavy pain from me. Make me more insensible to my woe!" But deep down in her soul she knew it was through her own fault that she suffered; through her own stubbornness that she continued to suffer; and she ceased to

pray. Her pride was between her and God, between her and peace.

The dining-room seemed strange and lugubrious. True, she was accustomed to breakfast alone; for Francis was miles away on his roan every morning before she awoke. But to-day he had not gone and yet he did not join her. He would never seek her, never take the first step to reconciliation, and she must carry out her threat without meeting him.

"You don't look well, ma'am," said old Margaret the housekeeper as she brought the coffee. "Do you think you can bother about the clearing of the shelves to-day?"

"No, Margaret, I won't mind them to-day, all the more as I want to drive over to my aunt's this morning." She stopped, surprised at herself; then went on, with a rush of energy: "Tell Tom to have the trap ready in about an hour."

He should see that she was a woman of her word. Why did she feel so wicked? So many couples went apart that could not live together in harmony.

She hastened off, leaving her breakfast almost untasted, fearful that she should break down before the old woman, who was still in the room busy with some new ware that she was piling in a cupboard. Margaret was his nurse; she loved him: she would care for him as she had always done. He should not miss her, Ruth.

She returned to her room, and threw open her wardrobe feverishly. She must pack her clothes, gather her linen together, and take down her boxes. How sickening! No: the great step was enough for to-day. She was going to leave him, the man she loved, and that would require all her strength, without these loathsome details of removal. Her effects could be sent on afterward. She was ashamed, too, of the boy Tom. What would he think,

seeing her go away with her boxes? Alas, he could only guess the truth—what he and the whole world must know too soon!

Oh, fatal word, *separation*! How could she have spoken it? Now she must carry out her threat, or ask for forgiveness and acknowledge that what she had herself proposed she felt to be wrong, and that it was to her calm mind an evil like death. No, she could not humble herself so far. He had parted from her so strangely hard and stern. After all, she had committed no crime. Why did he appear so wounded, so incensed?

Slowly she put on her hat and coat and went out in the garden to say good-bye to the bees. They had been her special care, and thrive wonderfully even after she had removed the hives to the other end of the garden. She went down the middle walk, bordered with roses, where he and she had loved to stroll in the calm summer evenings. O God, how foolish she had been! Her life would be a blank henceforth. Was life even a possibility apart from him?

She turned to retrace her steps, and saw a tall figure in grey coming down the path toward her. Her heart, which had been aching with a dull pain, began to throb wildly. His face was grave—nay, rigid. Was he coming to confirm or to hasten her departure? He would speak coldly of the final arrangements, and she must brace herself to meet him. How dark and unbending he looked! She knew his strict views on most subjects, and respected him for them; but was it Christian to be so cold, so harsh?

He came close to her and held out both his hands.

"Ruth! my dear wife!" he said, "you spoke hastily last evening. You do not seriously mean to leave me without any grave fault on my side to drive you from me?"

She was sobbing with her face buried on his shoulder, the great weight lifted from her heart, and deep shame at her inferiority in its stead.

"It was all a bad dream," she murmured. "I was wretched, but the devil prompted me to continue. I suffered all this time. Oh, how I suffered!"

"And yet you would have gone," he said, "if I had not spoken?"

She was silent and ashamed.

He gave a deep sigh, and then drew her down on the old bench beneath the acacia where they were wont to sit.

"My dear girl," he said, "if this is ever to be repeated, you may as well know exactly how I stand. Unfortunately, what is but a grave step in life to you is solemn sin to me. I have sworn to be true to you till death do us part. I have taken you for better or for worse. I can never be free. We Catholics are forever bound to one wife; and while you, according to your church, can make another venture and perhaps be happy, I shall always be lonely. Never during your lifetime can I found a family or hope for home joys. I shall pass all the rest of my days in dreary solitude, because my first venture turned out a failure. Thus you have the advantage over me. All life is yet open to you, while to me it is closed. I can not break with my Faith. And you know that my Church is inexorable. She has knit me to you forever; and though the law of the land frees *you*, my conscience will never free *me*. I obey my Church because I am convinced that she is a divine institution, and that her rules are based on the universal good apart from the private wants and wishes of individuals. Therefore, if we separate, I am the loser in all family affection, and my dreams of a happy home are shattered forever. This is how things stand between you and me, Ruth. I can only appeal to your generosity."

While he had been speaking her head sank lower and lower on her breast. Now she lifted it with the determination to rehabilitate herself and her people.

"How can you hint such infamy to me," she exclaimed, "as the possibility of my forming other ties,—of having two living husbands? What right have you to suspect me of such a thing? You know well, Francis, it could never be. I have also sworn for better or for—"

She stopped suddenly, remembering how lightly she had proposed only last evening that they should dwell apart for evermore. A Catholic wife could not have said that; or, at least, if in anger she alluded to separation it would not mean divorce and all its attendant horrors. Ah, there was a gulf between them! Her aunt was right: their standards were different, and his hard and fast laws were pressing on her. His code, of course, was loftier—much loftier; and she wondered how he had stooped to lift her to his side.

"You must regret that you married a Protestant," she said involuntarily. "Tell me, Francis, don't you wish I were gone and that you were free to choose a Catholic wife?"

A shower of tears accompanied this outburst. He drew her tenderly to him.

"When I asked you to be my partner through life," he said, "I never thought of the possibility of having any other. Neither could I dream of it now. I plighted my troth, hoping to live with you all my life, and such solemn hopes and resolutions are not easily effaced. You do not think I could seriously contemplate letting you go on account of a dispute like last evening's,—a dispute," he added, laughing, "which I fear will be often repeated; for both you and I are not angels, but two self-willed mortals; and these things occur between the best of friends."

Ruth answered nothing, and they sat in silence for some time. Deep in her heart she was pondering many things. She simply nodded when Francis proposed that he should countermand the order for the pony trap, and watched the grey coat till it was lost in the bushes. Then she fell on her knees on the grassy sward and thanked God aloud for having delivered her from the horrid nightmare that had lain upon her since yesterday.

Suddenly she rose up, her resolution fixed, and called to him before he reached the gate.

"What is it, little woman?" he answered cheerily. "Shall we go for a drive, after all?"

"Yes," she replied breathlessly, still running to catch up with him. "I have decided that you will drive me straight to Father O'Connor's to begin being instructed in the Catholic Faith. I mean to be your equal at least in that respect. Then also I shall no longer fear that I may destroy my own happiness in a fit of temper. Your wife shall be of your Faith, and we shall bear with each other to the end. You are right, Francis: it is the only true marriage, and I bless the quarrel that has led me to this."

The man in the grey coat opened out his arms and clasped her to his breast.

"Kind God!" he murmured. "How have I deserved this?"

Compensation.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

WE mourn a friend with futile lamentation
And vent beside his bier our heavy dole,
Still mindful of our loss, not his probation
Whose pleading cries entreat: "Pray for my
soul!"

Remorseful pangs for sympathy unspoken,
For many offices of love denied
We feel; yet still withhold love's truest token—
Our suffrages, that span e'en Death's dark tide.

In this Sign I Conquer.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VIII.

FIRST, I must go back to that time when Anthony, having left Leigh Hall behind, separated from Father Walpole, who bent his steps in another direction. I may as well set down here that his reverence was made captive some years after, and suffered martyrdom at York with a constancy which won the admiration of all spectators. It was known to them that he had been put to the torture fourteen times, without so much as declaring any detail which might incriminate those who had harbored or otherwise benefited him. And though they charged him with treason, the which he strenuously denied, he was offered life on the usual terms at the scaffold's foot, in presence of a companion who had just been drawn and quartered alive. The terms this blessed man refused, mounting the scaffold with the utmost fortitude, and praying for his persecutors.

Our Anthony, being separated from this reverend companion, proceeded to London, where he secretly filled the office of catechist to Catholics or those desirous of embracing the ancient Faith. He likewise haunted the prisons where so many of the brethren, lay or clerical, were in chains, striving to bring them assistance either spiritual or temporal. Master Topcliffe had kept watch upon his movements, and one day caused the youth to be arrested, charged with high treason in being a member of an Order which was excluded from the Kingdom. This Topcliffe was inveterate in his hatred of Catholics, declaring that it was his delight to butcher and torture them, and that if he had his way he would blow every Jesuit into the air with gunpowder.

Now this malignant man caused Anthony to be taken to his house, where he put him more than once to the torture, striving to obtain from him evidence against Sir Marmaduke, Father Walpole, or others of the Society of Jesus. Topcliffe having failed in his attempts, Anthony was subsequently conveyed to the Tower. In this loathsome dungeon, where he was obliged to sleep on filthy straw, to eat the vilest trash, with scarce room to move, he was tormented in divers ways, being at last brought to trial before my Lord Beaumont. His examination—the substance of which was repeated to us by one who was present, and who committed the same to writing—was as follows:

"Are you a Catholic?"

"Yes, I thank God I am of the ancient Faith, for which the most noble of our countrymen have died!"

"Are you a priest?"

"I have not that happiness yet."

"It is your purpose to become one?"

"I opine that my purpose matters little now," Anthony returned, laughing.

"Your intention was to become a Jesuit priest?"

"Yea, I have already entered the novitiate with that hope."

"Wherefore came you to England, where it is treasonable for those of your Order to set foot and where death awaits them?"

The brave youth laughed once more with a merriment which caused many to smile.

"Why, my Lord, you can not allow that soldier to be a man of courage who, hearing that the army is drawn up in battle-array, the drums and trumpets sounding to the charge, yet shall indulge himself in safety."

There was a murmur of admiration, so handsome and gallant did our poor Anthony appear as he thus gave testimony to the courage that was in him.

One of the judges cried out:

"Boy, you seem to have courage! If you will only renounce forever your vain religion and enter into the army of our good Queen Elizabeth, I will obtain for you both rank and fortune, and solemnly promise you my unchanging friendship."

There was a smile on Anthony's lips as he looked full at this new tempter and responded:

"I fight under a more glorious banner—that of Ignatius. Think you I would dishonor my name, insult my country, deny my religion, and humble our Order by apostasy from the Faith? Away with your rank and fortune, your human friendship! From my soul I scorn them,—though I thank your worship for your clemency!"

The usual accusation of treason was now brought against our boy. Alack, the pity of it!—the truest and most loyal soul that ever existed in the broad lands of England!

He promptly answered, as became his father's son:

"My lords, I am an English gentleman and a Jesuit novice. In both these characters treason is most abhorrent to me. Touching the Queen, I pray daily for her."

"Which queen do you mean?" asked one of the judges, with an evil sneer.

"Your Queen and my Queen—Elizabeth. I humbly pray God that He give her the grace of salvation."

He was then questioned as to his stay in his brother's house and those other places wherein he had found shelter, but naught would he say. Topcliffe deposed that he had seen him in his brother's house, but no further evidence was forthcoming.

He was that day condemned to death. And, though the years have softened the grief of us all, I can scarce trust myself to write of that which was to follow; and many a tear moistens the parchment at thought of our

beloved youth, once the very light of our lives, dying a felon's death. God pardon me that I speak thus of a martyr's glorious ending!

He went smiling to the scaffold, with his old gay laugh upon his lips, merrily suggesting to the hangman that perchance he needed his help in tying knots.

"I was famous for tying knots, Tom!" he called out. "And it is of some interest to me that these knots be secure, since Goodman Thong is to aid my exit from this life."

After which he turned him around to the multitude.

"If any be here of the ancient Faith," he cried out, "let them pray for me now in my extremity, and be assured I will not forget them when I have come into the presence of my Master and theirs. I beseech them also to be faithful, and never in any manner whatsoever deny their Faith. I rejoice that I, though a wretched sinner, have been deemed worthy of this high honor of dying for the truth. I have never harbored a treasonable thought, uttered a treasonable word, nor in any fashion whatsoever been guilty of any crime against the laws of this realm. I die because I am a Catholic and had hoped to be a priest."

He was here bidden to desist, and obeyed instantly. The spectators of that scene, many of whom wept openly, were much awed by the light of the sun falling around that sweet youth's golden head; while his beautiful smile, full of peace and happiness, made his countenance radiant.

"Master," he cried out, with eyes upraised, "I come joyfully! May Thy Cross reign forever! In this Sign I conquer!"

I need scarce detail the pardoning of my dear Sir Marmaduke and his homecoming with his beautiful and gracious lady. Her character now was one of

the greatest nobility, so as to be a blessing to all around; and Sir Marmaduke and she were constant in all good deeds and shining exemplars of the Faith. For the death of Anthony did by so much increase their fervor and their firm faith in a future life.

Better times have come to the old land, and the voices of Sir Marmaduke's children are in the halls and corridors. But one voice do I ever miss, that long ago fell silent; and martyred Anthony's laugh would be sweeter to me than any music could I hear it once again on earth.

It is comforting to gather the little ones about me in the oaken room at sunset. They sit at my feet, on the Spanish footcloth where Marmaduke and Anthony played of old; and I tell them the tale, which they are never weary of hearing, how blessed Anthony died upon Tyburn Hill for the Catholic Faith. And in conclusion I ever point to the family emblem, where it still shines amid the quaint scroll-work on the wall as on that memorable day when our loved Anthony first declared that he was going over-seas to be ordained a Mass-priest.

There is awe on all their childish faces, and sometimes there are tears on the face of their lady mother (who, perchance, has entered the apartment, in glory of silken garments), and a look of deep emotion on the noble face of Sir Marmaduke, as they hear me repeat that oft-told tale. Forever I draw for my childish auditors the stern lesson taught in that motto of their Christian race: "In this Sign I conquer!"

AFTER WORD.

The MS. of the worthy old tutor has been somewhat modernized both as to language and spelling, though sufficient of the quaint phraseology is maintained to remind the reader that the narrative is of the past and of those dark days which were lighted forever

by the lustre of a splendid heroism. Priests, secular and regular, laymen and women, even children, gave the testimony of their blood, and, declares Father Southwell (himself amongst the most glorious of martyrs), "sowed the seeds with tears, that others hereafter may with joy carry in the sheaves to the heavenly granaries." Some of the answers given at Anthony's trial were the actual replies made by martyrs of the Society of Jesus when standing at the bar, where injustice, perfidy and bigotry reigned supreme.

(The End.)

In a Picture Gallery.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

OUTSIDE the art gallery it is cold, and a white mist veils the city; but inside all is warmth, light, color. One is invited to a banquet of the soul. I stand before one of the masterpieces of Dante Gabriel Rossetti,—before "Our Lady of Pity." The Merciful Mother of the medieval artists was often the Madonna della Sedia, older, with the white wounded Christ on her knees, and her own heart pierced by the sword even as her Divine Son's was pierced by a spear; and her soft eyes are wells full of pity.

Rossetti's "Mother of Mercy" is of another type. The Blessed Mary has the face Rossetti loved to paint—of no particular nationality, thin, oval, ascetic; her dark face is full of an ethereal glory, and is framed by masses of long black rippling hair, from which the eyes shine out as stars shine at midnight, looking with unutterable compassion upon the world. Gazing upon her, we cry: "Have pity on us, O merciful Mother!"

Wondrous indeed are those eyes of the pitying Mary. They behold the sorrows of all time. As Queen of

Martyrs and of Prophets, she sees alike the victims of Nero and of Henry; looks upon Ignatius ground by the teeth of lions, and More upon the scaffold; and she offers their prayers, their sighs, their agonies to the Child who bled. She sees the woes of the world: Lazarus, with his unbound wounds, lying at the gate of unfeeling kings; Mary the Magdalene on the Bridge of Sighs.

Before those deep and solemn eyes passes a long procession of the forlorn, the outcast, the tempted. Drunken mothers, gambling fathers, hungry workmen,—she sees them all; and the heart which throbbed with love of Jesus is full of grief for the lost sheep of the world. She, as faithful Shepherdess, shepherds the wanderers in earth's great centres—London, New York, Paris, Chicago—as well as in lone wildernesses and at Ultima Thule.

Only the other week, when passing down a long, dull city street, I saw the shaded cab of the fever hospital standing at the door of a dreary house, on whose threshold stood a tall, sad woman in black, with a shawled baby in her arms, which she gave to the employee of the sanitary authorities. The man received it tenderly, passed it on to an attendant in the vehicle, remounted his box and drove rapidly away with the sick lamb. Then was heard the utterance of a soul in pain—the mournful cry of Rachel bereaved of her children. Did the Mother of Mercy, the Immaculate, stand near that poor gaunt house and regard that moaning woman with eyes which were wells of pity,—with the eyes of Rossetti's "Mater Christi"? Let us think so.

There are other Madonnas in this gallery. One meditates amongst the peach-blossoms, watched by seraphic Gabriel; another holds Jesus on her knee, with little cherubs hovering above her. She is clad in a grey-blue robe besprinkled with golden roses; her

expression is one of beatific happiness. She is the Virgin who heard the angels sing; who listened to the Mass bells when England was her Dower; who is an unseen guest at the consecration of new churches; who listens to the *Agnus Dei* when her Son is exalted; who presents Jesus to the nun about to take the habit; who smiles on the Catholic workman pausing to say the Angelus; and on children when they repeat, "Hail, Holy Queen!" For she is Mater Amabilis and Mystical Rose.

Another Madonna in a Book of Hours of 1509 watches her Divine Son washing the disciples' feet. Her robe is blue, her hair "the color of ripe corn," and her expression is one of maternal tenderness, as befits Regina Apostolorum.

But the Virgin which appeals to my humanity, after "Our Lady of Pity," is the Madonna of an old illuminated choral book. It is only a small scene,—all the figures are of miniature size. But the artist evidently loved his subject; for it is depicted with such solemn feeling, such exceeding care. The place chosen is a small hamlet by the seashore. You see the ships lying on the placid blue water, and also a quaint old bridge. Our Lady is seated on a wooden bench, outside of what is evidently a wayside chapel; and she presents the Infant Christ to Peter the Fisherman, who kneels before her. Here she is Mater Christi, Bride of the Holy Spirit, giving her Son to the Church. The loving humility of the Fisherman is beautiful to see.

Now let us return to Rossetti. This dark and beautiful canvas is his "Boat of Love." At the foot of the water stairs waits the boat which is to carry the passengers over the river to Jerusalem the desired, the golden. An aged peasant-woman is already seated in it, waiting for the rest of the company. Her dress is of darkest brown; she wears the quaint headgear of her province. The toil-worn hands

are folded in her lap; the peace which passes understanding is on her sunburned, wrinkled face. On the last step of the stair stands a great white-winged angel, who is seeing yet another passenger into the boat; whilst grand-mère looks on placidly, as if saying to herself: 'Earth for me is past. The child-bearing and child-rearing, the sowing and the reaping, the watching and the waiting, the laughter and the tears,—all, all are past; and I am coming to Thee, O Master, with my unseen sheaves of self-sacrifice of patience, and of faith!'

Regarding her, I think of an aged couple in the Corn Country, in that East Anglia in which Wulstan the peasant-saint lived his holy and beautiful life. This pair had manifold privations, but the silver cord of love was never severed; and when the husband saw his wife lying in the last sleep of death, he said simply: "I always asked our Heavenly Father to take my Jenny first; for I don't know how she should have fared without me." These words came from the depths of a great love surely.

Passing on, I stand before what some of his admirers call the master's greatest work—the "Beata Beatrix." It is a most subtle picture. Beatrix sleeps in the Italian noontide, by an open casement, toward which the young student Dante Alighieri is walking. In the background are the towers and campaniles of Florence. The garb of the Lady Beatrix is simple, yet beautiful as becometh a daughter of the Portinari. An upper gown, or tunic, of soft, fresh olive-green falls over an under-garment of pinkish brown. Close by the sleeper is a white marble basin, from which sips a white dove (symbol of Holy Innocence); and in her lap, fallen from the lovely, slim, girlish hands, lie red poppies—little red poppies such as children gather when the wheat is ripe for the sickle.

Shakespeare justly calls Sleep "thape of Death," but it is no such mime in this sleep of the Blessed Beatrix; rather is it an angel whispering of unseen glorious things. To judge by the rapt look on the small oval face, by the faint smile on the parted lips, she sees the White Rose of Heaven, the Immaculate Conception; hears ravishing music; beholds ineffable glory; sees in a vision dimly what she may see when the mortal is clothed with immortality.

Truly thou art Beata Beatrix, sweet sleeper! For the scholar who looks on thee sleeping will cherish thy memory as a guiding star when he "eateth another's bread and treadeth another's stairs." He will think of thee, with the Lady Mary, in exile. The hand on which he never placed the nuptial ring will lead him through the Inferno, through Purgatory, upward into Paradise; will place the laurel on his brow in ages yet unborn. Thou wilt be an Angel of Inspiration when thou art in very truth the Beata Beatrix.

At Rest.*

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

AFTER her journeyings from shore to shore,
Bearing her sheaves, she sought the heavenly door;

Behind her stretched the years of sacrifice,
Before her shone the lights of Paradise.
But the Lord looked upon her, and He spake:
"Thou who hast toiled and labored for My sake,
A fairer crown I would that thou shouldst gain,
Through holocausts of suffering and pain,
Before the eternal vision thou mayst win,
Ere these bright gardens thou dost enter in."

O months of anguish, ye are past and gone!
Her soul released, the weary battle won.
She who esteemed all but God's work as dross,
Passed to Him with her lips upon the Cross.
To others' needs her selfless life was given:
Who would recall her from the peace of Heaven?

* Mother Agatha, Superioress of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Carondelet, Missouri. Died Jan. 16, 1904.

A Reminiscence of Pius IX.

A YOUNG freethinker—he called himself a freethinker—once accompanied some Catholic friends to an audience with the well-beloved patron of our present Holy Father. Every other member of the party solicited some spiritual favor, but this youth preserved a sullen silence. Finally, Pius IX. turned to him, saying:

"And you, my son,—have you nothing to ask of me?"

"Nothing, your Holiness."

"Are you sure? Nothing whatever?"

"Nothing."

"Is your father still alive?"

"Yes, your Holiness."

"And your mother?"

"My mother is dead."

"Well, then, my child, if you have nothing to ask of me, I have something to ask of you."

The young disciple of Voltaire looked at the Sovereign Pontiff in open-eyed astonishment.

"My son," continued the Holy Father, "I beg you to do me the favor of reciting an 'Our Father' and a 'Hail Mary' for the repose of your mother's soul."

His Holiness knelt down; so did the young man, and when he arose tears stood in his eyes. The gentleness of the kindly old Pope and the remembrance of his mother had quite overcome the freethinker's indifference; and as he left the audience chamber he was sobbing like a child.

ONE of the good things one learns by absence from friends is seeing the folly of being huffed and affronted by trifles.—*Lord Edward Fitzgerald.*

DEFER not charities till death; for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than his own.

—*Francis Bacon.*

Bible-Reading and Interpretation.

A T long last Protestants are beginning to take a sensible view of Bible-reading. The *Sunday-School Times*, a widely circulated religious journal classed as Evangelical, expresses the opinion that "not all of the Bible is to be read to or by children, or to persons of every sort." Of course not. One must have a very imperfect knowledge of the Holy Book not to know that the Epistles of St. Paul are by no means the only Scriptures containing "certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest... to their own destruction."

If all of the Bible is not to be read by persons of every sort, then certainly it may not be interpreted by "the plain common people," as Protestants have always contended. The familiar text, "Search the Scriptures, for in them you think to have everlasting life," etc., so often cited as favoring private interpretation, is rather against it. Our Lord does not say "In them you have everlasting life," but "*You think in them to have life everlasting.*" The sense of the passage is made clear by supplying the verse immediately following—both should be one paragraph: "And you will not come to Me, that you may have life." The sense of many passages of the Bible is obscured by the paragraphing.

Many of the best commentators, ancient and modern, express the verb *search* in the indicative mood: "Ye search the Scriptures." It is also to be noted that these words were not addressed to the people, but to the Pharisees, who were *ex officio* expounders of the Law; and in any case they could have reference only to the Old Testament.

The Jews of Berea were praised for eagerly embracing the truth, and for

searching the Scriptures to find out the texts touching the divinity of Christ maintained by the Apostle, who *reasoned with them out of the Scriptures*. They searched the Scriptures to ascertain *if these things were so*.

In the same Acts of the Apostles we read that a certain eunuch "of great authority" was riding in his chariot reading the Book of Isaias; and being asked by St. Philip if he understood what he read, he replied: "How can I understand unless some man show me?"—or 'be a guide to me?' as in the Greek—admitting that he did not pretend to interpret the Scripture. And this eunuch was above "the plain common people" in intelligence and social rank—a member of the court of Queen Candace, of Ethiopia. Like him, we have need of an interpreter for the Bible,—'some man to show us.'

Protestants are now beginning to admit that "not all of the Bible is to be read to or by children, or to persons of every sort." Some day they will realize that not even those "of great authority" among them are qualified to interpret the Holy Book. The next step will be to agree with Catholics that the only competent interpreter is the successor of him to whom Christ said: "And thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren."

THE character of the man, not the nature of his achievements, gives abiding value to his work.... A man's character is more revealed by what he tries to do than by what he succeeds in doing. His abiding influence is expressed by his aspirations rather than by his achievements. His most fruitful heritage is, generally speaking, his temper, his attitude toward life. The great question is, Did he heighten or did he lower the sense of duty of those amongst whom he lived and worked?—*Mandell Creighton*.

Notes and Remarks.

In a lecture at Toledo recently, Bishop Spalding expressed the conviction that the lawlessness and rioting which have gone far to alienate public sympathy from strikers are the work of Socialists who "look upon the union men as half-witted, and go into unions to use them." After five months' investigation of the mining troubles, the Bishop declared he had brought away a more profound respect for the workmen, who are often the victims of misunderstanding, and sometimes the victims of a domineering and unsympathetic foreman. It is of interest to note that Mgr. Spalding does not believe in compulsory arbitration as the remedy for labor troubles. "Men driven to arbitrate would be stubborn over the result. The army of the United States could not have driven the miners back to work. I believe in compulsory investigation. Neither employers nor unions want all their affairs thrown open to the public. They would be conciliatory rather than have that." On the platform from which the Bishop spoke sat the officials of eleven distinct labor organizations, who doubtless profited by the counsels, as they must have been touched by the sympathy, of the Bishop of Peoria. Organized labor has no truer friend and could have no wiser monitor than he who so admirably combines the spirit of a recluse with the spirit of a public man.

We like the spirit of unalterable confidence in our Blessed Lady that breathes throughout the pastoral letter addressed to his people by Mgr. Luçon, Bishop of Belley, relative to the Immaculate Conception Jubilee. "Can France," he asks, "under the pretext of the sorrows that overwhelm her and the mourning in which she is plunged, remain outside this pious

movement? France, to whom, in prevision no doubt of these trials, and to sustain her in the conflicts that awaited her, Mary gave in the course of the last century, by her repeated apparitions, so many signal marks of her maternal love? France, to whom, in the person of an humble child, under the rocks of Massabielle, at the foot of the Pyrenees, Our Lady deigned to show herself under the name of the Immaculate Conception, as if to say: 'Catholic France, thou eldest daughter of the Church, terrible trials are being prepared for thee; but fear nothing: I am that Immaculate Conception whom thou hast so filially and so magnificently honored. Once again will I crush the head of the serpent that seeks to poison thee with his venom and to strangle thee in his coils'?"

The Holy Father has the gratitude of the Catholic world for the abolition of the so-called privilege of the veto, claimed by three European powers, and exercised by Austria during the last conclave to discriminate against the holy and zealous Cardinal Rampolla. The veto will trouble conclaves no more. The Holy Father has issued a document declaring that it never became a right, and that it will be ignored in future elections; and pronouncing excommunication, *ipso facto*, against any one, whatever his dignity, who acts as intermediary of any government in proposing a veto against any Cardinal during a conclave. So passes another scandal from Christendom.

A most interesting communication from the venerable Abbé Ball, of Ars, France, informs us that the last general session, *coram sanctissimo*, dealing with the miracles of the Venerable Curé of Ars, was fixed for the 26th ult. This good news indicates that the current year will very probably witness the

solemn beatification of M. Vianney, an event that will be hailed with rejoicing by the whole Catholic world. Our own readers may be presumed to be particularly interested in the matter, as their generous contributions toward forwarding the Cause of the Venerable Curé have materially helped those who had its prosecution in charge. It will be permissible to add that, until the crowning act of canonization takes place, similar contributions from the faithful will be far from superfluous; and we trust that we may soon have the pleasure of transmitting to the Abbé Ball some tangible proofs of the continued active interest displayed in the Cause by appreciative readers of THE AVE MARIA.

A graphic illustration of the inconvenience of fatalistic doctrines is furnished in a letter which Father Kayser, of Eski-Chéhir (Asia Minor), writes to *Les Missions Catholiques*. In November last the town was half destroyed by fire. The inaction of the crowd who watched it was a revelation to the European mind. To one official, who was quietly lighting his cigarette by means of a flying cinder, Father Kayser said: "Why don't you make an effort to save the rest of this quarter?" The phlegmatic reply was: "Allah, who has permitted the conflagration, knows well enough how to put it out."

The story of the conversion of the late General Longstreet, told in these pages some years ago, is recalled to memory by the following paragraph contributed to the *Columbian-Record* by Mr. James R. Randall, the veteran author of the stirring war ballad "Maryland, My Maryland":

He once told me that up to that time [when he was almost ostracized socially by his Southern friends for accepting reconstruction so readily] he was an Episcopalian and had no intention of aligning himself with any other church; but

when even in the church he was snubbed he wondered if there was no house of God where people, no matter what their political prejudices might be, possessed and practised brotherly charity and love. So, experimentally as it were, in New Orleans he went to a Catholic church and was received kindly by all the members, although many of them no doubt disapproved his course politically, and some, as old soldiers, grieved over it. At any rate, this kindness touched his heart; and after much study, reflection and instruction, along with the grace of God, he became a Catholic, lived one practically, and died in the peace of God, blessed by the priest, eulogized by his Bishop, and prayed for by our people.

The story carries its own lesson and requires no commentator.

Although leading politicians of both parties have done all in their power to relegate Mr. William Bryan to obscurity, he still holds the attention of the public. No unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency has ever retained so much prominence and popularity as Mr. Bryan. The reason is because he has many views on burning questions which the masses of the people believe to be sound; and so often expresses sentiments which all honest men, irrespective of political affiliations, must cherish. There is a quality in such utterances as this which can not fail to influence all intelligent citizens: "Instead of making our flag float everywhere, make it stand for something wherever it floats. When we make our flag stand for justice the world will know it. Then if any king raises his finger against us, his people will rise up and protest. I would make the American flag not feared but loved the world over." There is more than platform rhetoric in words like these, and it is to the credit of the people that they like to hear them.

No one who reads the Holy Father's instruction regarding sacred music will doubt of his intention to have it carried out. "We impose its scrupulous

observance on all," he writes in his *Motu Proprio*; and in his letter to the Cardinal Vicar of Rome (where the reform was most needed and where it is appropriately to be begun) his Holiness says further: "We cherish the hope that all will second Us in this desired restoration; and not merely with that blind submission, always laudable though it be, which is accorded out of a pure spirit of obedience to commands that are onerous and contrary to one's own way of thinking and feeling, but with that alacrity of will which springs from the intimate persuasion of having to do so on grounds duly weighed, clear, evident, and beyond question." And there is to be no delay in effecting the complete change which has come to be universally appreciated. "Since the thing is to be done, let it be done immediately and resolutely."

Now that the abuses in the matter of church music which have so long existed in Rome are to be extirpated, there is assured hope that concert-hall music will cease everywhere and forever in Catholic churches.

At a time when so much is said about the reunion of Christendom it is important that Catholics as well as non-Catholics should have a clear understanding of the necessary conditions. They were excellently set forth by the late Cardinal Manning in a letter of instruction to his clergy cited in a recent issue of the *London Tablet*. The occasion of this pastoral need not now be recalled; it will suffice to quote the following passage:

When, some fifty years ago, a writer more zealous than circumspect spoke of a reunion of the Anglican and Catholic Churches, Bishop Milner, with his vigorous common sense and his high Catholic instinct, answered: "If we should unite ourselves with it, the Universal Church would disunite itself from us." This is the only price we can not give for even so great a happiness as the reconciliation of England. Nor

must we be misjudged for this. It is not that we will not, but that we can not. We can not harter or give that which is not our own. The divine and infallible authority of the Church sets the limits to our powers and our desires. We can offer unity only on the condition on which we hold it—unconditional submission to the living and perpetual voice of the Church of God. . . . It is far more truthful and charitable to say, firmly and plainly: The Church of God admits of no transactions. Recognition of its divine office, acknowledgment of previous error, submission to its divine voice,—these and no others are the conditions of reunion.

Writing in the *London Guardian* of the necessity of individual reunion, the venerable Father George Angus observes:

Supposing the Church of England Bishops had, in the name of their Church, reunited themselves with Rome, still every individual Episcopalian would have to make his own individual act of reunion, submission, and profession of faith. The baptism of every one would have to be inquired into, and, if deemed necessary, conditional baptism bestowed; everyone, ecclesiastic or lay person, would have to go to confession to a priest in communion with Rome, and in due course be admitted to Confirmation and Communion.

Hard common sense all this,—something rarer than radium.

The unfailing faith and exalted wisdom of the Vicar of Christ are revealed in these striking passages of his recent discourse to the Sacred College. Christmastide has now passed, but the memory of these lessons of Bethlehem should not pass with it:

Certainly the evils which now afflict it [the Church] are many and grave; its enemies (both disguised and open) numerous and powerful; their means for working harm formidable. But we must not be disheartened, because we have in the divine promise the certainty that God will always attain the end He has set before Him; availing Himself, as St. Augustine says, of the very evil produced by our freewill for the triumph of the right.

The cave of Bethlehem is a school in which the lesson is taught that for the restoration of all things in Christ we must not lay down for the Divine Wisdom either the time or the means it is to choose in coming to our assistance. For forty centuries Israel waited for the fulfilment of the promise made in Eden; and hence we must

imitate the faith not only of the patriarchs of old, but, and especially, that of Mary and Joseph, who, though they knew that the Son of God was about to come into life, and that Bethlehem, from which they were so far off, was to be His cradle, quietly, without anxiety or fear, awaited the dispositions of Heaven. Certainly we are grieved to see the Church of Jesus Christ persecuted and fiercely combated in its authority, in its doctrines, in its Providential mission in the world; and civil society, as a result, harrowed by intestine discords. But when we remember that we are in the Valley of Tears, in a time of trial; that the Church here below is militant, and that her tribulations are sent to her and permitted by God Himself, it must be easy for us to imitate Mary and Joseph, who, after their calm waiting, secure in the fulfilment of the divine will, abandon their little home, undertake, with untold discomforts, a long journey, and bear with resignation the refusal of the people of Bethlehem who denied them a hospitable shelter. . . .

The cave of Bethlehem, finally, is a school in which if the fulfilment of the divine promises is not revealed to the wise and prudent ones of the world but only to the little ones—that is to simple shepherds,—the reason is not because Jesus wished to prefer one class to another. The society of men is the work of God; God Himself has willed the diversity of its conditions; and Jesus did not come to change this order by calling only the poor, but He was born for all. Indeed, to prove this character of universality, He willed to be born in a public place, approach to which could not be denied to anybody. He willed to descend from royal blood, that princes might not disdain Him; He willed to be born poor, in order that all might go to Him without ceremony, and to make Himself all things to all men. And in order that none might fear to approach Him, He appeared as an infant.

Beautiful and memorable words!

The death of Herbert Spencer has been the occasion of some interesting judgments, not only upon his own work but upon the whole scientific movement which has disturbed the religious equilibrium of so many Christians since the work of Darwin was published. The feeling among those philosophers and men of science who fell in most heartily with the new revelation seems to be that Darwinism is dead. Dr. Edward von Hartmann, who is widely acclaimed

as the "philosopher of the unconscious," and whose strong bias against Christianity is well known, thus chronicles the rise and fall of the movement:

In the sixties of the past century the opposition of the older group of savants to the Darwinian hypothesis was still supreme. In the seventies the new idea began to gain ground rapidly in all cultured countries. In the eighties Darwin's influence was at its height, and exercised an almost absolute control over technical research. In the nineties for the first time a few timid expressions of doubt and opposition were heard, and these gradually swelled to a great chorus of voices, aiming at the overthrow of the Darwinian theory. In the first decade of the twentieth century it has become apparent that the days of Darwinism are numbered. Among its latest opponents are such savants as Eimer, Gustav Wolf, De Vries, Hoocke, Von Wellstein, Fleischman, Reinke, and many others.

The judgment against Darwin, as comments on Von Hartmann's article show, is practically unanimous among German University men nowadays. These latter, of course, are hardly brought a pace nearer to the Church in consequence; nor will the memory of the event prevent the Huxleys of the future from denouncing the Church as reactionary and obstructionist because it does not take up with every passing theory evolved from their inner consciousness by gentlemen who have no faith to part with.

The New York *Sun* recognizes the importance of the action taken by the Catholic "society women" of that city. "The Roman Catholic women organized as *Filiæ Fidei*," it says, "are proceeding in the most effective way to discourage divorces by bringing social pressure to bear against the divorced....If divorce can be made unfashionable, then the most powerful deterrent against it will be introduced."

The *Sun* evidently considers that our Catholic ladies are taking a heroic resolve; for it adds:

The rule adopted by the Daughters of the Faith is that "no member of the *Filiæ Fidei*

shall recognize socially or in any other way any divorcee. She shall not accept invitations from such, nor extend her hospitality to those having violated, according to the dogma of our Church, the marriage tie." Obedience to this rule would have shut out the members from every important social function which has taken place in New York for years past. They would have to turn their backs on nearly every large dinner now given in the society of fashion; for there are few at which divorced persons are not among the guests. If they should "cut" every divorced woman they would drive from the circle of their acquaintance some of the most conspicuous and influential of the fashionable world.

Let us hope that the future action of the *Filiæ Fidei* may show that the doubts of our metropolitan luminary as to their strict observance of their rule are uncalled for. That it has doubts is clear from its concluding paragraph:

If, however, they have resolution enough to do it, without fear and without favor; and if, as a member of the Daughters of the Faith declares, "no prominent Catholic woman can afford to remain out of the band, as it will reflect on her own standards of conduct if she does so," the influence exerted by it may be powerful. If the whole Catholic element in the society of fashion should unite in visiting condemnation of this sort, the effect might be terrifying to the offenders it distinguished with its social anathema. It would at least compel them to take an attitude of defiance and to assert their right to divorce, whatever any church may say; and this would bring the divorce question to a square social issue, with a society from which Catholics had eliminated themselves on the one side and the Church on the other.

Opinions will, of course, continue to differ as to the justice and dignity displayed by our government in its spontaneous recognition of the latest republic organized in this hemisphere; but we venture to say that the average self-respecting, enlightened American feels pretty much as does President Schurman of Cornell. "Were I asked," says Dr. Schurman, "if the United States has respected international law and the rights of others in the Panama matter, I should want to be asked something else."



My King.

DEAR Christ-Child, when in winter time
The snowflakes round Thee fell,
I'm sure they brought a message sweet
From where Thou once didst dwell.

And when the little flowers of spring
Grew up to greet the May,
They must have bloomed with twofold charm
Where Thou hadst blessed the way.

The merry birds that flew about
With mellow notes and clear,
Dropped liquid songs in ecstasy
When Thou, dear Child, wert near!

So when I see the snowflakes fall,
Or greet the flowers of spring,
Or hear the merry song of birds,
I'll think of Thee, my King!

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

PART II.

I.—THE ARCHITECT WHO WAS LOOKING FOR A GROOM.

NOT at work yet!" angrily exclaimed the man who had come up in the buggy. He was the architect, and he was not deceived by the sudden scattering of his workmen.

"I will explain the matter to you, Monsieur Dumont," said the overseer in reply. "We were busy listening to this boy, who interested us with his story."

"And what is the story?" inquired M. Dumont, looking hard through his eyeglass at Camille, who modestly hung his head.

"We couldn't tell it to you any too well; but it's interesting, just the same."

Then, as the old soldier noticed that M. Dumont was looking attentively at

the sad and sweet face of the little waif, he told how he had found the unfortunate boy, and that the child had not wished to name the relative who had so cruelly abandoned him.

"Nonsense! Mere fiction! A little loafer!" grumbled the architect, still looking at Camille, who stroked his dog to hide his embarrassment. "What's your name?" he asked the boy abruptly, after a pause.

"Camille Fernand."

"And you have neither father nor mother—no family?"

Camille bent his head and began to cry.

"And you say you were abandoned yesterday morning in the Tuileries park by a person you don't wish to name?"

Camille nodded his head sadly.

"What can you do?"

"Nothing, Monsieur."

"Did your parents teach you nothing?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Monsieur! My uncle had me learn a little Latin, geography, arithmetic, and to play on the violin and dance."

"So your uncle was rich, was he?"

"I don't know, Monsieur; but there was always an abundance of everything in our house."

"And this uncle is dead?"

For reply Camille wiped his eyes.

A moment of silence followed. The architect seemed to be reflecting, as he steadily gazed at the slender figure of the little waif.

"Pshaw! what is there to risk?" he murmured at length. "How old are you?"

"Twelve."

"Do you know how to ride?"

"Yes, Monsieur,—with or without a saddle."

"You are small and lean: you will make an admirable groom. Would you like to enter my service?"

"No, Monsieur," answered Camille, somewhat haughtily.

"So you are displeased. For what reason, pray?"

"Because I don't want to be a servant."

"You'd rather be an idler and a beggar, I suppose?" said the architect, angrily. "Well, get out of here! Go! If I find you around here again, I'll have you arrested by the police and put into prison, like the vagabond you are. The idea of refusing to be a groom!"

"Oh, I beg of you don't do that!" cried Camille, clasping his hands. "I'm neither an idler nor a vagabond. I don't want to be a servant; but if you will give me work here, I'll do it willingly. I'll carry brick and stone, and I'll learn the mason's trade even; but be a servant to you—never!"

"Very well! Get out of here, and never let me lay eyes on you again."

The architect raised his cane over Camille, who said with dignity:

"Don't strike me, Monsieur!—don't strike me! I'm not your servant."

Then, motioning to his dog to follow him, he turned around and started down the street.

The deserted boy was walking along dejectedly when a "*Psit! psit!*" made him look around. He saw the old soldier hastening after him.

"Wait! See what the workmen sent you!" said the kind-hearted man, giving the boy a large piece of bread. "You're a brave boy, and you talked right. If you don't know where to sleep to-night, come back here."

"I don't want to," said Camille, tossing his head. "That man is too wicked."

Thanking the soldier, he took the bread; and the two parted with heavy hearts.

II.—THE SCRAP OF FOWL, THE PIECE OF BREAD, AND THE GLASS OF WATER.

The sun was sinking in the west, and the waiters of the Café de Paris raised the awning from over the steps.

"What are you doing here, my boy?" said one of them to Camille, who had sat down under the sheltering canvas.

"Nothing," replied Camille, sadly.

"Then, go away!"

"Mayn't I stay here a while, Monsieur?" asked the poor child in a discouraged tone.

"No: it's supper time and children are not allowed to block up the entrance. Come, go away, I say!"

Camille rose and his dog did the same; then both looked at each other as if to say:

"Where shall we go?"

As if by instinct, Fox led the way to the kitchen side of the Café, which was on the neighboring street. Camille followed; what did it matter to him whether he took this street or another?

The dog soon smelt a most appetizing odor exhaling from a narrow alley leading to the kitchen. He stopped and wagged his tail. All at once he made a bound, darted up the alley and disappeared.

Being small and black, he escaped the notice of the cook and his assistants. But his stomach, as light as that of his young master, soon began to assert itself. With his nose in the air, his tail upturned, his eyes kindly, the hungry animal began to sniff around the turning spit laden with juicy roasts, the range decorated with saucepans, and the tables covered with viands.

"What a pretty dog! Where did he come from?" exclaimed one of the little scullions.

As if he detected a note of friendliness in the boy's voice, Fox ran up to him. The boy leaned down and stroked the dog, who in turn licked the hand that caressed him.

"Poor fellow! See how friendly he is!" said the little scullion.

Just then a waiter brought out a dish on which were some scraps of chicken.

"Throw that away and wash the plate," he ordered.

The boy turned away from the dog to obey; but the latter looked at him with such a humble, hopeful air, and in his eyes, which wandered from the plate to the boy himself, there was something so beseeching, that the scullion put the dish down on the floor and said:

"Are you hungry? Eat this."

Fox looked about as if undecided; but when the boy repeated his order and made an encouraging gesture, the dog seized the scrap of fowl and ran quickly out of the kitchen.

"Well, where are you going?" cried the scullion.

In spite of his desire to chase after the dog, it was necessary for him to perform the duties of his office, which were to wash the plates. He had just piled them up when he felt the warm breath of the little dog on his bare feet.

"So you're back again, are you?" he said joyfully. "What do you want of me now?" Then, as the dog kept eyeing him wistfully, he added: "I haven't anything but a piece of bread. Do you want that?"

As he spoke he offered Fox half a roll. No urging was needed, and the dog ran off a second time.

"That's queer," said the boy. "Where can he go to eat what I give him?"

"What are you grumbling about all by yourself?" called out the cook. "Upon my word, that little dishwasher is talking to his plates!"

"Oh, no, Monsieur Chipart!" replied the boy, pleasantly. "But it's to a queer sort of customer, just the same."

"What customer?"

"A pretty little black dog, Monsieur Chipart, that accepts very politely all the scraps I give him and runs away to some unknown place to eat them."

"If he comes back, let me know."

"Here he is now."

"What a pretty little fellow!" said the cook, looking at the dog, who stood with his mouth open, as if willing to take whatever any one wanted to give him. "His tongue is hanging out: he's thirsty. Give him some water, Baptiste. Take care of him,—I can't leave my cooking. See that he doesn't get away."

"See, Monsieur Chipart: he doesn't want to drink," said Baptiste, pointing to Fox, who stood in front of the bowl of water and looked at the scullion as if begging him to render him still another service.

"Perhaps he wants to go to drink in the same place that he ate," said the cook. "Take the bowl and carry it after him, and don't lose sight of him."

When Fox saw the boy take up the bowl, he ran to the kitchen door. Seeing himself comprehended at last, he led the way out, and Baptiste followed.

(To be continued.)

A Gentle Art.

It is the fashion, even among some very good people, to make fun of what is called heraldry; to say that no one who has a grain of sense bestows any thought upon such silly things as coats of arms, or values a crest.

Our ancestors when they came to the New World mostly forgot to pack their family trees in their big oaken chests, going from one extreme to the other in their desire to be rid of everything that reminded them of kings and queens or rank of any sort. Their descendants, having more pressing work on hand, asked few questions; and not until recent years has there been any general interest in the gentle art which has been termed "the jewel of the Middle Ages." We, having more leisure, are beginning to ask if we are

not losing something by our indifference, and if there was not a meaning in the quaint old terms and emblems, and somewhere a lesson and perchance a warning.

To the historian and antiquarian heraldry is one of the useful arts; for the events of a century may be indicated on a shield by the strange little quarterings and bars and figures which are so great a puzzle unless one understands them.

From the time mankind was divided into families, it was the fashion in some localities to designate each one by a particular emblem. Countries, too, did this; the Danes, for instance, displaying a raven upon their standards, and the Saxons a white horse. Heraldry, however, did not come into use until close armor was universal.

The first armor was mailed or linked armor; hence we speak of a "coat of mail." Then came plate armor; and then simple metallic protectors for various parts of the person. You can imagine the effects of a hard shower or the hot rays of the summer sun upon garments of steel; and will understand why, to protect from rust and heat, an outer coat of cloth was devised, and this was the "coat of arms." Upon it, to distinguish the wearer from his fellow-nobles, was embroidered the emblem of his family, which in time became designated by the same name—coat of arms. After a while the knights, not content with displaying their heraldic emblems upon the battlefield, had them worked upon the fine suits worn at court; and their wives, following their example, displayed them upon gown and mantle.

In the infancy of heraldry each son started out afresh with his own device; but as time went on the arms became hereditary, those of the eldest son always differing in some degree from the others. When the use of heraldic designs was confined to the battlefield

no woman entered into the question; but finally they were demanded as a personal right by wives and daughters.

But though womenfolk could embroider their arms upon clothing, and paint them upon carriage panels, and engrave them upon teaspoons, they could not use the crest—the little design which surmounts the shield, and almost invariably rests upon the six strands of twisted silk which represent the turban of the Saracen and indicate Crusader blood. And why could they not? Because the first crests were the plumes upon the helmet, the reward for distinguished bravery on the battlefield; and women, of course, did not go to war and win crests.

At first the crest was not hereditary, every man being obliged to earn his own,—as indeed he ought to be. But with the debasement of a noble science came great license; and any masculine possessor of arms, bought or inherited, used his ancestor's crest if he so chose.

At last so many disputes arose as to various claims to heraldic devices that it became necessary to have an authority with power to decide between rivals. In England this is called the Herald's College, and its head is the Earl Marshal. This office is held by the Duke of Norfolk, a Catholic gentleman whose character is as pure and distinguished as his lineage. Each Englishman who seals his letters with his arms pays a guinea a year into the royal exchequer. If a lady has her arms upon her carriage, two guineas are forfeited.

Heraldry has shared the sordid spirit of the age. A coat of arms no longer means that one's ancestor was true or brave. It is more likely to mean that he has induced some one to design him a pretty shield and motto. If he happens to have a name which corresponds with one already honored, this is easier still; for "all Stuarts are cousins to the King."

With Authors and Publishers.

—At a recent meeting of the English Bibliographical Society Dom Gasquet read a paper on "The Bibliography of Some Devotional Works published by the Earliest English Printers."

—The National Literary Society of Ireland have started a movement in Dublin to erect a bronze bust of James Clarence Mangan on a suitable pedestal in some public place. In his native land and city there has hitherto been no public memorial of him.

—We have noted more than once the valid objections which Catholics urge against such text-books as Professor Myers' "Medieval and Modern History." As Myers' book is still in use in the public schools of Missouri, however, Catholic parents in that State should see to it that along with the poison the antidote be presented. The antidote in this case is a searching analysis of Professor Myers' manual from the pen of the Rev. William Randall.

—Until we are provided with a daily newspaper of our own, it seems to us that the suggestion offered by a zealous Catholic layman of Maryland should be adopted: "Clip from recognized Catholic journals suitable articles of an informing or disarming kind, and pay a leading daily paper to reprint them along with other reading matter." We find nothing unfeasible in this plan. The publication of much that appears in all the great dailies is paid for by interested persons. It is a delusion to suppose that the average newspaper is published for any other purpose than to make money; and the managers, like Barkis, are generally willing.

—A further examination of Canon Keatinge's excellent and edifying volume on "The Priest, His Character and Work," convinces us that it is calculated to do lasting good. There is nothing like it in English, and to our thinking it supplies a distinct need. Writing of this work in the London *Tablet*, the Rev. Dr. Barry expresses the opinion that "the German Catholic clergy stand far in advance of every other, both as regards the proper discipline of seminary life and the success with which they are attacking social problems. They have known how to combine piety with science, and scholarship in all its branches with the service of their fellowmen. It may be that of late years their book-learning has gone back a little, but they are still the most accomplished of Catholic scholars." Among the reasons assigned for this enviable distinction Dr. Barry mentions the seminary system in Germany. "It does not stand alone, as does ours: it rises out of elementary and middle schools

infinitely superior to any that England can show; it is completed by the universities to which a fair number of Catholics pass who take holy orders."

—The *Literary Digest* falls into the somewhat natural mistake (in a non-Catholic) of confounding the Dominicans with the White Fathers who are evangelizing Africa. The Orders are of course distinct, though their costumes are very much alike both in color and form.

—"Victoria, Queen of Anglo-Israel," we are assured by the author, Nellie Deans Taylor, is a prose epic. Its object seems to be to tell the story of Queen Victoria in apocalyptic fashion and by the use of Scriptural diction. We dare say the meaning would be very beautiful if one could make it out. The Neale Publishing Co.

—A student of the publishers' recent book lists finds matter for rejoicing in the discovery that other works than novels find a ready market in the book world. "Memoirs and biography," we are told, "are having sales increasingly large. History, travel, sociology, economics and science in authoritative literary guise find eager welcome. Essays, and even poetry, have fair sales, if they merit them by their quality; and the number of religious commentaries and books on religious subjects published profitably during the past year would surprise the layman." It will be distinctly gratifying to many of our readers to learn from the same authority that "a large percentage of the novels launched do not pay the cost of publication and advertisement, and it is a most exceptional novel whose popularity outlasts a second season."

—"It is a common belief among those who think themselves educated people," says the *Athenæum*, "that the Roman Church is a belated survival of Medievalism, hopelessly obscurantist, as intellectually contemptible as it is politically astute. A little reading of the works of the higher mind in that body would remove such a superstition." The remark is apropos of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's new book, "Problems and Persons," already reviewed by us. The *Athenæum* is profoundly impressed by "the width and range of the author's knowledge and the fearlessness of his thinking," and doubts whether any other British layman "could surpass or even approach Mr. Ward in a knowledge of the development of European thought and culture and its relation to ecclesiastical institutions." The son of "Ideal" Ward comes lawfully by his intellectual primacy; but the average Englishman 'who thinks himself

educated' is not looking for a revelation from Catholic writers. If he were, Wilfrid Ward, Mr. W. S. Lilly and Dr. Barry—to name only three among the cleverest publicists of our time—would be more conscientiously read than they are.

—The condemnation of the Abbé Loisy's latest book was to be expected, as was also his submission to the judgment of Rome which followed close upon it. The conscientiousness of the French Biblical critic is as indisputable as his learning; though neither is any guarantee against the gravest error in a matter so difficult and dangerous as Higher Criticism of the Bible. The Abbé Loisy's purpose in the work was to furnish a reply to Sabatier and Harnack along new lines; but to this end, unfortunately, he made concessions which the Holy See could not tolerate. His own faith in the plenary infallibility of the Church and in all her teachings is nowise affected by his radical and revolutionary views of Holy Scripture—chiefly because of an extremely elastic theory of doctrinal development which he adopts. The learned Abbé has the saving grace of faith, and it has enabled him to give new proof of humility as well as zeal; and, in consequence, to emerge safe from a situation that has shipwrecked so many men of another temper.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, *net.*

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, *net.*

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, *net.*

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly.* \$1.60, *net.*

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, *net.*

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, *net.*

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, *net.*

Problems and Persons. *Wilfrid Ward.* \$4.60, *net.*

The Beginnings of Christianity. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D.* \$2, *net.*

The City of the Kings. *Mrs. Lew Wallace.* \$1.12.

The Symbol of the Apostles. *Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D.* \$1.50, *net.*

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. *Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, *net.*

Sketches for Sermons. *Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S.* \$1.25.

On the Priesthood. A Treatise by St. John Chrysostom. 85 cts., *net.*

London Catholic Missions. *Johanna H. Harting.* \$2, *net.*

The Daughter of a Magnate. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.

The Dream of Gerontius. 30 cts.

The Ship of State, by those at the Helm. 75 cts., *net.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3

Rev. Michael Gleeson, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Peter Dinehan and Rev. Hugh Conly, O. P.; also Rev. John Gretton, S. J.

Sister M. Josephine and Sister M. Carmel, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister Benigna, Sisters of St. Joseph; Madame Donohue, R. S. H.; Sister Ladislaus, Daughters of Charity; and Sister M. of the Nativity, Sisters of the Precious Blood.

Mr. George Johnson, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. R. J. Druhan, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Daniel Doyle, Neola, Iowa; Mr. James McKeown, Derrynoose, Ireland; Major John H. Wood, Rockport, Texas; Mr. J. Z. Scott, Galveston, Texas; Mr. Thomas Tormey and Miss Elizabeth Scully, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Daniel Grady, Washington, D. C.; Miss Mary Ward, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. Josephine Ergler, Huntingdon, Pa.; Miss Teresa Virrill, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Miss Margaret Burns, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. Joseph Kuebler, Cecil, Ohio; and Mr. Charles Leysen, Muscatine, Iowa.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

'NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 13, 1904.

NO. 7.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Madonna Love.

WHEN shadows of the dusk
 Stole softly o'er the day,
 And He, thy heart's delight,
 Upon thy bosom lay,
 I wonder if thy thoughts
 Went drifting down time's stream?
 I wonder if thou didst
 As other mothers dream?
 Oh, didst thou hear the ring
 Of His sweet childish voice,
 And in His boyish strength
 With mother-love rejoice?
 And did the dream flow on,
 Till, when thine eyes didst see
 Dark Calvary, thy arms close pressed;
 Thy Infant unto thee
 Lest present should be lost,
 And future present seem,—
 The dream a cruel truth,
 The real but a dream?
 But in that swift caress,
 Sweet rapture filled thy heart;
 Thy dream of love come true
 From thee could never part!

The Latest Movement to the Church in England.

BY A RECENT CONVERT.

MR. HUGH BENSON, one of the latest and not the least notable of recent converts, wrote to the *Church Times* shortly after his reception, pointing out that no mere dissatisfaction with Anglicanism could justify submission to the Catholic Church, but only a "positive belief" in

that Church's claims. But, of course, it is a plain fact—yet one which non-Catholics seem to have great difficulty in understanding—that "dissatisfaction" with Anglicanism is often a motive power setting in force a train of causes which may lead to an intellectual apprehension of the Catholic claims, and culminate in the divine gift of grace to submit to them. In such a sense only do I use the terms "cause" and "effect" in this short account of the latest movement toward the Church, which accompanied and followed the latest "crisis" in Anglicanism.

We who fought for "incense and reservation" against the late Archbishop of Canterbury did not, so many of us, forsake the tents of Lambeth because we liked incense and were determined to have it. We who used to go down into the Shoreditch slums to take part at St. Michael's in those inspiring "May meetings" did not abandon our unequal conflict merely because, when the Bishop of London came down and said "You shan't pray to the saints," we preferred to migrate to a church where we could do so. No. These things, we allow, opened our eyes, causing us to look to the sands we were standing on; they gave insistence to a hundred hard questions that had only buzzed around our ears before; gave coherence to doubts that had hitherto seemed to our most anxious scrutiny to be temptations; put upon us imperatively the

duty to seek out, here and now, the ground of Truth, as we valued our souls.

That was what the "crisis" did for us. How each was led further, and found the way opened out, must be his own individual story. But the last stage was the same in all: when the submission had been made it was seen that the grounds of our believing were not to be found in our own wanderings and searchings but in the gift of God, who gave us, unworthy, the gift of Faith. Father Chase summed up the matter in a letter he wrote to the *Church Review* in June, 1900, soon after his submission: "In God's great and undeserved mercy I have heard the Good Shepherd say to him to whom He gave the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, 'Feed my sheep.' What can I do, what dare I do, but rise and listen to His voice?"

I need probably not advert at length to the external features of the agitation which arose in the Church of England in 1899. Readers of THE AVE MARIA will remember how the late Mr. Kensit, Protestant agitator and purveyor of doubtful literature, finding ready access to the public ear at a time when party politics was rather dull, set on foot an agitation against ritualism; how it was taken up by politicians and the press; how the Anglican dignitaries took fright, and the bishops, by way of appeasing the public mind, determined to "put down" two cherished practices of the extreme party; how the "Lambeth Opinions" were the result, condemning the ceremonial use of incense and any kind of reservation; how nearly all the clergy who used incense in the Catholic way surrendered that use, justifying themselves by the most ingenious resources of dialectic, and either relinquished reservation or agreed to some compromise with the bishops whereby the matter was deliberately so arranged as to debar

the people from worshipping before the tabernacle; and, finally, how the agitation died out with a series of disputes between individual bishops and individual "recalcitrant clergy."

The position of those for whom I am in the main speaking was a peculiar one. We were seeking to hold "all Roman doctrine" and practise all Catholic devotion not as a privilege but as of right, believing that the Church of England was either nothing at all or it was part and parcel of the One Catholic Church, communicating in all that that Church is and holds. We were sharply divided from the great bulk of High Churchmen, and the crisis much embittered the relationship of the two sections. We were puzzled, repelled and dismayed at their rapid movements to dissociate themselves from us and come to terms with the bishops. They, on their side, reproached us for bringing all the trouble about by our extreme practices. But High Churchmen, agreed in blaming us, were in no little confusion themselves; containing as they did within their ranks all grades of opinion, from men who approximated to us, down to those whose ideal was the high-churchmanship of Izaak Walton and Dean Donne. There were other complicating factors in both sections, which, however interesting, I must pass over for lack of space.

But it soon became apparent that the state of affairs was driving some of the extremists to look to the bases of their position and find them wanting. There is always a small stream of conversions going on; and the leading churches where converts gather are seldom without their little knob of catechumens awaiting reception. The stream now began to move perceptibly faster; but the first serious blow to us, who were still fighting for a standing-place where we were, came in June, 1900,* when we heard that the Rev. Charles Rose Chase

had been received into the Church.

Mr. Chase had been an officer in the British Army, and had forsaken the profession of arms to win souls for the spiritual combat. Under his charge the well-known ritualistic church of All Saints, Plymouth, had become as a city set upon a hill. It was one of the score or so of churches in which belief and practice were moulded in detail upon the lines of popular and present-day Catholic piety. But beyond the parish—indeed, throughout the whole country—the Vicar of All Saints was trusted by the extreme section, and by many who were not extreme. At last the strain of his tireless labors and the breakdown of a physique none too strong caused him to resign his charge and go abroad in search of health. Easter of the year 1900 was spent in Florence; but friends at home were not left without kindly evidence that their struggles were being watched with sympathy and anxiety. One clergyman was passing through Italy on his way home after a winter in Egypt, but brought us little comfort; for one of his earliest acts on his return was to seek reception into the Church. This was Mr. Harris, hitherto curate and precentor at the famous church of St. Albans, Holborn.

Meanwhile Mr. Chase had gone South, and at Rome in Low Week met, amongst others a former curate and zealous coworker at Plymouth, Father E. A. Theed, who had been received a few years previously. Mass was said in St. Philip Neri's room and sung in the Catacombs, with the prayer at the end in English for the conversion of England. Together they visited the great pilgrimage places and received the blessing in person of the Vicar of Christ. In due time Mr. Chase turned northward; but the answer to so many prayers was not long to be delayed. Before he had passed the bounds of Italy, he heard that voice of which

he speaks in the letter I have quoted, and his reception and advancement through the minor orders to the priesthood were not long delayed.

The effect on the movement in England was naturally to redouble the difficulties of the extreme party and greatly to accelerate individual conversions. Father Chase had so shunned notoriety that his conversion was not seen in its full importance by the general public; but to those who had come within the wide sphere of his influence it struck a reeling blow. It would not be fitting for me to attempt to describe the strength, the subtlety, the intimacy of that influence. It must suffice to recall the fact that he is now the founder and head of the Westminster missionaries of Our Lady of Compassion, a body formed to work toward the same end and by the same methods as the "non-Catholic mission" movement in the United States. Joined with him in this effort are other clergymen of recent conversion.

As the "crisis" rolled on its course during the next two years conversions continued. Another centre of the extremists, this time in the north of England, was broken up by the conversion of its vicar, a defendant in one of the Lambeth cases. Nor were conversions gained only from the sorely-pressed extreme party; others, who were attracted by the same ideals but may have taken a different view of the practical policy to be adopted, followed into the Church; among whom may be mentioned one of the "Cowley Fathers," precentor of their magnificent new church in Oxford; and Mr. Hardy Little (brother of the famous preacher Canon Knox Little), who lately relinquished the charge of a fashionable church in Brighton and became a Catholic.

But if the earlier stages of the crisis were fruitful, its close has brought results still more extended, and appar-

ently not yet exhausted. The agitation, as I have said, tailed off in a *modus vivendi* between the bishops and the greater number of the clergy concerned, and in a series of local conflicts in the parishes which would not yield. One of the most notable of these was situated in a very poor neighborhood of the East Central district of London—St. Michael's, Shoreditch. Since its foundation in Tractarian days it had always been foremost in the advancing ritualistic movement, but latterly it had lost in large measure its practical effectiveness. In 1891 the Rev. H. M. M. Evans became its vicar, and found "the church almost empty and the very name of clergyman a byword and mockery in the parish."* Mr. Evans' tireless efforts and those of his coworkers entirely changed the aspect of affairs, and gained the good-will of the parishioners and the respect of many visitors who were attracted from all parts of London.

Much was due to the workers, but Mr. Evans rightly attributes the result largely to the methods and principles of the work. He wrote at the time of his resignation: "Our aim at St. Michael's was simply to teach fearlessly and logically, without any consideration of whether or not it was wise from a worldly point of view, the doctrines of the Catholic Church.... We did not pick and choose, but taught the whole Catholic Faith, as the Fathers had taught it to us, without any reserve or alteration." The result was a church well filled, confessionals crowded, Rosary services eagerly attended, the Stations of the Cross followed, devotion centring around the tabernacle and overflowing to the images and pictures of Our Lady and the saints with which the church was so well furnished.

* My quotations are from "Why I Left St. Michael's," by the Rev. H. M. M. Evans, B. A. London: Sands & Co. 1903.

Ever the most retiring of men, Mr. Evans wished for nothing but to be left alone to work among his own people. Hitherto he had done so successfully, in spite of recurrent threats from the Protestant party, and repeated attempts at mob violence on the part of Kensit's followers. Successive bishops of London had also intervened, only to let the matter drop again. But at last a crisis came, when Bishop Winnington Ingram felt compelled to reduce to the normal order those clergy who were still standing out, and reluctantly—for he had a great personal esteem for Mr. Evans—intimated that certain changes must take place or a prosecution in the law-courts follow.

The discussion centred around the question of the public teaching and practice of Invocation of the Saints. This touched St. Michael's on a very tender point; for it had long been a home of specially fervent devotion to Our Lady, whose month of May and whose feasts were always the occasions of a zealous and tender enthusiasm. The Bishop's letter, says Mr. Evans, "forced me to do what perhaps I ought to have done long before: to examine, namely, the grounds on which I had hitherto believed the formularies of the Church of England not to be hostile to the Catholic Faith." In the result Mr. Evans found the position untenable, and at once resigned his charge, and left the parish on the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady, 1903. The way was not yet clear as to his future action, but no long time passed before all difficulties were removed and the final step taken.

Mr. Evans is now in Rome, at San Silvestro in Capite, preparing for the priesthood. He has a fellow-student in Mr. Robert Hugh Benson, the eloquent author of "The Light Invisible," and son of the former Archbishop of Canterbury. At the Collegio Beda is Mr. Evans' fellow-worker at St. Michael's,

Mr. Hume; and there, too, is Mr. Drage, who lately left his curacy at All Saints', Plymouth,—a step in which he was happily followed by a goodly number of Father Chase's old flock; a movement taking place at that church similar in kind to that which I have now to mention in connection with Shoreditch.

The St. Michael's folk were left without their leader and friend. They knew well what had taken him from them, and felt the stress of an intolerable situation. Many saw that what they needed was help and instruction from a Catholic priest. Cardinal Vaughan, hearing of the facts, at once took a personal and fatherly interest in the case, and invited them to St. Mary's, Moorfields. There, in the famous old cathedral parish of London, within a stone's throw of their old church, they found a welcome from the warm-hearted rector, the Very Rev. Canon Fleming; and, better still, found two old friends awaiting them, to help them in any remaining difficulties and to solve any doubts. These were Fathers Chase and Theed, who, knowing of old the earnestness and thoroughness at St. Michael's, were able to admit many to the Church after no long probation.

Nearly all those who came to Moorfields persevered in their desire to be received, notwithstanding strenuous endeavors on the part of Mr. Evans' successors to pull things together on somewhat watered-down lines in the old parish. At the time of writing, after a lapse of twelve months, Canon Fleming has under his charge a solid block of one hundred and seven of these converts, and he speaks of them in the warmest terms. Not one who has been received into the Church has looked back. In addition to these, some fifteen more were received at other London churches in connection with the same events.

Thus magnificently did our Blessed Lady reward those who had so long been her devout clients, though they knew not what they asked. This latest movement was, indeed, her triumph; for, though many have been brought to the Faith during these last few years from the wider Anglicanism, this movement has been in a special way connected with those who were defending the right to pray to her, to set up her images, to preach her glories.

Sketches in the Mountain Parish.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE IN DOON."

II.—AN AFFLICTED FAMILY.

ONE day, soon after coming to the parish, I called at a house up the mountain side, just to introduce myself and say "Good-morrow!" as I returned home from a sick call. I unbolted the half-door, and made some remark to an old woman sitting in the chimney corner, something after the manner of my house-to-house visitation rounds in Liverpool. The *colliagh* inclined her head in my direction in a manner which showed she was somewhat deaf, and turned her bleared eyes on me in a way that proved she was blind, or nearly so, as well.

"I thought I heerd some one talkin' loud," she observed, still in a listening attitude. "But maybe it's only the childre, the cratures, home from school. Is that you Tommy avic, and Bridgie alanna?"

"It's the priest," I said in a very loud voice. "I just called in to see you as I passed the doot."

"Ah, a poor man!" she said compassionately, as she seemed to gather this idea from the last word of my observation, which, although pronounced in a stentorian tone, she evidently mistook

for "poor." "The woman of the house," she continued, "is out milkin'; but there's praties there in the tub and meal there in the bag near the chest; so take what you like, and God bless you! We never refuse a poor person a thrifle, although we are poor ourselves, avic!"

Knowing now that the old woman was not merely "a little hard o' hearin'," as she herself imagined, but very deaf indeed, I turned to leave, and in doing so I saw standing at the door "the woman of the house" referred to already. It was evident she overheard the well-meant but misapplied language of the old crone; for her comely face wore a grieved if not horror-stricken expression. It wore away, however, and changed into an amused smile, as she noticed that I laughed heartily at the blind woman's mistake.

"Poor old granny is *dark*, your reverence," she hastened to explain; "and she's as bothered as a beetle as well. I'm sorry I was not in to receive your reverence, and that we have such a tossed place for you to come into; for I'm not able to keep it as clean and neat as it used to be, since I got disabled, God help me!"

At the same time she entered the kitchen on crutches, as I observed with surprise; for I had imagined her to be a vigorous, active young woman, judging from her appearance as she looked in over the half-door with rueful countenance.

"Granny dear," she said, bending over the placid face of the old woman and speaking sharply and distinctly into her ear, "what are you after saying? Sure, it's the priest that's here,—our new priest, God bless him, that's called in to see us!"

A look of blank bewilderment, not unmingled with alarm, came over the old crone's wrinkled countenance; and she raised and clasped and unclasped

and raised her hands several times before she broke forth into a torrent of apologies for her mistake.

"The priest is it,—the priest!" she cried, dropping on her knees beside her stool. "O yer reverence, I humbly beg yer pardon a thousand times, and a hundred thousand times! Oh, wirra, wirra, sure I didn't know it was yer reverence was in it at all, at all! And to spake to you in that unmannerly way—ow, ow, ow! I'm ashamed of meself to take yer holy reverence for a poor man! But I'm only a poor ould dark, stupid crature; and I'm a little hard o' hearin' as well, yer reverence. So I beg yer pardon ten thousand times, and yer forgiveness and yer blessing, on my bended knees!"

I instructed my interpreter—her daughter-in-law, as I learned—to tell her there was nothing to forgive, and that in any case I was no more than a "poor man" living on the charity of my good parishioners. As I helped her to arise and resume her stool, she seized on my hand, which she first kissed and then placed on her eyes and on her ears, in the hope, no doubt, of miraculous healing effects. She continued, however, for some time to upbraid and reproach herself in half-audible mutterings, in which I caught the words, "How dare I?" And then "Oh! oh!" and "Wirra! wirra!" as I inquired sympathetically the reason of Mrs. Kelly's being obliged to go on crutches. She was the wife of a John Kelly, a small farmer, whose mother was the nonagenarian "dark woman" in the corner.

"Ah, your reverence," she explained, "you see me in a poor way! I lost my leg about six months ago. I injured my knee by a fall crossing over a stile, and I kept on working and neglected it too long; so when I went to the hospital at last the doctors told me that mortification had set in and that amputation was necessary to save my life. Well,

they cut off my left leg above the knee, and here I am now, a poor cripple on crutches! But it might be worse, and I'm thankful to God for my life, blessed and praised be His holy will! Ah, we're meeting with sad and sore trials in this house, your reverence! But God's will be done. Look at that little child there in the corner, sitting near granny that minds her. She's going on four years now and she never either walked or spoke yet; and, what's worse, your reverence, she's blind from her birth,—stone-blind, the cratureen!"

As she reached this pathetic climax in her tale of woe, two liquid drops started from fountains that seemed often called on for such service, and coursed down her fair but fading cheeks. Did an angel, I wondered, catch them in a golden vial as too precious to be lost?

"What!" I said. "Can it be that those large, lustrous, beautiful eyes of that handsome child are sightless?" And I stooped and raised up the little girl to examine them more closely.

A bright smile of gladness or hope illumined the mother's face as she saw the little thing clinging to me for support.

"Oh, you'll do something for her, your reverence!" she said. "I know you can if you like; you'll make her see, please God, if you only raise your holy hand over her! Oh, maybe, with God's help and yours, she'll get strong, now you took her in your arms, the poor little dark crature!"

I touched the little one's face lightly and caressingly with my hand; and what was my surprise to find that she opened her mouth, as if for food, just as a little unfledged bird does in the nest when one noisily approaches it so as to remind it of the coming of the parent provider!

Mrs. Kelly explained that the child would eat nothing; out of her own

hand, and had to be fed after the manner of a three-months'-old baby. I placed a morsel of bread in her mouth, which she eat, and then opened it again for more; looking vacantly at me the while with her dark, brilliant, sightless orbs. Ah, yes, it was a sad, touching, tender spectacle of utter helplessness and simplicity, and I confess the sight brought tears to my eyes! I carefully placed the soft, limp, clinging little thing in the arms of the old woman, who crooned and "hushoed" over her, muttering various endearing phrases with loving fondness and affecting tenderness.

Ah, what a spectacle it was! The blind grandmother, in her second childhood, nursing her "dark" grandchild, still a dumb and helpless babe at that witching age when children usually delight and enchain the hearts of parents with their lively babble and their artless ways. But there was another trial in the gloomy annals of this afflicted family of which I had yet to hear.

Mrs. Kelly informed me that her husband was at present in a very delicate state of health. He had passed through a "heavy bout" of illness—pneumonia—the previous spring, and had contracted, in consequence, a lung weakness which seemed to be developing into slow consumption. He had gone that day, she told me, to the dispensary, and was expected home any minute. In fact, while we were speaking about him he arrived, looking very weary and exhausted after his walk to and from the village, three miles away. As he welcomed me to his humble home in kindly Irish fashion, he spoke in gasps; and when he sat down he was attacked by a fit of coughing which utterly prostrated him for some time. His once powerful frame was bent and shrunken, and his naturally genial and indeed rollicking countenance wore the drawn and

cadaverous expression of the consumptive, if ever a face did. As I looked on him there, bowed, broken and gasping, I thought him more worthy of compassion than any in that sad, afflicted group.

"I thought, yer reverence," he said, "that I was improving and would soon be all right again. But the cough is getting worse and worse every day; and when the doctor examined me to-day at the dispensary, he shook his head and said he thought he couldn't do anything for me,—that one of my lungs was nearly gone and the other beginning to go. So I suppose I can't recover now, barring the mercy of God. But His will be done,—aye, welcome be the will of God!"

And he dashed away a big tear stealthily, as if ashamed of his weakness; and changed the conversation to other topics, such as how I liked the parish, or if I had got a horse yet, or if I was fond of a greyhound. Poor fellow! with that unselfish generosity so characteristic of the Irish nature, he did not wish to intrude his private griefs and sufferings on me or sadden me by their recital.

As we conversed pleasantly a bright, healthy-looking girl entered, whom he introduced to me as his daughter Nellie.

"She's the best cratureen in the world, yer reverence," he said. "I don't know what under the sun we'd do without her since the woman here got disabled. Although she's only sixteen years of age, she's as cute and as conny as an old woman; and she's after doing as much as two all day binding the corn, the crature! Is Murty coming in to his tay, Nellie alanna?"

"Yes, father," she answered in a low, gentle voice, and proceeded to prepare the evening meal with a skill and quickness that would do credit to a trained waitress. She looked two or three years older than she really was,

and there was on her pretty, winsome face a premature look of care and sadness seldom associated with "sweet sixteen." She was evidently the light of that household, and the idol of her parents, who followed her movements with moistened eyes of love and gratitude. She was truly "an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame" and a prop to the weak in that afflicted family.

Murty soon made his appearance, stopping short, as he saw me, in the midst of a drawling ditty known as a "Come-all-ye," which I had heard faintly for a few minutes previously, and which he continued to chant lugubriously up to his entrance to the house. Beaming on me with a broad grin, he sat in the chimney corner, and relieved the old woman in the task of nursing the blind child. There was a vacant, careless, yet good-humored expression on his face—that was neither old nor young—which puzzled me to account for, until Mrs. Kelly volunteered the explanation.

"He's an innocent crature that works for us," she said; "and he hasn't very good talk either,"—meaning he had an impediment in his speech. "But he's as quiet as a child, and works like a Black, tuning and singing away to himself all the day long. He wouldn't leave us for the world; and so long as he gets a bit and a sup and some duds to wear he doesn't care whether he gets any wages or not, poor fellow! We wouldn't be in the place, your reverence, only for him,—God bless the poor harmless crature! Sure, he dotes down on that poor dark child; and he thinks more of Nellie there than—than—I dunno what."

I took my leave of that afflicted and strangely assorted group, promising to call very soon again.

"They promised me at the hospital," Mrs. Kelly said as I left, "to give me a cork leg; and maybe I'll have it by

the time you come again, and I'll be able to move about better than I am at present."

"Bedad, yer reverence," her husband observed, with a faint smile, "when she gets that she'll be light on foot, anyhow!"

Melancholy though I felt in the presence of so much that was sad and depressing, I could not refrain from smiling at this witty sally. Murty, delighted evidently to see my gloomy face assume a cheerful expression, joined me in a long and loud guffaw; and Nellie, rather at him than with him, laughed like a bell; while Mrs. Kelly's grief-scarred countenance relaxed into something of that roguish archness it must have worn when she was the happy, blushing girl that Jack Kelly wooed and won in the heyday of her youth. And so I left them all in good-humor; and as I went homeward I pondered on the scene I had just witnessed with feelings that words fail adequately to express.

Here was a family poor in the world's goods, and with a much larger share of the afflictions of Providence than falls to the lot of most, yet not merely resigned to their hard fate, but actually cheerful under it. No doubt the natural and irrepressible gayety and good-humor of the Irish character had something to do with it; but the peace of soul which pure hearts, simple, God-fearing lives and a good conscience ever afford, had, as it appeared to me, most to do with it.

It is in their religion that the true explanation is to be found of the Irish people's admirable resignation under trials. When the night of their sorrow is blackest, and blow after blow of misfortune strikes them with relentless and pitiless force, the Irish peasantry find consolation and hope in their religion—and only in their religion. It sweetens their sufferings and assuages their griefs; it is their

solace in life and their support in death. When the cold, cruel, selfish world spurns them, they turn to religion for protection and relief. It teaches them to regard trials and sorrows as blessings in disguise, and as sent for their good. It makes them what they are—the most prayerful, spiritual-minded and religiously inclined people on the face of God's fair and beautiful earth.

"God is very good to us," they will say, "to let us put our purgatory over us on earth. Doesn't our catechism say, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted'?"

Again and again as I sat that night in my little parlor—or dining-room, drawing-room, library, and study all in one, as it was—the images returned to me of that dear little blind child and that maimed, sad mother; that pining, consumptive father and that brave, old-fashioned child-woman Nellie, with her silvery laugh still ringing in my ears; and the more I tried to give expression to the thoughts which that haunting scene suggested, the more convinced I was that they "lay too deep for tears."

(To be continued.)

To-Day.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

TO-DAY'S the time to gird your armor on:
 To-morrow never comes, you know; and gone
 Forever are the yesterdays' of life,—
 Empty, perchance, of toil and honest strife.
 To him who dallies with each passing hour,
 The grapes of destiny will all prove sour.
 To shiftless hands will never come a gain;
 But unto those who labor might and main,
 Starting to-day upon the path that goes
 Up where the stream of plenty ever flows,
 Grasping each hour as something Heaven-sent,
 Ne'er to be wasted, but to be well spent,—
 To them in time will come the joy that cheers
 Him who spends well his heritage of years.
 To-day's the time for action; do not wait,
 But arm your soul and pass ambition's gate.

Science and Faith.—Alexander Volta.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, PH. D., M. D.

I.

AS we begin the twentieth century there is a distinct tendency, easily noticeable even in those who do not recognize the spiritual authority of the Roman Catholic Church, to look upon her as one of the great forces in civilization, the most important moral power that the world possesses because of her extensive influence over all classes of people. This almost universal recognition would be given with even more cordial unanimity only that there is a lurking suspicion in the minds of many outside of the Church that, somehow, this great Christian body is opposed to progress and especially to scientific advance. Those who are bitterest in recrimination declare that the Papal Syllabus proclaimed the Church as unalterably opposed to modern progress, and draw the conclusion that the great moral force of the Church would, if opportunity presented itself, deliberately impede the intellectual and especially the scientific movement which characterized the last century and has so happily continued into this.

Those who are most closely in touch with Church affairs appreciate very well that by the term "modern progress" in the Papal Syllabus is meant only the unfortunate tendencies of a too material civilization, which the good Pope Pius IX. was by no means the only one to deprecate. John Ruskin's condignest anathemas had been hurled at it for more than a generation before the issuance of the Papal Syllabus; and William Morris had branded it with all the fire of a noble social spirit that felt keenly the evils he was so helpless to correct, and that were all the more incorrigible because his false-seeing contemporaries

did not adjudge them evils at all, but lauded them as beneficent results of modern progress.

Since their time many true friends of humanity have come to recognize the effects of too exclusive attention to material prosperity as utterly opposed to the provision of opportunities for a broader culture for all. As a consequence the hollowness of our vaunted modern progress has come to be more generally realized, and few thinking minds fail to recognize that true advance for the race must be founded on a very different set of ideas from those which the advocates of so-called modern progress proclaim. Political economy may occupy men's minds as a theoretic science; but if its principles are heartlessly applied as true rules of the conduct that is due between man and man, then there is a positive lapse into barbarism in the selfish traits which inevitably show themselves and are fostered by exercise.

Despite their attitude of opposition to the so-called modern progress, those who are most deeply interested in rational development are far from trying to hamper scientific advance. On the contrary, all are agreed that applied science will bring amelioration of all living conditions, and consequently social improvement; but that in the meantime the redistribution of wealth, which it necessarily involves, may bring social evils of great import. Only to this extent can sincerely thinking philanthropists be considered as opposed to modern progress.

As a matter of fact, it seems highly probable that many of those who still retain something of the prejudice that the Church is opposed to progress would realize their mistake if they but knew the history of the development of our modern sciences. The physical sciences, of whose progress men were justly so proud during the nineteenth century, owe their origin, as a rule,

to the investigating geniuses who at the end of the eighteenth century made the first steps across the boundaries of the known into the borderland of the unknown, and made it easily possible for others to follow them and then broadly enlarge the frontiers of knowledge. The steps they took seem obvious enough now, but these obvious first steps are never taken until genius has bridged what is for ordinary men the impassable chasm between the clearly known and the dimly recognized adjoining territory. The great fathers of science are always those to whom more is owed than to any of their successors, and there are a number of them during the last quarter of the eighteenth century whose lives are of the highest interest.

Though this period, whose main historical feature is the French Revolution, is not an epoch in history noted for its religious tendencies, but rather just the opposite, most of the great original investigators in science were not only not infidels or atheists, but firm believers in dogmatic Christianity; and most of them had been brought up under the fostering care of Catholic influences, and maintained their Faith through all their years of scientific discovery; or if haply they lost it in the midst of the scientific enthusiasm of their busy years of labor, as was the case in a few instances, they returned to the religion of their childhood before the end came.

The list of distinguished "fathers of science" at this time is indeed a glorious one. It contains such names as Morgagni, whom Virchow himself pronounced the father of modern pathology; Volta, who is considered to be the father of modern electricity; Piazzi, the discoverer of the planet Ceres (the first one of the asteroids to be recognized), and to whom are owed the first exact star maps, so carefully made that for over fifty years after

his time they were considered by astronomers as authoritative records of appearances in the heavens; Lamarck, the real founder of evolution, the suggestive scientific thinker, to whom after a century the world now gives full credit, and whom present-day biologists look upon with reverence as one of the great original thinkers in the biological sciences; Haüy, the father of crystallography, the remarkable man who, according to Buckle, achieved a complete union between mineralogy and geometry, and, bringing the laws of space to bear on the molecular arrangements of matter, was able to penetrate into the intimate structures of crystals; and many others.

All these men were typical examples of fidelity to Christian belief and Catholic practice during their busy scientific careers. Morgagni, who was the friend of four Popes and the proud father of eight daughters who became members of religious communities, was glad to give one of his sons to the Church in the Order of the Jesuits. Piazzi was a faithful clergyman as well as a great astronomer. Lamarck, the obscurity of whose life does not permit us to know the details of his religious expressions, was educated by the Jesuits and died in the Church, being buried from his parish of Saint Medard, in Paris. Haüy was another example of the clergyman scientists, and would have lost his life for his firm adhesion to his religious principles during the French Revolution but for the powerful influence of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire.

Volta, whose life we propose to sketch briefly, was not only a firm believer but was what would ordinarily be considered a pious member of the Church. He was especially known for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and was devoted to that form of prayer so obnoxious to most of the rationalizing Christians, the Rosary. He always carried his beads with him; and while

at Mass and other public services constantly used them, to the no little edification of the poor people around him in church.

Like most of the distinguished scientific discoverers of the last two centuries, Alexander Volta was born in very humble circumstances. His father was a member of the Italian nobility, but had wasted his patrimony so completely that the family was in extreme poverty when the distinguished son was born on the 18th of February, 1745. This poverty was so complete that Volta himself said of it later in life: "My father owned nothing except a small dwelling worth about fourteen thousand lire; and as he left behind him seventeen thousand lire of debt, I was actually poorer than poor." A good idea of the circumstances in which Volta's childhood was passed may be gathered from the fact that he could not even secure copy-books for his first school exercises except through the kindness of friends.

Fortunately for Volta, one of his uncles was archdeacon in the college of the cathedral, and another was one of the canons. These relatives helped him to obtain an education; the way being made especially easy by the fact that there were certain free scholarships in the Jesuit college at Como. Besides, at this time all the Jesuit colleges subsisted on foundations, and collected no fees from any of their students; so that all that was necessary for his uncles to do was to contribute to his expenses outside of college. There is a tradition that the Jesuits not only helped Volta in his education, but assisted him in the payment of certain expenses for books and even more material things connected with his living while at their college. Anyhow, at the age of about sixteen his education was complete, even including a year of philosophy. This is probably an indication of his talent as a student; though it is not

an unusual thing, in the Southern countries particularly, for students to graduate at sixteen, or even younger, after a course equivalent to that now required for the A. B. degree in arts.

Volta had shown signs of genius from a very early age, and yet had been discouragingly slow in his intellectual development as a child. It is said that he was more than four years old before he uttered a word. This does not mean before he learned to talk connectedly, but before he could even use such familiar expressions as "father," "mother," and the like. He was considered to be dumb; and, as is not infrequently the mistaken notion with regard to dumb children, he was thought to be lacking in intelligence. The first word that he ever uttered is said to have been a vigorous "No!" which was heard when one of his relatives insisted on his doing something that he did not wish to do. At the age of seven, however, he had so far overcome all difficulties of speech as to be looked upon as a genius. Owing to this late unexpected development, his parents seem to have regarded him as a sort of living miracle, and felt certain that he was destined to accomplish great things. His father said of him later: "We had a jewel in the house and did not know it."

Like many of the great scientists, Volta was not a constant source of delight to his teachers while at school. He had little interest in the conventional elementary education of the time, was frequently distracted during school hours, often asked questions with regard to natural phenomena that were puzzlers to his masters, and sometimes even allowed himself to criticise the methods of teaching employed. In later childhood he seems to have been one of those talented children who learn rapidly, and who are impatient at being kept back while their slower fellow-pupils are having

drilled into them what came so easy to their readier talents.

In his classical studies, however, Volta was deeply interested. He was especially enthusiastic over poetry, and at school devoted the spare time that his readiness of acquisition left him to the reading of Virgil and Tasso. These favorite authors became so familiar to him that he could repeat much of them by heart, and even in old age could cap verses from them better than any of his friends, even those engaged exclusively in literary occupations. His memory was so faithful that during his walks as an old man he frequently entertained himself by repeating long passages from Virgil and Tasso.

Even at this time Volta's interest in the physical sciences was very marked. There is still extant a long Latin poem of about five hundred verses, in which he sets forth the successes of Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, sometimes spoken of as the father of modern chemistry. This shows his thorough familiarity with the work of the great English investigator. It is evident that Volta's model in his Latin poem was Lucretius. At the time when it was done, however, another distinguished writer on scientific subjects, Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of the distinguished Charles Darwin of the last generation, was writing his "Zoonomia; or, Animal Biology," in English verse. Shortly before this, it will be remembered, Pope wrote his philosophic Essay on Man in verse rather than in prose.

As if to make up for his lack of linguistic faculty when young, Volta seems to have had a special gift for languages as he grew older. Before the age of twenty he knew French as well as his mother tongue, read German and English fluently, and Low Dutch and Spanish were not beyond his comprehension. Besides his verses in Latin he wrote poetry also in French and Italian, always with cleverness at least,

and at times with true poetic feeling.

While attending the Jesuit school he expressed, it is said, a desire to enter the Order. As his father, however, had been with the Jesuits for eleven years and had then given up his studies, his family feared a repetition of such an experience; and so his clergymen uncles took him away from the school and sent him for a time to the Seminary at Benzi. Here Volta abandoned the idea of becoming a priest, but would not consent to follow the wishes of the family council further,—at least not to the extent of becoming a lawyer. Though he studied law for a time, he constantly wandered away to the reading of books on the natural sciences and to the study of natural objects. Finally he gave up law to devote himself exclusively to science.

Fortunately, one of the canons of the cathedral of Como, a former fellow-student of his, and a man of considerable means, was also interested in the natural sciences, and obtained the books and instruments necessary to enable Volta and himself to continue their studies. Father Gattoni seems to have realized at once the possibilities for great advances in science that lay in Volta's wonderful powers of observation, and encouraged him in every way. As a consequence, some of the great discoveries that laid the foundation of the modern science of electricity and proved the beginning of Volta's world-wide reputation were made by experiments carried on in Gattoni's rooms.

(To be continued.)

To the Fire.

BY MARY TERESA WAGGAMAN.

RED symbol of a million mysteries!
How many centuries shall surge
Before God's fires my soul shall purge
Meet for immortal ecstasies?

Jim's Mother.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IT was early in May, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight. On the second of the month the news of Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila had been flashed around the world. The United States had been silently awaiting developments; now we were in the thick of the war with Spain. Our young men were eagerly arming, at the rallying cry of "Cuba Libre!"—how many of them, alas, to give their lives in the cause of a country not their own!

But no one would have listened to any gloomy forecasts a week after the battle of Manila Bay, and least of all within a hundred miles of Washington. For days, owing to the cutting of the cable, telegraphic communication with the Philippines had been interrupted; but by this time the details of the story began to reach us.

Thus it was that George Bailey, having read the dispatches in the morning papers, while visiting at Crow's Nest, the summer home of his friend Cloyd, at once set out for the station to catch the early train northward. He belonged to a crack New York regiment. He hoped they would go to the war; if not, he would go, anyhow.

The neat trap drew up at the station. Bailey sprang to the ground.

"All right, Jefferson!" he said to the driver.

"Good-bye, Massa Bailey! Oh, thank you, sah!"

The ginger-colored coachman grinned with pleasure as his hand closed on a bright half dollar. He touched his cap, whipped up the handsome horses, and they were off.

The traveller sauntered to the ticket office.

"Didn't reckon on goin' to Baltimo',

did you, suh?" inquired the station master.—"Farther north? Shucks! the train left less than two minutes ago."

Bailey confounded his luck and also his stupidity in having so prematurely dismissed the carriage. He hurried out of the waiting-room to call after the darky, but the turnout was just disappearing far down the dusty Maryland highway. He turned back.

"When will another train be along?" he asked.

"She is due at 12.05."

"Two hours from now! Where can I get a conveyance to take me to the other railroad?"

"Why, stranger, the main line is ten miles from here. You won't gain anything by drivin' over. Reckon the best course is to wait. Doin' nothin' ought to be easy on such a pretty mornin'."

The official regarded him with a good-natured smile.

"These fellows from up north are always in such a plagued hurry!" he reflected.

"I'll take your advice, and a stroll," replied the young man, resignedly. "I'll be back in good season."

"Oh, she'll be late, sure 'nough! It's queer how that train happened to be up to the schedule this morning, first time for a month!"

"It is just an instance of the contrariness of inanimate things," thought Bailey, amused in spite of himself.

He lit a cigar and sauntered down the path worn through the grass at the edge of the country road. It was, as the station master had said, indeed a pretty morning. The little knolls and valleys were covered with the bright verdure of spring; the trees were in the first freshness of their new foliage or white with blooms; and the air was sweet with the fragrance of apple blossoms. The sky was blue, and over the distant hills hung a purple haze. In few places is May more lovely than "down in the Counties." Although in

the old, old days the founders named the colony in honor of the wife of their sovereign, yet, as all England was once known as Mary's Dower, so this haven of peace in the then wilderness was well called Mary's Land.

To avoid the dust, Bailey struck across the fields. The birds flitted through the branches of the orchards. Now he saw an oriole; now a robin perched on the top of a zigzag fence surveyed him boldly, as though demanding his right to penetrate into these solitudes. The wild flowers peeped up from amid the grass or along the sides of the shady lane into which the stroller presently passed.

At the other end of this byway stood a small house built high from the ground, with a lattice beneath the gallery, the latter being reached by a flight of steps. There was no garden or inclosure. Chickens roamed over the lawn; and a rooster, perched on the railing of the gallery, crowed lustily. It was an humble place, a good deal run down, but not disorderly.

As Bailey advanced, a yellow cur dashed around a corner of the house and with a sharp bark warned him off. This show of fierceness proving of no avail, the dog danced about him, still barking valiantly; while, thus encouraged, the rooster flapped his wings and crowed again.

An object in the shadow of a bush now resolved itself into a white sun-bonnet worn by an elderly woman in a blue cotton gown. When Bailey first caught sight of her she was bending over a patch of the violets which grew thick in this locality. Rising slowly at the appearance of the unexpected visitor, she awaited his approach, her round face an exclamation point of curiosity and surprise. She was short and stout, with an unmistakably Irish caste of features, and a cheery air that was in itself a pleasant greeting.

"I beg your pardon, Madam!" began the intruder, doffing his cap. "I am a loiterer, through having lost my train. I have employed my time in exploring the neighborhood, and find the sun hot. May I ask for a glass of water from your well yonder?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, and right welcome!" she answered promptly, with a kindly smile. "Come up on the gallery; the vines make it shady there, and little Bridget will pump the water cool and sweet."

With hospitable alacrity she led the way up the steps; and Bailey, willingly following, soon found himself in a rush-seated chair opposite to his hostess on the veranda, shut out from the rays of the sun by a screen of woodbine.

"My name is Bailey. I am a lawyer from New York," he said by way of introduction.

"I'm glad to meet you, sir!" she responded, with the rich accent and ready politeness of a native of the Emerald Isle. "I dare say you know that I am the Widow Dalton. I live here by myself, except for the little girl, and barrin' when my son Jim is home,—which is not often, I am sorry to say. I do not go far from home, save to church on Sundays when I am able to walk the distance."

Bailey inclined his head; for he perceived that, to the simple woman, not to have heard of Mrs. Dalton argued himself unknown.

In a few minutes a small servant appeared with a tray, upon which were a china pitcher and an old-fashioned goblet.

"Bridget, pour the water for the gentleman," directed the mistress.

Bailey stared as he accepted the glass, and his eyes gleamed with humor; for Bridget was as black as a coal.

"You are laughing at what I call her," remarked Mrs. Dalton, when the girl had departed. "Sure, it's no dis-

respect I mean; but, since I have charge of the child, I've put her under the protection of the blessed Saint Bride. So you are from New York, sir?"

"Yes. I have been down here visiting the Cloyds at Crow's Nest. Your son is absent, you say?" added Bailey, with a show of interest. It was pleasant here on the gallery; the kindly woman was a character in her way, and he had still an hour to spare.

"You see, there is nothing to do in these parts for a fine, strapping fellow like Jim," continued the mother, waxing eloquent. "He has had work in Baltimore and Washington and even in New York. Jim is a boy of good habits, and the worst that can be said of him is that he is a bit fond of roving. He has not always had luck, either. But whenever he has money in his pocket, he manages to come home and see me every six months. Jim never comes home empty-handed; though if he did I would be just as glad to see him. But he never was one to make a poor mouth, and when he has troubles I find them out only by close questioning him. However, now he is doing well. I don't exactly know where he is; but he is working for a good priest, I think. About two months ago I got some lines from him, and he said to mail the answer to Washington and it would be sent on from there. Seeing so many of the violets in bloom this morning, I thought I'd put a few in an envelope with a bit of a note, and Jim will understand all I want to say. It is just that I love him dearly as ever mother loved her child, saving only the Blessed Mother Mary; and every night and morning I pray to the Almighty and to the Holy Virgin and the saints to guard him from harm and keep him in God's grace."

She looked down happily at the little bunch of purple blossoms in her hand.

"The name of the priest he is working for, you ask, sir? I don't rightly

remember, but I will show you his letter."

Forthwith the worthy woman bustled into her sitting-room, whose long windows opened off the gallery; and Bailey saw her rummaging in the drawers of an antique dressing-table. Before many minutes had passed she returned, her face wreathed with smiles.

"Here it is," she said, as she stood studying the letter. "The name of the priest is the Reverend—the Reverend—see for yourself, sir. Your eyes are better than mine, and perhaps you will write it out plain for me. Jim was always fond of making curlycues with his pen."

Bailey took the missive she held out to him, and scanned the words that the lad had laboredly scrawled:

"Dear mother, do not worry about me. I have a steady place and the work is not too hard. I am with the—"

The reader stopped short, too astonished to go on. Then, recovering himself, he spelled slowly:

"The R-e-v. Cutter *MacCullough*."

"Yes, that is it!" exclaimed Jim's mother. "The name sounds a bit strange, doesn't it? But, then, of course, there are many priests, especially in this part of the country, who are not Irish nor any one belonging to them."

"The Revenue Cutter *MacCullough*!" repeated Bailey to himself.

His hostess had reseated herself, and was smoothing her snowy apron, while her face shone with happiness as thoughts of her boy crowded fast upon her.

The Revenue Cutter *MacCullough*!—the little ship that piloted the American squadron into Manila Bay, and stood gallantly by, firing many a round of ammunition during the great naval battle. While this good woman in the simplicity of her heart supposed her son to be earning his livelihood in a quiet, humdrum manner in the service of some zealous pastor, he was embarked

in adventures beside which the exploits of a D'Artagnan would have seemed tame. He was fighting the Spaniards and sinking a fleet with Dewey; he was speeding back to Hong-Kong, in imminent danger of being overhauled by the enemy; but triumphantly doing his part to send home the news of the "glorious victory."

Bailey looked again at the placid face of Jim's mother, who had so mistaken the meaning of that little prefix "Rev." Should he tell her of her error? How proud she would be of her boy! The whole country thrilled with pride in every man on that gallant little ship,—every man that had played even the humblest part in the victory. But how anxious, too, she would be if she knew! How she would storm Heaven with her petitions for his safety, and with her tears! How she would follow him in her dreams; and, waking or sleeping, would obtain no rest! Still, surely she ought to be told.

"You know, Mrs. Dalton, we are now at war with Spain," he ventured, with what to her must have seemed extraordinary abruptness. "The newspapers yesterday were filled with glowing accounts of a great sea battle. Our commodore has sunk a Spanish fleet."

"My, my!" ejaculated his listener, with uplifted hands. "May the Lord have mercy on the poor fellows that went down in the ships!"

"All our young men are going to war, Madam," he proceeded. "Indeed, I expect to go myself."

Mrs. Dalton started.

"Then, may the Lord bring you safe home again, sir!" she exclaimed. "Merciful Heaven, if my Jim should take a notion to go, what would I do?"

"Yet if his country needed him?"

"Ah, if it was his duty, I'd not gainsay him!" she sighed with pathetic resignation. "But"—and again her spirits soared like a lark—"surely the

country is not in such a bad way that it must take an only son from his mother, and she a widow?"

Bailey abandoned his resolution.

"Make yourself easy, Mrs. Dalton," he said. "I am confident your son will remain in the employment that he is in at present."

She smiled; it was as though the sun came out once more from behind a cloud.

"Jim was always a brave boy," she declared; "and if the worst comes, God will help me to give him up."

"Yes, yes! Well, I think I must now make my way back to the station in order to catch my train," replied her visitor, rising. "Good-bye, Mrs. Dalton! When you say your Rosary, don't forget the soldier-boys."

He pressed her hand and hurried away; but when he reached the end of the lane he turned back. She was standing on the gallery as he had left her, and he knew that she still held in her hand the little bunch of violets and Jim's letter. He raised his hat and waved it again in farewell. He was glad he had not told her, had not robbed her of her peaceful content. It was not necessary.

With all the fervor of a mother's heart she prayed daily for Jim, believing him to be industriously working about the church of some populous parish. Yet would not her prayer for her boy follow him as surely over the seas and amid the perils of the war?

THE hypothesis of the evolution of all things out of chaotic dirt through powers and agencies inherent and immanent in that dirt, unhelped and unguided anywhere by an organizing mind, is too monstrous a doctrine ever to be entertained by competent thinkers.

—Professor Bowen.

OUR deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.

—George Eliot.

The Prayer in the Garden.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

(CONCLUSION.)

WHEN the midnight bell is ringing for Matins, the Church bids it cry unto all:

"Christ Jesus on the Mount of Olives praying, come let us adore."*

Oh, how solemnly the Church herself takes up the chanting! She has before her mind the picture of that solitary Figure kneeling in the Garden, "sorrowful even unto death." And yet, as if she had forgotten it—forgotten that "He had fallen flat on His face to the earth,"—she cries:

"Come let us exult in the Lord."

Can we believe it? Can there be exultation over One treading the wine-press alone, and whose garments are red with the blood of the grape? Oh, it is a triumph,—a mysterious triumph! Listen to the Church:

"Come let us exult in the Lord. Let us rejoice in God our Saviour. Let us preoccupy His face by our confession (of Him); and in psalms (of joy) let us sing with gladness unto Him."

By the answer that the children make you will see that they understand well the manner of joy which is in their mother's heart:

"Christ Jesus on the Mount of Olives praying, come let us adore."

I. Antiphon: "Before prayer prepare thy soul, and be not as one that tempteth God."

Then, alternately with her children, she chants Psalm xvi, adapting the words to her Divine Spouse praying in the Garden.

Church: Hear, O Lord, my justice, listen to my entreaty.—Children: In

Thy ears receive my prayer, and not in deceitful lips.—Church: From Thy countenance let my judgment come forth; let Thy eyes look on (my) virtues.—Children: Thou hast proved my heart; Thou hast visited me by night; with fire Thou hast searched me, and in me no iniquity has been found.

II. Antiphon: "Cease not to pray always, and then fear not that you shall be justified at death."

The Church and her children chant Psalm xxvii, having ever before their mind the solitary Figure in the Garden.

Church: To Thee, O Lord, I will cry. Be not silent with me; refuse not to speak, lest I be made like those going down unto hell.—Children: O Lord, hear the voice of my entreaty while I pray to Thee, while I raise my hands to Thy holy temple.

III. Antiphon: "Everything that you ask for in prayer, believing, you shall receive."

The Church and her children, ever remembering the divine Agony, chant the touching words of Psalm cxli.

Church: With my voice I have called to the Lord; with my voice I have cried to God.—Children: I pour forth my prayer in His sight, and my tribulation I proclaim before Him.

Mournfully then are sung versicle and response.

Church: My soul is sorrowful—Children: Even unto death.

To enforce the great value of prayer in general, the Church takes the lessons of the First Nocturn:

First Lesson from the Book of Tobias, xii, 8, where the Archangel Raphael tells the elder and the younger Tobias: "Prayer is good with fasting, and alms better than to hide treasures of gold."

Second Lesson from the Epistle of St. James, v, 16: "Pray for one another, that you may be saved."

Third Lesson from St. Paul to the Hebrews, v, 5, 6: "Christ did not glorify Himself that He might be made

* Father O'Kennedy retains the inversion of the Latin for good reasons. Of course the natural order is: "Come let us adore Christ Jesus praying on the Mount of Olives."—ED. A. M.

a high-priest, but He that said unto Him: Thou art My Son; this day have I begotten Thee. As He saith also in another place: Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech."

Church: The Lord hath heard my entreaty.—Children: The Lord hath received my prayer.—Church: I cried with my whole heart: Hear me, O Lord!—Children: And the Lord hath heard my entreaty, the Lord hath received my prayer.

At the antiphons of the Second Nocturn, the Church compares with the prayer of Our Lord the prayers of the Scribes and Pharisees.

I. Antiphon: "When ye pray, be not like to the hypocrites, who desire to pray in the synagogues and at the street-corners in order that they may be seen by men."

II. Antiphon: "But when thou prayest, enter into thy chamber; and, having shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret."

III. Antiphon: "And it came to pass in those days that Jesus went out into the mountain to pray; and He spent the whole night in the prayer of God."

Church: My Father, if it be possible,—Children: Let this chalice pass from Me.

The Church calls upon St. Cyprian, the early Christian bishop and martyr, to speak to her children on prayer:

"And not by words only, my brethren, but by His acts also did the Lord teach us how to pray. For He prayed frequently and interceded, showing by irrefragable example what it behooves us also to do. Now, this has been written: 'And departing, He went out into solitude and adored.' And again: 'And Jesus went out into the mountain to pray; and He spent the whole night in the prayer of God.' But if He prayed who was without sin, how much more ought sinners to pray? And if He through the whole night, with unceasing vigil, watched

and prayed, how much more ought we to frequent holy prayer and spend the night in it? Our Lord prayed, but not for Himself; for what could the innocent One need for Himself? It was for us, sinners, He prayed, as He Himself declared to Peter: 'Behold, Satan hath desired thee, that he might sift thee as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.' And afterward He entreats His Heavenly Father for all. 'Not for those only do I pray, but for all those who, because of the word, are yet to believe in Me; that they all may be one; that, as Thou art in Me and I in Thee, they also may be one in us.'"

Church: Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired thee, that he might crush thee as wheat.—Children: But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.—Both: And thou thyself confirmed, confirm thy brethren.

For the Second Lesson, the Church calls on the great Anselm, saint and doctor:

"As a true Pontiff He offered up prayers. Therefore do we oftentimes read in the Gospel that He prayed; but especially in St. Luke, who describes in Him the person of the priest. Nay, even everything He did on the earth—prayer and supplication—was all for men. All His life He besought the Father for the resurrection of His own flesh* and for the salvation of men. And now when His passion was coming upon Him He offered supplications—that is, most humble and most pressing

* It was not with our Divine Lord as with us. From mortality to immortality means to us a change of which we have no idea,—that eye hath not seen or ear heard. It is a change for soul and for body. We have no sight of the Godhead here; the sight of the Godhead means all. If we had the beatific vision here, heaven would be little or no change; earth would be heaven. Now, our Divine Lord, in His human soul, enjoyed this vision; the human soul of Our Lord had, therefore, heaven already; and it took a miracle to have His soul, under such

entreaties—with the greatest devotion and affection of His heart; when, being in an agony, He prayed the longer; and His sweat became as drops of blood running down to the ground. And these prayers and supplications He offered up—that is, directed them to the Father, who out of reverence was turned to meet them. He offered them to Him who was able to save Him from death—that is, raise Him from the tomb; to Him who, He knew, was able to save Him,—that is, to make Him immortal and impassible, by snatching Him from death; that His soul should not remain in hell, nor His flesh in the rottenness of the grave."

Church: The man that humbleth himself, his prayer pierceth the clouds.—Children: Nor will he have comfort until Heaven draweth nigh.—Both: And the Lord shall look on him ere he depart.

Third Lesson: "And He offered these prayers with a strong cry,—that is, with devotion which was most vehement and also most efficacious, as when He prayed the longer, and even with tears; when even drops of blood instead of sweat ran down His body. And He was heard, because what He had asked for He obtained in the resurrection. Beyond all others was He heard; since, after the warfare of His labor, He was exalted by the Father beyond all creatures. And this for His reverence,—that is to say, according to that dignity and reverence of which He, as Son of God, was worthy; or for His reverence

toward the Father,—that is, because He Himself, beyond all creatures, revered and honored God; or for His reverence,—that is, as He by His worship merited. The effusion of His blood also can be considered a loud cry; for there truly was reverence when, without sin and by the pressure of charity alone, He endured suffering."

Church: Let Thy ears be open and Thine eyes watching.—Children: And hear Thy servant's prayer.—Both: Night and day I pray before Thee.

But it is in the Third Nocturn, in its antiphons, psalms and lessons, that the Church seems to enter unreservedly into the mystery of the divine Agony in the Garden.

I. Antiphon: "Anguish and tribulation have found me; and I meditate on Thy commands."

Then is chanted Psalm iii.

Church: O Lord, why are they multiplied who persecute me? Many are they that rise up against me.—Children: Many are they that say to my soul: There is no salvation for him even in his God.

II. Antiphon: "I sought for one who would grieve with Me, and there was none; for one who would console Me, and I found him not."

Psalm xii is chanted.

Church: How long, O Lord, wilt Thou forget me even unto the end? How long wilt Thou turn Thy face from me?—Children: How long shall I take counsel in my soul, while sorrow is in my heart all the day?

III. Antiphon: "My soul hath clung to the pavement; give life to me according to Thy word."

The Church and her children chant Psalm lxxxvii.

Church: Lord God of my salvation, I have cried in the daytime and at night also before Thee.—Children: Let my prayer come in Thy sight, and incline Thine ear to My entreaty.—Church: Because my soul is filled with evils,

circumstances, experience pain. Our Lord had voluntarily to shut off the delights of the God-head, and by a positive act allow His soul to undergo sadness or anguish or dread. It was different with His body. Being as yet mortal, it had before it the great change from mortality to immortality; and from the passibility of this life to put on the impassibility of the next. It was the only thing that in a sense He merited for Himself—the resurrection of His flesh from the dead, the putting off mortality and the putting on immortality.

and my life hath gone down to hell.—Children: I am counted one of those who go down into the pool. I am become as a man without help, as one free among the dead.

When the Psalm is finished, the Church raises her voice and cries in warning:

Church: Watch and pray,—Children: That you enter not into temptation.

The Church now takes up the Holy Bible, and reads from St. Luke, xxii:

“At that time Jesus, having gone forth, went according to His custom to the Mount of Olives. And the disciples also followed Him....”

She calls upon St. Ambrose to speak on this mystery of the blood-sweating. He begins:

“‘Let this chalice pass from Me!’ Man, as it were, refusing; God, as it were, insisting on His decree. As to us, we must die to this world that we may rise to God; for such is God’s sentence—namely, that the law of malediction uttered against the slime of the earth is to be fulfilled by the end of nature.

“But he says: ‘Not My will.’ He refers His own [will] to [Himself as] man, the Father’s to the Divinity. For the will of man is temporal [changeable]; the will of God, eternal [unchangeable]. But the will of the Father was not different from that of the Son: there is but one will where there is but one Divinity. Learn, then, to be subject to God [in the same way that Jesus was]; so that you choose not what you yourself wish, but what you know to be pleasing to God.”

Church: I am come into the depth of the sea.—Children: And the tempest hath overwhelmed me.—Church: Save me, O my God!—Children: For the waters have reached even to my soul.

Second Lesson: “And now let us consider the propriety of the words themselves. ‘My soul is sorrowful even unto death.’ And elsewhere: ‘My

soul is grievously troubled.’ It is not, then, the Person taking up but the thing taken up that is troubled. It is the soul that is liable to suffering, and not the Divinity. And, lastly, the soul is indeed ready, but the flesh is weak. It is not He Himself that is sad, but His soul. It is not the divine wisdom or essence, but the soul. For He took my soul and my body [i. e., such a soul and body as I have]. Nor did He deceive, being one thing and appearing quite another. He seemed sad, and He was sad; not for His own woe, but because of our dispersion.”

Church: Let my entreaty come into Thy sight.—Children: Bow down Thine ear and hear my prayer.—Church: My soul is surfeited with evils.—Children: And my life hath gone down to hell.

Third Lesson: “Now, lastly, He says: ‘I will strike the Shepherd and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered.’ He was sad because He was leaving us little ones. But with what constancy He offered Himself to death, what followed attests: when He goes forth to meet those seeking Him, encourages them when terrified, raises them up when cast down, and receives the traitor with the condescension of a kiss. Nor here is there deviation from truth. If He were sad, [it was] because of His persecutors, whom He knew would suffer the penalties of this dreadful sacrilege. And therefore He said: ‘Let this chalice pass from Me.’ Not that God, the Son of God, was afraid of death, but because He was unwilling that even the wicked should suffer rather than Himself.”

Antiphons at Lauds.

I. Antiphon: “Jesus came with His disciples into the Garden called Gethsemane; and He said to them: Stay you here while I go yonder and pray.”

II. Antiphon: “And, taking Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, He began to grow sorrowful and to be sad.”

III. Antiphon: “Then He saith to

them: My soul is sorrowful even unto death; stay here and watch with Me."

IV. Antiphon: "And going a little further, He fell on His face, praying and saying: My Father, if it is possible let this chalice pass from Me."

V. Antiphon: "My Father, if this chalice may not pass, but that I drink it, Thy will be done."

The Church reads the *Capitulum*.

"Jesus came to His disciples, and found them sleeping; and He saith to Peter: Could you not watch one hour with Me? Watch and pray, that you enter not into temptation."

Church: Teach us to pray.—Children: Thus, therefore, shall ye pray.

"And being in an agony, He prayed the longer; and His sweat became as drops of blood running down to the ground."

Prayer: Lord Jesus Christ, who didst in the Garden, by word and example, teach us to pray to overcome dangerous temptations; mercifully grant that, being ever intent on prayer, we may deserve to reap abundantly the precious fruit thereof; who livest and reignest with God the Father, etc.

A Man's Rights.

(Dr. Brownson.)

We ask why the majority have any more right to decree that their religion is the religion of the land than the minority have to decree the same thing of theirs. We should like to know why a man has any more right to have his religion respected because he is in the majority than he would have if he were in the minority? Are the rights of man matters dependent on the will of the majority? Do one's rights as a man vary as he chances to be in the majority or in the minority? What may be one's rights to-day, then, may not be his rights to-morrow; for majorities may change.

Notes and Remarks.

Last week Judge Taft was installed as Secretary of War to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Mr. Elihu Root. Judge Taft's mission to the Philippines was one of extraordinary difficulty, and it is only fair to say that he seems to have fulfilled it as satisfactorily as any other citizen could have done, in view of the conglomerate condition of our people. We are aware that he has been charged with entering into obnoxious relations both with the apostate mountebank Aglipay and with the anti-Catholic Federal party; on the other hand, his whole record before he went to the Philippines, his relations with the Catholic authorities in the islands after his arrival there, and the fact—which seems indisputable—that he aimed constantly at doing substantial justice to the Church and her interests even at times when a less honorable course was easily possible,—all this stamps the statesmanship of the retiring governor as large-minded, straightforward, and in harmony with the best traditions of our country.

It is permissible to believe, so far as Catholics are concerned, that the Abbé Loisy's obedience has edified more persons than his Higher Criticism had previously scandalized. The following paragraph from the London *Catholic Times* is too good not to be passed on:

The Abbé is to be congratulated upon an act which will, no doubt, produce deep satisfaction in Rome and throughout the Catholic world. Such an act, even for the humblest, involves a great mental strain, and those Catholics who perform it are entitled to the sympathy of all who love manliness and courage. Human feeling is usually pulling the other way; for most men are fondly wedded to their own opinions, and, unfortunately, the path of duty is not rendered more smooth by people who pose as friends in the press. On the one hand, even some who favor obedience make it more difficult by the use of hard terms which seem to reveal a certain

pleasure in lacerating wounds; and, on the other hand, there are many who, having themselves renounced allegiance to religious authority, try to picture the acceptance of it as something unbecoming, if not degrading. The Abbé Loisy has too much strength of character to allow himself to be misled by unwise counsellors.

We will only add that the moral is not alone for savants who write books on difficult subjects, but for all who in humbler spheres run counter to ecclesiastical authority—whether of bishop or pope—in pursuit of good intentions. Thousands of apostasies would never have taken place if hearts and heads were strong enough to understand and cherish these principles. To be a great Christian is better than to be a great Scripture scholar or an original church-worker.

It is well to bear in mind that the demand for Senator Smoot's exclusion is not based, primarily, upon the question of polygamy. It is asserted upon oath by many persons of standing that he is the representative of a body which constitutes a form of government alien to all American institutions and dangerous in its doctrines. No other contest ever made against a Senator or Representative rested upon this basis. Therefore absolutely new and startling developments may be expected to follow the opening of this famous trial. The Methodist society, we notice, has taken strong ground against Mr. Smoot, in answer, perhaps, to the cry of a Methodist woman in Utah who knows the condition there: "Why don't they send missionaries here instead of to China?"

A correspondent of the *London Tablet* says that the habit of semi-prostration from the warning bell until after the Elevation, so general among English-speaking Catholics, is neither strange nor unaccountable to those who have studied the history of the missionary priests, and of the sufferings of English Catholics during a period of persecution

which, for its duration, its searching character, its intensity and persistence, is without a parallel in history. The question constantly asked of the witnesses by the judge or magistrate, when a man suspected of being a priest was brought up before him, was: "Did you see him elevate the Host?" This was the crucial test. Therefore the faithful acquired the habit of hiding their faces, as they could then truly reply that they *had not*. The priest in like manner endeavored by a quick and unobtrusive action to baffle the observation of any spy or informer who had been able to intrude into the little assembly. This explanation is at least ingenious.

It is easy to be misled by statistics. For instance, the number of churches in Chicago would incline one to believe that the population of the Windy City was truly religious. There are no fewer than nine hundred and ninety-six churches, chapels, and missions. Not a bad showing, one would say, for a city that has been almost entirely rebuilt within the last thirty years. According to the census of 1903, the population is 1,885,000; so there is a church to every two thousand or so persons. But the retail saloons outnumber the churches seven to one! There is a saloon for less than every three hundred persons. No wonder the criminal courts of Cook County are kept busy.

It is pretty well understood that in case of war between Russia and Japan most of the land battles will be fought in Korea. This is unfortunate, because that country has within the last decade come to be regarded as a most promising missionary field. Fourteen years ago the number of Christians in Korea was not more than twenty-five thousand: the number is now eighty-five thousand, with as many more so favor-

ably disposed toward Christianity as almost to be properly classed as catechumens. More than half the Christian population are Catholics; though the schools and medical dispensaries established by the sects have attracted many thousands into the Presbyterian, Methodist and Anglican camps. There are no public schools in Korea; and for girls there are no schools at all except those established by the missionaries. The schoolmaster is, therefore, the most valuable of propagandists in a country so securely closed to the ordinary instrumentalities of conversion. Hospitals and dispensaries come next. There are at least twelve of these under Christian auspices, and sixty thousand patients receive care and treatment in them every year. It will be a high price for Christendom to pay for the gratification of Russia's land-lust should the growing friendliness of Koreans toward the missionaries receive a serious setback.

At the annual meeting of the Incorporated Association of Head Masters held last month in England, Mr. W. C. Fletcher, a member of the Mosely Commission, gave an interesting account of his experience in this country. He was greatly impressed, it seems, by our enthusiasm for education and the way in which money is lavished upon it. He praised the discipline of American schools, but characterized the work as "mediocre." It was a surprise to him to find that of the teachers in high schools there were three women to two men. Mr. Fletcher's observations in the United States did not convince him of the desirability of coeducation.

"It is a well-known fact," remarks a writer in the London *Athenæum*, "that in France the discomfiture of the Catholic Church is not the triumph of Protestantism. This is shown by the attitude of certain eminent Protestants

like M. Ribot, who has been a most active opponent of the extreme anti-clerical policy of the Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes ministries. We might also call attention to the resolutions of the Lutheran synod of Paris last autumn deploring the same policy."

After years of waiting the statue of Father Marquette has been accepted by Congress, and thanks duly returned to the State of Wisconsin for presenting it. We rejoice at the tardy act of justice; but we can not pretend to regard it as a great victory for the Church in America. The heroic Marquette himself would have hailed the reception of an Indian baby into the Church as a greater triumph than the reception of any number of Catholic notabilities into the hall of fame at Washington. Let us not, therefore, make ourselves ridiculous either by heroics or hysterics. The significance of the event seems to be this. Among intelligent and fair-minded folk of all creeds there is a sure knowledge that the illustrious Jesuit was a greater hero, a more distinguished figure in the perspective of human history, than most others whose "counterfeit presentment" stands in Statuary Hall. But the owls and the bats who inhabit dusty and deserted church-towers thought it a shame that any son of Loyola should be a permanent and honored guest within the Capitol. There is not much bigotry in our colorless Congress, but there is still plenty of bigotry in the backwoods. Buncombe County votes for Congressmen, and Buncombe County's prejudices must be respected. Accordingly Congress waited for the lull which should follow the storm of angry protest and denunciation that arose upon the mere announcement that Wisconsin had chosen Marquette as one of her two representatives in the national hall of fame. Perhaps it is just as well that the delay took

place. This year, in which a World's Fair is to be held in St. Louis to commemorate the Louisiana Purchase, is the psychological moment for honoring the heroic missionary who first looked upon the land beyond the Mississippi.

"What is it that attracts so many outsiders into the fold of the Holy Catholic Church?" asks a correspondent of the London *Tablet*; and he answers his question, quite correctly we think, as follows:

From a convert's point of view, I say without hesitation, mainly, that discipline and obedience to a divinely appointed head which is *believed to exist* among the members of the Catholic Church by those who feel so keenly the want of authority and cohesion among all the various sects and phases of those professing to follow the Christian religion; and we may be quite sure that Protestants on every side are watching with keen interest to see if this so-called Roman Obedience is a mere figment, or rather a stern reality, as evidenced by the loyal submission of personal likes and æsthetic inclinations to the wishes of that Living Voice which is now speaking to the Catholic world with no uncertain sound.

The reference is to the Papal pronouncement on church music. There can be no valid excuse for disobedience of the Holy Father's commands; they are as explicit as emphatic. And the new decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dated January 8, removes all doubts as to oldtime privileges and possible exemptions even in Rome. The instructions of the *Motu Proprio* are referred to as the "juridical code of sacred music," to which there must be general conformity.

Mgr. Hendrick, who goes to the Philippines as Bishop of Cebu, is reported to have given in a public address recently the reason why he and the other Philippine bishops were consecrated in Rome and not in America. The Filipinos, it seems, feared that our government intended to impose Protestantism on them as a State religion, and

believed it was part of our policy to send them Protestant clergymen, who should wear the externals of our bishops. Their fears are now allayed.

The difficulty of compiling trustworthy statistics of the religions of the world is readily understood; but a great missionary Order, with representatives in all the countries of the globe, has certain advantages over even the late Mr. Mulhall in this matter. We therefore reproduce the following table from the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, which declares that it is new and authentic:

Continents	Catholics	Protestants	Greek Orthodox Church
Asia	11,513,276	1,926,108	12,934,149
Africa	3,004,593	1,663,341	53,479
Australia)	979,943	3,187,250
Oceania)	71,350,879	62,556,967
America	177,657,261	97,293,434	97,059,644
Europe			
Total	264,505,922	146,627,109	109,147,272

Continents	Raskolnic (Orthodox Russians)	Oriental Schism	Total number of Christians
Asia	436,007	2,726,053	28,636,493
Africa	3,608,466	8,329,849
Australia)	4,167,202
Oceania)	133,907,846
America	373,967,197
Europe	1,736,484	220,394	
Total	2,173,371	6,554,913	549,008,597

The following generalities may also be formulated: The non-Christians number twice as many as the Christians. Half the population of the world believes in one God. Nearly half the Christians of the world are Catholics in communion with Rome. Even among the teeming millions of India and China there is no single form of belief so numerous in membership as the Catholic Church.

The announcement that no money will ever at any time be taken at the doors of the magnificent new Cathedral of Westminster would seem to indicate a desire to co-operate with the Holy Father in his mighty task of restoring all things in Christ.



One Brave Girl.

BY BERTHA E. CASSIDY.

THERE had been a fierce battle on Dean's Hill that afternoon between the rival clans of boys in the neighborhood. Volley after volley of snow balls had swept the enemy down the ridge, in spite of their gallant resistance. At dusk a small flag of truce planted on the ruins of one of the snow forts told the story of the conflict.

When Ned Briggs sat down to dinner that evening he was full of the victory of his forces.

"I guess we settled 'em!" he said in a tone which was intended to impress his father, mother and two small sisters with admiration. "Fred Perkins held his fort alone while the fellows were making more ammunition, until Dan Keefer hit him in the face, and then he cried like a girl."

At these words Mary and Josephine exchanged a look of indignant protest across the table. Their father glanced up just in time to catch this look.

"Never mind, Ned, girls. I'll tell you a story this evening of a girl who was braver than any boy I ever knew. She held a fort—not a snow one, but a real one—against a band of Iroquois Indians."

Ned smiled somewhat derisively, while Josephine exclaimed:

"We'll show him; won't we, papa?"

After dinner the two girls held their father to his promise, and, perched on either arm of his chair, waited expectantly for the story. Ned sauntered leisurely into the room, and took a seat at some distance from the group before

the fire, so as not to appear too eager. Without seeming to notice his presence, Mr. Briggs began:

"It is more than two hundred years since this little French girl lived. Her parents had left relatives and friends in France to make a new home on the bleak Canadian shores. Here they endured all sorts of hardships, but the worst of these was their constant dread of the Indians. They never went to bed at night without feeling that the savages might murder them before morning. They feared the Iroquois more than all the rest. This tribe had never made friends with the French, and it fared badly with any Frenchman who chanced to fall into their hands.

"For miles along the St. Lawrence River were scattered little forts to protect the people from the sudden coming of the enemy. Madeline—that was the girl's name—lived beside one of these forts. Her father was commander of the fort, and she and her two brothers loved to handle the guns and look timidly into the big magazine where the powder was kept. They had repelled many an imaginary attack of the Iroquois, and in this manner had learned to handle a gun. Not far from the fort was a blockhouse where the people fled in times of extreme danger. From the blockhouse to the fort stretched a covered way. This was a fine place to play in rainy weather, and it was a favorite resort of the children. Sometimes the little ones from the village came to join in their games, and a merry time they had of it.

"The inhabitants of the village beyond the fort were honest folk, who tilled their fields and guarded their flocks from the Indians. They loved

the commander and his children, and many a parcel of little French cakes found its way to the fort. The commander's wife they called their 'good Angel.'

"For some time the Indians had left the French in peace, and their friendly behavior had so inspired the villagers with confidence that when Madeline's father was summoned to Quebec on duty he felt no anxiety at leaving his family. His wife shared his hopeful views, and concluded to accompany him as far as Montreal. She kissed the children good-bye, and promised to bring them something delightful on her return. Madeline, the oldest of the three, was then fourteen, and her two brothers but ten and twelve. This was the first time she had been left alone; but, like the brave little woman she was, she waved her hand gaily as her father's boat moved swiftly up the river.

"It was an afternoon in late October. Madeline had gone to the landing place to give some directions to a servant, when suddenly he shrieked to her:

"Run, Mademoiselle! The Iroquois are coming.'

"She turned and saw forty or fifty of the Red Men at the distance of a pistol-shot. With her heart beating wildly, she ran for the fort. The Indians saw that they could not overtake her, so they halted and fired. She heard the bullets whistle about her ears, but on she sped. As she neared the fort, with what breath was left her she cried out, 'To arms! To arms!'—hoping that some one would hear and come to her aid; but she cried in vain. At the gate she found two women weeping, whose husbands the Iroquois had just killed. She bade them follow her.

"Beside her brothers, there were in the fort two soldiers, an old man of eighty, and several women and children. The latter were screaming from fright, and Madeline commanded them to

cease lest their cries attract the Indians. One of the soldiers was hiding in a corner; the other stood with a burning brand in his hand.

"What are you going to do?' she asked him.

"I am going to light the powder and blow us all up,' he answered.

"Coward,' she exclaimed, 'leave this place at once!'

"Filled with shame, the soldier obeyed. Madeline then turned to her brothers. 'Let us fight to the death,' she said. 'Remember our father has taught you that gentlemen are expected to fight for God and the King.'

"She threw aside her bonnet, and with the two boys began firing from the loopholes. The soldiers, roused to action, lent their assistance. The Indians were surprised by this sudden volley, and believed that the garrison was full of soldiers. They were afraid to make an attack, so they fell on the laborers at work in the fields and butchered them.

"A number of the soldiers from the fort had gone hunting. In order to warn these, and also to drive away the enemy, Madeline ordered a charge to be fired. The echo had scarcely died away when she saw that some of the villagers were trying to reach the fort. 'We must do something to save them,' she said. She besought the soldiers, but they were not equal to the attempt. Taking the old man to guard the gate, she went alone to the landing place. She hoped that the Indians would think this a ruse to bring them nearer the fort, and this is just what they did think. In a short time she returned with the La Fontain family.

"As the afternoon waned it began to snow and hail, and Madeline suspected that the savages were waiting for night to steal into the fort. She decided to distribute her forces to the best possible advantage. La Fontain and the two soldiers she placed in

charge of the blockhouse, whither she had sent the women and children. One of these women had but recently come from Paris, and her terror may be imagined. She piteously begged La Fontain to carry her to another fort. 'I will never desert Madeline,' he replied.

"Madeline herself with her two brothers and the old man mounted guard on the bastions. Through the long night, above the fury of the storm came the cry of 'All's well!' from these vigilant sentinels. Toward morning one of the watchers cried: 'Madeline, I heard something!' She was at his side in a moment. She peered through the darkness and saw the few cattle that had escaped from the Iroquois beating their way through the drifts. Her companions wished to open the gates, but Madeline protested: 'Indians are probably following them, wrapped in skins of beasts.' After a careful investigation, however, she again placed a guard at the gate and went to let the half-frozen creatures in. 'Do not surrender,' she counselled her brothers, 'even if I am cut to pieces or burned before your eyes.'

"At last the long night ended, but still the unceasing watch was kept up. For forty-eight hours Madeline neither ate nor slept, so keenly did she feel her responsibility. Finally Le Monerie, a lieutenant sent by Madeline's father, arrived at the fort with forty men. His approach was as silent as possible; for he thought the garrison might be in the hands of the Indians. But, stealthy as he was, the sentinel's quick ear heard him and he cried: '*Qui vive?*'

"Madeline was seated at a table, her head resting on a gun across her folded arms. At the sentinel's alarm she sprang up and called out:

"'Who are you?'

"'I am Le Monerie, who comes to bring you aid,' was the quick response.

"Madeline hastened to the landing place to meet the soldiers.

"'I surrender my arms to you, Lieutenant,' she said.

"'They have been in good hands,' replied Le Monerie, gallantly.

"When he entered the fort he found the sentinels still at their posts.

"'It is time to relieve them.'

"'We have not been off our bastions all the time,' Madeline said, simply."

Mr. Briggs ceased speaking, and glanced first at the wide-eyed girls beside him, and then at Ned; but there was no sign of scoffing now on Ned's wondering face.

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

PART II.

III.—WHAT BECAME OF THE SCRAP OF FOWL, THE PIECE OF BREAD AND THE GLASS OF WATER.

WE left Camille sitting on the walk on the kitchen side of the Café de Paris, looking up the alley in which his dog had disappeared. With a full heart, he listened for his return.

Quite a long time passed. Our little Robinson Crusoe was beginning to fear that he should never see his friend again, when suddenly Fox stood beside him. The faithful animal held something in his mouth, but Camille could not at first make out what it was. Fox laid it carefully on his master's knees; then, sitting down on his haunches, he watched Camille, wagging his tail and licking his jaws, as much as to say:

"Eat, but don't forget me!"

"That's a fine morsel of chicken," said Camille. "It's as good as that which was served at my uncle's table. But, Fox, I need a piece of bread to eat with it."

The dog started back, as if he really understood. It was not long before he returned, carrying in his mouth the piece of roll of which the reader has

been told. Then our two friends set about enjoying the chicken and morsel of bread, which were gone only too soon, as you may imagine.

"Now we must have a drink," said Camille, after they had finished.

Knowing still better that he felt the same need, Fox fled up the dark alley once more. This time he did not return alone: some one was following him. It was doubtless the angry man whose chicken had been stolen. Camille was trembling in a moment.

"Perhaps he is coming to see what became of the chicken and bread," he thought.

He ventured to raise his eyes—and, instead of an angry man, he saw a boy not much larger than himself, with a fresh, smiling face, carrying a bowl of water.

"Aha!" said the boy on seeing Camille, who was still picking at the chicken wing, with Fox crouching at his feet. "So the chicken and bread, and the water too, I suppose, are for you?"

"Yes," answered Camille, somewhat reassured. "I hope you aren't angry at Fox for having shared with me."

"He's a queer dog!—a queer dog!"

And, in his astonishment, the boy would have dropped the bowl of water if Camille, seeing the danger, had not taken it out of his hands.

"Wait for me to come back," said Baptiste, turning around and starting up the alley.

"We will," replied Camille, stroking his dog. "Now you see, my little Fox, that a kind act is never wasted. You shared your dinner with me and now we are to be given another. Poor fellow! If I had driven you away when you came, covered with blood, to hide behind me, I wouldn't have known where to find a drink yesterday, no one would have given me a place to sleep, and I shouldn't have had any dinner to-day. We will never part,

poor doggie! I love you, and don't you love me?"

As if the spaniel understood these words, he began to roll at the boy's feet, looking at him affectionately and uttering little grunts of satisfaction.

"Yes," continued the waif, "you are not wicked like my cousin. But let us forget him. The boy is coming back. Now, then, we will finish our dinner, for I am very hungry still."

The little scullion now appeared, carrying a covered basket.

"Do you like your dog so very much?" he asked.

"Yes, very much."

"Then follow my advice. Take this basket of food and be off; for the cook intends to get your dog, with or without your consent."

Quite overcome by the fear of losing his only friend and consolation, Camille called Fox, took the basket and started off again on his wanderings. It was evening but the street lamps made it almost as light as day.

IV.—THE LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER.

Camille was not very far away from the building which had furnished him a shelter the night before, and he decided now to go back to it. His little heart beat fast as he approached the house.

"What if the old soldier wouldn't let me in?" he said to himself. "How dreadful it is not to know where to go to sleep! O Gustave! Gustave!"

On reaching the place, he rapped on a plank which had been put up across the entrance. A hoarse voice called out:

"Is that you, Austerlitz?"

"Yes, and little Robinson Crusoe, too. Will you let us come in, please?"

"You're very late, comrades," said the old man, coming forward and taking down the plank to admit the pair.

"Were you expecting us?" asked the boy, in surprise.

"To be sure I was. In this Paris, where nothing opens except to money, you couldn't find any other shelter. Come right in. Your bed is ready, and here's your supper, and something for Austerlitz too."

"Thank you!" said Camille. "But I have something for supper."

"Keep that for your breakfast. Now tell Austerlitz to watch."

"I will. Good-night, Monsieur!"

Shortly afterward Camille, the old soldier and the so-called Austerlitz were sleeping soundly in the unfinished house.

The next morning Camille awoke very early. When the masons appeared, he presented himself to them and said, timidly:

"Messieurs, will you teach me your trade, please?"

"You're too puny for it, my poor boy," replied one of the workmen.

"But I have to do something."

"Every trade needs an apprenticeship, and every apprenticeship has to be paid for. Where can you get money to pay for yours?"

"If you'll teach me, I'll teach you what I know."

"What do you know?"

"I know—I know how to play on the violin."

"Thank you! I don't use one."

"I know how to write."

"I'd have to learn to read first."

"Well, I'll teach you how to read and you can show me how to cut stone."

"Agreed," answered the workman.

"Now, just listen to that!" exclaimed the old soldier in delight. "What wits the children of to-day have!"

"I'll teach *you* to read too, if you want me to," said Camille.

"Oh, I'm too old to learn! But you may read to me about my Emperor's battles."

"I have an idea, comrades," said one of the men. "The boy is too small to do anything at the mason's trade: as some of us don't know how to read, he

can give us lessons during lunch hours. In return we'll give him his food and the old soldier will give him his bed; in that way he will know where to eat and sleep for a time. Afterward he must trust to Providence."

At the lunch hour the little school-master gave the men their first lesson out of his "Robinson Crusoe." When this was over and the pupils had gone back to their work, the old soldier brought out a bundle of torn newspapers.

"Now read to me about my battles. It will carry me back to the good old days."

"To the good old days when we were whipped," said Camille, laughing.

"And when a man was never sure of finding himself whole when night came."

"That was a good old time, I must say. And there came a day when you didn't find yourself whole," answered Camille, glancing at the old man's wooden leg.

"I'd gladly give the other one to be back again to that time!" exclaimed the old soldier, with enthusiasm.

(To be continued.)

A Sight Common in India.

On the great trunk road leading to Delhi in India carriages drawn by camels are a common sight. These are immense two-story wagons, and each employs one, two, or sometimes even three camels. They are surrounded by iron bars which make them look like cages,—a relic of the days when they were used for transporting prisoners, and also of the time when a strong defence was needed against highway robbers. The camels are very gayly attired, usually with leopard-skin housings; and their riders wear all the finery they possess in their long journeys over the sandy roads.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Red Morn" is the title of Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel, which is published, with illustrations, by Cassell & Co.

—"Aubrey de Vere: a Monograph," by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, announced by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., includes some unpublished letters by Newman.

—"English Monastic Life," by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O. S. B., has been added to "The Antiquary's Library," a new series of books written by experts and published by Methuen & Co.

—Miss Agnes M. Clerke, whose astronomical writings caused her to be elected to the honorary membership of the Royal Astronomical Society, intends to visit some of the principal observatories in this country. The author of "Problems in Astrophysics" is so well known in scientific circles that she may be assured of a welcome everywhere. Miss Clerke is one of several Catholic women who in recent years have won a permanent niche in the temple of fame.

—Most of the stories one hears about Pius X. are at least well invented. Particularly plausible is the story told by the London *Daily Chronicle* of a Protestant journalist from whose hand his Holiness gently took a stylographic pen, pronounced a blessing, and returned it saying: "No one has a nobler mission than the journalist in the world to-day. I bless your symbol of office. My predecessors consecrated the swords and shields of Christian warriors: I choose rather to beg blessings upon a Christian journalist's pen."

—The Abbé Loisy's five volumes—whose titles, translated, are: "The Religion of Israel," "The Gospel and the Church," "About a Little Book," "Gospel Studies," and "The Fourth Gospel,"—have all been condemned. Cardinal Merry del Val, in notifying Cardinal Richard of the condemnation, states that the errors accumulated in these books regard chiefly: primitive revelation, the authenticity of Gospel facts and doctrines, the divinity and knowledge of Christ, the Resurrection, the divine founding of the Church, and the Sacraments. We notice that a writer in the *Church Times*, quoted in the *Literary Digest*, says in this connection: "What the effect of the censure will be on the future of the liberal Catholic school is not easy to predict." That depends somewhat on the predictor's familiarity with the history of the Infallible Church and the fate of her erring children who in the past called on "liberty" and practised "license." Possibly the speculator of the *Church Times* may be helped to an opinion by this very homely but very pat illustration of a Catholic essayist: "An heresiarch

attacking the Church is like a flea that says, 'Watch me smash this fellow,' and then jumps upon a man's back. The man does not know he is touched till he feels the thing crawling on his neck; then he half unconsciously brushes it off."

—Our foreign exchanges announce the death of Miss Sibylla Novello, of Genoa, the "good Catholic friend" of one of Charles Lamb's most familiar essays. She was the last resident of a now historic house—the Villa Novello. The late Mrs. Cowden Clarke, well-known to students of Shakespeare, was her sister.

—Convent librarians and directors of Catholic libraries may safely add "An Ocean Mystery," by Caroline Earle White, to their fiction shelf. The scene is placed in St. Laurent, a village in Normandy; and the local color is not the least charm of this story. The title shows that the young reader will find something to untangle, and the denouement is cleverly concealed to the very last. The author is acquainted with the sea, and her use of nautical terms shows that she has made this acquaintance first hand. "An Ocean Mystery" is published by the Lippincotts.

—The popular prejudice against American millionaires who go to live in foreign countries does not extend to American men of letters—perhaps because they are not always millionaires. At any rate, the fact that they are self-exiled has not affected the popularity of Mr. Marion Crawford, nor of Mr. Henry Harland, who has just returned to England after a long visit to old neighbors in this country. Mark Twain's latest joke was to make a particularly advantageous contract with his publishers and then shake the dust (we do not use the word as slang) of America off his sandals and scurry away to Italy.

—Mr. Lionel Strachey has been studying the social history of England according to *Punch*, and in the pages of the *Critic*, itself a magazine by no means free from sectarian narrowness, describes the epic wrath of *Punch* when the Catholic hierarchy was re-established in England. We quote:

Pope Pius IX. had iniquitously bestowed upon thirteen Roman Catholic bishops titles corresponding to the names of dioceses of the one and only Established Church. Dr. Wiseman was impiously nominated Archbishop of Westminster, the Pope likewise infernally creating him cardinal. What! a minion of the Pope wearing his diabolical red hat in England? Not a blue, green, or chocolate-colored hat with yellow spots, but a red hat! England would sink into loathsome degradation, would become the bondmaid of Antichrist, would become a province of Rome! Such was the alarm of merry England, such the apprehension of jocular *Punch*. In spite of opposition from Bright, Cobden, and Gladstone to the resulting bill that forbade these atro-

cious popish titles, the bill was passed. But there was some sense of humor left in England, after all. For this law, prohibiting people from calling themselves by names they happened to fancy and from wearing hats of a shape and color they chanced to prefer, was never enforced.

After offering some samples of *Punch* in those days—it was decidedly hot *Punch*—Mr. Strachey lays it down as his sober judgment that “this being the case of liberal, enlightened, progressive Protestantism in a free country fifty years back—if Satan had then been called a Protestant he would not be done blushing yet.”

—Among important works published by the Catholic missions the London *Tablet* mentions the Annual Calendar for 1904, compiled at the Li-ka-wei Observatory, and published by the Catholic Mission at Shanghai. Of this valuable publication *Nature* says: “It is printed in French, but all proper names and technical terms are also given in Chinese characters and words. Among the more important matters dealt with there occur a lucid explanation of the Chinese calendar, many astronomical tables and explanatory notes, tables for the conversion of Chinese and Japanese standards into European equivalents, facts regarding the population, area, and political relations of China, and a number of tables and curves relating to the meteorology of the Chinese Empire.”

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas*. \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas*. \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery*. \$1.50, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge*. \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall*. 50 cts., 85 cts.

The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly*. \$1.60, net.

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan*. \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

Problems and Persons. *Wilfrid Ward*. \$4.60, net.

The Beginnings of Christianity. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D.* \$2, net.

The City of the Kings. *Mrs. Lew Wallace*. \$1.12.

The Symbol of the Apostles. *Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. *Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

Sketches for Sermons. *Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S.* \$1.25.

The Dream of Gerontius. 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rev. John Hennes, of the archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. James McCafferty, diocese of Mobile; Rev. T. X. Logan, diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. Ludwig Guenther, O. C. C.; and Very Rev. Andrew Corcoran, C. S. V.

Sister M. Camillus, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Esther, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Celestine, Sisters of St. Mary.

Mr. J. J. Campbell, of Seguin, Texas; Mrs. Leon Bonni and Mr. John Dunn, Meriden, Conn.; Mr. Peter McNiff, Avon, Mass.; Mr. Samuel Craig, Augusta, Ga.; Mrs. Peter Conlan, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Priscilla Kerns, Piedmont, W. Va.; Miss Anna Hammel and Miss Margaret Devenny, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Althoff and Mrs. Catherine McCarten, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. John Callahan, Adams, Mass.; Mr. William McBride, Ellensburg, Wash.; Mr. Thomas Breslin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. P. A. Cramer, Peoria, Ill.; Miss Agnes Mulloney, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Canning, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. Bernardina Hendrickson, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Annie Ketchum and Miss Rose Nulty, New York; Mr. John Mutch, Peterhead, Canada; Mr. Jacob Loefer, Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss Catherine Conlon, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Sarah Bainbridge, Altoona, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Driscoll, Mr. Bernard McGarry, and Mr. Michael O'Dea, Morris Run, Pa.; Mr. George Pope, St. Louis, Mo.; and Mrs. Catherine Michaud, Burlington, Vt.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 42.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 20, 1904.

NO. 8.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Snow-Fugue.

BY RODERICK GILL.

THE moon—the mouldering moon—is out
Amid the ashes of the years,
Ere with his straggling hosts in rout
Day from his Moscow disappears.

And hark! the blast's white fingers beat
The mountain drums in long accord
Down where the cypresses entreat—
Green tongues that ceaseless praise the Lord.

O Night that falls upon the earth,
Be gracious unto those who weep;
Soothe thou the pangs of death and birth
And flood the bitter hearts with sleep!

Washington at Table.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

WASHINGTON never kept the Lenten fast, and his journal mentions but one occasion of his observance of the precept of fasting. That was on the fast-day proclaimed by the patriotic committee of Virginia, of which he was one; and then he records that he "fasted all day." Of superb physique, of stately strength and perfect health, much in the open air, and full of buoyant life, he needed and he enjoyed abundant food. Nor was he careless of its quality and variety. One of the earliest entries in his Journal is a scoff at the meagre fare furnished at a ball which he attended at Alexandria, in 1760, when he was

twenty-eight years old; and one of the latest, his lament over his runaway cook. He writes of this Alexandria ball: "Music and dancing were the chief entertainment; but there abounded a great plenty of bread and butter, some biscuits, with tea and coffee, which the drinkers could not distinguish from hot water sweetened; where pocket handkerchiefs served for tablecloths and napkins, and no apologies were made for either." In his disgust, Washington calls the entertainment a "bread-and-butter ball."

Ten years after the "bread-and-butter ball," in 1770, Washington gave a ball of his own in Alexandria. He had been chosen a member of the House of Burgesses the week before Christmas in that year, and he records: "Went up to Alexandria at the election of Burgesses. I was, with Colonel West, chosen, and remained all night to a ball I had given." We may be sure that the company was regaled in those festivities with something more than "a great plenty of bread and butter"; though neither the great chief nor any of his guests has left us any details of the menu.

More than once in after years, when he was to dine with his friends and neighbors at Alexandria, he sent up choice viands for the feast,—sometimes smaller game, and on one occasion a deer which he had killed. When he attended these social dinners he often made note in his Journal of some special dish that, doubtless, tempted

and gratified his appetite. Thus he writes:

"Nov. 21, 1785.—Went up to Alexandria to Potomac Company meetings. Sent up turtle and had turtle feast."

"Jan. 7, 1789.—Went to an election of electors for the District for president and vice-president....Dined with a large company on venison at Page's Tavern, and came home in the evening."

Once in his Journal he complains of the want of a kitchen. On the 22d of January, 1780, while hutted at the heights of Morristown, he writes: "I have been at my present quarters since the month of December, and have not a kitchen to cook a dinner in, although the logs have been put together for some considerable time by my own guard." The loss of a cook disturbed him very much. On November 13, 1797, when he was sixty-five years old, he writes: "The running off of my cook has been a most inconvenient thing. And what renders it more disagreeable is that I had resolved never to become master of another slave by purchase; which resolution I fear I must break, as I have endeavored to hire black or white, but am not yet supplied."

There seems to be no doubt that the great chief desired the best food he could get, yet was fain to be content with plain fare when either his exterior surroundings furnished no other or his stomach warned him to be temperate. B. J. Lossing records that his main beverage was small beer and cider, though he sometimes took several glasses of Madeira wine at a sitting. In the evening he took tea, toast, and a little well-baked bread. G. W. P. Custis writes that "when General Washington visited Alexandria on business, he dined with few friends at the city hotel. The host, Gadsby, always anticipated the General's order for dinner: 'canvasback ducks with

chaffing dish, some hominy, and a bottle of good Madeira.'"

Mr. Frank Carpenter, one of the most interesting current writers for the press, says that "George Washington was simple in his tastes; and during his youth he was an enormous eater, but was not particular as to what he had. He wanted plain food and plenty of it. During his later years he ate very little. His breakfast at Mount Vernon was of corn cakes, honey and tea, with possibly an egg; and after that he ate no more until dinner. He kept, however, a good table, and usually had friends with him."

During the War of the Revolution, as times and occasions changed, much difference in the table of the commander in chief appeared. He and his staff were never reduced, like General Marion, to a dinner of sweet potatoes roasted in the ashes and served on a log, with a fragment of bark as the dish; but he came near that plain fare when he gave Lafayette and the French officers wild hickory nuts as dessert at one of his army dinners.

Claude Blanchard, who dined with him at his headquarters at Peekskill, New York, on the 29th of June, 1781, when there was encouraging news from General Green's army in the South, says that Washington's table "was served in army style, and pretty abundant. Vegetables, roast beef, lamb, chicken, salad dressed with vinegar only, green peas, pudding, pie and a tart, were all put on the table at the same time. They gave us in the same plate green peas, beef, lamb, etc."

Several of Washington's guests during his presidency have left records of their entertainment. Archibald Roberson, who brought him the box made of the wood of the oak tree that sheltered Sir William Wallace, after the battle of Falkirk, and sent by the Earl of Buchan, writes of his table in 1794: "Mr. and Mrs. Washington sat side

by side,—he on the right with the gentlemen on one side and the ladies on the other. It being Saturday, the first course was mostly of Eastern cod and fresh fish; a few glasses of wine we drank with this course, and the dinner closed with a few glasses of sparkling champagne. We spent three-quarters of an hour at the table."

Philip Wanzer, who supped with the General on the 6th of June, 1796, writes: "Mrs. Washington made tea and coffee for us. On the table were two small plates of tongue sliced, dry toast, bread and butter, but no brown fish as is the general custom."

Washington's farewell dinner given to officials and others on March 3, 1797, at the close of his presidency, has no reporter except the wife of the venerable Bishop White, who narrates only that in response to a toast Washington said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall appear as a public man, and with sincerity I wish you all possible happiness."

Washington's table customs while he resided in New York are thus described in an article published by the New York *Herald* many years ago:

It was not until the latter part of May, 1789, that Mrs. Washington joined her husband in New York. Meanwhile Samuel Fraunce had been installed as steward of the household. Fraunce had already become famous as the proprietor of Fraunce's Tavern, still standing on the southeast corner of Broad and Pearl Streets. Built in 1700, from 1762 until now the building has always been used as a public house,—with, however, varying degrees of excellence, and in later years with none of its early distinction. Aside from its ancient culinary fame, it bears historical memories. It had been Washington's headquarters in 1776, and in 1783 he delivered there his farewell address to his generals.

Fraunce was a Southern Negro, who had known the President from boyhood. It is even said that his daughter Phoebe had during the war saved Washington's life by the exposure of a plot to poison him. He is described by Washington himself as "an excellent cook, knowing how to provide genteel dinners and giving aid in dressing

them." But he was not so great an economist as the President desired. Goaded by anti-Federalist criticisms upon his love of display, Washington mounted his first establishment in New York on very simple lines. Fraunce's occasional extravagances, notably the purchase of an early shad at the Fly Market, brought upon him stern rebuke. But on every occasion "Black Sam" would withdraw tearfully into an anteroom, declaring that at any cost he would continue the credit of the house by "serving his Excellency's table as it ought to be." Judge Wingate describes the very frugal feast given to welcome Mrs. Washington's arrival in New York, the chief's own share being limited to a slice of plain boiled mutton.

But though the President's larder was thus frugally supplied, Fraunce saw to it that his wine cellar should be well stocked with choice Madeira, claret, champagne, sherry, arrack, spirits, brandy, cordials, porter, beer and cider. Nevertheless, there does not seem to have been much indecorous intoxication in the homes of those days; though when the gentlemen got together alone at public banquets they gave themselves wider latitude. There is still extant a bill presented by Capes, the proprietor of the famous Province Tavern, to the Governor of New York for a dinner given to Washington and his generals on Evacuation Day. After portentous items for valiant potations of champagne, claret, sherry and beer, there comes a significant little memorandum for "sixty glasses broken."

The General's hospitality was indeed unbounded. Mount Vernon was never without guests; and the names of those who enjoyed his table, always carefully noted, sometimes give his Journal the aspect of a hotel register. He writes under date of June 30, 1785: "Dined with Mrs. Washington only, which I believe is the first instance of it since my retirement from public life."

Dr. William Thornton, one of the commissioners appointed by Washington to lay out and govern, for a while, the capital of the United States, who enjoyed unusual familiarity with the great chief, says that in Washington's later days he took no supper. "He eats with a good appetite, and at breakfast takes honey and butter, with bread made of Indian corn, which he eats in preference to the finest wheaten

bread. It is made in small cakes, especially for him. He takes a moderate glass of wine after dinner."

Of Washington's table manners he remarks: "He enjoys a bonmot, and can give one. On one occasion, as he sat at table after dinner, the fire behind him was too large and hot; he complained, and said he must remove. A gentleman observed that it behooved the General to stand fire. Washington answered that it did not look well for a general to receive the fire behind. On receiving his friends, he gives them a hearty welcome: then says: 'Consider yourselves as perfectly at home now as if in your own house. You know my manner of living: we must all be at our ease without ceremony.'"

Mr. Frank Carpenter, who looked into the subject, tells us that "Washington's table manners were not of the best. I have a book written by Maclay which gives his experiences when he was in the United States Senate at the time Washington was President. Maclay dined with him a number of times, and scattered through his diary are bits of gossip about him. At two of the dinners he describes Washington as amusing himself between the courses by playing the devil's tattoo upon the table with his fork. At another time he says: 'The President kept a fork in his hand when the cloth was taken away. I thought it was for the purpose of picking nuts. He ate no nuts, but played with the fork, striking on the edge of the table with it.'

"Everyone drank in the days of Washington," continues Mr. Carpenter; "and the Father of his Country always had wines upon his table. I have nowhere seen it stated that he ever drank to excess, although he usually consumed five glasses of Madeira at dessert. During his youth he was a very fair politician, and among the items of his election expenses when he was a candidate for the House of

Burgesses of Virginia were a hogshhead and a barrel of whisky, thirty-five gallons of wine and forty-three gallons of beer."

General Greeley, writing on the same subject in a recent magazine, notes that "in the Provincial army, when general charges of drunkenness were made against the Virginia troops, there was no word against Washington personally. Indeed he had thus early deplored it as a serious vice, forbidden it by stringent orders, and applied a hundred lashes to every man found drunk. Still later he wrote that 'ginshops serve to ruin the proprietor and those who make the most frequent application to them.' And in advising his nephew he adds: 'Refrain from drink, which is a source of all evil and the ruin of half the workmen of this country.'"

There can be no doubt that Washington dearly loved a social dinner. He encouraged, until he was overwhelmed, the coming of guests to his table at Mount Vernon. Never was he more happy among his friends and neighbors of Alexandria than at the social banquet. No hotel in the little town but was at some time or other the recipient of his custom; and a list of the olden taverns in Alexandria can be found nowhere more complete than in the entries of Washington's Journal. "Dined at Abert's Tavern, where we had fine turkeys," is a typical entry.

It was his disposition to find at the table a chance to unbend and forget the weight of war upon his shoulders which led Washington to accept the invitations of the Freemasons to the dinners which, in June and December, accompany their observance of the festivals of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. The records show that he attended these festivities six or seven times during the last thirty years of his life; just as he attended, on the 1st of January, 1784, the dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick at

the City Tavern in Philadelphia. There is no evidence that on any of these occasions, except perhaps once or twice, he took part in any of the secret work of a lodge; nothing to contradict his solemn assertion made in 1798: "I preside over no Masonic lodge, nor have I been in one more than once or twice within the last thirty years." Washington's Masonry was in his stomach.

Sketches in the Mountain Parish.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE IN DOON."

III.—A SUNDAY EXCURSION.

IT was my custom on Sundays after the fatigue of two Masses, Wordsworth-like, to make a short excursion up the mountain side, to enjoy its bracing air and drop in to a cabin on the way for a *ceilidh*. It was on one of these solitary rambles that I made the acquaintance of the Widow Moran.

She lived in a little cabin of two apartments, the walls of which were made of bog-sods, through which soft, wavy, green grass and purple heather grew, not only outside but inside also in many places. The low thatched roof, too, grew grass in profusion, as well as tufts of unprofitable oats; so that the Widow Moran's house was as emerald as "the Ould Sod" itself is reputed to be.

Everything about the bog-cabin was on a diminutive scale. It was so low that the rafters of its roof could be reached by the hand of a person of even medium height standing on the floor; it had two little windows, of one pane of glass each; and the doorway was so low and narrow that one passing through it felt inclined not merely to stoop—a thing which was necessary—

but to squeeze in sideways also. The kitchen furniture consisted of a small dresser with a few correspondingly small plates, mugs and jugs ranged on it; a tiny, low table with one short leg, supported by a sod of well-dried "stone" turf placed under it; a small squat chest blackened into the semblance of bog-oak by the smoke of years; and a few low or "creepie" stools. There were also a few small pots and porringers, and a few very large teacups and saucers. In the room behind the fireplace was a canopied bed, and nothing else. On the walls of bog-sods, neatly placed one over the other to the height of about five feet, hung plain prints of the Sacred Heart, of the Blessed Virgin, St. Patrick, the Pope, and Robert Emmet. To complete and crown the miniature picture, the Widow Moran herself was a little old woman, very clean and natty in appearance, like everything else in her cabin.

When I first saw her, that Sunday afternoon, she was sitting on her low stool in the corner, reading her prayer-book. She looked at me through a pair of prehistoric horn-rimmed spectacles, both lenses of which were cracked; and at first she did not appear to know who I was. With her snow-white cap and apron and her outlandish goggles, I thought I never saw so quaint-looking and mediæval an old woman. As soon as she recognized me, however, she hastened with outstretched hands to welcome me.

"Yer reverence," she said, "is heartily welcome to my poor cabin! Won't you come in and rest? Put your foot on my little flure, anyway, and it'll bring me luck an' blessin's, as I always heard a priest's footstep does. Oh, thanks be to God and to His Blessed Mother that I see our new priest standin' on my flure this blessed and holy day!"

And she seemed so delighted at the honor conferred on her by my entering her house that she almost cried with

joy, and wrung my hand long and warmly, as would an old friend, although we had met now for the first time. She wiped her best and biggest stool carefully with her apron, and, after pushing the cat out of the way and ejecting some hens, invited me to sit down and "take an air o' the fire."

"Whom have you living here with you?" I observed when we were comfortably seated on either side of the "spark o' fire," which looked unnaturally pale and wan with the bright sunshine streaming down on it through the wide four-foot high chimney,—nearly as good a source of light as the one-paned windows.

"Not one," she answered solemnly, "but meself and God. I'm a poor lone widow that lost my husband comin' fifteen years this winter,—God be merciful to him and grant his sowl the light of glory this blessed day! I had five fine girls,—five as handsome and clane girls as ever stepped on a poor man's flure. But they're all gone from me now, yer reverence,—all gone to America, the last of them a year last spring,—all gone, all gone from the poor lone widow!"

A tear glistened in her eye as she spoke these last words, with a far-away look, and in a tone of tender, resigned melancholy, which kept me silent from sympathy until she resumed the conversation.

"But the childre are very good to me, yer reverence,—very good, the cratures! They send me money regular, and I'm never in want, thank God! I want for nothin', but I'm very lonely for me poor childre, and I'm always thinkin' of them. Night, noon and mornin' they're always runnin' in my mind. They were the best childre, yer reverence, that ever a mother raised, God bless and protect them far away from me to-day! But I must show you their likenesses; I have them here in the chest,—the *phortographs* of my

five purty colleens. I look at them and count them every day."

She dived into the mysterious recesses of the black chest for the photographs, which she displayed on the table before me, in the order of the ages of her children. She told me that whenever she felt very lonely she thus arranged them, and, for hours and hours together frequently, talked to them individually, and went back over the vanished years even to their childhood, until she almost persuaded herself that she had them all about her once more. She rehearsed for me the characteristic graces and virtues of each of them in turn, beginning with Annie, the eldest, and ending with Mollie, the youngest; and she kissed each picture lovingly as she folded it in its tissue paper and returned it to the chest.

She told me that all her stores, provisions, and worldly wealth were in that chest. It contained her "grain o' tay an' lock o' flour an' mail," her "few little things" of clothes and linen, her money, her American letters—all of them,—her "habit," and the blessed candle that she hoped to hold in her dying hand.

Then I asked why at least one of her daughters did not stay at home with her to console her old age. She answered that it was her children's intention to take her over to America to join them, and that her passage was actually paid by them and sent to her with the view of her going in company with her youngest daughter, who left a year and a half ago. She went as far as Queenstown, and there her courage failed, and her longing desire to lay her bones in holy Ireland prevailed even against the strong maternal inclination to join her children. So she came back to the bog-cabin,—on the understanding, however, that one of her daughters was to return the following autumn, on a visit at least, if not to remain permanently. But autumn

passed and she did not come; so the old woman lived in hopes of yet seeing some of her children before she died. This pleasing, if delusive, expectation was, leaving aside the consolations of her religion, the silver lining of the cloud of abiding sorrow that darkened the evening of her life.

"I'm sure, yer reverence," she said, "if I went to that strange furrin country I'd live no time in it; and I know I wouldn't die aisy anywhere but in this little cabin. Besides, I'd like to be buried in Killreehan beside my poor man, and my little weechee gossoon that died when he was only six years old. The childre—God bless them!—would take me out to them, if I'd only go; and God alone knows how I long to get one more sight of them! But I could not bring meself to face the say, and lave this little place; for my heart is stuck in it. And the lark that was raised in the bog likes to die in the bog, they say. Ohone! ohone, avourneen! sure I won't be long in it, anyhow; and if I don't see the poor childre here, I'll see them above. Yes, please God, I'll meet them all there; I'll see my darlin' colleens there. I say three the full of my Bades for them every day, and I read the Thirty Days' Prayer,—I was just at it when yer reverence came in—for God to guide, guard, and save them from all sin and danger."

Surely the prayers of such Irish mothers avail much; and, perhaps, sorely do their dear ones far away need them to keep them in the straight path of virtue. Aye, often may a vision of such an Irish mother in a lone cabin, with tear-stained face and upraised, praying hands, have recalled to their better selves many an erring and almost lost child of Erin.

As I rose from my stool to leave I delicately hinted that if ever she was in need she should not forget to let me know; but she protested she was quite

comfortable, and had "lashin's and lavin's of everything." She got some buttermilk to make griddle-cakes from Mrs. Mullins, a neighboring farmer's wife; "the boys" of the neighborhood sowed her little potato garden; she had a few fowls, and a goat to give her milk; and the American letter came regularly with a remittance, small or large, as her daughters could afford it.

"I'm as comfortable," she said, "as a little queen; and I'd be as happy as the day is long if I could only get one more sight of my childre before I die. But, Father jewel, I'm afferd, I'll never see them again,—never, never, never in this world!"

What a tugging and straining, I thought, must ever be going on at the heartstrings of that old woman! What a struggle between contending desires and longings! Her heart evidently was with her exiled children in a far-distant land; yet she wished to end her days in the quiet, prayerful, peaceful repose of that old hovel, sanctified by a thousand endearing associations. Often had its springy clay floor, resting as it did on the spongy, elastic red bog, vibrated to the footsteps of the absent ones; often had their merry laughter made its old rafters ring; often had the happy group gathered round the blazing turf fire, and listened to her recounting the old *ranns* and tales of other days. No, she could not and must not leave it; it would be nothing short of a sacrilege to drag her away from it till her Guardian Angel whispered to her that her task was done, and that her time had come to go to her "long home" in heaven, to pray for and await her dear ones' coming there.

As she stood in the cabin doorway with upraised hands, thanking and blessing me for my visit, she formed a picture which, with its background and setting, will doubtless recall tender memories of a white-haired Irish mother for many an exiled son or daughter of

the "sea-divided Gael" in the "greater Ireland beyond the sea." Thus, perhaps, did a loving, weeping, broken-hearted mother take her last look on earth of the receding form of an idolized child on the sorrowful morning when he or she bade a long farewell to the dear old home of childhood days. Many an exile, I have no doubt, has dreamed of such a picture of an aged Irish mother framed in the doorway of an humble Irish cabin, with upraised blessing hands; many a brave *buachaill* and gentle *cáilín* in their waking hours, too, have dwelt on the memory of such a picture until their eyes grew dim with tears.

For me, that scene whenever I recall it, gives food for sad reflections; for I think of the aged solitary mother whose one absorbing thought was her exiled children; whose one topic of conversation was her children; whose tender loving heart, as time passed and her children returned not, like a flower withered and faded and died. From the effects of yearning love of her children, loneliness without them, and separation from them, she slowly pined away until she slept in Killreehan beside her husband and child.

What a pity that the old age of so many Irish mothers should be saddened by grief such as hers, and their grey hairs brought in sorrow to the grave by ceaseless, fruitless pining after their absent children, who, though separated from them only by a week's journey or so, yet are lost to them forever. They are so near and yet so far. The hands that stretch across the sea will never meet in the warm grasp of love and friendship; the eyes that are straining wistfully and yearningly and hungrily from either shore for a sight of each other will never meet in the long and tender and melting look of love—no, never, never!

I came away in a thoughtful if not melancholy mood, and had almost

reached the end of the *toher* leading to the public road when a scene presented itself of a very different kind from that which I had just left. There was another bog-sod cabin, somewhat larger than the Widow Moran's; and around it, or at least in front and rear of it, was a noisy group of shouting, laughing, chattering children, barefooted, bareheaded, coatless, "bibless," hatless. I looked on at their innocent sport for some time without being seen by them, a delighted and amused spectator. No sooner, however, did their bright eyes discover me than they disappeared, I know not where, as quickly and mysteriously as rabbits do in a warren when one intrudes on their domain. From behind whin bushes, turf heaps, and peat mounds, I could just catch a glimpse of shock-heads and merry eyes,—wondering, no doubt, what brought "his reverence" to Phil Flattery's that Sunday afternoon.

The pleasant sound of a lively air on a flute brought me to the cabin; and I stood spellbound and enraptured at the scene I witnessed by the fireside, as I looked in over the half-door, after I had dispersed a row of hens roosting on it, and dozing with half-shut eyes under the soporiferous spell of the music, I suppose. Reclining in the chimney corner, with his head thrown back, and resting on a support of turf-sods, was a man playing a flute, a child of tender years on either knee. With eyes closed, as if the better to produce the lively melody, he kept time with his feet, while the young equestrians laughed joyously, as they supported each other to maintain their equilibrium whilst they got "a jaunt on daddy's knee." On the opposite side of the hearth sat a woman in an armchair of rude wickerwork, evidently of home manufacture, her hands resting on her lap and her eyes closed in gentle slumber. Tired and wearied after the labor of the week, and the worry and

fatigue of attending to a family of twelve children, she had fallen asleep to the tune of the flute. For some moments I contemplated unnoticed the charmingly homely scene, before my presence was made known by one of the children, who had slipped in under my arm and plucked her mother's sleeve to awaken her and notify her of my presence.

Mrs. Flattery, blushing and confused, offered me her armchair, with many apologies for "the tossed place we have"; while she brushed out of my way the crowd of gaping, wondering children who had, somehow, crept into the house as silently and mysteriously as they had performed the "vanishing trick" outside a short time before. Her husband, the disciple of Pan—or "Phil the flute-player," as he was locally called,—also arose from his peat couch to give me a kindly *Caed mile failte*; whilst the equestrians, the two youngest of the round dozen denominated "the childre," joined the family swarm that had meanwhile collected in the kitchen, and shyly and wonderingly watched and listened.

I sat down amongst them and made myself at home for a few minutes, while the good-natured giant of the musical acquirements made me acquainted in a few words with his history. He was a laborer, he told me, living by his day's hire. In summer and autumn his services were in fair demand as a "mower," in winter as a "thrasher," and in spring as a potato-sower. Thus with his great strength and endurance, combined with his skill in these various branches of industry, he was enabled to support his large family of twelve children—or, as he himself expressed it, "to feed them in a soort of a way." His frugal helpmate seconded his efforts bravely by working for the farmers around at all kinds of outdoor work, and indeed in all kinds of weather. She generally

brought her two youngest children with her, and she was known to work sometimes with an infant secured with a shawl on her back, after the manner of an Indian squaw carrying her papoose. Now, however, that the eldest of the family, a sturdy boy, was also a breadwinner to the tune of five pounds a year from a farmer in the locality, who had hired him at this munificent salary, and undertook to feed him also—or "ate him," as the phrase goes in the south of Ireland,—the house of Flattery felt itself quite independent, almost comfortable.

What a hard struggle, surely, the poor laborer had to provide food and clothing for his numerous family with his shilling-a-day, his pig and his bog-garden! Yet, blessed by a beneficent Providence with splendid health and herculean strength, he was both happy and contented; and when he returned home after his hard day's toil with scythe or flail or spade, and, reclining in the chimney corner with "the lisping infant prattling on his knee," played his flute or sang as blithely as a lark, a more supremely happy man could not be found "in the three parishes," as Phil himself expressed it.

After these two I denied myself the pleasure of any more visits that Sunday afternoon. But as I hurried homeward I thought what a wealth of love, happiness and peace even a poor bog-cabin may contain; and how much also of what is noble, grand and of sterling worth, as well as tender, affectionate, and lovable in human nature, may be found among

The lowly train in life's sequestered scene.

(To be continued.)

I PRAY you with all earnestness to prove, and know within yourselves, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility.—*Ruskin*.

Science and Faith.—Alexander Volta.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, PH.D., M.D.

II.

AS a young man, Volta was so completely devoted to scientific investigations that we find no trace of any of the irregularities that sometimes characterize this period of life; and that were apt to be more frequent at the end of the eighteenth century than at almost any other time in history. When he became interested in a series of experiments he often forgot the flight of time, and was known to miss meals, and inadvertently to put off going to bed,—apparently quite unconscious of his physical necessities. This intense concentration of mind, had its disadvantage. One of his friends complains playfully that he made a rather disagreeable travelling companion on account of his tendency to become abstracted; and on occasions this friend was deeply mortified to see Volta take out a pocket-handkerchief that had been used for some purpose in the laboratory,—that showed signs of its employment as a cleansing agent for dirty instruments or hands, though its possessor was evidently unconscious of its appearance. More than once, too, his handkerchief proved, when taken out for its natural uses, to be as preoccupied as its owner: specimens of rocks or natural curiosities that he had gathered and inadvertently allowed to remain in his pocket, came with it.

All during his life he had this wonderful faculty for concentrating his attention, which at times amounted to complete abstraction from his surroundings. It is related that one cold morning his students at the University of Pavia found him in his shirt sleeves, so intent on arranging the experiments that were to illustrate his morning

lecture that he was unconscious of the time, and even did not notice their coming into the room until they had been for some time in their seats, and he had finally completed the arrangement of the demonstrations. He was constantly occupied with problems in natural science, looking for the explanation of phenomena that he did not understand, as well as gathering new data by observation and experiment.

With this intense interest in his work, it is not surprising to find Volta's investigations proving fruitful. He published papers on electricity that attracted widespread attention. While laboring at the explanation of the phenomena of electricity he made a number of interesting instruments that show the very practical character of the man. He was especially taken with the idea of securing some method of measuring electricity. Among other things, he invented the condensing electroscope, in which, instead of the ribbons of gold-leaf now employed, he used straws. With this instrument he was able to demonstrate the presence of minute quantities of electricity developed under circumstances in which ordinarily the occurrence of any such phenomena would be unsuspected. He also invented the combination of metal and shellac disks, now known as the electrophorus,—one of the first satisfactory instruments for the collection of electricity by means of induction so that it can be employed for experimental purposes. This proved especially useful in the physical laboratories of the time for the demonstration of various electrical phenomena, and did much to encourage the study and bring about the development of the science of electricity.

Volta's powers of observation and scientific inquisitiveness are well illustrated by his first step in the investigation of gases. As the result of seeing

bubbles come to the surface of Lake Maggiore while on a fishing excursion, he found that if the bottom near the shore were stirred somewhat, a number of bubbles rose, and that the gas thus set free was inflammable. He constructed an electrical pistol by which gas when thus set free was exploded by a spark from the electrophorus. About the same time, on the principle of the electrical pistol, he invented the eudiometer, an apparatus by means of which the oxygen content of air could be determined.

With regard to these inventions, Arago calls attention to a special quality that is peculiar to all of Volta's work. "There is not a single one of the discoveries of Professor Volta," says the distinguished French scientist, "which can be said to be the result of chance. Every instrument with which he has enriched science existed in principle in his imagination before an artisan began to put it into material shape."

In 1775 Volta was offered the professorship of experimental physics in the college of Como. Here he labored for three years, until he received his call to the professorship of physics at the University of Pavia, where he was destined to remain in an active teaching capacity for a period of over forty years.

Volta began at Pavia his life-work as a professor of physics by extending his observations on gases. He was the first to demonstrate the expansion of gases under heat, especially as regards increased expansibility at higher temperatures. Many observers had been at work on this problem before his time, and there were serious discrepancies in the results reported. Volta was the first to point out the reasons for the apparent inconsistencies of previous investigators' results; and from his observations alone might have been obtained absolute data for

the establishment of what has since become known as Charles' Law. His knowledge of English enabled him to follow English discoveries, and he appears to have paid particular attention to the work of Cavendish and Priestley. Not long after Cavendish's description of the method of obtaining pure hydrogen, Volta seems to have experimented with spongy platinum and this gas, and to have pointed out, at least experimentally, the spontaneous ignition that takes place when the two substances are brought together. This experiment is the basis of what has since been known as the hydrogen lamp—or, from the German observer who first made it a practical instrument, Döbereiner's lamp.

After seven years of teaching, Volta was given the opportunity to visit various parts of Europe, and took advantage of the occasion to meet most of the celebrated men of science. His linguistic knowledge stood him in good stead during this Sabbatical year, and his travel aided him in completing a thorough acquaintanceship with the languages. How practical a man he was may be judged from the fact that during this trip he noted the growth of the potato and its uses in various European countries, and brought the plant home with him to Italy in order to introduce it among the farmers. He succeeded in this very praiseworthy purpose, and the introduction of the potato was one of the reasons for which his Italian compatriots have always looked up to him as one of their favorite men of science.

By one of the fortunate accidents that happen to genius, Galvani, at the time professor of anatomy in Bologna, chanced one day during the year 1786 upon the observation that if a frog, so prepared that its hind leg is attached to the trunk only by means of the sciatic nerve, happens to be touched by a metal instrument in such a way as

to put nerve and muscle in connection with each other through the metal instrument, a very curious phenomenon is observed, the muscles of the almost severed leg becoming spasmodically contracted and then relaxed whenever the contacts are made and broken. Galvani looked for an explanation of the phenomenon in electricity, and thought that there was an analogy between it and the discharge of a Leyden jar. After several years of careful observation, he published a small monograph on this subject, which at once attracted attention all over Europe.

Volta was very much interested in Galvani's work and took up the exploitation of it from the physical side. At first he agreed with the explanation offered by Galvani, who considered that his experiment demonstrated the presence of electricity in animal bodies, and who proposed to introduce the term "animal electricity." After a while Galvani's assertion that animal electricity existed in a form entirely independent of any external electricity, though it had been accepted by most of the distinguished men of science of the time, seemed to Volta without experimental verification. For many years his most determined efforts were used to demonstrate that the muscle twitchings observed were not due to the presence of animal electricity (galvanism, as it had come to be called), but to the fact that the metal touching the different portions of the moist nerve muscle preparation really set up minute currents of ordinary electricity.

Some of the experiments which he devised for this purpose were extremely ingenious, and show how thoroughly empirical were his methods of observation, and how modern his scientific genius. In the course of his experiments he found that a difference in the metals of which the arc was

composed when used for the purpose of eliciting the so-called animal electricity, made a great difference in the electrical phenomena observed and in the amount of muscle twitchings obtained. In one brilliant series of experiments, moreover, he showed that even when the metallic portions touching nerve and muscle were identical there might still be distinct electrical phenomena, if only an artificial difference in temperature of the ends of the metallic arc were produced. Volta was able even to demonstrate that such physical differences as the filling of one end of the metallic arc used might give rise to small currents of electricity.

In the midst of these experiments he came to the realization that two portions of metal of different kinds, separated by a moist nonconducting material, might be made to produce a constant current of electricity for some time. More than this, however, he found that discs of metal of different kinds might be piled on top of one another with intervening discs of moist cloth, and so produce proportionately stronger currents as more and more of the metal plates were employed. This was the origin of the voltaic pile, as it has been called,—the first battery for the production at will of regular currents of electricity of definite strength that was employed in the study of the new department of physics.

While engaged at this he succeeded in demonstrating what has come to be known as Volta's basic experiment,—namely, that two plates of metal of different kinds become electrically excited merely by contact. This was practically the beginning of the great advance in applied electricity which ushered in our modern electrical era. It seems a simple matter now, looking back over the century that has elapsed since then, to have taken the successive

steps that Volta did for the construction of his electrical pile and for the demonstration of the principle of contact electricity. Groping as he was in the dark, however, it took him three years to make the progress that we are able to describe in so few words. How great his discoveries appeared even to the most distinguished of his scientific contemporaries can best be judged from an expression of the greatest of French electrical scientists, Arago, who declared "Volta's pile the most wonderful instrument that has ever come from the hand of man, not excluding even the telescope or the steam engine."

(Conclusion next week.)

Weep for the Dead Because They are at Rest.*

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

WEEP for the dead because they are at rest!
No more those feet shall go

At Sorrow's call, at Pity's sweet behest,
To soothe or succor woe;

No more those hands the generous loaf shall dole,
The sheltering portal ope;
No more those lips breathe in the darkened soul
The word of heavenly hope.

Weep for the dead because they are at rest!

While He, the Virgin-born,
Who for man's love the thorny pathway pressed,
And wore the crown of thorn,
Still is reviled and persecuted, still
Is doubted and denied;
Still in men's crimes full measured to their fill,
Is scourged and crucified.

Weep for the dead because they are at rest!

No more with lessening breath
To share upon the dying Saviour's breast
The agony of death.

O Love Supreme, who dwellest in joy above,
Who camest in sorrow down!

The cross Thyself didst bear, borne, for Thy love
Is sweeter than the crown.

The Fall of De Lamennais.

IT is profitable to read the lives of the saints; for the story of their wonderful penances and heroic virtues is calculated to strengthen us to bear our cross and begin to mount the heights of sanctification which they have reached. It is useful also, especially in this holy season of penance, to look back on the careers of those who have fallen by the wayside, in order that we may avoid the slippery places that were the occasion of their ruin.

One of the saddest life histories of recent times is the record of the Abbé de Lamennais, who, after a pious childhood and youth, was ordained priest and for a long time edified all who knew him by the practice of sacerdotal virtues; then fell, proud, disobedient, defiant; lived for twenty-two years away from the altar and stripped of his priestly vestments; died unshriven, and was buried, at his own request, in unconsecrated ground, without religious rites. His sad death took place fifty years ago this month.

The Rev. Félicité Robert de Lamennais was at one time, according to the testimony of M. de Montalembert, "the most celebrated and the most venerated priest in France." His philosophical system attracted to him a school of disciples. His "Essay on Indifference" moved his admirers to proclaim him the last of the Fathers of the Church. His ability was conspicuous in his own country and was recognized abroad. The path to preferment was wide open to him; a glorious prospect of beneficence spread out before him. But his pride shut the gate of duty and barred the road of honor; and his persistence in error wrecked his vocation, ruined his life, and drove him to a nameless grave. In 1830 he was at the pinnacle of his popularity; in 1832

* Versified from Père Lacordaire, and inscribed to the memory of Mother Marie de Ricci.

he was in the quicksand of darkness, doubt, and disobedience.

In October, 1830, he founded at Paris the *Avenir* newspaper. His chief assistants were the Abbé Lacordaire and M. de Montalembert. The object of the paper was to free the Church of France from all entangling alliances with the State, to advance the interests of the masses of the people, and to put in action the principles of a Christian socialism. It consequently advocated liberty of opinion for the press, as opposed to the government censorship; liberty of education, in hostility to the Napoleonic State monopoly of instruction; liberty of association, in antagonism to the revival of ancient anti-monastic laws; independence of the clergy from State support, and war on the Budget of Public Worship; laws for the protection of labor, for a more equitable distribution of the general wealth, etc., etc.

The radical ideas and the intemperate language of the new journal raised a storm of ill-will against it and its conductors, not only in secular official circles but also in the Catholic ranks. Every issue was a firebrand of discord. The laity were distracted by it; a majority of the clergy opposed it; enemies sprang up on all sides of it. Still it went on hammering against the established order, denouncing its critics, defying the civil authorities, and demanding the immediate adoption of its notions by the nation at large. Advice privately given in the interest of moderation was unheeded; public censure was resented. Yet the editors protested that they were loyal to the Church, that they were ready to submit their doctrines to its judgment, and that they were prepared to abide by its decision.

Finally, the whisper that the teachings of the *Avenir* were unorthodox, which for some months had been passing from mouth to mouth, grew

until it became a loud cry. It was echoed by a hundred journals. It was heard by De Lamennais and his friends. They were indignant. They denied the impeachment of their soundness in the Faith. To make manifest and incontrovertible the correctness of their position, they determined to appeal to Rome. Yes, they would go themselves in person to the Pope and place their cause in his hands. This would afford them the opportunity, said Lacordaire, 'of justifying their intentions to the Holy See, of submitting all their ideas to its decision, and of thus giving a striking proof of their sincerity and orthodoxy, which, happen what might, would always bring a blessing on them, and would be, as it were, a weapon snatched out of the hands of their enemies.'

Accordingly, they suspended the publication of the *Avenir* and set out for the Eternal City. They arrived at their journey's end in December, 1831. They expected to be welcomed with effusion, to have judgment passed immediately on their doubts, to return home in triumph. They had a cool reception. Their request for an audience with the Sovereign Pontiff was met with a demand for a written statement of their views and purposes. When this was furnished, they had to wait two months before learning what disposition was to be made of it. At length Cardinal Pacca informed them that the Holy See would examine their doctrines, and that meanwhile they might return to France and quietly await the result. Then they were admitted to an audience with Gregory XVI., who received them affably, led the conversation to subjects of general interest, but dismissed them without referring to the *Avenir* or the object of their visit to Italy.

"This conduct on the part of the Roman court," says Father Chocarne, "which so deeply wounded the pride of

M. de Lamennais, opened the eyes of the Abbé Lacordaire. Removed at a distance from Paris, the field of battle, restored to himself, enlightened and purified by that calm and luminous atmosphere which one breathes at Rome, the dawn arose in his soul and he understood the truth. He saw that, not being able to give its approbation, the Holy See could do nothing kinder or more favorable than to keep silence and say, 'We will examine.' And, above all, he understood Rome. Paris is to Rome, in a religious point of view, what a frontier constantly harassed by the enemy is to a great capital standing in tranquillity behind her lofty walls; or what the crew of a ship is to the pilot who directs her. When the head has grown gray and we look back at the distance of thirty years over our own history, which of us can not detect himself smiling at the remembrance of those many infallible systems which he was constantly constructing in his younger years, and at that simple conviction which he had that the world was going to let itself be transformed according to his ideas?

"A journey from Paris to Rome often produces the same effect and dispels the same illusions. We leave a capital where all is youth, ardor, and eagerness; and we enter the city of old men and sages,—the city which is astonished at nothing because she has watched all human greatness pass away like the stream which bathes the foot of her hills; where Truth alone remains standing, impassible, eternal. The Abbé Lacordaire went through this salutary disenchantment. He had come from Paris with a man who had made himself a name as vast as Europe. This man was possessed of genius, an eloquent pen, and had a following of disciples who looked on him as the only one who could save the Church in her struggle with society. How was the Church about to receive him?

She was going to take scarcely the smallest notice of him. But he brings a system which contains her salvation? A system! The Church has seen them all in their turn, but salvation has never come to her from them. But this man possesses the secrets of the future, and he comes to tell the Church how she is to speak to kings and to nations? The Church has received from on high the Gift of Counsel, as she has received the Spirit of Truth. Society draws its life from her, and no man can teach her what she owes to nations or to kings."

But the Abbé de Lamennais would not rest content with being put off and having the answers to his questions deferred. He resolved to provoke a decision; he exerted all his powers to force an explanation from the Holy See. But his efforts were futile. The Roman Court remained silent. Finally he lost patience; he publicly announced that he would not concern himself about Rome's opinions: he would return to France and revive the *Avenir*. This was in flagrant contravention of the direction given by Cardinal Pacca, that the editors of the suspended journal should go back to their homes and peacefully await the verdict of the Church.

Accordingly, in a bitter and defiant mood, the Abbé quitted Rome. On his way he sojourned at Munich. While there the authors and artists of the city tendered him a banquet. In the midst of the feast the guest of the evening was called aside. An envoy from the Apostolic Nuncio handed him a sealed packet. He opened it. It was the famous Encyclical Letter *Mirari*, dated August 15, 1832, which condemned his vagaries. He returned to the company of his entertainers in a doleful frame of mind; but with an effort he forced himself to be genial, and escaped as soon as he could from the hospitality that now mocked the desolation of his soul. The next day, however, he drew

up an act of submission and sent it to Rome.

He then proceeded on his way, but turned aside from Paris and sought his ancestral home of La Chesnaie in Brittany. There he sank into a profound melancholy. Pride and passion turned his blood into gall. He raved in his impotent wrath and his wounded vanity. His soul grew darker as the days went by. Peace abandoned his mind and his heart. Troubled thoughts clouded his brow. Muttered threats broke from his lips. The overpowering despondency that of old tormented Saul the King oppressed him by day and kept him awake at night.

One of his associates, Lacordaire, abandoned him to his obstinacy, accepted the correction administered by the Papal Encyclical, and returned to his sacerdotal functions,—at first subject to suspicion, but eventually welcomed to the pulpit of Notre Dame, and acclaimed one of the glories of the Church of France as the restorer of the Order of St. Dominic. His other editorial *confrère* still stood by De Lamennais.

For two years De Lamennais brooded over the Church's condemnation of his plans for social reform. Then in the spring of 1834 he published a book "The Words of a Believer," which electrified his enemies, shocked his friends, and threw a lurid light on the declivitous path he had entered. In it he reiterated his objectionable theses, and endeavored to justify them. The Abbé Lacordaire's comment on this volume was: "I can not rejoice at the abyss which obstinacy has dug under the feet of a man who has rendered great services to the Church. I hope that in His own time God may yet stop him in his course; but I do rejoice that the Sovereign Pontiff, the father of not merely one Christian soul but of all, has at last by his sacred authority decided the questions which were tearing to pieces the Church of

France, and turning out of the right way a crowd of souls deceived in all sincerity, and by whose dangerous fascinations I myself had been captivated."

When these "Paroles d'un Croyant" appeared, the tie that had bound M. de Montalembert to De Lamennais was severed. Long afterward the former wrote: "With the vain hope of sheltering myself from the troubles of so trying a crisis, I had taken refuge in Germany, where I was pursued by the appeals of M. de Lamennais. Whilst believing himself bound as a priest to sign formularies of retraction, the unhappy man replied to my fears and filial representations by congratulating me on the independence I enjoyed as a layman, exhorting me to maintain it at all costs. 'This Voice,' he wrote to me, 'which in old times shook the whole world, will not now so much as terrify a class of schoolboys.'" And Lacordaire wrote to M. de Montalembert: "You are astonished at what the Holy See requires from M. de Lamennais. It is certainly harder to submit when we have spoken out before men than when all has passed between our own hearts and God. This is the special trial reserved for genius. The great men of the Church have had to snap their lives in twain; and, in a certain sense, this is the history of every conversion."

But the unhappy De Lamennais went from bad to worse. In 1836 he startled the world with a new work, "Les Affaires de Rome," which was a labored attack on his judges. The famous Madame Swetchine said of its author: "No one but an angel or a priest could have fallen so low." Père Lacordaire published a reply, and in his "Letter on the Holy See" vindicated the rulers of the Church from the aspersions cast on them by the suspended priest. Here are his concluding sentences:

"When time shall have done justice

on all those miserable theories which, by enslaving the Catholic Church, have deprived her of a great part of her influence on society, it will be easy to know what remedy to apply. It will then be clear to all that the art of governing men does not consist in giving free reins to the power of evil, and in putting good under watch and ward. Good will be set free; and men, wearied with the policy of the world, will be told at last: You wish to devote yourselves to God? Devote yourselves. You wish to retire from a world which is too full and in which intellects superabound? Well, then, retire. You wish to consecrate your fortune to the relief of your suffering brethren? Consecrate it. You desire to spend your life teaching the poor and the young? Then teach them. You bear a name loaded with three centuries of hatred because your virtues have appeared late in a world which is no longer worthy of them, and you are not ashamed still to bear that name? Then bear it. All you who desire good, under whatever form,—all who would wage war on pride and revolted sense, come and do what you will.

"We have exhausted ourselves in framing new combinations of social forms, and the elixir of life has never yet flowed out of our broken crucibles. He who has life, alone gives it; he who has love diffuses it abroad; he who possesses the secret can alone reveal it to others. Then will begin a new age, over which new treasures of riches will be poured out; and this wealth will consist neither of gold nor of silver, nor vessels brought from the uttermost ends of the earth, and containing precious and costly things; it will neither be steam nor railways, nor all that the genius of man shall be able to tear out of the bosom of nature. There is but one thing that we can truly call wealth, and that is love. Love alone unites all things and fills all

things; it knits together God and man, earth and heaven; it is the beginning, the middle, and the end of all things."

After that publication, the Abbé de Lamennais drifted with the current that was bearing him to the rapids and the falls. On the 27th of February, 1848, he began a daily paper, *Le Peuple Constituant*, which was suppressed by General Cavaignac in the early days of the June insurrection, on account of its advocacy of the workingmen's uprising. The unfortunate Abbé was then sixty-six years of age, having been born at St. Malo, in Brittany, in 1782. He sank deeper and deeper. He drove off all his old friends. His only associates were English Chartists and Continental revolutionists. He lived alone in a garret. Toward the end of his days he had a struggle for bread. Poor, dark, solitary, he was an object of pity when in February, 1854, he died.

Wretched De Lamennais! His face, as it appears on the bass-relief made by the sculptor David, shows a noble countenance, with refined features and an exceptionally sensitive mouth. His eyes were large and lustrous; his nose was prominent, aquiline, finely chiselled; the head, well-shaped and proudly poised on a strong neck and broad shoulders. Altogether, in mind and form, his was a striking personality.

De Lamennais was buried among the outcast poor, and no *Requiem* was ever said above his lonely grave.

THOSE who are at sea rest though the ship be in perpetual movement, and the needle is still true to the pole. Let us regard God in all our actions; so shall we find interior rest in the most agitated life.—*St. Francis of Sales.*

IF there are impostors in the world, I'd rather trust and be deceived than suspect and be mistaken.

—*"A Pair of Spectacles."*

The Cathedral of Seville on an Evening of the Carnival.*

THE Cathedral of Seville! These words suggest to the mind a grand building—one of the wonders of Spain, one of the most magnificent temples of the Catholic world; a prodigy of architecture, a treasury of the arts, a venerable archive of great memories, a sanctuary of precious relics, a home and conservatory of holy and splendid worship. All this the cathedral is; but it is something more.

To describe this *something more* is not an easy task, because it consists principally in the impressions caused by such an admirable combination; as the different expressions of the countenance escape the ablest pencil, in like manner the impressions that crowd upon the mind in this wondrous edifice find no words in which to portray themselves.

There are moments in which the cathedral wears such a solemn air of grandeur that it elevates the respect and admiration of the beholder to a gentle enthusiasm, which overflows at the eyes and raises the soul in fervent aspirations to Him in whose honor such a sumptuous temple was raised and such grand services are offered up. Let any one but enter the cathedral of an evening during the Carnival, after having observed what is going on in the streets, and he will understand what I mean.

Outside, the rejoicing is general,—a rejoicing which, when it goes not beyond the limits of propriety, is so infectious that it communicates itself even to those who are not contributing to it, both because of its universality and because there is something infantile in its comic disguises, its bells, its frank content, as well as in its object and tendency; and because this bustle and

noise produce the pleasing illusion that life is light for all that multitude, and that joy is its normal state. After walking those animated and noisy streets for a while, enter beneath the lofty vaults that cover the immense edifice consecrated to the service of our God.

What a contrast! Here a distinct multitude, with no hostility toward the other noisy and agitated crowd, is prostrate, motionless and silent, before the high altar, whose pinnacle is lost to view in the dark heights of the vaults, and in whose centre, in a brilliant sun of gold and precious stones, surrounded by dazzling lights, is exposed the sacred Form consecrated on the memorable night of the Last Supper. Around the railing that encloses the high altar the chapter is assembled, composed principally of venerable old men. The grave and mighty tones of the organ accompany the equally grave sounds of the canticles of the Church; everything is grave, even to the dance performed around the altar by the servers, dressed in the ancient and beautiful Spanish costume, always renewed but never changed for centuries past.

This dance, slow, methodical, precise, and invariable—like everything pertaining to that temple, a model of holy stability and stateliness,—consists in a species of chain and movement, executed in time, with admirable precision, slowness, and decorum; the servers at the same time chanting prayers to the Lord who is present. The following is a translation of one of the motets sung on the evenings of the Carnival:

Brightness of the Light Eternal,
Who, not to dazzle me,
Hidest Thy resplendency,
And commandest me to draw near:
Behold I am in darkness,
And am so miserable,
That toward Thee I can not come
Unless Thou draw me to Thee!

The impression made by this dance it is impossible to describe. How is it that it inspires such profound

* From the Spanish of Fernan Caballero.

respect? How is it that it causes such an irresistible agitation? It may be because this peculiar form of worship is an intact heritage of unknown origin, which is preserved in this cathedral, and which neither the hand of time nor of man has dared to profane; or perhaps in this dance, joined with the singing of children, is the solemnization of candor,—that innocence of the understanding which, like the innocence of the heart, is so much loved by God. It is indeed so touching that only souls dried up by unbelief, like the deserts of Africa by the simoon, fail to be moved at witnessing it.

Many curious and learned investigators have sought to discover the origin of this dance, and all their learned investigations have proved fruitless. This appears to give an additional mysterious attraction to it. Some persist in speaking of the dancing as improper until they have witnessed it; then their repugnance is sure to end. An archbishop of Seville, who was rather rigid, once attempted to suppress it because he did not consider it sufficiently austere. Then the Chapter of the cathedral chartered a vessel and sent the servers, accompanied by their masters and directors, to Rome, bearing a petition from the Chapter to the Sovereign Pontiff, begging his Holiness to witness this worship against which his mind had been prejudiced. His Holiness granted this request, and when he had witnessed it he unhesitatingly allowed it to continue without any reformation.

What a contrast! We repeat, what a contrast, so striking and yet so logical! Outside of the temple, merry youths laughing and enjoying themselves; inside, grave old age meditating and praying. In a little while the children will take the place of those that laugh, and the latter will come to join those that kneel before the altar, and these

will go to swell the number of the sleepers that wake no more. The Carnival will return periodically, with other masquerades, other festivals, other rejoicings; and other devout persons will come to this temple to offer up a worship ever the same because it is the only thing stable and unperishing, like its origin and its end.

Lenten Penitents of Old.

IN the Old Law the sinner stood face to face with the God whom he had offended; he expressed the anguish of his soul in terms the most vehement; all day he lamented his fault, and at night he watered his couch with his tears. Tossing from side to side, the memory of his sin was a thorn in his flesh from midnight to dawn. There was no portion of his body which did not travail in pain. His drink was mingled with his tears, his bread turned to ashes.

Uncertain whether his sin was forgiven, he continued to meditate upon the infinite grandeur and goodness of God, till at length, after many days and nights of anguish and supplication, he began to feel that his petitions had been heard, his atonement accepted. Remembering that he was the creature of the Almighty, the work of His hands, his soul took courage in the reflection that the creation of His beneficence He would not destroy; and the sinner breathed again the air of confidence and peace.

As this realization came upon him his tears were dried, joy returned to his countenance, once more he walked with head uplifted among his fellow-men. God had created in him a new heart and a new spirit. The work of contrition being accomplished, the sinner felt himself pardoned. Such was the process of conversion under the Old Law.

In the New Law the sentiments of remorse and contrition are no less lively, the sorrow for sin no less bitter. Perhaps even more deeply than in the Old Law, the sinner feels that God is infinite sanctity, infinite beauty, and infinite kindness; that man in His presence is nothing; that all he has and is he owes to his Creator. The thought that he has offended this good God is insupportable to him.

But, if his contrition is sincere, this reflection is mingled with a feeling of hope. The Christian well knows how infinite is the Divine Bounty. Above all he has confidence in the mediation of Christ, the Son of God, who came upon earth to redeem and save man at the price of His blood. He knows that Our Lord is ever compassionate to the unfortunate, kind and merciful to repentant sinners. Like the prodigal son returning to the home he had deserted, he cries out: "*Father, I have sinned!*" Like the sheep which the faithful shepherd bears upon his shoulders, from the thorny places whither he had gone in search of it, to the safe and sheltered fold, he clings closer to the encircling arm outstretched to rescue him; and the ways of error are forsaken for the paths of truth and virtue. He is the paralytic of the Gospel lifting his bed and bearing it away; he is Lazarus delivered from the corruption of the tomb; and it is Jesus who has cured and restored him.

While He was on earth, our Lord Jesus Christ forgave sins with these words: "Go: thy sins are forgiven Thee!" And He said to the sick and afflicted: "Be thou healed." This power He transmitted to His Apostles when He said: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." Again: "Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven."

The Apostles and their successors have always exercised this power.

Formerly public penance was of common occurrence in the Church, though in our times it has almost entirely disappeared. Those who had committed grave faults and given public scandal were excluded from the society of the faithful and obliged to undergo penances long and severe. Fasting, mortification of all kinds, humiliations, exclusion from the church, public confession of sins, constituted the expiation, only after which the penitent might receive absolution.

Tertullian has left us a description of these scenes of public penance in the ancient Church: the entrance of the penitent into the assembly of his fellow-Christians, clothed in sackcloth, covered with ashes; his degraded apparel a sign of the sincerity of his repentance and remorse. Prostrating himself before the priests in order to obtain pardon, he seized the fringe of their vestments, kissed the traces of their footsteps, imploring them upon his knees. During this scene Pope Callistus—for the scene took place in Rome—excited the faithful to be merciful to their erring brother, by relating the parable of the Good Shepherd.

In another reunion we read of the faithful interceding with the bishop that he absolve the sinner, chanting the words of the Good Thief on the Cross when he said to Jesus dying: "Remember me when Thou shalt enter into Thy Kingdom!" Again the people cry out to the bishop: "Absolve him! absolve him!" And the bishop replies: "You had better cry, 'Lord, raise him to life again!'" Another preacher counsels the penitent not to make a long supplication, which here would be untimely; but either to keep silence or to utter some such words as these, "A contrite and humble heart the Lord will never despise"; or these others, "Let me go! Deliver me!"—for the

transgressor is like a man enchained by the bonds of sin.

At the beginning of Lent it was customary for these public penitents to clothe themselves in the garments of ignominy and cover their heads with ashes; part of which usage is preserved in a modified form by all good and pious Christians on Ash-Wednesday. The prayers which are still recited on this occasion are very ancient, and belong to the old formulary of the penitents. We will quote the following:

"O God, who willeth not the death of sinners but their repentance, have regard in Thy kindness to the frailty of humanity; and deign to bless, in Thy clemency, this ashes which we are about to scatter on our heads as a sign of outward humility, and to obtain pardon; to the end that we, who know we are but ashes, and that on account of our perversity we shall return to dust, may obtain from Thy mercy the pardon of all our sins, and the promises made to penitent souls. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The final reconciliation of public penitents with the Church took place on Holy Thursday. To this were attached formerly many touching prayers and ceremonies, both significant and dramatic. Clad in mourning garments and with naked feet, they recited the litanies and the Penitential Psalms; after which the archdeacon presented them to the officiating Pontiff in words which united in the same thought the catechumens just regenerated by baptism and the sinners returning to a life of grace and virtue.

AT the bottom of good manners there are always three things—self-sacrifice, self-control, self-respect.

—*Dr. Frederick Temple.*

DARE to say No. To refuse to do a bad thing is to do a good one.

—*George Herbert.*

St. Vincent de Paul's "Little Birds."

WORD reached St. Vincent one day that preparations were being made for a special festival at the court of Anne of Austria, the pious mother of Louis XIV. As the saint had frequently been an adviser of the Queen Mother, he had access to the palace at all hours, and on this occasion determined that he would proceed thither during the evening.

He was doubly preoccupied: in the first place, that the Queen should spend so much money merely to please a throng of vainglorious courtiers; in the second, that his little foundlings were in danger of starving unless people continued to be generous.

Without hesitation, he set out on his errand and made his way to the grand salon. His shabby costume, his tangled beard and white hair provoked the smiles of the perfumed belles and dandies of the court; but, passing on, he addressed himself to the Queen.

"Madam," said he, "you are going to a festival. I, too, am anxious to procure a feast for some poor little birds dying of hunger in their nests,—my abandoned children. My hands are empty; but the misery of these foundlings proves a blessing for you, as you have never refused to help them."

Now, about this time the talk of Paris, and of foreign courts as well, was of a recent occasion when St. Vincent de Paul had presented himself before an assembly of elegant dames and matrons, bearing in his arms two infants that he had picked up on the streets, and had said: "Now, ladies, do you wish these little ones to die? Answer." And suddenly these women had plucked off their jewels and thrown them to the advocate of those who could plead as yet only with their tears.

Anne of Austria, who was possessed of true nobility of soul, had fully under-

stood the lesson of this incident, and now it came to her with redoubled force. Glancing at herself, she blushed for her luxurious raiment as others do for their shabbiness; and detaching her jewels from her hair, neck, and arms, she placed them all in the hands of the poor priest.

"But, your Majesty," cried one of her ladies in waiting, "think of what you are doing! Depriving your head-dress of those magnificent pearls, and on such an evening as this! Why, your coiffure is all disarranged! How are we to repair that?"

For sole answer, the Queen culled a beautiful rose from the many bouquets around her, and, fixing it in her hair, said with a smile:

"Is not this worth all the gems cut by the hands of men? Don't mind; 'tis for the little birds of Monsieur Vincent."

Memories and Incidents.

DELIGHTFUL reading are the random recollections of the venerable Father George Angus which appear from time to time in the *London Tablet*. We should be glad to see them in book form; and there ought to be two volumes, the larger the more welcome. The work would naturally divide itself into reminiscences Anglican and Catholic. We really can not resist the temptation of giving our readers one or two samples of the pleasant memories recalled by Father Angus. Referring to the time when he was an Anglican parson in Gloucestershire, he writes:

Once, and only once, I preached in Cheltenham. Unfortunately, a certain parishioner who disliked me or my sermons—probably both—went that night to Cheltenham, not expecting to see me in the pulpit; and was, to put it mildly, disappointed when I *did* appear. I was sorry that he was so put out; but in one way I had my revenge, as both his daughters afterward became Catholics.

At the Worcestershire Rectory I call to mind an amusing incident. I was appointed to preach in the evening. In the afternoon a neighboring vicar arrived, intending to stay for tea, and service in church. He managed, however, to quarrel with the rector about something or other before evening service, and incontinently left the house in a bad temper. I knew nothing whatever of this *contretemps* before the time for going to church. To the horror of those in the secret, my text was "He turned, and went away in a rage." (II. Kings, v, 12, A. V.) It was an old sermon, but with difficulty could I persuade my friends that I was quite innocent of any personal allusion, and that I knew nothing whatever of the row which had occurred in the afternoon. Certainly things looked suspicious, and circumstances were against me.

Once, in company with another Anglican friend, I visited the Oratory. But the Father whom my friend knew was away; and I was disappointed, because I had hoped to catch a glimpse of "poor fallen Newman," as an American Protestant bishop once termed him. I think I might be included among the "many young men" who were "never disloyal to me, . . . whether I knew them or not," as Newman wrote in his "Apologia." I began my worship of Newman when a school-boy; and, being on a visit to Oxford, insisted on going to see Littlemore, to the amazement of my friends. I recollect at Birmingham a Corpus Christi High Mass at St. Chad's; and a very beautiful service it was. For the first (and probably last) time I heard the *Lauda Sion* triumphantly sung to its proper Plain Song melody. I have indeed heard it sung since to other melodies, which (the melodies I mean) I devoutly hope I may never hear again.

I recall Mr. Purchas, of *Directorium Anglicanum* fame, in a little church in Bread Street, and Mr. Beanlands and Mr. Perry at St. Bartholomew's. I remember Beanlands telling us how he had witnessed the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius; and how some one had combined business and piety on the occasion by witnessing the miracle and taking the opportunity of stealing Beanlands' gold watch and chain.

Memories and incidents such as these are sure to delight all sorts and conditions of readers. It is no surprise to learn that Father Angus is often asked by Protestants as well as Catholics to furnish recollections of what he himself calls his "chequered career."

EXPERIENCE is the best master, but asks terribly high wages.—*Carlyle*.

Notes and Remarks.

Commenting on the conditions which at the beginning of his pontificate confront Pius X. in France, Italy and Spain, a Catholic contemporary remarks: "In all these countries a profoundly religious people seem hopelessly entangled in the meshes of powerful organizations obeying the watchwords of so-called Liberalism in its war upon Faith." Desperately rather than "hopelessly" entangled we should say; for the French, Italian and Spanish Catholics are not without hope of extricating themselves from the meshes; and, moreover, the world at large expects to see them eventually succeed in doing it. All far-seeing men must entertain brighter hopes for the future of countries where, whatever other evils exist, divorce is rare, than for even a powerful nation like the United States where there are about nine divorces to every marriage.

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"Amid so much disquieting news from the Latin nations it is cheering," observes the *Casket*, "to find that the newly formed Giolitti ministry in Italy has definitely withdrawn the divorce bill from its programme, in deference to the overwhelming sentiment against the proposed law. . . . The number of divorces for the year 1901 was only one to every 10,000 families of Italy. The percentage in Spain and Portugal is equally low; which shows that those three nations, regarded with so much contempt by Englishmen and Americans, are sounder at the core than those which seem to play a greater part in the world."

followed by another eminent association in the Freemason-governed Catholic republic. The Academy of Moral Sciences, whose duty it is to name the recipient of the Audiffred Prize of fifteen thousand francs, offered for the most notable example of devotedness, has made over that sum to the Mother General of the Sisters de Marie-Auxiliatrice, who conduct the Hospital of Villepinte. "The Academy," says the secretary's report, "is happy to render, by rewarding its exponents, due homage to Christian charity, and to accord it that rank of which the violence of passion seeks to deprive it." The approbation of the wise and good may not be a full compensation for the violent persecution of the pseudo-wise and the unrighteous, but it is at least a comfort and an encouragement.

This bit of declamation about the quality of modern sermons is from the "Jessica Letters," a series of rather tropical communications that passed between literary lovers, and are now duly published in the *Critic*:

But more than that: for one word on the spirit or on the way and necessity of the soul's individual growth, you will hear a thousand on the means of bettering the condition of the poor; for one word on the personal relation of man to his God, you will hear a thousand on the duties of man to man. Woe unto you, preachers of a base creed, hypocrites! These things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone! You have betrayed the faith and forgotten your high charge; you have made of religion a mingling for this world's use of materialism and altruism, while the spirit hungers and is not fed. Like your father of old, that Simon Magus, you have sought to buy the gift of God with a price; like Judas Iscariot, you have betrayed the Lord with a kiss of brotherhood!

This is very old-fashioned, very true—and very inconsiderate on the part of the literary gentleman. It is true that among certain sorts of clergyman preaching is of the earth, earthy; that pink platitudes about the poor have

Our readers already know that the Montyon "Prize of Virtue" was this year awarded to a French nun of Algeria. The example of the French Academy in this matter has been

taken the place of the olden unctuous yearnings after the treasures laid up in heaven; that the old wrangling about systems of grace and election has been superseded by wrangling about elections and systems of sewerage. But, let us ask, who has done this thing to the preachers? Who but the amatory literary man—and the likes of him—who have been dinning just that kind of noise into the ears of people and preacher until they got it by heart and forgot all the old messages? Can these men be sincere?

The wondrous ways of Providence are shown in the case of the late Mother Agatha, of the Sisters of St. Joseph. A strict Methodist up to the age of eighteen, at a time when prejudice against the Church was intense and general, her conversion and vocation must have seemed very unlikely. But, to the amazement of relatives and friends, she became a Catholic and shortly afterward a religious, and finally the venerated and beloved superior of a community numbering almost fifteen hundred members. For thirty-two years she was its head, and how wisely and well she governed the increase in works and workers testifies. Mother Agatha passed to her reward last month in the seventy-fifth year of her age and the fifty-fourth of her religious life, leaving an example of piety, zeal and self-sacrifice which the Sisters of St. Joseph can never forget.

Did Bishop Gilmour demand five dollars apiece from a Bohemian congregation of Cleveland for the pardon of their sins? Was their church shut up for a year and a half because it was not given? I am not a Catholic but I should like to know the facts. Please answer in your columns as to the truth or falsity of these statements.—AN INQUIRER, Alpine, Texas.

These two assertions are fair specimens of the false witness which Protestant ministers are constantly bearing against their Catholic brethren.

To the great majority of these men, as one of their number (the Rev. Dr. Gladden) once declared, "the extermination of the Roman Catholic Church seems a desirable end, and they are therefore inclined to argue that any means to that end are justifiable." Even false witness. Another Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Starbuck, referring to the ministers of a particular sect, does not hesitate to say: "There is practically no limit to the degree of effrontery of which a large proportion of the ministers and members are capable where the Catholic Church is concerned." No limit!

The charges against the late Bishop Gilmour were made by the Rev. H. A. Schauffler, of Cleveland, Ohio. They are monstrously false. The congregation in question was interdicted by the Bishop because it defied his authority. A more upright man than Bishop Gilmour we have never known. He hated injustice; and if he was not one to submit tamely to it from any source, on the other hand he was incapable of knowingly doing an injustice to another. Mr. Schauffler was prudent to wait until the Bishop was dead before publishing such a calumny against him.

The utterances of representative men in Church or State have never before perhaps been subjected to such prompt discussion and exhaustive criticism, appreciative or otherwise, as at the present time. An instance of recent occurrence is President Hadley's address to the students of Harvard. Among other counsels, Yale's executive head told the young men of Boston to keep out of politics unless they were rich, as otherwise they would have to sell themselves, or retire poor. It probably occurred to some of Mr. Hadley's hearers, and to many of the readers of his speech, that "to retire poor" impressed him as thoroughly synonymous with "to fail utterly,"—a

somewhat singular view, to say the least, to be expressed by the presiding officer of an institution supposed to stand for the higher life. Mr. Benjamin MacMahon, writing to the *New York Sun*, reprobates the Yale President's advice as "unworthy, unpatriotic and unchristian." We quote a few sentences:

If the best advice that the President of Yale has to give men fitting themselves for professional (and hence more or less prominent and influential) careers is to keep out of politics unless they have inherited money, then indeed the nation is in a deplorable condition, and the retention of our liberties only a question of a very brief time.

That there is a large measure of truth in the assertion that a poor man who devotes himself to public life is subject to very great temptation, we all know. But the President of Yale is the last—yes, with the exception of the President of Harvard, the very last—man in this broad United States who should urge, or even for a moment consider, this unfortunate condition of affairs a sufficient reason why a college graduate should refrain from taking an active part in politics. For what is the purpose—what is the very reason of being—of a university? Primarily and principally to implant in generation after generation lofty and worthy ideals; among others, that learning is to be loved for its own sake; that the cultivation of the Ego [for God], and not the exploitation of a gold mine or of a continent, is the true purpose of life and should be its real aim; and that (to hurry on to our present topic) in the relation of the individual citizen to the State the noblest motive is the public good.

Authoritative information from Justice John T. McDonough, of the Supreme Court in the Philippines, gives the assurance that Bishop Rooker has won back several of the stolen churches held by the Aglipay party. Mgr. Rooker's method is a simple one: he just goes out and takes possession without any particular regard for the feelings of the Aglipagans. Writing to a friend in New York, Justice McDonough says:

I heard of a most trying time experienced by Bishop Rooker recently. One of the fine stone churches, built long ago by the friars and abandoned by them during the war, was in the possession of the Aglipay party. I do not say

"congregation," because there is more politics than religion in the movement. The Bishop determined to take it; but it was in the interior, in a *barrio* inhabited solely by natives, and a long distance from the seacoast.

Mgr. Rooker was told that it was dangerous to go to the village, but he determined to go at all hazards. A number of Americans, among whom there were but few Catholics, insisted on accompanying the Bishop for fear injury might come to him. The sheriff led this party, which was well armed. After some hours' travel they arrived at the *barrio* of several thousand inhabitants, and great was the excitement when their mission became known. The *presidente* had the key of the church, and the Bishop demanded it from him. He hesitated and stated that the church was public property. The Bishop told him that it was church property, and that he had better attend to his political affairs and not mix up in religious matters. The Americans gathered about the Bishop, and the *presidente* concluded to surrender the key. This done, the Bishop took possession, removed the altar-stone, locked the door, placed the key in his pocket, and announced that Mass would be said there the following Sunday. With cheers for Bishop Rooker, his American bodyguard conducted him to the boat and back to Iloilo.

Mgr. Rooker is a new kind of friar, as the Aglipagans have discovered, and will discover more unmistakably as time passes. We fear the American training of the new bishops in the Philippines has rendered them temperamentally unfit to endure petty persecution with good grace.

A touchingly humble appeal comes from St. Mary's Mission among the Okenagan Indians of Washington. The school is too small to accommodate half the children that are eager to attend it. Many of them are orphans and all are very poor. "Who will contribute enough to buy a pound of nails, a bundle of shingles, a window? Or who will send enough to buy a pair of shoes, a shirt, a blanket or a schoolbook? Every once in a while the children make a novena for help, then one for their benefactors, at the end of which they offer Holy Communion for the intentions of unknown friends.

We all need the help of God; and you, dear reader, need it also. May your charity toward these poor boys bring blessings to you from above!" We like to believe that many of our readers will find it hard to resist an appeal so modestly and piously made. It is signed "An inmate of St. Mary's School," and has the approbation of the Rev. Stephen de Rougé, S. J., the superior of the mission.

There is a graphic bit of characterization and a nugget or two of sound philosophy in this extract from the Hon. Bourke Cockran's recent lecture on "Charity":

There is just one place where sadness always prevails and gloom always settles. It is not the hospital, not the almshouse, not the prison nor insane asylum nor house of correction. That one place where no merriment ever enters is a safe deposit vault. The most melancholy sight in the world is a millionaire face to face with his securities.

If you exclude the spiritual element from life, every man must either be worried or bored. And here lies the danger. If a man is without luxuries, he is worried; with them he is bored. Charity alone can solve the problem, safeguard the danger, and make glorious the possession of wealth. Our profit as well as our virtue lies in charity; not the charity confined to the giving of alms (that is the smallest part of it), but the higher, nobler duty of man to man,—the duty which is the looking out with the eyes of another at the danger facing him; that charity which means the brotherhood of man in its truest sense. The reign of abundance will become perpetual when the dominion of charity shall become universal.

Our country can not as yet boast of a considerable number of great artists. With the possible exception of Whistler, we have produced no painter who can be compared with our best writers. And there are critics who hold that our efforts in the arts of painting and sculpture can never be attended with marked success. In his recently published "History of American Art" Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann, himself an American, attempts to analyze the cause of

the defect. He thinks that it is inherent to the American character. The art critic of the London *Athenæum* is of the same opinion. In a review of Mr. Hartmann's work, he says:

The push and smartness that so often enable the American to attain quickly to great commercial success seem to mislead him when he wishes to become an artist. He goes to the best available Continental master, assimilates all the latest ideas about technique and subject-matter, and learns to express himself with certainty and skill. Then, too, often he discovers that he has little or nothing to express. The very mental alertness which has taught him how to handle a brush readily seems to entail the loss of that spirit of contemplation which is essential to the making of all fine works of art. The American mind thinks quickly but it does not think deeply. When the nation is old enough to have a tradition of its own, the memory of the past may guide and inspire American talent to some purpose. So far the Americans who have achieved success in art have achieved it by remaining away from America and steeping themselves in non-American traditions.

It is too much to expect us to have everything all at once. National tradition will be ours some day, and there will then be no lack of American artists—American by nature.

The mission of Sierra Leone, West Africa, to which Bishop O'Gorman, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, is now on the way from France, is one of the most arduous in the world. We learn that every year it loses by death, or sickness necessitating a return to Europe, at least one-fourth of the missionaries. Still, God be praised, there is no lack of fresh recruits to brave the hardships sure to await them in that distant field of labor. So great is the poverty of this mission that the most ordinary comforts have to be dispensed with. As Bishop O'Gorman is an American missionary, having exercised the ministry and received episcopal consecration in the United States, it is to be hoped that he will not be forgotten in the benefactions of American Catholics.



The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

V.—THE TEACHER LOSES HIS PUPILS.

THE masons who had taken little Camille for their teacher were ten in number. They were all young and sturdy, and they were working in Paris merely to complete their year as journeymen. All masons considered it their duty to belong to an association called a trades-union. Before being received into it, they had to make a tour of France, working in every city through which they passed.

One thing that had never occurred to Camille was that some day the house would be finished and the young masons would go away. In that event there would be no more pupils, no old soldier, and no shelter for the night.

Alas, that day arrived at last! It was a radiant Sunday in the month of August. The sun rose in a cloudless sky, and Camille had expected to pass the day alone with the old soldier; great was his surprise at seeing his ten pupils suddenly appear.

"Good-morning, little teacher!" they called out cheerily.

Each one shook hands with the boy, and even Fox came in for his share of their greeting.

"Do you want a lesson this morning?" asked Camille, opening his book as he spoke.

"Don't you know?" inquired one of the men.

"No, he doesn't know," said another. "We've come to say good-bye."

"Are you going away?" asked Camille, in astonishment.

"We're going back to the country. Sunrise to-morrow will see us well on

our way. We should like to have you spend to-day with us,—with the old soldier's permission, of course."

"That's all right!" said the old man. "Take the boy with you, comrades. Amuse him, but listen! Don't give him anything intoxicating to drink."

"Rest easy on that score, Père," was the rejoinder. "We'll be as responsible for our little teacher as for ourselves. Now brush up, my boy, and let's be off."

Soon Camille started in company with the ten young masons. Arm in arm, with the boy and his dog in the centre, they strolled along up the Champs-Élysées Avenue. The men talked gaily of their departure and their home-going. They spoke of fond parents and friends who would welcome them, and jests and laughter were on their lips. At last they reached the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, which furnishes such a splendid ending to the royal avenue. Passing through, they found themselves in front of an inn having for its sign "Rendezvous for Union Men."

"That must have been put up in our honor," said one of the men. "We'll have to go in and drink to that sign."

So saying, they entered the place. Camille followed and sat down beside them at a long table. Without waiting for an invitation, Fox jumped up and took a place beside his master.

Although it was forenoon when the party sat down at the table, evening still found them there.

"Isn't it time for me to go back?" inquired Camille, timidly.

Without paying any attention to this remark, one of the men, heated with wine, exclaimed:

"I have an idea, boys! The night is fine; each one of us has his money

and our luggage is light: let's start to-night. In my opinion it's better to travel by moonlight than by sunlight in the month of August."

"Agreed, agreed!" cried the rest in chorus. Then, rising, they called for the landlord to settle their account.

"What about me?" interposed Camille's plaintive voice.

"That's so: there's our little school-master!" said one of the men rubbing his ear in perplexity. "What shall we do with him? We forgot him entirely."

"I'll tell you, comrades," said the oldest of the company. "Let's take up a collection for the little schoolmaster, and he can take a cab back to the city."

Each man at once took a twenty sou piece from his pocket and thrust it into the boy's hand.

"Follow the road to Paris," explained one. "Go through the gate and you will see some hacks standing just inside. Get into the first one and tell the driver to carry you to No. 24 Louis-le-Grand Street. Now say good-bye to us, little friend."

"I hope you aren't going to make a fuss," said one, as Camille hesitated about keeping the money. "Haven't you earned it? Didn't you teach us our letters and how to spell a little? Nothing for nothing in this world: all work deserves pay. That money is yours; put it in your pocket, and look out for thieves. Now good-bye! A hand-shake for the boy, a paw-shake for Fox, and let's be off, comrades!"

With tear-filled eyes Camille saw them depart. Then, putting the money into his pocket, he started off toward the city with a heavy heart.

VI.—THE TWO STRANGERS.

As he had been instructed by the masons, Camille went up to a cab, after passing through the gate of the city.

"How much will you charge for taking me to Louis-le-Grand Street?" he asked the driver.

"Thirty sous for the trip, my little man, and whatever it will please you to give me extra," was the reply.

"Thirty sous!" repeated Camille; then he began to reflect.

Nothing sharpens the wits like misfortune. During the fifteen days that had elapsed since he had been abandoned, our hero had learned more about managing than he had ever known during the ten years at his uncle's house.

"If I take thirty sous from my ten francs, I shall have only eight francs and ten sous left," he reasoned. "With thirty sous I can buy a package of tobacco for my friend the old soldier; that will please him greatly and be much better than to pay it out riding in a carriage. I can find my way back,—and, then, I have a tongue: I can inquire."

"Well, aren't you going to get in, my little man?" said the driver, holding the carriage door open and letting down the step.

"No, I've decided not to."

"You've decided that you haven't the money, you mean? That doesn't make any difference: get in and your parents will pay for you."

At this Camille turned and hurried away. The man's words brought all his sorrow back to his mind.

I wonder if the reader has ever noticed that a street passed over once in the daytime takes on an entirely different appearance at night. So, in the long deserted avenue, lighted by occasional lamps that flickered like stars against a foggy sky, Camille could scarcely recognize the brilliant, sunlit avenue he had seen in the morning, filled with a happy, gaily-dressed throng. Although he did not quite remember his way, he did not pause but walked straight on toward a distant point of light at the end of the long street.

At Camille's age troubles sit lightly. Still, on reflecting that he had lost his

pupils and with them his daily meals, the boy wondered what he should do in the future to gain his living. Absorbed in his reflections, he had not noticed that, ever since the masons had given him the money, he had been followed by two evil-looking men; neither had he remarked the excitement of his dog, who, growling, passed back and forth between the men and his master.

On reaching the most deserted part of the avenue, the men parted company: one went to the right of Camille, the other to his left; and the first one addressed him.

"My little man," he said, affecting a foreign accent, "will you kindly direct me to the Rue d'Orleans?"

"I'm not from Paris," replied Camille. "I know only one street—Louis-le-Grand. I was about to ask you the way to it."

The second man now came up.

"What are you asking each other about?" he inquired.

"I want to know the way to the Rue d'Orleans," said the foreigner.

"And I to Louis-le-Grand," added Camille.

"It is lucky you met me," remarked the second man. "Those two streets are near together. I have to cross both of them on my way home: if you're willing, we'll go along together."

"That's very kind on your part," said the foreigner. "I'm from America; I'm very rich and I'll pay you well for myself and also for this boy, as he hasn't any money, I suppose; for I saw him stop before a cab without getting in."

"Oh, yes, I have!" exclaimed Camille imprudently. "But I didn't want to spend any of it to ride when I could walk and inquire my way."

"That was very wise, my boy," rejoined the obliging stranger. "Have you lived in Paris long? Are your

parents rich? How do you happen to be alone at ten o'clock at night in such an out-of-the-way place?"

Then, without mentioning his cousin's name, Camille frankly told them the story of his abandonment and his experience up to this time. While he was talking the two men came close together; and if the boy had had more knowledge of people and things, he would have found it surprising that two persons who a moment before did not know each other should lock arms and talk together in a low voice.

"Bah!" said one of them, in a tone loud enough to be overheard. "Ten francs is always ten francs."

"What did you say? Ten francs?" asked the boy, without any suspicion.

"I was merely proposing to give this man ten francs to take us both home," was the reply.

Camille was about to say that the cabman did not charge that much when he thought that such a remark and the comparison might offend the obliging gentleman. He kept silent and followed the two men. He now noticed for the first time the uneasiness of his dog, who seemed to want to lead him to a less solitary part of the avenue.

"Let's go over on the other side," suggested the boy. "I see people and lights over there, so it won't be so lonely."

At this the men exchanged significant glances.

"What's the difference?" said one. "It will soon be later, then the street will be darker and more deserted."

Camille would have liked to ask the explanation of these strange words, but he dared not. Then, too, Fox distracted him by the joy he showed at getting near other pedestrians.

As they were crossing a side street Camille heard groans. Pausing and looking around, he saw an old man lying stretched out on the ground.

The Cherry-Tree Story.

One of the literary magazines signalizes the approach of Washington's Birthday by a critical investigation of the story about the boy, the hatchet, and the cherry-tree. It appears that about five years ago a china collector described a rough earthenware mug, apparently made in Germany between 1770 and 1790, which was decorated with a quaint illustration of the cherry-tree story. A young Continental soldier stood beside a felled tree; a large hatchet lay near him, and the letters "G.W." and the date "1776" were set around him.

The ancientness of this interesting bit of pottery is seriously questioned. If we could accept the evidence of the mug at its face value it would prove almost conclusive.

"The story, which first saw the light of print in 1808," says Mr. Joseph Rodman in the *Critic*, "was for many years a serious matter, and not, as it is now, the subject of idle quip and irreverent jest. It was illustrated with severe and moral woodcuts; the caricaturist dared not assail it. The tale appeared in a very popular life of the Father of his Country, written by an itinerant minister named Mason L. Weems, who is generally suspected of having invented the story out of whole cloth. In a letter to a friend, he admits having introduced into his biography several stories not necessarily authentic, but tending to embellish the work and to have a beneficial effect upon the reader."

Mr. Weems credits the story to "an aged lady who was a distant relative, and, when a girl, spent much of her time in the family" of the Washingtons. This lady told the story to Weems some years before he used it in his book. These, according to him, were her words:

"When George was about six years old he was made the wealthy possessor of a *hatchet*, of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree—which, by the by, was a great favorite,—came into the house and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it.

"Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. 'George,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?' This was a tough question, and George staggered under it for a moment; but, recovering himself, and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out: 'I can't tell a lie, pa,—you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet.'—'Run to my arms, my dearest boy!' cried his father in transports; 'run to my arms! Glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousandfold. Such an act of heroism is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver and their fruits of purest gold.'"

This, then, is the first printed version of the story of George Washington, the hatchet, and the cherry-tree. Neither Washington Irving nor Woodrow Wilson mentions it, while Professor Alexander Johnston says positively that there never was any cherry-tree.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new translation of the "Following of Christ" by Sir Francis Cruise is announced by the Irish Catholic Truth Society.

—A Life of Joan of Arc, by J. B. Milburn is among the latest publications of the English Catholic Truth Society. Its series of penny pamphlets now includes a brief biography of Cardinal Vaughan, by Monsig. Canon Ward.

—The Art & Book Co. will soon publish "Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers," translated by the Rev. P. Tauvel, with an introduction by the Rev. Pamphile de Veuster, a brother of Father Damien and like him a member of the Pious community.

—Though late for calendars, we wish to commend the time record issued by the Sisters of the Precious Blood, Ottawa, Canada; and principally because it is one of the few calendars to remind us that time is to prepare for eternity. Each day is marked with the saint of the day and a pious sentiment in French and in English taken from the writings of saints or other holy persons.

—The venerable Canon O'Hanlon, who has been engaged for thirty-four years in the preparation of "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ; or, Lives of the Irish Saints," has advanced another step toward the completion of that monumental work by publishing Part 105. The printed pages already run as high as 6600, and the tenth volume is not yet concluded. There are to be twelve volumes in all.

—The "New First Music Reader" in the Educational Music Course, published by Ginn & Co., is arranged by teachers thoroughly qualified, practically as well as theoretically, to outline a course in singing. They are Mr. J. M. McLaughlin, G. A. Veazie, and W. W. Gilchrist. The same firm has issued "The Corona Song Book," a choice and comprehensive collection of choruses designed for high schools, academies, etc., arranged by W. C. Hoff. The patriotic songs include the best compositions in that line.

—So far as is known, there are only ten copies of the *Bay Psalm-Book* extant—all but one of them in America. Dodd, Mead & Co. will therefore have the thanks of bibliophiles for their facsimile reproduction of that interesting volume. The *Chicago Tribune* falls into the usual error regarding the *Bay Psalm-Book* when it says: "This, as all book-lovers know, was the first book printed in America, being published by Stephen Daye at Cambridge, Mass., in 1640, twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims." The first printing-press in the Western Hemisphere

was set up not by the Puritans but by Bishop Zumárraga of Mexico; and the first book published in the New World was not the *Bay Psalm-Book* but a Catholic book of devotion, which appeared in the beginning of 1537.

—"King's Elementary Geography," published by the Lothrop Publishing Co., is arranged according to modern methods; and in setting forth the fundamentals of geography, the child's point of view is kept in mind. This book is intended to cover the work of the first two years of the geography course, and should prepare the mind of the pupil for the advanced books of the series.

—We record with sincere regret the death of the Rev. James L. O'Neil, O. P., founder and first editor of the American *Rosary Magazine* and the author of several important books. Father O'Neil was a most zealous and efficient missionary, an enthusiastic believer in the apostolate of the press, and a forceful and graceful writer. He was widely known throughout the United States and endeared to a host of friends to whom his unexpected death is a real grief. The Order of St. Dominic has lost in Father O'Neil an exemplary and devoted member. *R. I. P.*

—From the American Book Co. we have received "The Natural Number Primer," by David Gibbs. The method followed in this text-book commends itself by reason of its simplicity and concreteness. The forms used in some of the subtraction exercises make one think of grammar as well as arithmetic. The same publishers have issued in the "Eclectic Series of Readers," "Homeric Stories," and for very young students "Reynard the Fox," by E. L. Smythe. Supplementary reading is everywhere recognized as a stimulus to thought in the schools, and zealous teachers do not neglect to supply it.

—"The Catholic Renaissance in England in the XIX. Century" is the translated title of a notably able and interesting work by the eminent French Academician, M. Paul Thureau-Dangin. The first volume, published a year or two ago, dealt chiefly with the Oxford movement and the conversion of Newman. Part II., which recently appeared, covers the period (1845-1865) from Newman's conversion to the death of Wiseman. This second volume gives palpable evidence of the same scrupulously conscientious study that marked its predecessor; and the charm of the author's style is not more agreeable to the cultured taste than is the justice and good sense of his matter to the understanding. Even those who are familiar with the story of England's

intell ectual return to the old Faith will be interested in the version of the tale that M. Thureau-Dangin proffers to his readers and will admire his judicious estimates of Manning, Allies, the Wilberforces, and others.

— Though Parke Godwin, who died in New York last month, wrote half a dozen books of pure literature, compiled handbooks and encyclopedias of biography, and was connected with innumerable publications as editor or contributor in the course of his eighty-eight years, what made him most notable in his last days was not scripture but tradition. He was the only man who could truthfully tell the younger generation of to-day that he helped to rock the cradle of American literature. He did tell Edmund Clarence Stedman, Edward Everett Hale and certain other young fellows of the Authors' Club last winter how one day a boy named Edgar Allan Poe came into his editorial rooms with a manuscript under his arm; and he might have told them similar things about most of the other writers who founded a literature in ancient America. He did not join the Brook Farm community, principally because he was required to edit its newspaper, the *Harbinger*, in New York. Of late years, of course, he had lived in retirement; indeed most people even among bookish-minded folk must have been under the impression that Parke Godwin had passed away many years ago.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1.50, net.

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

Problems and Persons. *Wilfrid Ward.* \$4.60, net.

The Beginnings of Christianity. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D.* \$2, net.

The City of the Kings. *Mrs. Lew Wallace.* \$1.12.

The Symbol of the Apostles. *Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. *Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

Sketches for Sermons. *Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S.* \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Augustus Rausch, of the diocese of Lincoln; Rev. M. J. Walsh, archdiocese of New York; Very Rev. Thomas Brougham, diocese of Buffalo; Rev. William Kirby, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Patrick Maloney and Rev. Fabian Garbely, S. J.

Mother M. Agatha and Sister M. David, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Bernardina, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother M. Serena, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister Josephine, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister Julia, Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister Mary Bernard, Sisters of Providence; Sister M. Helen, Order of Mercy; and Sister M. Agnes, Community of St. Joseph.

Mr. Albert Schmitt, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. John Anderson, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. H. C. Rosecrans, What Cheer, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Gallivan, Muncie, Ind.; Mr. James Gately, Sligo, Ireland; Gen. Stephen Moffit, Plattsburg, N. Y.; Mr. Frederick Sullivan, Providence, R. I.; Miss Katherine McCarthy, Dorchester, Mass.; Mr. Peter Yochum, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. S. C. Brown, Blairsville, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Harney and Miss Anna Ryan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen Donnelly, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Charles Maiberger, Tiffin, Ohio; Mr. Louis Winkler, Alphonsus and Agnes Conahan, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. L. Nix, Huntington, Ind.; Mrs. Catherine Purtill, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Slattey, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Sarah Hallinan, San Francisco, Cal.; and Mr. Charles Schue, Indianapolis, Ind.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 27, 1904.

NO. 9.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

"As a Man Lives."

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

NO ship that fain a southern port would reach
Sails north or west; no archer skilled aims high
With hope to strike the birds that groundward fly;
No woodsman plants an oak yet deems a beech
Will rear therefrom its silver bole. To each
Projected end fit means must we apply;
Apt causes must right issues underlie,—
So nature's course and human wisdom teach.

In harmony with this unchanging law,
Our death e'en like our daily life will be;
Its truthful image year by year we draw,
A portrait painted for eternity:
Blind fools alone believe His word a lie
Who said, "As lives a man, so shall he die."

The New Rome and the True Rome.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

THE world is full of contrasts, and nowhere, perhaps, could a greater be found than in the Rome of to-day. There are indeed two Romes, living, side by side, lives which are as far asunder as the poles, as regards the ideals to which they tend. In Rome we may see concentrated to-day, even as it was in the first ages of the martyr Church, the perennial struggle between Church and World, the Spiritual and Temporal orders. In Rome is the centre of the world-wide religion; the only religion which answers to the description given to it by its Divine Founder as that

one which was to be the teacher of all nations; the only religion which does, in fact, rise above all nationalism, and is not the peculiar monopoly of some one period or of a particular race, be it Russian, Greek or Anglo-Saxon. Christian, Catholic Rome is the great heart from which the blood flows out into the most distant members of the one Body.

True it is that there is a human side to the Church in Rome, as everywhere else; for, though a divine society, animated by the Spirit of Christ her Head, she is yet composed of human members. But, in spite of the human defects inseparable from this fact, the Church in Rome is the first and foremost representative of the spiritual force that fights the battle of the Faith throughout the world. There, on the Vatican Hill, stands the strong citadel, the seat of Peter, which, indefectible by virtue of divine promises, and inviolable by most sacred rights, guards faithfully the treasure of divine Truth, and keeps intact the deposit of Apostolic teaching.

For many years a determined and most bitter onslaught has been made upon this citadel and upon the Truth itself enshrined therein. It must be clear to any one who has lived in Rome, and observed ever so little the state of parties there, that the true nature of the anti-clerical and anti-papal agitation which is carried on in that city, and in Italy generally, is a deep and abiding hatred of this Truth.

The ostensible motive of the agitation is indeed political; and many even amongst Catholics are deceived into thinking that to be the true, primary and only motive. Thus, under color of patriotism and the ideal—good enough in itself—of Italian Unity, they are misled into approval of what they ought to detest. It is not uncommon to hear Italian Catholics say—doubtless in all good faith: "Let the Pope leave alone politics and political aspirations. In religious matters I will bow down to him whenever he speaks; in my politics he has no right to interfere."

Apart from the fact that politics and religion often inevitably overlap—because political action, as well as action in any other sphere, has its moral aspect which comes under the cognizance of religious authority,—Catholics who speak thus ought to look more deeply into the situation, and they would see that the real aim of those who now bear rule in Rome and in Italy is nothing less than the destruction of the Church. This destruction they would bring about, not indeed by utter extinction, which would meet the views only of the extremest party, but by inducing the Church to surrender that Truth which is the very foundation upon which she is built, and by degrading her to the position of an humble menial of the State. It is the old story over again. The temporal order, from the time of the protection of the Church by the emperors, has ever and again set itself up with more or less persistency against the power spiritual. This has been an ever-recurrent phenomenon in the history of the Church, and this is the explanation of the state of affairs in Rome to-day.

Doubtless the Italian politician would indignantly deny any desire to destroy the Catholic religion, and would loudly declare that he aimed merely at the political independence of his country; nevertheless, it remains true that if

the aspirations of Italian statesmen were fulfilled, there would be an end to the Church. If the Holy Father chose to yield up the inalienable right of the Church, the right to possess a Head independent of every earthly sovereign, and so to betray the great truth, the great principle, that the Christian Church and her Supreme Head are above and beyond all nationalism, he could enjoy a triumph in Rome to-morrow—a day's triumph; and then—insignificance as the tool of a corrupt government.

It was precisely this truth, of the non-national, universal nature of Christianity, the fact that the Church embraced in one universal brotherhood the whole human race, made brothers by that wonderful relation established between God the Son and men by the union of the divine and human natures in His own Person,—it was this fact which roused in the Roman Empire that bitter and ferocious hatred against the first Christians which showed itself in three centuries of violent and bloody persecution.

To the Roman of old, Imperial Rome was God. For his country he gladly suffered and died. He looked, therefore, with horror and detestation upon that religion which aimed at setting up a power other than and wider than and stronger than the power of Royal Rome,—a religion which was to be coextensive with the world, and which from its very birth set about that conquest of the earth which was soon to give to the Church her glorious and significant title of *Catholic*. He could and did tolerate national religions, even that of the Jews, because they were national, because they were the religions of component parts of the great Empire; but a religion that presumed to be independent of that Empire, and to bow to no Cæsar in the things that pertained to God, was a thing to be stamped out without

mercy; while its followers, who could not swear by the Genius of the Emperor, were to him atheists, haters of the human race, and guilty both of treason and sacrilege.

The same spirit is abroad in the New Rome. Together with the recrudescence of pagan ideals, and the appeal to the glories of Imperial Rome as a worthy national sentiment, we see the same hatred and suspicion of the Catholic religion as non-national, supreme, and independent, in its own province, of the prince and the State. Just as the universal and all-embracing character of Catholicism—that is, of true Christianity—finds its necessary and proper expression in the perfect independence of the Holy See, so it is against the claims of the Holy See that the hatred of this modern Cæsarism is directed. I do not speak here of any claims made to this or that extent of territory, this being beside the present question; but of that claim which the Supreme Pontiff must make and always will make—the claim to independence of States as Head of a higher order, of a society to which Christian States are in duty bound to subserve. Whether that independence, under present circumstances, can not be secured without a territorial sovereignty is a matter for the Holy Father himself to decide, and it is for Catholics to attend to his declarations on that subject with all the reverence which his position demands.

It is noteworthy how quickly and how inevitably those religious bodies which have cut themselves off from the Centre of Unity, the Apostolic See, have succumbed to the demands of Cæsarism and become humble instruments of the State. With all their determined efforts, that well-intentioned and sincere party in the Anglican communion who have been trying to shake off State domination have never succeeded in doing so; while the Schismatic Greek churches

are entirely under the power of secular authority. The Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church alone, has successfully and consistently and always resisted this encroachment; and particular parts of the Church have been able to do so only in virtue of and in reliance upon the Apostolic See, which has ever stood firm upon this point.

The whole aim and object of the modern Italian is to shake this firm foundation upon which stand the liberties of the Church throughout the world. He does not wish to do away with the Papacy: he is proud of the Pope and of the position of the Roman Church as mother and mistress of the churches of the world; but he wants the Roman Church and the Roman Pontiff to be an Italian national institution. Our late Holy Father Leo XIII. himself pointed out this danger, and showed himself to be alive to the object aimed at by his enemies; and in an Apostolic Letter to the bishops of the world he spoke the following significant words: "So, too, while the sad legacy of hatred toward the Spouse of Christ continues to pass on from age to age, a Cæsarism follows, suspicious and tyrannical; jealous of another's greatness, even though that greatness enhanced its own; and this Cæsarism *unrelentingly renews its assaults.*"

The constitution of United Italy adopts the Catholic religion as the religion of the State, appoints a Minister of Grace, Justice, and Public Worship, and makes the Holy Father the insulting offer of a yearly pension. These actions are sufficient to betray the true aims of Italian policy. The utter absurdity and impossibility of this idea of nationalizing the Holy See will be clear to any Catholic who is not blinded, but they are not so clear to the misguided "patriot,"—or, rather, the true aim of such "patriotism" is studiously kept out of sight in favor of the specious motive of political unity

and independence. Hence it comes that there are two Romes: the New Rome and the True Rome.

The New Rome—utterly worldly in its ambitions, craving a power and grandeur which the resources of the country are inadequate to give to the nation; crippling what resources the nation does possess by a foolish spendthrift policy of external magnificence and show; imitating in a most puerile manner the fashions, mannerisms, and vices of richer peoples, and madly hoping to subdue to its own interests and aggrandizement the great Power that it is unworthy to have in its midst, and to prostitute the things of divine Faith to its own base uses. Hence the persecution of priests and religious, of schools and convents; the constant annoying interference with bishops and clergy in the performance of their sacred duties; the innuendoes and scandalous suggestions which appear in the daily press; and, worse still, the persistent anti-clerical propaganda which succeeds only too well in alienating from their religion numbers of poor, ignorant and deceived souls.

And all this because the Head of the Church, faithful to his sacred trust, will not connive in the least degree at the schemes of his enemies; because, knowing himself to be above all nationality, the Pope steadfastly holds aloof from the perverted national sentiment that is now abroad in Italy, and refuses to compromise his position as Father of the faithful throughout the world to please an impudent and unscrupulous faction. Strict and sacred duty, duty to God and the Church, is the reason, and the just reason, for the attitude maintained since the Revolution by the Holy See,—an attitude of quiet remonstrance, and calm, immovable resistance.

This was the attitude of our late Holy Father Leo XIII.; and his successor, Pius X., now happily reigning, has

already made it sufficiently clear that, under present circumstances, no other attitude is to be expected from him. And in this attitude we may confidently expect that the Holy See will rest serenely, trusting in God and the guidance of that Holy Spirit which will never permit the Vicar of Christ to betray the interests of the Universal Church; trusting, too, in the loyalty of the True Rome, the Christian Rome; the Rome that, Sunday by Sunday, has been gathering together within the precincts of the Vatican to listen to their Father's voice; the Rome beside whose venerable antiquity the New Rome of half a century's span is but a thing of yesterday; the Rome that will be a power in the earth when the politicians of modern Italy and their schemes are but a name.

Sketches in the Mountain Parish.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN
AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE
IN DOON."

IV.—A CORPSE-HOUSE.

MY first really distressing experience in the Mountain Parish was the case of Mrs. Keegan. In chronicling the short and simple annals of this poor parish, I regret I must often revert to sad incidents; but in a country where the "smile and the tear" alternate so often it is unavoidable. Like Israel in captivity, "weeping she hath wept in the night, and the tears are on her cheeks"; and her history has long been but a record of woes.

The doctor of the district was the first to inform me that Mrs. Keegan's illness was of a dangerous nature, for the symptoms of peritonitis were manifest. As she possessed a strong and vigorous constitution, however, he thought at first she might recover.

He had not as yet told either herself or her husband of the critical nature of the malady. The duty, consequently, devolved on me to break to both this very unpleasant news. She was the mother of seven young children,—the seventh having come into this vale of tears only one week before the time of her illness.

When I arrived at the house of John Keegan, her husband, by way of a friendly visit—not having as yet received a formal sick-call to her,—I found that he had not even the remotest suspicion that a terrible calamity was impending over him and his helpless little ones.

"I just came in," I remarked, "to see your wife. Some one told me she was not so well to-day."

"Yes, yer reverence," he said, "she got some little change or chill a couple of days ago; but it's only a thing o' nothin'; she says so herself, and I hope she'll be able to hunt in a few days. She was always a fine, strong, hardy woman, God bless her! and sure it won't signify, with the help of God and His Blessed Mother. She'll be all right when yer reverence says an Office for her. She's very anxious herself to be up, the crature, to put a face on the house; for the childer is nearly gone wild, and everything is upside-down and inside-out since she got laid up. But she'll be all right, with the help of God and yer reverence, in a day or two. It won't signify, I hope,—thankin' you all the same for callin' in."

How was I to break the news of his wife's critical condition to this man in such blissful ignorance of the bitter truth? The doctor had just then paid another visit to her, whilst I was in the house; and he told me, when leaving, that the process of blood-poisoning had now reached a stage which he feared would prove fatal in spite of all medical skill.

I came prepared to administer the

Last Sacraments, and I now proceeded with all the tact and delicacy I could command to intimate to the sick woman the desirability of giving her the benefit of the consoling rites of the Church. I could see at once that she knew I was trying with well-meant kindness to convey an unpleasant truth, and I shall not soon forget the indescribably pathetic look of mingled fear and resignation which her flushed face wore for a moment, when she realized my meaning and that she was really in danger of death.

"Ah, yer reverence," she said, "so it has come to that, has it,—so it has come to that, has it, that I'm goin' to die? Don't be afraid to tell me if I am. Sure if it's God's will for me to go, why should I say against it? I never felt like this before,—such a strange, quare feeling all over me, and such a terrible singing in my ears. Ah, yer reverence, it's death, I suppose,—it's death that's comin', blessed and praised for evermore be God's holy will! Sure I'd like to live a little longer for the sake of the childer. Oh, what matter about me? But what will become of them, the cratures, when I'm gone? And how will poor John get on 'ithout me? Poor fellow, what will he do with a houseful of helpless childer to look after and mind?"

She covered her face with her hands and wept, not loudly or hysterically, but silently and stealthily, as if she had done something she should be ashamed of. Brave, gentle, heroic woman! Her concern was all about her husband and children; she had none for herself, in a mere worldly or selfish sense.

After I had administered the Last Sacraments she told me she was perfectly resigned and happy. And she looked so, as she raised her mild blue eyes to the faded picture of the "Mater Dolorosa" hanging on the wall opposite her, with a look of mute appeal to her whose "sorrow was great as the sea."

"Except a little squabblin' and shoutin' at the childer when they'd vex me, yer reverence," she said, "I hope I haven't much else to answer for. I done my best to teach them their prayers as soon as ever they began to talk, God help them! and every Sunday I made them learn the catechism. So I hope I did my duty; and maybe I'm as well prepared to die now as if I lived to be an old grandmother, although I'm only thirty-two years of age this month. It's young enough to die; isn't it, yer reverence?"

When I returned from the sick room to the kitchen, it was my intention to break the news of his wife's serious illness to her husband. But when I found him still so unsuspecting of the bitter truth I had not the heart to do it. I returned, however, that night, and then I told him the real state of the case, and the opinion of the doctor, who now considered her hopeless—quite beyond cure, in fact.

From my very heart I pitied that poor husband. I never saw any man so utterly crushed and broken as he seemed to be when he heard the sad and unexpected intelligence. He looked at first incredulous; but when I assured him that he must be prepared for the worst, and that his wife's illness was such as every ninety-nine out of a hundred succumb to, he could only sit down on the "settle" and sob in a passion of grief which shook his herculean frame. His grief was truly pitiable.

"O yer reverence," he said, "won't it be a cruel thing for me if she goes? How on God's earth will I manage without her, and what am I to do with *them*?"

He pointed to the children as he spoke these last words, moving his finger round the circle collected by the fireside until it finally pointed to the little cradle where the baby was calmly and peacefully sleeping, the glow of the

turf-fire resting on its tiny face like a halo of glory.

She died next day about noon; and, as she had been a woman of strong and robust frame and constitution, her death agony was a long-drawn-out and painful one. For the last hour of her struggle with grim death every long, painful respiration was a sigh, sad, plaintive, and pathetic in its gradually diminishing cadence. The neighbors, who were most assiduous and unremitting in their kind offices, induced her husband to leave the sick room during that last painfully distressing hour, his grief having become so uncontrollable and violent as he saw his brave wife's life ebbing away.

Before she lapsed into a state of unconsciousness I witnessed a very affecting and edifying scene, at which the doctor also was present. It seemed to make a deep impression on him. With her very last coherent words she blessed us all—her husband, children, neighbors, medical attendant, and myself. She exhorted her husband to be resigned to God's will; she asked her children for her sake to be good, obedient to their father, and faithful to God; she then thanked me for my spiritual ministrations, and her good friends and neighbors for their kind attentions to her in her illness. Lastly, she thanked the doctor for his efforts to cure her; saying, with a sad smile, that he couldn't cure everyone, or else no one would die at all.

"I'll pray for you, doctor," she said, "when I go to heaven; and, although you don't belong to our religion, I hope some day to meet you there. Maybe, who knows, but my dying prayer might be the means of bringing you into the true—the true—our holy—"

He was a Protestant. Some years after he became a convert. From that hour God's "Kindly Light" led him on until he arrived at the gate of "the one fold of the one Shepherd."

They were her last coherent expressions; and she raised her hand as if to bless as she became partly unconscious. Occasionally afterward she fumbled at her side as if for something, and murmured, apparently at not finding it. The women round the bed said, in whispers choked by sobs, that she was searching for her baby.

At last the long-drawn sighs ceased and the heaving breast became still. One of the watchers broke the silence by saying, "She's gone,—she's gone!" The prayers for a departing soul, which I had recited over and over again during the long death agony, were now brought to a conclusion; the crowd in the room rose from their kneeling posture, and the wailing of the women announced to all that Mrs. Keegan was no more. The heart-broken husband hanging over the "spark o' fire" on the kitchen hearth heard it with a feeling of poignant pain and utter desolation; and the younger of the children in after years associated that weird *caoine* of sorrow with a mysterious, silent going out of their lives of some source of "sweetness and light."

On the morning of the funeral I said the corpse-house Mass for Mrs. Keegan. It is scarcely necessary to explain that there is a privilege in Ireland, at least in country districts, of having Mass offered in a corpse-house, or the house of the deceased, while the body is still there awaiting burial. In the present instance I said Mass in the very room in which the corpse was "waked."

The scene that presented itself on my arrival at John Keegan's at an early hour struck me as gloomy and depressing in the extreme. In an Irish home there is practically no sleep or rest for any one during the two nights' wake. It is considered a duty of respect and reverence for the dead to keep continuous watch and ward by the bedside of the deceased until he or she is

"brought out in the door" to be buried. Every newcomer to the wake—and, as far as at all possible, at least a representative from every house in all the neighboring townlands comes—on his entry into the house of mourning, after first saying in kindly, sympathetic tones, "I'm sorry for your trouble!" to some member of the bereaved family, proceeds directly to the corpse-room, and, without exchanging any salutation with those therein, kneels down and says a prayer for the repose of the soul of the departed. After that sacred and never-forgotten duty whispered greetings may be exchanged with acquaintances; and if the sympathizing visitor be a woman she often relieves some one who is anxious to go home, and takes her place in the wake-room. Of course, to while away the dreary hours of watching, conversation is indulged in, but always in a low tone; and if now and then a light-hearted girl laughs or giggles at some amusing comment or remark, one look toward the calm white face of the dead effectually, like a killing frost, blights the unseemly merriment in the bud. There is no trait in the Irish character more beautiful than its tender, chivalrous, deep-rooted veneration for the dead.

If in the past, especially, there have been occasional abuses at wakes in Ireland, they have been grossly and unfairly exaggerated even by Irish writers of such merit as Lever, Lover and Carleton. Speaking from my own experience, I have known such to occur very rarely indeed. When some old man or woman dies among the laboring class, whose demise at a very advanced age gives rise to no great sorrow—perhaps only to the comment, "Sure it was time for him [or her] to go, anyway; didn't he [or she] get a good long day of it?"—in the case of the wake of such a one I have heard of a tendency to merriment. In other cases,

never. But the libel on our people has been widely circulated, and handed down by the Briarean press, and it is difficult to counteract the calumny.

Even in such a splendid work as "The Standard Dictionary," under the word "wake" I find the following mischievous quotation given to illustrate its meaning as understood in Ireland: "A wake, sure it's an entertainment that a man gives after he is dead, when his disconsolate friends all assemble at his house to discuss his virtues and drink his poteen.—Grace Greenwood, 'Stories of Travel.'"

But this is digressing from the corpse-house Mass for poor Mrs. Keegan. I found her husband that morning pale, unshaven, haggard and worn from grief, anxiety, fatigue, and sleeplessness, yet trying to show a semblance of cheerfulness. Some of the children were nodding against the back of the "settled"; others asleep, in the women's laps or in the corner among the bags of meal. The baby was wailing in the cradle. All had the unwashed, unkempt, woe-begone appearance of the motherless orphan.

The eldest one, a girl aged twelve, and another, a boy of four, precocious for his years, were in the room where the dead woman lay when I entered to prepare the temporary altar for Mass. Approaching the girl, as she sat at the bedside with her little brother asleep in her lap, I tried to console and quiet her; for she seemed distracted from grief as well as worn out from fatigue and want of sleep.

She was talking softly and lovingly to her dead mother, occasionally stroking or kissing the cold cheek with a fondness that was very affecting and touching.

"Oh, aren't you grand," she crooned; "aren't you lovely? O mother, mother! will you never come back to us again? Are you gone forever, poor mother,—poor, dear mother!"

Just then the little boy in her lap awoke and said:

"Why doesn't mother wake up, Annie? She's a long time asleep now: isn't it time to waken her? Mother, get up and give Tommy an eggy: he's hungry."

The crowd on their knees waiting for Mass, on hearing these artless and touching words of a child, could restrain themselves no longer, but one and all burst into tears, in which, I must confess, I joined. I tried to hide my emotion by burying my face in my hands as, in preparation for Mass, I knelt by the table which served as an altar; for the episode was very affecting in its pathetic simplicity and naturalness.

The corpse-house Mass brings the first real gleam of consolation to the bereaved family, the sweet and sustaining consolation of religion. And if by any chance Mass could not be said in the house they would consider it a great misfortune. I have known instances where none of the members of the family could be induced to sleep in the room where a person had died until Mass had first been said in it, when, as during the triduum of Holy Week, Mass could not be said in it on the occasion of the funeral.

But the corpse-house Mass is, nevertheless, a sad and solemn function, a "*Memento mori*" for all concerned. Speaking for myself, I can say truly that this my first Mass in the house of death—aye, in its very presence—made a deep and lasting impression. Whenever during its celebration, I turned toward the congregation the ghastly-white face of the dead woman, so awfully still and calm, irresistibly attracted and fascinated my passing look. The faces of all in that devout congregation kneeling round me were, no doubt, serious, thoughtful, sad, and many of them pale and cadaverous enough; but the dead face in the midst

of them, with its closed eyes, and awe-inspiring, expressionless repose, like a magnet drew toward itself even the most cursory glance one might give round that room. Try I never so much to keep my eyes cast down, according to the requirement of the rubrics, I seemed to see that still, white face, within a couple of yards of me, compelling unwilling vision with its awesome attractiveness and its weird fascination.

(To be continued.)

The Sorrowful Mysteries.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

I.

BY that stress and struggle there
In the agony of prayer;
By the sweat of blood that fell
For that woe unspeakable,
Sin upon the Sinless laid,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

II.

By the scourge that rent and tare
Flesh divine in shame laid bare;
By the blood that drenched the ground;
By the body one vast wound;
By the stripes our healing made,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

III.

By the crown of plaited thorn;
By the robe of purple scorn;
Reed for sceptre, mocking knees,
Blows and spitting,—by all these,
Liege defied and King betrayed,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

IV.

By the cross they laid on Thee;
By Thy way to Calvary;
By that fellowship of woe
Only Mary's heart could know;
Shepherd, seek and save Thy strayed,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

V.

By Thy crucifixion dread;
By redemption finishèd;
By the priceless gift decreed
For Thy mourning children's need,
Mother of God our Mother made,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

Science and Faith.—Alexander Volta.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, PH. D., M. D.

III.

AN excellent description of just how Volta made his electric pile, and what he was able to accomplish with it experimentally in the laboratory, is to be found in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*—a literary and scientific periodical published by the German Jesuits,—in the numbers for January and February, 1900. The article on Alexander Volta, by Father Kneller, S. J., was written shortly after the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Volta's invention of the electric pile, and contains a very full set of references to the biographical material for Volta's life. Father Kneller says:

"Before this no one thought for a moment of any possibility of the practical application of electricity. But all at once the whole situation changed. After eight years of observations and experiment, Volta accomplished one day at the beginning of 1800, in his laboratory at Como, the construction of an instrument which was to revolutionize the study and the practical applications of electricity. He made a pile composed of a large number of equal-sized copper and zinc discs. On each copper disc he placed one of zinc, and then on this a moistened piece of cloth, and continued the series of alternate discs and cloths in this order until he had a rather high column. This was an apparatus as simple as possible, and of which no one but Volta could possibly have promised any results. The inventor, however, knew what he was about.

"As soon as he had connected the upper and lower metal plates by means of a wire, there began to flow from the zinc to the copper a secret something, which by the application of the ends

of the wire to muscles caused them to twitch; which appeared before the eye as light; applied to the tongue, gave a sensation of taste; caused a thin wire to glow and even to burn between carbon points; produced a blinding light; decomposed water into its constituents; dissolved hitherto unknown metals out of salts and earth; made iron magnetic; directed the magnetic needle out of its path; inclosed wire coils; caused new electric currents to be set up; to say nothing of the awful spectacle which occurred when, under the influence of the electric current, the bodies of executed criminals again gave movements of the limbs, their thoraxes heaved and sank as if they really breathed, and even a dead grasshopper was caused to spring and apparently to sing again.

"Only now, after the discovery of this new kind of electricity—which did not work merely by jerks, but flowed in a constant stream from pole to pole,—only now was this mighty natural agent won to the service of man. Volta is, therefore, above all others, the one who broke ground not only for an immense amount of new knowledge in physics, chemistry, and physiology, but who also made possible rapid progress in practical electricity, in telegraphy, in electric motors and power machines, in electroplating, and the marvellous results in electro-galvanism which constitute our most wonderful mechanical effects at the present time."

Soon after Volta's discovery of the electric pile—or voltaic pile, as it was called in his honor,—his reputation spread throughout Europe. At the beginning of 1800 he sent a detailed description of the voltaic pile to the London Society for Natural Sciences. During the year 1801 the scientific journals all over Europe were filled with discussions of his discovery. The French Academy of Sciences invited him to Paris in order to demonstrate

his discoveries to the members of the Academy. Volta was now looking forward to some peaceful years of study, and, so far as he was personally concerned, would surely have refused the invitation. Circumstances were such, however, that it became a civic duty for him to proceed to Paris.

At this time Napoleon was First Consul and the Italian cities wished to propitiate his favor as far as possible. It was considered a wise thing by the city to send special delegates to Paris; and, as they knew Napoleon was deeply interested in scientific discoveries that promised practical results, the name of Volta was suggested as one of the official delegates. As an associate, Professor Brugnatelli, who had made some important investigations in chemistry, and who was later to be an extender of Volta's discoveries by the invention of the first method of electroplating, was the other member of the delegation. It is a curious reflection on the facilities for travel at the time that it took twenty-six days to reach Paris from Pavia.

Shortly after their arrival in Paris the travellers were formally introduced to the members of the French Institute, and a number of sessions of the Academy were held at which Volta's discoveries were discussed. Volta read a communication on the identity of electricity and galvanism. Napoleon as First Consul was present at these sessions in the robe of an Academician, and was not only an interested listener, but occasionally, by pertinent questions, drew out significant details of former experiments and Volta's own theories with regard to the nature of the phenomena observed. At the end of the first meeting, in which Volta took a prominent part, Napoleon spent several hours with him talking about the prospects in electricity.

In his letters to his brother and to

his wife at this time Volta expressed his pleasure at finding how much attention his discoveries were attracting all over Europe. As he said himself, Germany, France and England were full of them, and all the distinguished scientists were eager to do him honor. In France he was chosen one of the eight foreign members of the Institute, and was made Knight Commander of the Legion of Honor and of the Order of the Iron Crown. Napoleon selected him as one of the first members of the Italian Academy which he was then in course of establishing, and conferred on him the honor of Senator and Count of the Kingdom of Italy. The French Academy, after having heard Volta's description of his experiments and discoveries, contrary to its usual custom, voted to him by acclamation its gold medal. More important still, Bonaparte made him a present of 6000 lire,* and conferred upon him an annual income of 3000 lire from the public purse. It is an index of Volta's feeling as a faithful son of the Church that, as this income was allotted to him from the revenues of the bishopric of Adria, he would consent to receive it only after Napoleon's decree had been confirmed by the Pope.

Volta had been for nearly twenty years professor at Pavia when he finally found for himself a suitable wife. He was then past forty-nine years of age. His wife was the youngest daughter of Count Ludovico Perigrini. She had six sisters, one of whom became a nun and all the others were married before Volta sought the hand of the youngest. Writing to a friend, he says that her sisters had distinguished themselves so much by piety, prudence, good sense, and practical economy in their households, as well as by the most admirable qualities of heart and

mind, that he considered himself very fortunate in obtaining a branch from the family tree; and he took her in preference to others that had been offered to him, even though they were possessed of greater physical beauty, more exalted piety, and a larger dowry. The marriage seems to have been a very happy one, notwithstanding the considerable disparity of years.

The charming intimacy of his domestic life may be judged from some of his letters to his wife when he was travelling. She was always his confidante with regard to new things in science that he saw, and especially as regards the kindly reception which he met with from scientists, and the readiness with which they accepted his views. At first many of his ideas were so new as to be looked at somewhat askance by contemporary scientists. When on his journey through France he noticed the trend of opinion setting in favor of his views in electricity, he took pains to tell his wife, and apparently found his greatest pleasure in having her share the joy of his triumph.

One of the severest blows that he suffered was the untimely death of his eldest son, Flaminio, in 1814. "This loss," he wrote to one of his nephews not long after, "strikes me so much to heart that I do not think I shall ever have another happy day." The relations between himself and his children were always of the kindest nature; and the character of the man comes out perhaps even more clearly in the traditions that are still extant with regard to the devotion of his servants to him, and especially his body-servant Polonio. Volta was always a simple and unpretentious person, notwithstanding the fact that scientific and even political honors had been heaped upon him toward the end of his life. It was rather difficult, for instance, to get him to change his old clothes for

* About \$1200. It must be borne in mind, however, that the purchasing power of money was at least three times as great then as it is now.

new ones, or to substitute his Sunday suit for his everyday suit. This feat was usually accomplished by Polonio, who, when he thought the time had arrived for his master to put on the newer clothes, would engage him in some scientific explanation of a morning; then handing him the Sunday clothes, Volta would put them on, and would be wearing them for some time before he noticed it. The old servant was then generally able to persuade him that it was time to make the change.

Toward the end of his career Volta led a retired life in a country house not far from his native city of Como. Foreigners often came to see or even have the privilege of a few words with the distinguished scientist who was regarded as the patriarch of electricity. To Volta the being on exhibition was always an unpleasant function. He did not care to be lionized and frequently refused to allow himself even to be seen. On such occasions the only chance of the visitors was to secure the good will of Polonio. He would engage his unsuspecting master in a discussion of clouds or wind, or some appearance in the heavens, or something in the leaves of the neighboring trees, and would then bring him to the portico that he might see the supposed phenomena. This would give occasion for the visitors to get at least a glimpse of the scientist, who by no means suspected the real purpose for which he had been tempted out of doors.

While thus living in the country, Volta's piety became a sort of proverb among the country people. Every morning at an early hour, in company with his servant, he could be seen with bowed head making his way to the church. Here he heard Mass and usually the Office of the day, in which all the canons of the cathedral took part. He had a special place on the Epistle side of the altar, not far from the

organ. His favorite method of prayer was the Rosary. He was not infrequently held up to the people by the parish priest as a model of devotion. Whenever he was in the country, every evening saw him taking his walk toward the church. On these occasions he was usually accompanied by members of his family, and they entered the church for an evening visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

His behavior toward the people who lived in the vicinity of his country place endeared him to all the peasantry. He was not only liberal in giving alms, but made it a point to visit frequently the houses of the poor and help them as much as possible by counsel and suggestion. His scientific knowledge was used for their benefit and he was able to tell them how to avoid many dangers. He gave them definite ideas with regard to the importance of cleanliness, and the necessity of cooking their food very carefully so as to prevent diseases occasioned by badly cooked material. He also taught them to distinguish between the wholesome and the spurred rye from which their *polenta* was prepared, in order to escape the dreaded *pellagra*, the disease so common in Italy, which comes from the use of diseased meal.

He endeared himself so much to the countryside that the people invented a special name for him, which proclaimed the tenderness of their liking for the man. They knew how much he was honored for his wonderful discoveries in electricity, and many of them had probably even seen some of the (to them, at least) inexplicable phenomena that he could produce at will by means of various electrical contrivances. At first they called him a "magician," but as this word has, particularly for the Italian peasantry, a suspicion of evil in it, they added the adjective "beneficent," and he was generally known as *Il mago benefico*. Practically,

all of his country neighbors he knew by name; and, as a rule, he was familiar also with the conditions of their families and of their household affairs. Not infrequently he would stop them to talk about such things, and this favor was always considered as a precious bit of neighborliness by the peasantry.

Such was the simplicity of the man whose name is undoubtedly one of the greatest in the history of science. The chapter on applied electricity is all his. There was nothing he touched in his work that he did not illuminate. His was typically the mind of the genius, ever reaching out beyond the boundaries of the known, — an abundant source of leading and light for others. Far from being a doubter in matters religious, his scientific greatness only seemed to make him readier to submit to what are sometimes spoken of as the shackles of Faith, though to him belief appealed as a completion of knowledge in things beyond the domain of sense or ordinary powers of acquisition. Like Pasteur a century later, the more he knew, the more ready he was to believe and the more satisfying he found his Faith. It is a very different picture of the great scientific mind from that ordinarily presented as characteristic of scientific thinkers. But Volta is not an exception: rather does he represent the rule, so far as the very greatest scientists are concerned; for it is only the second-rate minds in science who have so constantly proclaimed the opposition of Science to Faith.

(The End.)

It is constantly said that human nature is heartless. Do not believe it. Human nature is kind and generous; but it is narrow and blind, and can only with difficulty conceive anything but what it immediately sees and feels.

—*Ruskin.*

Like a Little Child.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

"MR. KIMBALL," said the minister's wife, pompously, "will now address you."

There was a gentle stir and rustle, and the members of the sewing circle settled back in their chairs and prepared themselves to listen.

Mr. Kimball, known on unofficial occasions as "Hosy," ran his freckled fingers through his hair, much to its confusion, coughed and began:

"Assembled ladies, I am called here to-day for the purpose of suggesting a plan whereby you may raise your delinquent minister's salary—"

"One moment!" interrupted the parson's helpmeet. "I can not let that remark pass. It is the salary that is delinquent, not the minister."

"I stand convicted," answered Mr. Kimball, graciously, and began over. "Assembled ladies, I hope to be the humble instrument of helping you raise the salary of your minister that is so sadly lacking."

Again the parson's wife rose to her feet, this time with an ominous light in her faded eyes:

"Hosy Kimball, the minister isn't sadly lacking. I'll just thank you to watch your words."

"No offence meant," observed Hosea, waving his hand; "and I'll come to the point at once. You are aware, assembled ladies, that I am a dealer in antiques: old chiny, heirlooms generally, and furniture in particular, picked up in the old farm-houses that dot the green hillsides of Vermont and New Hampshire."

Here the faintest suggestion of a wink could have been noticed by a careful observer; and Aunt Lois Warner whispered to her nearest neighbor that everybody knew that Hosy Kimball

manufactured about two-thirds of those antiques himself.

"Experience has learnt me what the summer visitors want. They want the old truck in your garrets, the knockers off of your front doors, and the teapots a-setting on your pantry shelves; and more than anything they want the counterpanes that your grandmas wove and the quilts they pieced. Now, if you can scare up, between now and July, a few dozen bedquilts that have been in your families since Revolutionary times"—here he winked, this time unmistakably,—"I'll venture to promise that the Reverend Asa Slimmins can buy him a new stovepipe hat and eat yellow-legged chickens before Thanksgiving. Enough said! You furnish the quilts, and I'll do the rest for a small commission, to be deducted as the goods sell. Flowerpots and Jacob's-ladders are good selling patterns; and a name and date in the corner makes a quilt go off like hot cakes."

He smoothed his hair with his freckled hands, and the voluble dealer in antiques was again just simply "Hosy" the village wit.

"Say, Aunt Lois," he said, "haven't you got a doughnut or something to pay for that speech?"

She fished two especially large cakes, thinly covered with sugar, from the pan reposing in the window; and he went swinging up the road, eating as he went.

Mrs. Slimmins, the only woman in Hilltop who was not familiarly addressed by her given name, then took the floor and broached her plan with an eagerness for which the words concerning the desirable chickens may have been responsible.

"It would be flying in the face of Providence," she began, "to let this opportunity slip. Here are people coming who wish quilts. Here are our fingers. In our piece-bags are the materials."

"And here," broke in Aunt Lois, "are two hundred and thirty-seven dollars owing to Mr. Slimmins."

"I wish they were here!" quoth Mrs. Slimmins, austerely. "I think we should say here are *not* two hundred and thirty-seven dollars, and so forth. I have the floor, Miss Warner, till I've said what I've got to say. The question is, shall we make the quilts or not? I would like to get the judgment of each one."

Separately the members expressed opinions, and until the last one in the farthest row of chairs was reached there was no dissent. Then Hannah Chase got up.

"Do I understand," she asked, "that you mean that we shall make new quilts and pass them off for old ones?"

Her voice trembled and her cheeks grew pink. Never before in the history of the sewing society had she found courage to voice her views.

"You understand, if you understand rightly," answered the president, "that we have the opportunity to pay our honest debts; and we are not responsible, so far's I know, for what Hosy Kimball tells the summer boarders. They're just crazy for quilts; and, as far as I can see, it isn't any harm to let them have 'em."

"I don't look at it in that way," said Hannah. "Right's right, and I don't believe in doing wrong things even if it's in a good cause. I believe in being honest about everything."

"You do, do you?" cried Aunt Lois.

"Yes, I do."

"Then maybe you'll be honest enough to tell us why nobody has seen your sister Sarah for nigh onto a year?"

The shot went home, as Aunt Lois had intended it should do. Hannah looked straight ahead; the flush died out of her face, and her trim little figure swayed like a reed in the wind. Then she straightened up suddenly.

"I must be going," she said, and

departed, walking no slower and no faster than usual as, with head erect, she crossed the field that led to her home.

"That's Hannah Chase all over!" remarked Aunt Lois. "She shuts up like a clam if anybody as much as mentions Sarah. But it's high time somebody *did* mention her. Nobody's seen hide or hair of her for a year, excepting little glimpses through her chamber window."

"I saw her the other day," went on another. "She was sitting at the spare room window, and she looked very pleasant and waved her hand. She looked pretty natural, too; and just like Hannah, only her hair's white. You know it turned awfully young."

"Why doesn't Hannah ever let us in?" inquired Mrs. Floyd. "Time and again I've been there, and she makes some excuse to have me sit in the garden or on the front steps; and when I ask for Sarah she trumps up some kind of a rigmarole about her not being real well. I think it's time for Mr. Slimmins to investigate. It's got to be a scandal on the church."

"I will have Mr. Slimmins look into matters," said his masterful spouse. "Hannah's insulted him often enough; and if he wasn't the most forgiving man that ever was he'd have spoken plainly to her. Only the other day he dropped in, and she never asked him to have a thing to eat, but went and put on her bonnet and said she had to go and do errands."

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Lois. "And now for her to set up as a pattern of honesty!"

"And she'll never let the sewing circle meet there," continued Mrs. Slimmins, now well entered upon her grievance. "And the way she stays home from meeting is a sin and a shame. It is time—what's that?"

The sound of a bell came across the field in quick tumultuous strokes.

"Heavens to Betsey!" exclaimed Aunt Lois, going to the door. "The Chase house is on fire!"

Criticism fled; there was nothing but terror and kindness left.

"Grab a pail or something and run!" screamed Aunt Lois.

The minister's wife was already out of the gate, and behind her trooped an excited throng; while far in advance ran Hosea, brandishing an axe and looking like an Apache on the warpath.

From every direction villagers were hurrying, while still there resounded the terrifying strokes of the old farm bell. Hannah was ringing it, and the barn, not the house, was burning. Barn and house were, after the New England fashion, attached in a long, rambling line; and between and connecting them was a low woodshed, which Hosea proceeded to demolish. Two of the neighbors managed the well sweep, and the rest formed themselves into a bucket brigade.

Then, when hopes of saving the house were high, the antiquarian shouted:

"H'ist that ladder, one of you, and git up on the roof of the house! It's caught afire!"

"Merciful heavens!" screamed poor Hannah. "Sarah's in the garret!"

Hosea handed his axe to the man nearest to him, and flew up the stairs as if he had wings; and behind him were Aunt Lois and Mrs. Slimmins. The locked door of the garret chamber yielded to his strong arms, and there, in a little rocking-chair, sat Sarah Chase playing with her dolls.

"Didn't I build a nice fire?" she said.

The secret was out; for they saw that the white-haired woman of seventy was, in mind and heart, a little child again.

Hosea picked her up, and, followed by the others, bore her down the stairs into a little room that had been her father's study. There, with her dolls, she peacefully sat while they went to fight the fire.

The house was saved,—you can see it in Hilltop to this day; and it was a hushed and thankful crowd of villagers that gathered in the parlor, closed to them no longer.

"I'll tell you how it was," said Hannah, between her fitful spells of weeping. "I saw her mind was going, and I was afraid the selectmen would take her to the asylum. 'Oh, anything but that!' I told myself; and so I made excuses, and kept her upstairs. When it was the time of day for folks to pass I used to put starch on my hair and sit at the spare window, and laugh and wave my hand so you'd think it was Sarah. She was quiet most of the time, but if my back was turned she'd try to set fire to things. I locked her up when I went to the sewing circle, but she must have got out of the window. The man that fixed the eaves spout yesterday forgot to move away the ladder. Oh, I've suffered so in seeing that you distrusted me!"

"You're not going to suffer any more," said Aunt Lois. "But you should have trusted us. We'd have pulled every hair out of the selectmen's heads if they'd even dared to look at Sarah. I did blame you,—I own up to it; and I shouldn't have said those mean things at the sewing circle."

"I'm glad you said them," answered Hannah. "If I hadn't got spunky and come home, there's no telling what might have happened. Everything's been ordered for good. If Hopsy hadn't been going to chop down that old fir tree for Miss Floyd, he wouldn't have had his axe with him."

"Yes," said Hosea. "I was just moping along, thinking about them everlasting quilts, when I heard you ding-donging that old bell."

"And if there's anything under the sun that I can do for you—" eagerly said the grateful Hannah.

"Well, there is something. When I was bringing Sarah down I noticed a

very nice warming pan in the corner of the garret chamber. Now, I've got a customer—"

"Take the whole garret!" said Hannah, laughing through her tears. Horror and fear and loneliness had rolled away.

Summer boarders complained that year that there were no old quilts to be found in the antique shop in Hilltop; but, as Mr. Slimmins rejoiced in a new silk hat, it is only reasonable to believe that some method of raising the delinquent salary was successful.

The Way of the Cross.

THERE is no devotion so appropriate to the season of Lent as the Way of the Cross; we can hardly be reminded of this too often. The traditional account of its origin is very natural and simple.

Our Lord on Calvary left the care of His beloved Mother to John, His beloved disciple. Tradition relates that John remained with her in Jerusalem until he departed for Ephesus, where he became the head of the churches of Asia Minor. The happiness and consolation of the Blessed Virgin during that period must surely have been in revisiting and silently contemplating the scenes of the Sacred Passion. A melancholy pleasure, it is true, and one which an ordinary mother could scarcely sustain. But Mary was an extraordinary Mother, and so was possessed of extraordinary graces.

With the palace of Pilate under her daily vision, she must have recalled all that took place on Good Friday: the presentation of Our Lord to the multitude from the balcony; the sacred head crowned with thorns; the face covered with blood and disfigured by its sufferings; a purple mantle thrown in derision about His shoulders; and—forever to be remembered—the voice

of Pilate saying, "Behold the Man!" Leaving this spot and traversing the blessed yet dolorous way that He trod to Calvary, she must have paused at the place of that memorable meeting with Jesus. Continuing her pilgrimage, she would reflect that here she had seen Him fall under the heavy cross; there the soldiers had brutally struck Him with their sabres. Thus following step by step His slow and painful journey, she would at last come to Calvary, where for three long, weary hours she had waited beneath the cross for the consummation of the terrible sacrifice.

Such, according to the tradition of the Church of Jerusalem, was the life and occupation of the Blessed Virgin. And Mary of Salome and Mary Magdalen, sharers in that Good Friday journey, would also have been participants in her reminiscent walks.

When Mary left Jerusalem for Ephesus, she also left the memory of the way she had been accustomed to traverse—the Way of the Cross. Christians, journeying to Jerusalem, newly converted and otherwise, followed in her footsteps from Gethsemane to Calvary. And when Mary was assumed into heaven, the devotion was preserved at Jerusalem and spread throughout the entire Catholic world, encouraged, blessed and enriched by the Church with numerous indulgences.

Let us, then, in these materialistic days of the twentieth century, renew faith and love in our souls by joining our Blessed Mother on her holy pilgrimage, resting at last at the foot of the cross, supplicants for the Saviour's mercy and compassion. We should love this sacred pilgrimage, the most consoling and penetrating devotion in all the world.

How many troubles have been lightened, how many hearts consoled and strengthened by the Way of the Cross! We have each our own cross to carry,—some not so weighty as others, some

so heavy that we marvel one poor soul can support it alone. But it is not borne alone if we carry it beside the bleeding form of our Blessed Lord,—if we walk close to Him along the road to Calvary. He will help us to bear our burthen. If it be light, we must take shame to ourselves for complaining when we compare it to that which He carried. If it be oppressive, it will seem to grow measurably lighter as we look up, with tear-dimmed eyes, through the darkening sun, at the Martyr of Golgotha.

One of Fénelon's Penitents.

DURING the war between France and Holland, a brilliant young officer of the French army, on his way to the front, found himself in Cambrai and called upon its famous Archbishop.

"Monseigneur," said he, "within a few days I shall face the enemy. Before the battle, I am rather inclined to confess my sins to you; but I should like first to hear from your lips the proofs which establish the divinity of confession."

"Very well," said the affable prelate, "I am willing. As it is natural, however, in all matters to take the shortest road, confess yourself first, and perhaps after that you may let me off some of the proofs."

"But," stammered the young man, "the process is unscientific, if one has to practise confession in order to know the motives for confessing."

"That may be all well enough in theory," replied the pious Archbishop; "but in practice you will find the process to be of unquestionable efficacy. Yield, then, to my age and experience, if not to your own conviction; and in case, when you have done, you relieve me from the task of arguing the question, we shall have saved two hours, which we owe, you to France and I to the Church."

Overcome by the persuasive tones of the gentle prelate, the officer knelt down. There followed between the two that mysterious colloquy which God clothes with all the love He feels for the prodigal son returning to the paternal roof. When the confession was finished the officer was in tears; and the confessor, placing his hands on the young man's shoulders, exclaimed:

"Well! do you wish me to demonstrate now the usefulness of what you have just done?"

"No, your Grace," sobbed out the penitent. "I have done better than understand it: I have *felt* it."

A Legend of the Child Jesus.

BY D. A. MCCARTHY.

IT was summer and the children of Nazareth played in the fields. And Jesus was a child with them. Wild roses grew in the fields, and the children gathered them; and the Child Jesus also.

And the children of Nazareth played that Jesus was king among them. And making a crown of wild roses, they placed it on His head, and brought Him to Mary, His Mother, saying:

"Lo, here is Jesus, our King!"

Mary sat sewing by the open door. She smiled to see the children come, for she knew that Jesus was in the midst of them.

And when they showed her how they had crowned Him, she smiled the more. But there was no mirth in her smile; for there came before her the vision of a Man of Sorrows bearing a cross and crowned not with roses but with thorns.

And Mary shuddered and said:

"Come hither, little Son Jesus, and play no more to-day. The clouds have hid the sun, and the wind blows cold."

And the Child Jesus abode with His Mother.

Notes and Remarks.

A correspondent in Baltimore informs us that during the recent fire which devastated the heart of the city, destroying nearly all the large business houses, a Catholic lady, fearing the loss of some buildings owned by her, placed a miraculous medal in each one, imploring their preservation through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Although exposed to the greatest danger, all escaped, suffering no injury whatever. Cinders fell on the roofs and pavements, tenants packed their effects and prepared to flee, but the fire turned and the buildings were saved. At one time a whole square, including one of the houses in question, was to be destroyed with dynamite in order to stop the progress of the fire, which threatened to ruin the entire city. The soldiers had ordered the people out and all preparations had been made to blow up the buildings, when the flames ceased a little distance away, and all the houses were saved intact. Of course strange things happen quite naturally; but, on the other hand, "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of"; and no doubt many will see in this singular preservation one of those little miracles so often wrought in favor of those whose faith is as a grain of mustard seed.

At last Japan and Russia have let slip the dogs of war; and the Czar, who was so much to the fore in the peace congress at The Hague, is the first to ignore the policy of arbitration. It is just as well that the Holy Father was excluded from The Hague conference: there was no sincerity in it. On both sides the war is frankly one of aggrandizement; it has not even the poor excuse of popular insanity such as springs out of wounded feelings or out

of an unfortunate accident like the sinking of the *Maine*. It is an avowal in the face of Christendom that the conflicting powers value acres more than men, and territory above human life. And the world looks on with a brave composure, because the war is thousands of miles away, and because it is only Russians and "Japs" that are perishing! People went sick with horror when six hundred lives were lost of late in a theatre fire. It is a dull day now that does not bring news of a holocaust as great in the Orient, but people hardly take the trouble to read the figures. Such is the degrading effect of war even on nations that are at peace.

A laborer who was drilling rock in the sub-basement of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the other day, was startled by an explosion for which there was no apparent cause. Upon examination it was found that a blasting charge had been latent in the rock for sixteen years—ever since the excavation of the cellar in which the drilling was being done. The incident is paralleled in the moral world almost every day. The reputable citizen who suddenly becomes a criminal, the respectable woman who suddenly falls from virtue, the professed Christian who suddenly lapses into unbelief,—what are they all but victims of dynamic agents that have been latent in their characters for years,—blasting charges of false principles imbibed from bad books or evil companions, almost if not quite forgotten when the inevitable explosion at last occurs?

It is much to be regretted that the strong appeal made in the name of the commission for the Catholic missions among the colored people and the Indians was not sent out earlier, so as to reach the Catholic press, as well as the clergy, in time to receive

due attention before the first Sunday of Lent, when the collection for these missions is commonly taken up. "As a nation," says the appeal, "we owe a debt of justice and gratitude to the Negro and the Indian,—a debt which, it may be, will call down upon us, as all sins of injustice must do, the curse and vengeance of God. Let us make them what reparation we can by obtaining for them spiritual comforts and blessings, and thus stay the hand of God lifted in anger to smite a heartless and cruel people." The work of supporting the missions to the Black and the Red men of America is, as these words suggest, an act of reparation as well as a missionary opportunity. Both races have suffered wrong at the hands of their White brothers; and, in the case of one of them at least, it will soon be too late to make reparation. We are glad to learn from the director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions that the monies collected by the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian children amounted last year to \$32,434,—a substantial gain over the collection for 1902.

When the problem of aerial navigation is finally solved, when "the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails," the one American who, if alive at the time, will have a pre-eminent right gleefully to chuckle the traditional "I told you so!" is Mr. John Brisben Walker. And Mr. Walker apparently has little doubt that he *will* be alive in that good time coming. At a dinner which he gave recently to the energetic and persevering, but thus far unsuccessful, Professor Langley, Mr. Walker said: "I am speaking not fancifully but deliberately when I say that I believe most confidently that the flying machine will be commercially available within twelve months"! Hope is cheap enough, and is not a particularly

heavy burden to carry around, so there doesn't appear to be any really valid ground for objecting to this gentleman's indulging his pleasing expectations; but either he is going to be disappointed within the year or the world at large is to receive within the same period the greatest surprise that has stirred its pulses in our time.

If the war in the Far East should prove to be a fight to a finish, it will probably be one of the severest conflicts of history. The population of Russia is about sixty-five millions; that of Japan, about forty-five millions. The difference between their military forces immediately available for war is much greater, however; being as ten to one in favor of Russia. On the other hand, this discrepancy is largely modified by the need of protecting Russia's colonial possessions, her distance from the seat of war and the difficulty of transporting her troops, in the face of Japan's temporary naval supremacy and the destruction of the single railroad that runs into Manchuria and Korea. It is not even probable that the war will be ended by the intervention of the other powers; such intervention being practically impossible in view of "entangling alliances" already entered into by Russia and France, on the one hand, and by Japan and England on the other.

That the proposed protest of prominent Catholic ladies against the growing evil of divorce should provoke criticism from a good many quarters, and denunciation from at least a few, was of course to be expected. The criticism, however, need not be utterly beside the question; and even the denunciation, one would fancy, might be based on actual facts, not on hypothetical fancies. But as usual the irrepressible newspaper correspondent is up in arms, and the "Daughters of

the Faith" are catching it, hot and heavy, from his rapid-firing guns. Take a sentence or two from one indignant letter that we find in a recent issue of the *New York Sun*:

We are content to let Roman Catholics work out their own salvation in their own way; but, for God's sake and in the name of common-sense, let them remember that they have no concern with Protestant belief and practice regarding divorce and remarriage.

It strikes us that the first clause quite covers the action of the ladies in question: they are taking their own way in a matter which distinctly concerns themselves.

As a most estimable warden in an Episcopal church remarked to the writer recently: "The matter of divorce and remarriage is purely personal and concerns only the parties themselves."

Specious enough, but absolutely false notwithstanding. The legislation of civilized States throughout the world emphasizes the truth that divorce concerns, not merely the parties involved, but the welfare of society at large.

Finally, it must not be forgotten that the moral sense of self-respecting Protestants is quite as keen as the discipline of the Roman Church, and they may be relied upon to frown on scandalous divorces and unworthy remarriages quite as much as the Daughters of the Faith.

This, of course, is merely inane; although we should like to believe the statement within a mile of the truth. The "moral sense" of non-Catholics bears about as much relation to the "keen discipline" of Christ's Church, in this matter of divorce, as does the rounded edge of a small boy's wooden sword to the razor-like length of a Damascus blade.

The death of Senator Hanna was the most conspicuous event of the past week in America. Nine years ago the editor of a great New York daily sent this query to its representative in Cleveland: "Who is Mark Hanna? Send two hundred words." Since that time even New York editors have

come to have a fair knowledge that Mr. Hanna was a business man who brought business methods into politics, and who discovered that at the polls as in the department store nothing is got for nothing. Mr. Hanna would unquestionably have been out of place in the Senate in the days of Webster, Calhoun and Hayne, when eloquence counted for more than committee-work in deciding the fate of public policies. As it was, the converted captain of industry became at once the most powerful man in the Senate and a virtual dictator in his party. He had the confidence of the capitalists unquestionably, and he seems to have enjoyed equally the confidence of the working people,—if the number of those who voted for his candidates is any criterion. Personally, Mr. Hanna was a splendid type of the successful American merchant,—bluff, hearty, good-natured, kindly, a loyal friend, and a stranger to strong hatreds and prejudices. It is a pleasure for this magazine to publish the fact for the first time that when the Catholic Indian schools were deprived of the national grant of money some years ago, Mr. Hanna promptly assured those most immediately concerned that he would undertake to assist the schools privately; and he was as good as his word.

Nothing could be more erroneous, common as it is, than the notion that kindness to animals is a result of modern civilization. True there were no societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in early ages; but there were laws for their protection, and the rule of not a few of the oldest religious Orders took account not only of the beasts of the field but of the birds of the air as well. Reviewing the last volume of Mrs. Arthur Bell's writings on "The Saints in Christian Art" ("Lives and Legends of the English Bishops and Kings, and Other Later

Saints"), the *Athenæum* remarks: "Over and over again the duty and beauty of kindness to animal life, whether winged or quadruped, were taught by the early saints, and immortalized in art, centuries before the founding of societies for the enforcing of such precepts."

Under the caption "Terrible Statistics," a French contemporary notes that the criminal record for young people under sixteen in France, Algeria, and Tunis shows an increase, in the course of a year, of ten per cent for boys and twelve and half per cent for girls. Its comment is: "Our children are 'progressing.'" We regret to add that much the same species of progress is indicated by the criminal statistics of our own country. Youthful transgressors of the laws are multiplying. And yet shortsighted patriots still deprecate any reform in the matter of popular education.

We are not aware that "America is plunged into a furious discussion," as a London paper asserts, over Mother Eddy's inconsistency in having a troublesome tooth extracted; however, we are glad to be reminded of those lines of Shakespeare:

For there was never yet a philosopher

That could endure the toothache patiently.

The Mother's faith was momentarily weakened, no doubt, when she went to the dentist; but her pain may have supplied for it in some metaphysical way.

The Lent term at Oxford, as we learn from the *London Tablet*, opened with nearly sixty Catholic undergraduates in residence. The total number of Catholics within the University is now about eighty, there being fifteen or sixteen young Jesuits and Benedictines at their respective halls. Eighty Catholic students at Oxford! Times have changed in England, and Catholics, like

other people, have changed with them. The most recent Oxford convert, the Rev. George Wharton, is a member of Christ Church, and took his M. A. degree in 1892. His submission to the Church seems to have awakened no angry echoes at Oxford; for many non-Catholics were among those who flocked to hear the eloquent Father Maturin when he preached, very recently, in St. Aloysius' Church. Before his conversion, it will be remembered, he was one of the Cowley Fathers, and was attached to their church at Oxford.

The London *Universe* quotes a striking passage from the Lenten pastoral of the Bishop of Martinique. After referring to the impiety which prevailed in the island before the memorable catastrophe, his Lordship goes on to say:

When the volcano made the whole island vibrate and threatened it with utter destruction, your faith awoke and excited in you sentiments of great Christian energy. Illicit unions were hallowed by the blessing of the Church. Children whose baptism had been neglected were hurriedly brought to be christened. Sinners who for years had remained insensible to love or fear suddenly became conscious of their wretched condition, and flocked to the confessionals to receive absolution and the grace which would give them strength and courage in those hours of horrible uncertainty and deepest anguish.

The comment of the *Universe* on this extract is also worth quoting:

The Bishop's words are a proof that if tranquillity and worldly prosperity can lull men's consciences to sleep, the Lord has only to look upon the earth and men shall tremble. "At the voice of Thy thunder they shall fear." There is nothing like an earthquake or a volcanic eruption for replacing the driving belt of saving fear when it has slipped off the wheel of conscience.

"After Prison—What?" is a posthumous work by Maud Ballington Booth; and, with characteristic judiciousness, Prof. Harry Thurston Peck has had it reviewed for his magazine by "Number 1500," one of the literary gentlemen unwillingly sojourning for a period in

Sing Sing prison. That the reviewer has "inside information" about prisons and the condition of convicts after their release will hardly be disputed; hence these reflections offered by "Number 1500" are likely to have more effect upon public feeling than anything written by the late Mrs. Booth or other friends of the prisoners:

In this respect, no one can speak better than the man himself of what such a life really consists of. He alone knows what it is to be pointed out as an ex-convict. He knows how humiliating it is to be shunned by his fellowmen because of his imprisonment. Although society may not be aware of the fact that an ex-convict's punishment usually begins from the day he leaves prison a free man, nevertheless it is true. When he has served his time, paid the full penalty for his crime demanded by law, it is generally presumed that he is again recognized as an American citizen; that his character has been rehabilitated, and that he is looked upon as though he never was sentenced to prison. No one knows better than the ex-convict how untruthful these roseate presumptions really are. Optimists may say that the individual himself is the sole arbiter of what that future should be. That is true. But where there is one charitable person who is willing to forget the past and give him credit for what he is doing in the living present, there are a hundred who will throw obstacles in his way and who will keep burnishing his past prison reputation.

This feeling of men for their brothers who have been sentenced to prison, like the feeling of women for their sisters who have temporarily lapsed from virtue, may be natural enough, but it is not Christian. The best men and women would be the first to admit that honesty and purity are commonly matters of degree; that if only those who are without sin were to throw the first stone, glass houses might safely come into fashion; that all men and women are penitents, and that it is all merely a question of more or less. To set oneself like a blank wall in the way of the sinner who is turning away from his sin is to play the Pharisee; and Our Lord, be it remembered, anathematized the pharisaical spirit.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

A Story for Lent.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

DO you allow your young people to have parties during Lent, Mrs. Barry?"

"Parties, Austin! Why, no! What makes you ask?"

"Well, I noticed quite a gathering in the sitting-room as I slipped by the door a moment ago. What is going on?"

"Oh, Charlie brought Johnnie Davis and Fred Morgan in with him to-night to hear one of your stories. All three would much prefer to go sliding, they informed me; but as Father Duffy insisted so much last Sunday on the advisability of everybody's doing some sort of penance during Lent, the boys concluded to forego the pleasure of coasting for this one evening, and listen to you instead."

"Indeed! How complimentary the young rascals are! The young *rascal*, rather; for I believe Charlie is the only one of the trio that has ever heard me recounting my recollections of saintly biographies. But there seemed to be more than two strangers in the sitting-room. Who are the others?"

"Oh, yes! When the boys came in, Bride, apparently anxious lest she and Clare should be at a disadvantage in case of an argument, announced her intention of adding a couple of *her* friends to the company; so Lizzie Sherry and Annie O'Brien have been brought in. Upon my word," added my sister, "it *does* look like a young folk's party, doesn't it?"

"Well," I rejoined, "you can destroy the resemblance easily enough, by not

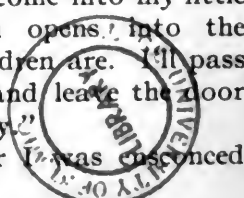
serving any refreshments. If they get nothing to eat, there's no danger of boys' and girls' considering that they have been at a party. But, in the meantime, what are they doing?"

"Most of them, when I noticed them last, were listening to Bride's version of your story about St. Rose of Lima. You see, you are later than usual this evening, and they concluded that you would not be here at all. Rather than disappoint their visitors, Charlie suggested that Bride should repeat from memory some story she had heard you tell them. The suggestion was hailed with applause by the others; and Bride consented on condition that Charlie should follow with a sample of the faithfulness of *his* memory. 'That's all right,' replied Charlie, who, I feel sure, was telling himself that once Bride got started there wouldn't be time to-night for any other narrator to have a chance; so Bride has—or at least some five minutes ago *had*—the floor."

"Yes, but I'll venture to say that she won't keep it quite so long as Master Charlie imagines she will. She is too clever to allow Charlie to evade his promise on the score that there's no time for his story. Now, Kate, can you put me somewhere near enough to hear the stories without my being seen by the children? I shall enjoy listening instead of recounting for once, in a way."

"So you actually want to play the eavesdropper, do you? Well, in that case you had better come into my little sewing-room, which opens into the room where the children are. I'll pass through afterward and leave the door ajar. Come this way."

Two minutes later I was pronounced



in a comfortable easy-chair, all intent on the voices in the adjoining room. Bride had apparently just concluded her account of St. Rose, for the first words I heard were:

"Go on, Bride! That ain't the whole of it."

The voice was Charlie's, and had in it a note of mingled complaint and apprehension.

"That is certainly all I remember of it. If you know any more about St. Rose, Charlie, you may let us have it. It's your turn now, you know."

"Oh, I don't remember any more of it, either! But there must be something we've forgot. Say, Clare, can't you supply what Bride has left out?"

"I think Bride has told us all that Uncle Austin did, Charlie," answered Clare; "and I hope your memory will prove as good as hers."

"Yes, but it isn't, you know,—not by a long shot. I couldn't begin to rattle off a story like she does. Why, she talks more like a book than Uncle Austin himself! But say, fellows, seeing that uncle isn't here, hadn't we better go and have a slide, and come back some night when he is here?"

"See here, Charlie, that won't do. You know the conditions were that you were to follow Bride with a story. Anyhow, it's too late to go home and get our sleds and then walk out to Wetmore's Hill now, so you just sail in and spin us the yarn you promised. I don't expect it will be half as good as Bride's; but you're not going to get out of it, all the same."

Master Davis, you will notice, employs, as become a sailor's son, an occasional nautical phrase.

Charlie, however, was still indisposed to 'spin his yarn.' He protested that he did not remember "a single solitary one." But Clare rather discounted that statement by reminding him of his having on several occasions twitted me with telling "old chestnuts";

incidentally remarking that, if she remembered well, one of the chestnuts in question was St. Anthony's sermon to the fish.

"A sermon to the fish! Say, I never heard about that!" exclaimed a new voice, presumably Fred Morgan's. "Let's have it, Charlie."

"Yes," added a clear young soprano—whether Annie O'Brien or Lizzie Sherry I don't know,— "that's a very appropriate story for Lent. Don't be bashful, Charlie."

"Bashful nothing! But I thought everyone *did* know that story. However, as your education, Fred, has evidently been neglected (how's that for Mr. Principal Crockett?), here goes.

"Of course you all know—or ought to know—that St. Anthony of Padua was the favorite chum of St. Francis of Assisi, and—"

"Excuse me, Charlie! But Uncle Austin told us the other evening that Assisi was pronounced A-see-ze, not A-siss-e."

"Now, just look here, Bride! Your point may be well taken; but I'm not going to have this story spoiled by a lot of interruptions about pronunciation and grammar and all that rubbish. Uncle's altogether too fond of airing his knowledge, anyway. It's bad enough to bear *his* criticism."

Listeners, as usual, were apparently not destined to hear much good of themselves. 'Airing my knowledge,' eh? The young scamp!

"To resume where I left off (that's pretty neat; isn't it, Davis?) St. Anthony, being St. Francis' chum, was of course just as kind and nice as he could be to everyone, animals as well as folks. Now, you know St. Francis once gave the birds a regular sermon—a bang-up good one it was, too,—so there's really nothing queer about his friend's doing as much for the fish. (Come to think of it, though, it's *fishes*, not fish, in the story.) Well, anyway,

St. Anthony was one time in a town named Reminy or Rimini, or something like that, and was trying to convert a lot of heretics. They were an awful crowd, though, and he soon found that he was up again' a pretty tough job. He preached and talked and preached for five or six days, but, blamed if they'd listen to him at all. Of course, if he hadn't been a saint, one day's experience would have done him. He'd have shook the dust of that town off his shoes—no, sandals—and travelled on to some other place, but—”

“*Have shook!* O-h-h!” interrupted an audible stage whisper.

“Oh, pshaw!” said Charlie. “*Shaken*, then, if your nerves are out of order, Miss Sherry! Well, he wasn't built that way, you see; so he kept at them for a whole week. Even a saint's patience, however, has limits to it, so finally he thought he'd have to give up. Just then he got an inspiration from Heaven, and what d'ye suppose he did? Why, sir, he just went down to the mouth of the river, where it flows into the ocean, you know, and, standing on the bank, sung out as loud as he could, calling all the fishes and telling them to swim right up to the shore. And you bet your life they did, too!

“If ever there was a surprised crowd of citizens anywhere, those Rimini folks were the individuals. You see, they had followed St. Anthony down to the beach; and when he gave his invitation or order to the fishes, they just whooped and roared out laughing. They changed their tune pretty soon, though; for the first thing they knew the whole river was just alive with fish. The little fellows, minnows, smelts, and others of about that size, ranged up close to the water's edge; then right behind them came rows of tommycods, trout, and bluefish; next behind them were regular shoals of mackerel and shad; back of them were codfish and salmon and sturgeon by

the hundred; and so on about halfway across the river, where a whole school of whales formed the rear rank. They all stuck their heads up out of the water and kept their eyes fixed on St. Anthony. As for the heretics' eyes, they were pretty near sticking out of their sockets with astonishment.

“Well, when his audience in the river had all got in position, St. Anthony told them that, since the heretics wouldn't listen to the word of God, he proposed to give *them* a sermon. Then in a grave voice he went on:

“My dear fishes, you should all, as far as you can, render thanks to our common Creator for the good things He has blessed you with. You owe Him the noble element in which you live, and your choice of salt water or fresh just as you like. It is to Him you are indebted for the whole lot of nooks and corners that you can get into when it's stormy, and from Him too that you get all your food. It was God, your kind and liberal Creator, who told you, when He first created you, to increase and multiply, and He blessed you. Then again, when the Deluge came, you were the only animals left secure from danger. God has supplied you with fins, that make it easy for you to go wherever you like. Besides all this, God has given you fishes a good deal of honor. It was to one of you big whales, away out there, that He confided the care of the Prophet Jonas for three days and nights. It was one of you that furnished our Divine Lord with the money to pay His taxes. Best of all and greatest of your privileges, it was you that Christ selected for His food before His death and after His resurrection. When you think of all these benefits, you ought to praise and bless the good God who gave them to you. You are really more bound to do so than all other creatures.’

“Of course that ain't half of what

St. Anthony told them, but that's about all I remember of the sermon itself. The best of it was that when the saint finished, every single fish in the whole great crowd bowed his head just as piously as the most devout congregation you ever saw in St. Peter's at eleven o'clock Mass; and St. Anthony was so delighted that he cried out: 'Blessed be the Eternal God, since the very fish render Him more homage than do these heretics, and creatures without reason listen to His word better than unfaithful men!'

"Now, it's not at all queer that the heretics were a good deal struck with all this. In fact, so wonderful a miracle opened their eyes, and they begged the saint to preach to them again. He did, and he never had a crowd listen to his sermons so well. Fact is, he converted the whole town. First, though, he blessed his scaly congregation (no, Clare, that's *not* a pun); and in two minutes the whales were the only members of it to be seen."

"By George, I'd like to have been there!" commented Johnnie Davis.

"Say, Charlie," queried Fred Morgan, "do you suppose our Principal would believe that story?"

"Seeing it's about a Catholic saint—no, I don't think he would; but I'll bet he believes a whole lot of stuff that ain't half as true. There was a fellow in Remini (if that's the right name of the place) who, I guess, must have been something like Mr. Crockett. He didn't happen to be around when the sermon to the fishes was given; and when he heard about it, he made great fun of the whole thing; said he was no chicken: they couldn't fool him with any cock-and-bull yarn like that; and got off a lot more smart-Aleck talk. He closed by saying that, as for him, he'd wait to be converted until he saw his horse—or mule, I believe it was—kneel down before the Sacred Host consecrated by St. Anthony.

"Well, sir, the saint took him at his word. This heretic brought his steed up to the church door. Then St. Anthony came out with the Blessed Eucharist, and, holding it up before him, told the animal to kneel down. And did he? Well, I guess! He got right down on his fore-knees at once, and didn't pay the slightest attention to his master, who tried to make him get up again. Oh, I tell you, you can't play any monkey tricks on real saints! They're bound to come out on top every time."

"Well, Charlie," said Bride, "I must say that your story has been a much better one than I, for one, expected. Of course, if Uncle Austin was here, he'd probably scold you for some of your language; but—"

"Humph!" interjected Charlie. "If uncle were here, you wouldn't catch me starting to tell a story at all. Say, fellows, hadn't we better be moving. Good-night, girls!"

And so ended the impromptu Lenten party at the Barrys'.

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

PART III.

I.—THE BLIND MAN WHO HAD LOST HIS DOG.

Prompted by his kindness of heart, without asking any advice of his companions, Camille rushed up to the spot where the old man lay.

"Did you fall, Monsieur?" he asked. "Have you hurt yourself?"

"Alas, I'm blind!" was the reply.

"And couldn't you find your way?"

"I'm blind,—I'm blind!" repeated the old man.

"O kind sirs," said Camille, turning to his two companions, "let us take this blind man home!"

"Do you think our business is to take all stray people home?" roughly

answered one of the men, trying at the same time to take Camille's arm to force him to come along.

"Oh, I beg you to do it!" urged the boy. Then, addressing the foreigner, he continued: "Since you are willing to pay so much to have us two shown the way, give a little for this old man, out of pity."

"I pay only when it pleases me to do so," retorted the foreigner.

"Do you live very far away?" said Camille, still occupying himself with the blind man, in spite of the evident desire of the two men to continue on their way.

"Alas, my dear child—for I can tell by the sweetness of your voice that you are young,—that isn't what worries me the most!"

"What is it, then?"

"Come, my boy,—come!" insisted the foreigner.

"In just a moment, Monsieur," said Camille. "Remember this man is blind. Perhaps he, too, has been abandoned." Then to the old man: "Did you come here all alone?"

"No: I came with my dog; he always leads me. But he must have been poisoned; he died here. O my poor Medor!"

"Come, now!" said one of the men, impatiently.

"A moment more, please! You have been so kind to me that I should think you could be the same to this poor old man.—Would you like to have me get a carriage to take you home?" continued Camille.

"Home? No: I don't want to go there," answered the old man, sorrowfully. "My poor wife and daughter—"

"What! Have you a wife and daughter, and don't you want to go home to them?" asked the boy.

One of the strangers now took hold of Camille's arm and said:

"Come! We can't wait any longer. Come with us!"

"Not yet. I know what it is to be left all alone, and I'm not blind either."

"And you didn't have your arm sprained, perhaps broken."

"Is your arm broken?" inquired Camille, eagerly.

"After my dog died, I tried to walk alone," explained the old man. "I fell down here, and now I can't use my arm. Only for that I could have earned enough with my violin to pay my rent,—enough, anyway, so that my landlord would wait."

"With your violin?" repeated Camille.

"Yes, my boy."

After reflecting a moment, during which time the evil-faced men were whispering together, Camille said:

"Does one have to play very well to earn money?"

"Why, bless me, I know just one tune, and I leave most of the notes out of that! I've been playing it for thirty years. With what I earn that way, a little sewing my wife does, and some herbs my daughter sells, we manage to live,—poorly enough, but still we live. I don't say anything of my son, a mason, who drinks up on Sunday what he earns during the week."

Camille now turned quickly around to his companions.

"Messieurs," he said, "this man can play only one tune and I know four. Wait a little while longer, please,—just time enough for me to play my four tunes and earn him some money so that he can go home. After that I'll go with you."

"The boy is crazy!" exclaimed the pretended foreigner, forgetting in his anger to speak bad French. "We've waited for you long enough; come on with us!"

"Why, how well you speak French now!" responded Camille, looking at the man in surprise, and noticing for the first time his false, wicked face.

"My child," observed the old man, without paying any attention to

Camille's last remark, "you're a good and brave boy. I thank you for your kind intentions, but you must obey your relatives."

"Those men are not my relatives," replied Camille. "I don't even know them. They offered to take me to the place where I sleep and I accepted their offer. I don't owe them any obedience; and, since they are so hard-hearted as not to want to help you, let them go. Providence will send me more obliging friends. Good-night, messieurs! Don't put yourselves out waiting for me: keep on your way."

"Do you know," said the man who had played the rôle of foreigner, "that we can force you to come with us?"

While making this threat, each of the men laid a hand on Camille's shoulders. The poor boy was terrified; and, taking courage from his very fear, he cried:

"You have no right to take me away! Let me go,—let me go! If you don't I'll cry 'Thieves!'"

This last word had scarcely been uttered when the two men disappeared.

"Which way did they go?" asked Camille, laughing.

"Have you any money about you?" inquired the old man.

"I have ten francs."

"Did those men know it?"

"Yes: I didn't hide it from them."

"Then they had bad intentions: they were thieves, you may be sure. Thank God for having inspired you to come to my aid. Your kind heart has saved you from a disagreeable adventure."

"Thieves!" exclaimed Camille, in a frightened tone, looking around with anxiety. "Let us go over there where there are more people passing. Can you get up and walk?"

"I'll try. My arm hurts me; I don't think it's broken, though. Will you give me your hand to guide me? Where do you live?"

"On the Rue Louis-le-Grand," replied

Camille, letting the old man lean on his shoulder.

"I live near there. If I don't get home by midnight my daughter will come for me, and I can take you home; so have no fear, my boy."

"And while waiting I'm going to earn some money for you, since you said that it can be done with your violin. Come, Fox, let's go on!"

"So you have a dog?" said the old man, whose hand Fox was now licking.

"That's strange," remarked Camille. "You are dressed no better than those two men were, and yet Fox is making friends with you and he only growled at them."

"Dogs have singular instincts," answered the blind man. "He understands that you have found a friend—I should like to say a support; but, alas! misery is my portion, and misery protects no one."

"Who knows?" said Camille, cheerfully. "Perhaps I can help you to-night, and I am as poor as you are."

(To be continued.)

Illuminated Manuscripts.

BY F. L. S.

During what are called the Dark Ages, when the Northern barbarians were devastating Christian lands, and the learning of the world was preserved in monasteries, people, having no other way of making books, wrote them out by hand. Great libraries of volumes accumulated, wrought and bound with patient skill. Each letter represented a labor of love. Every floral border or gilded arabesque or fine initial letter was made by fingers of which devotion was the guide; and so beautiful was this ornamentation that none is to be found to-day which can equal it, and the illuminating of manuscripts is classed among the lost arts.

In every monastery the scriptorium was an important room. Here sat the monks writing the books which, as I said, surpass all that we, with our modern appliances, can accomplish. Over the door there was usually a motto inciting to labor and purity of heart and mind. Each manuscript was the work of many hands. One monk prepared the parchment, others drew the red lines, others made the simple letters; then came more skilful artists who produced the wonderful initial letters and the scrolls of gold.

Even the young pupils were employed. At first they were set to copying letters, just as boys write in a copy-book. There was one line that was most commonly used as a model. It is a doggerel line but contains, as you see, almost every letter of the Latin alphabet:

Adnexique globum Zephyrique Kanna secabant.

Sometimes it was found that a boy who was dull at his books was very clever with the pen. But only learned and holy men were employed on the Gospels or Office books. Some of the wisest did nothing but correct the manuscripts; and when it became necessary to make an alteration it was done by writing between the lines, or drawing a fine line through a superfluous word. No letter was ever scratched out.

It is pleasant to think of all this work going on in the scriptorium,—the quiet writers with their parchment and colors before them, and perchance some flowers near by as patterns for the ornaments of the fair pages. But we must remember that there was only a poor way of heating those large rooms, and in winter many of the workmen suffered, not only from writer's cramp but from chapped hands and frost-bitten feet. It is not uncommon to find words like these, written by some discouraged scribe whose bodily endurance was not equal to his spiritual zeal: "Transcribed

with patience in cold weather by the Lord's humble servant." Or: "This manuscript completed with great joy by a weary though loving son of St. Benedict."

Parchment was usually made by the monks themselves, from the skin of the wild beasts so sadly plentiful in the forests. Pens were but the quills of fowls, sharpened. Ink was the product of the gallnut. Colors were home-made with recipes handed down and treasured from remote times. Experts find as much difference between the colors of an old manuscript and a new one as they do between the tints of an antique rug and a modern reproduction. Liquid gold came from the East, that sold in Venice being especially prized. Sometimes when the Gospels were copied, or an especially fine volume was destined as a gift to pope or king, all the letters were of virgin gold.

Portraits in miniature were often introduced, and the old initial letters have preserved for us the features of good and holy men. Charlemagne was especially fond of ordering his own portrait carefully painted in the books of which he was so excellent a patron. History, architecture, animals, and the everyday life of the period found faithful recorders in the scribes of the Middle Ages. In an old volume belonging to the Monastery of St. Gall we have pictures of all the musical instruments used by its orchestra in the tenth century.

Naturally the emblems of the saints and all religious symbols had the first place; and the great Book of Kells, perhaps the finest illuminated manuscript in existence, was believed to have had its most beautiful pages wrought by angels.

The first books were but a long roll. Thus we have to-day in England an official who is called Master of the Rolls. There was no title-page, or, in fact, any page whatever. The title of

the book was inscribed on what was called a label—a strip of leather—and fastened securely to the binding.

The bindings of these books were as wonderful as the writing itself. Wood was commonly used, but it was not unusual for a volume to have entire covers of the precious metals. Often a breviary was encased in gold and ornamented with precious stones. Ivory was much valued for this purpose, the elephant being considered a superior animal.

Here and there, at home and abroad, we see these triumphs of patient industry and marvellous skill. They are preserved in museums, hidden in fireproof vaults, kept with religious care in churches and monasteries. There are missals worth a king's ransom, copies of the Holy Scriptures for which their weight in gold would be scant payment. But, sad to say, those that exist are few compared with those which ignorant vandalism and, later, sectarian bigotry destroyed. Many of those precious volumes which the barbarians spared met their fate at the hands of the "Reformers." The ruffians of Cromwell, for instance, had orders to destroy every manuscript that had any indication of belonging to those of the old Faith. So well did they obey their master that of the peerless collection at Oxford only one manuscript was left; and similar facts might be recorded of other great centres of learning.

Your Choice.

Here are two different translations of the same verse. Take your choice,

Be like the bird that, chancing to alight
Upon a bough too slight,
Feels it give way beneath him and yet sings,
Knowing that he hath wings.

Let me be like a bird, one moment lighted
Upon a bough that swings;
Though the branch bend, he sings on unaffrighted,
Knowing that he hath wings.

Animals at Work.

In a certain blacksmith shop in the eastern part of New York city three fine Newfoundland dogs are employed to work the bellows of the forge. There is a wooden wheel in one corner of the shop, just wide enough for a dog to stand in. When told to "go ahead," the dog whose turn it is starts on a brisk trot, which turns the wheel, and a crank and lever do the rest. The dogs take regular turns at the work, laboring for an hour at a time, and are very willing to be of help. Each one costs its master about two dollars a week for food, but he says it saves him the wages of two men. The strange laborers attract much attention, and the shop is never without spectators who delight in watching the willing dogs that keep the smith's fire bright.

Not always Mischievous.

Rats and mice, you know, have two pairs of front teeth that cut and dig like a carpenter's chisel. They use these tools, not as the beaver does—to cut down trees for his dam and house,—nor as the squirrel—to gnaw away the shell of a nut,—but to eat holes in the farmer's grain room. This is why they are so mischievous.

But tools that do harm may also do good. Rats and mice get into the pantry, it is true, and gnaw into a box of "crackers"; but with the same tools they make their way into neglected cellars, drains and sewers, all of which they do much to keep clean. They eat dead animals and spoiled food that would create sickness.

"A WEED," says Emerson, "is a plant whose good qualities we have not yet discovered."

With Authors and Publishers.

—We note the appearance in Vienna of a weekly paper for the blind. It will contain an impartial survey of political events, and articles on matters of general interest in literature, science, etc.

—The Holy Father has appointed a commission of Cardinals to codify the Canon Law of the Church. At the time of the Vatican Council this work was recognized as of urgent necessity, but the interruption of the sessions before the deliberations were completed prevented the Council from dealing with the matter.

—From England comes news of the death of the Rev. John McLaughlin, well known as the author of "Is One Religion as Good as Another?" and "The Divine Plan of the Church." The first-named volume has been one of the three or four most popular Catholic books written in the English tongue; and the second, published within recent years, is also a favorite. The author's last production was offered to this magazine; but, unfortunately, it was not adapted for serial publication. Father McLaughlin, who reached the good age of seventy-two, devoted most of his time to giving missions,—a work in which he was singularly successful. *R. I. P.*

—Historians, librarians and scholars generally will welcome "Early Western Travels, 1748-1846," a series of annotated reprints edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites and published by the Arthur H. Clarke Co. It will comprise thirty-one volumes, the first of which appears this month. Only works of permanent historical value are to be included—the best and rarest contemporary volumes of travel, descriptive of the aborigines and social and economic conditions in the Middle and Far West during the period of early American settlement. Many of the originals have become exceedingly rare and some of them are not included in the most complete collections of Americana.

—In G. K. Chesterton's new book, "Varied Types," there is a paper on Bret Harte that contains a number of good things about American humor. The most enthusiastic admirer of our comic writers will scarcely venture, for instance, to question the truth of this bit of criticism: "The wild, sky-breaking humor of America has its fine qualities, but it must in the nature of things be deficient in two qualities, not only of supreme importance to life and letters but of supreme importance to humor,—reverence and sympathy." Irreverence, sometimes gross enough to merit the name of blasphemy, is the fatally weak point in much of what our people have come to accept as fun; and Mr. Clemens is

responsible for not a little of the perversion of American taste in this respect. His "Innocents Abroad" has caused many a laugh of which the laughers were, and the author should be, ashamed.

—"Clara's Trick" and "Miss Jemima's Pets," written by Madame Cecilia and published by Benzigers, are serio-comic plays for girls which should meet with immediate recognition. Both dramas are for eight characters, and call for little in the way of scenic preparation. The properties required are clearly stated in each, and the stage directions and hints for costuming are explicit.

—Monsig. Duchesne is still engaged on the revision of the historical lessons of the Breviary which he undertook by direction of Pope Leo XIII. The revision pertains especially to the Acts of the Martyrs and the hagiography of the more uncritical ages. Meantime it is announced that Pope Pius X. intends to reform the Breviary in the direction of restoring the ferials and eliminating many of the Saints' offices. It is also to be abbreviated somewhat and simplified in arrangement.

—To the Modern Language series of supplementary readers issued by the American Book Co. for German study are Fouqué's "Undine," which, according to Heine, is the nightingale's song put into words; Stoltze's "Stories for Beginners," alphabetically arranged and carefully graded; Dresden's "German Composition," embodying methods suggested by actual experience; also a fresh collection of the ever-new "Grimm's Tales," taken from the twenty-ninth German edition.

—Although the fire which wrought so much ruin among the literary treasures contained in the national library of Turin was less disastrous than the first reports indicated, numerous manuscripts of inestimable value and many precious books perished. It is saddening to think that such irreparable loss should be possible in an era when men of wealth seem so kindly disposed toward the arts and sciences. The Turin library surely deserved to be safely housed, and the injury to it is a disgrace to the Italian government.

—The venerable Alfred Russell Wallace may have intimate acquaintance with the orbits of the celestial spheres, but he evidently doesn't know all the ways of our American literary stars. The "Unpublished Poem by Edgar Allan Poe" which he ushers in with a great blowing of trumpets in the February *Fortnightly Review* is really an airy trifle from the pen of James Whitcomb Riley. Nearly thirty years ago Riley

laid a wager with a friend that if his verses, which came back with edifying regularity from the editors to whom he sent them, were signed by some great name in literature, they would not only be gladly accepted but widely copied and praised. Accordingly he wrote a little lyric of two stanzas entitled "Leonainie," signed it "E. A. P.," and introduced it by a paragraph telling how a mysterious stranger, evidently the worse for dissipation, left the lines on the fly-leaf of a book in a country inn in return for hospitality which he could not requite in the ordinary prosaic manner. The lines were then sent to a newspaper published in the obscure village of Kokomo and—Riley won the bet! The lines were quoted, copied and treasured. The amusing thing about Mr. Wallace's mistake is the extravagant praise he bestows on "Leonainie," which he declares to be thoroughly characteristic, and indeed superior to Poe's other work of the same kind! He also speculates as to "what the poet might have given us had the final catastrophe been averted." As for Mr. Wallace, there will not be lacking wits to comfort him by suggesting that as the author of "Leonainie" is happily still alive and giving, he may still drink in liquid lyrics from the same fluent spring. As for the editor of the *Fortnightly*, surely he will never again be able to decline a poem offered by Riley.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1.50, net.

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

Problems and Persons. *Wilfrid Ward.* \$4.60, net.

The Beginnings of Christianity. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D.* \$2, net.

The City of the Kings. *Mrs. Lew Wallace.* \$1.12.

The Symbol of the Apostles. *Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. *Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

Sketches for Sermons. *Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S.* \$1.25.

On the Priesthood. A Treatise by St. John Chrysostom. 85 cts., net.

London Catholic Missions. *Johanna H. Harting.* \$2, net.

The Dream of Gerontius. 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—*HEB.*, xiii, 3.

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Mr. Clement Hosfeld, of Mansfield, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Robinson, Somerville, Mass.; Mr. Daniel Meara and Miss Teresa Harnett, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Frisby, Galveston, Texas; Miss Hannah McLear, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mrs. Adele Gardiner, Bryantown, Md.; Mr. Maximilian Bossler and Miss Frances Reichenbach, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. James Riley and Mrs. Mary Prior, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Margaret Foran, E. Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Reuben Stillwell, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. Hugh McMullen, Sr., Frostburg, Md.; Mrs. E. Johnson, Watertown, Wis.; Miss Mary Kenny, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. A. F. Church, Algiers, La.; Mr. Patrick Hoy, Albany, N. Y.; Miss Nellie Weafer, Woburn, Mass.; Mr. John Fox, Dawson, Pa.; Miss Mary Maginn, Miss M. A. Egan, Mr. William Mead, and Mr. F. W. Sillery, New York; Mr. P. F. Mullen, New Rochelle, N. Y.; and Mr. Robert Campbell, Cleveland, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME DIANA, MARCH 5, 1904.

NO. 10.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

also. Believe you not that I am the Father and the Father in Me. Now, in beholding the visible human before them, did they not rather see the *Mother*? Our Lord's face and eyes and hair were *hers*. In seeing the Mother, then, in Jesus, they saw the Father's *mother-love* which had made Mary its visible representative.

Is this a new light thrown upon Our Lady? Well, be it so; for is not a true one? I maintain that the mother-love in God *needs* visible representation, and is in Mary most perfectly "bodied forth."

As we kneel in the Grotto at Bethlehem and adore with the angels the Infant King, we behold in St. Joseph the "shadow of the Eternal Father" but not the *adequate* representation of His love: for St. Joseph is only *foster* father to the Divine Child; whereas the First Person of the Godhead has from all eternity *begotten* the Son who has just become man; and to Mary alone has He given a share in this ineffable begetting, since to her He has communicated, through the Holy Spirit, this same Divine Word to be equally *her* Son. Then, assuredly, she represents to us the mother-love in God; her own love, both for Jesus and for us, being all *His* gift, His creation.

And I repeat that this mother-love in God needs to be visibly represented. Our Divine Lord came, as St. Paul tells us, to be "the first-born among many brethren." He taught us to call God "Our Father," yet said some terrible

The Mother-Love in God.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.



SINGULAR little book lies before me. Its title is "Kali the Mother"; and its author, "The Sister Nivedita, of the Order of Ramakrishna, Calcutta, India."* This lady, I am told by one who knows her, is a convert to the Catholic Church. She is teaching Christianity in Calcutta, and finds it a great advantage to know the Hindu symbolism. She writes beautifully, beyond all question.

It is easy to conclude that "Kali the Mother" is *our* "Mother Nature"—deified. Granting that this is true, in accordance with Oriental pantheism, yet "Kali," as an object of worship in India, "is one of the most popular symbols of *deity*"; and "it is quite customary there to speak of God as 'She'—the direct address then offered being simply 'Mother'." This is what Sister Nivedita tells us.

She then goes on to describe the symbolic representation of "Kali"—so repulsive to the Western mind, but so full of meaning to the Eastern. It is not to my purpose to quote this explanation. I should have to transcribe the whole chapter on "The Vision of Siva." Suffice it to say that

* The book is published in London; and is for sale at the office of the Vedānta Society, 102 E. 58th Street, New York.

Sister Nivedita proves the truth of the following assertion: "Of all the peoples of the earth, it might be claimed that the Hindus are apparently the most, and at heart the least, idolatrous."

She even contends that there have been "saints of Kali," and gives the history of two—Ram Prasad, a poet, and Ramkrishna Paramahansa. Now, again, it is easy to say that here we have a counterfeit sanctity. But, in fact, the austerities of these two saints were not the pride-sustained extravagances of fakirs. The *humility* and *charity* of these heroes were genuine. They hungered and thirsted for union with God, whom they lovingly called "Mother"; and in order to attain thereto practised prayer and mortification singularly like those of our Catholic mystics. Indeed, the person I have mentioned above as a friend of Sister Nivedita has studied some of the Vedânta writings, and found in them an admirable method of prayer and of self-renunciation. And when, at my suggestion, she read Father Baker's "Sancta Sophia," she was delighted to find there all that the Hindu philosophy had taught her.

I say, then, may we not reasonably believe that the "Unknown God" whom St. Paul preached at Athens—the God who had "winked at" pagan ignorance and still offered Himself to be "felt after and found"—has drawn these "saints of Kali" to close union with Him through the *mother-love* of which He is the primal source?*

We acknowledge maternal love the most beautiful human affection, but lose sight of its origin. Whence has the mother her incomparable love, if it be not the gift of her Creator? But how could He give it to His creature if He

* Mother Juliana, of Norwich, England, whose beautiful "Revelations" have attracted much attention of late years, speaks of "Our Mother, the Blessedful Trinity."

had not in Himself? *Nemo dat quod non habet* is a well known axiom,— "None gives that which he has not [to give]." And if this love exist in God, it is a part of His infinite perfection, and therefore itself infinite.

Now, God appeals to this maternal love of His even in the Old Testament. Speaking by the Prophet Isaias, He says: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you and be as a Father to the fatherless." — Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. \$2, net.

City of the Kings. Mrs. Lew Wallace. \$1.12.

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Requiescant in pace!

unto thee! how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings—and thou wouldst not!”

Again, in the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, when Philip has said, "Lord, show us the Father, and it is enough for us," we read the touching reply: "So long have I been with you, and have you not known Me? Philip, he that seeth Me, seeth the Father also. Believe you not that I am in the Father and the Father in Me?" Now, in beholding the visible humanity before them, did they not rather see the *Mother*? Our Lord's face and eyes and hair were *hers*. In seeing the Mother, then, in Jesus, they saw the Father's *mother-love* which had made Mary its visible representative.

Is this a new light thrown upon Our Lady? Well, be it so; for is it not a true one? I maintain that the mother-love in God *needs* visible representation, and is in Mary most perfectly "bodied forth."

As we kneel in the Grotto at Bethlehem and adore with the angels our Infant King, we behold in St. Joseph the "shadow of the Eternal Father," but not the *adequate* representation of His love: for St. Joseph is only *foster-father* to the Divine Child; whereas the First Person of the Godhead has from all eternity *begotten* the Son who has just become man; and to Mary alone has He given a share in this ineffable begetting, since to her He has communicated, through the Holy Spirit, this same Divine Word to be equally *her* Son. Then, assuredly, she represents to us the mother-love in God; her own love, both for Jesus and for us, being all *His* gift, His creation.

And I repeat that this mother-love in God needs to be visibly represented. Our Divine Lord came, as St. Paul tells us, to be "the first-born among many brethren." He taught us to call God "Our Father," yet said some terrible

things, as well as many sweet things, about Him; and about Himself too, as Judge no less than Saviour. It was necessary that He should say these things; and He knew that they would not destroy our filial trust in our Heavenly Father, or our confidence in Himself, because He was going to give His *Mother* too for our Mother. He knew that His Church would soon learn to picture Him as a Child in His Mother's arms; and that this dear image would hold its place beside the crucifix for all time. He knew that when guilt-laden souls should fear to come near Him even on the Cross, by reason of their sins having nailed Him to it, they would still find the Mother of Mercy standing by to be their advocate with His Sacred Heart, and especially as Queen of the hour of death.

How important, then, in the plan of Redemption is Our Lady's place as representative of the mother-love in God! What excuse does it leave us for want of confidence in her Son's unfailing mercy? There is nothing more disastrous than to lose this confidence. How often has loss of faith begun with want of trust!

I may be allowed, I think, to give here the remainder of the sonnet quoted from just now:

See Him a Babe in Bethlehem's stable-cave!

Was ever winsome love so sweetly shown?

That Mother: will He keep *her* all His own—
The one pledge more our timid faith would crave?

Ah, no! He makes her from the very Cross

Our Mother, with a prayer that can not fail*—

*A prayer shall hold His mercy when He needs
Must judge us!*

What if heresy spurn for dross

This chain of gold? No truth has more avail

With Wisdom's children in the creed of creeds.

* Our Lady's intercession has the merit of "infallible congruity," says Catholic theology; that is, of a fitness to be heard which can never fail.

Sow an action, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny.—*Anon.*

Sketches in the Mountain Parish.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN
AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE
IN DOON."

V.—THE OATS COLLECTION.

IN an Irish country parish, a priest—especially if he be a curate, as I was,—can not well manage to discharge his onerous duties without keeping a horse; for he is often required, by night as well as by day, to make long journeys hither and thither. That eminently serviceable mode of conveyance which our quick-witted people humorously style "Shanks' Mare" (or walking), although not so expensive to maintain as the real thing, is frequently unequal to the strain on her staying powers, and demands imperatively a rest. Hence immediately after my coming to the parish I invested in a stout cob, and also the necessary riding gear and outfit.

The first time I appeared on horse-back, with my brand-new saddle, bridle, leggings, riding-whip, and shining spurs, I could see that the people were delighted beyond measure with the fine figure I cut. Their faces brightened and beamed with unaffected joy as they looked up to me when I cantered by. My horse, too, seemed to be conscious that we were the cynosure of all eyes; for he ambled and arched his neck with a proud air, and made the new saddle creak in a manner that attracted universal attention. Although I was by no means the most graceful of riders—at least for some time, until I acquired by practice a fairly jockey-like pose and ease in the saddle,—yet the old school-master of the district, who had picked up a smattering of classical lore, pompously declared that I 'sat him like a Centaur.' And, although the cob was far from being the most beautiful of his species, Tim Dolan, my next-door

neighbor, enthusiastically proclaimed that he was the "purtiest and tightest priest's horse in the three parishes."

In Killanure—as in most other parishes of Ireland, I presume,—there was an annual collection of oats made. Just as the people generously provide for the support and maintenance of "his reverence" by their voluntary offerings—or "dues," as they call them,—so they make provision for the keep of "his reverence's horse" by giving oats, or sometimes money in lieu of it; each household contributing according to its means. In my part of the parish, as I might call it, there was an old custom of collecting the oats in the sheaves, or the stooks, about the time the stacks were being made in the stubble-fields. This was the task I was now called on to perform; and I shall try to describe my experience in this novel and apparently very unclerical occupation.

Tom Ryan, the *fidus Achates* of many a curate in this tithing expedition, with horse and dray accompanied me on my rounds; and, as he knew intimately every boreen, togher, and lane on the mountain side, proved to be an invaluable cicerone. For full twenty years he had accompanied the curate of Killanure on his oats-collecting circuit; and he knew to a nicety the particular stubble-field where the priest's oats was, the gate or gap that led to it, and the precise number of stooks each farmer was in the habit of giving. He would take care to begin to "build" his load in the fields farthest away from the boreens and most difficult of access, so as to save Judy (his mare) unnecessary drawing of her burden hither and thither; and he had accurately calculated beforehand the number of houses that would contribute a fairly good load. He also claimed the right (never disputed) of a sheaf of corn—never taken from the priest's stooks, however—for Judy to munch during

the "building" of the load. Without knowing it, he acted on the principle of the Hebrew Law: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

Notebook, therefore, in hand, I presented myself at the first house in the townland where we intended to "collect" the first day,—for the collection, it must be remembered, lasted about a week. I was received by the "man of the house" and the "vanithee," not so much as one who came to ask for favors as one who came to confer them. It was the warm, kindly and respectful welcome which the Irish peasantry ever give to their *soggarth aroon*.

When I intimated my regret that I was obliged to come on a begging mission, they answered good-humoredly but sincerely: "You're heartily welcome, your reverence! It's only sorry we are we haven't twice as much to give you; and if every grain o' the lock o' oats was goold instead, we wouldn't grudge it to you."

Preceding me to the stubble-field, with sundry directions as to how I might best 'pick my steps' through muddy gaps, my benefactor would then conduct me to a group of a dozen stooks, larger than those around, and proceed to throw up the sheaves on the car, taking great care to handle them gently in order to avoid shelling the precious grains.

Tom, whilst building the load, had the habit of making complimentary comments on the generosity of the donor. "Mr. Flynn"—he "mistered" every farmer, but not so a laborer—"was always a good warrant, yer reverence, to give a dacent lock of oats," he would say; and then he would break out thus into eulogiums on the size of the sheaves and the stooks, and the quality of the corn:

"None of your little handfuls or sheaves, these; but every one of them

an armful, and every grain of oats big enough to choke a sparrow. That's the oats that'll put the life into a horse and make him leap out of his skin. In troth, we won't handle as good a lock of oats this day, yer reverence, or meet as generous a man; and signs on it he has luck. I'm afeerd we won't get as good dalin' in the next place we go to,"—pointing to a field near hand, on the farm of the Hughes boys, the next name on my list after Flynns.

They were a family—common enough in Ireland, indeed,—of old bachelors and old maids, brothers and sisters,—three of the former and two of the latter. Although comfortable, they had the reputation of being closefisted, mean and stingy; and that it was well deserved I had soon an opportunity of knowing. Whilst I was in the house, stating the object of my visit, Tom had already entered the oats-field; and, stretched full-length on the top of his load, to "keep it study,"* as he would say, was proceeding leisurely toward the centre of the field.

The two ancient brothers who accompanied me to deliver over my stooks to me, shouted and halloed after him to stop and come back to the field at the back of the house, where the priest's oats was kept, they told me, "all together in a little sthack for itself." Tom, however, to my surprise, did not seem to hear them, but kept right on to the very middle of the field, where he dismounted and began tumbling over some stooks in a routine, official kind of way, preparatory to placing them on his cart. When we joined him, he was roundly abusing Judy, who, however, only shook her head in protest—and also to displace the flies,—as she munched the sheaf Tom had given her.

"Musha, the ould mare, yer rever-

* Anglice: steady.

ence," he said, "is gettin' very head-strong entirely. Did ye see how she poked her nose down on the ground, and whipped the reins out of my hand, so that I could not stop her, when ye shouted after me, till she liked herself to stand? And all I could do was to lie close on the sheaves for fear they'd fall, and to keep them study. But we might as well take our stooks here, as we're in it now, Mr. Hughes. And fine oats it is too, by the same token,"—as he gave another sheaf to the mare to keep her quiet.

The ancient bachelor, Mr. Hughes, seemed ill at ease while Tom appropriated our due—five stooks,—but said no more about the "little sthack" at the back of the house.

As we proceeded to the next house on my list, Tom chuckled with great and secret satisfaction, apparently; and on my inquiring for the motive of his hilarity, he said in a tone of triumph, as he shouted, "G'wan ow'er that!" to Judy,—a way he had of showing his appreciation of her services when she was going on nicely, and doing her work to his entire satisfaction:

"Didn't I manage nately to defeat them ould, miserly nagirs, yer reverence, as clever as they thought they were?"

"How?" I answered. "I don't understand."

After looking at me for some moments in undisguised astonishment or perhaps pity, he replied:

"Why, I got you a lock of good oats instead of a lot of ould spruss o' straw,—don't you see, yer reverence?"

"How's that?" I said. "What do you mean?"

"Mane? Why, if I didn't go to the middle of the field, you'd get about four small stooks of corn with nearly every grain picked out of it by the hins. That's what I mane. I know that dodge of the Hughes people of ould. It's a mane trick to play on

the priest; but I'll see yer reverence is not defrauded of yer rights. You see, yer reverence, you never should take corn very near a dwellin' house or near a hedge; for the fowl or the thievin' sparrows are sure to have it picked as clane as a dog picks a bone. But we don't want our oats thrashed for us before we get it: we'd rather thrash it ourselves at home in the barn. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, the mane ould nagirs to try to pawn off their hin-picked straw on us; and to have it, too, in a little sthack, so that we mightn't know what was in it! But they're not clever enough for Tom Ryan: he won't be caught with chaff or straw—ha! ha!"

This was enlightenment for me, I must confess; for as yet I was a novice in the mysteries of oats-collecting. I must say, however, that meanness and stinginess such as I saw there was reason to suspect in this case, occurred in only one more instance in our rounds. On that occasion also Tom displayed his sagacity and diplomacy on my behalf by again pretending the mare had got her head, and was quite beyond his control until she had arrived in the middle of the cornfield, far from the place near the house where, we were informed, the priest's oats was "med up in a stack," to save us the trouble of going away to another field.

After vigorous shouting to her to "stop and stand," to "ho and hub," whilst in reality he was furtively urging her on with his whip, he declared indignantly:

"Well who'd ever suspect that mare, at her time of life, of takin' the bit in her mouth and walkin' away like that where she liked! But, sure, we'll fill up these few stooks here, sooner nor go back so far."

When I remonstrated with him afterward for such prevarication, if not positive lying, he only answered, with a pitying smile at my simplicity:

"Ye're too innocent altogether, yer reverence, for this kind of work. But lave it to me, and I'll see that ye're not wronged of even a single shafe that's yer due. No, lave it to Tom, yer reverence, that's helped to gather the priest's oats this twenty year come next Holland-tide. Before that we used to take it in the sacks. But Father Molloy, that was parish priest then, wanted the straw for his sturks o' cattle to ate as much as for litter for his horse; and so we're gatherin' it in the stooks ever since in the mountain part of the parish."

Thus from house to house I passed on, everywhere receiving a kindly, genial welcome; and, except in the two cases I have mentioned, everywhere getting the best "grain" of oats in the field. The elderly people would greet me warmly with the outstretched hand of friendship; but the younger folk, boys and girls, would generally hold back, shyly and hesitatingly, until a kind, simple word encouraged them to betray their feelings and their real affection for me.

Ah, what a deep, silent, genuine reverence these brave bouchals and modest colleens had for my sacred character as a priest,—so great that they would not dare even to show the least signs of familiarity with me in word or act, through very excess of reverence! To them the priest is too sacred to be spoken to or treated as ordinary people are. Even though he comes from their own class, once the sacred unction has been laid on him he is regarded as almost infinitely above them and severely apart from them. Hence, although they may like the pleasant, "gallas" man who somewhat descends to their level in his conduct and conversation, they reverence and respect more the priest who, whilst being kind, considerate and humble, yet in his intercourse with them maintains a dignity and discreet reserve and aloof-

ness. Him they style a "grand man"; the other, perhaps a "nice man."

A principal personage on the mountain side was the Widow Maloney, in whose "haggard" a portion of the priest's oats was always temporarily stored. On my second day's circuit I dined at her house, in virtue of an old-standing custom and a very pressing invitation. Being far from my own house, and tired and exhausted with my day's tramping through stubble-fields, I gladly accepted her proffered hospitality. I had no idea, however, that it was to be on such a lavish scale. I found that her two daughters had cooked for my dinner their best and fattest turkey, as also a chicken, and as much bacon and white cabbage as would feed a ploughman.

On my arrival, after introducing me to her two shy daughters, whose faces were very red from their exertions in the culinary department, Mrs. Maloney brought me to the bedroom parlor, where a change of boots was prepared—her son's Sunday pair,—with good thick socks placed before the fire. In a mysterious whisper and a hesitating way, she asked me if I'd "be plased to taste a little drop of spirits" after my hard day's walking; producing at the same time a black bottle of the "hard stuff," as also a bottle of wine. When I told her, however, that I was a teetotaler, she looked so positively grieved and disappointed that I almost regretted that the strict character of my pledge admitted of no exception. Neither was she half-satisfied when I said I would take a good strong cup of tea after dinner instead of stimulants.

"Musha," she said, "what good is in it for putting life into a person that's tired compared with a drop of the crature; or for strength or nourishment beside that good wine that I thought your reverence would take a taste of to strengthen you? But, sure, I know

your reverence wants to give good example by not touching anything. Wary on it, and ould going to it for drink, we'd be better off, all of us, if we never saw the sight of it; although a little drop of a cold day isn't bad for warming the heart."

What a grand old Irishwoman was Mrs. Maloney,—so gentle, motherly and sympathetic! In her own quaint and picturesque style, she told me story after story of priests she had known, and of their wonderful and miraculous performances, as she sat beside me; occasionally remarking that I was eating nothing, or that I hadn't the "appetite of a robin," although I had not eaten as hearty a meal for a long time. The two girls stood near, waiting for an opportunity to anticipate my wishes; listening in respectful silence to our conversation, and seeming somewhat shocked and alarmed betimes at the garrulous old woman's temerity in being so free and familiar with me. It was useless to protest against taking the various "nice, tender bits" of turkey or chicken which she kept heaping on my plate; so I let her have her way. But whenever her glance rested on the uncorked bottles, she sighed and shook her head sadly, as if things were not as they should be. Had I the appetite of a boa-constrictor and the digestion of an ostrich, I doubt if I could even then convince her that I had dined well. I almost laughed aloud when, with the cup of tea, several good slices of buttered bread were produced as dessert.

It was true Irish hospitality indeed,— "lashin's and lavin's" without doubt. It brought to my mind the Scripture description of God's own goodness—"good measure, and pressed down, and shaken together, and running over."

Well, I had at last finished the oats collection, and I was half glad and half sorry that my task was done; for, although it was tiresome work

"ploughing through stubble-fields all day," as Tom expressed it, nevertheless the pleasure of a chat with the people and the cordiality of their welcome more than compensated me for the labor. It was no mere conventional welcome, but a true and real affection,—that deep affection which the Irish peasant ever preserves in his heart's core for his *soggarth aroon*; an affection tender and true as a mother's for her first-born, and warm and generous as God's own love. His would be a cold heart indeed that would be insensible to it. For me, it was balm and honey and myrrh and frankincense.

After arranging a division of the stooks with my parish priest, according to which he received the lion's share, I gathered what remained into my barns and forthwith employed Phil Flattery to thresh it with his flail. For many days the thud of the swingle descending on the sheaves, accompanied by Phil's apparently endless, rollicking ditty, was familiar sound to me. Occasionally, during my leisure hours, I called in to the barn to inquire into the progress of the work and to have a chat. Phil could thrash and tell a story at the same time, in a manner that excited my admiration. He could even emphasize a point by an unusually vicious stroke of his flail; and as he dexterously reversed the sheaf with the pliable *boolteen*, he utilized the interval to turn a period in his narrative with homely, untaught eloquence.

It must not be imagined that he was wanting in respect and deference in thus continuing to work while he conversed with me. To prevent such a misconception, he took care to remind me that he was working for me, not by task but by the day. In this connection he told me a story—a perfectly true one—of a former curate who employed a certain thresher in the parish (a rival of Phil's, whose

name he felt bound to withhold from me), who played a "mane trick, the spalpeen!" on his innocent, unsuspecting reverence.

"What do you think, yer reverence," said Phil, indignantly, "but he encouraged poor Father McCarthy by all kinds of wonderful stories of fairies, ghosts, pookas and banshees, to spend a good part of the day with him in the barn, while he leaned on the flail, not doin' a tap all the time, the cute rogue! Sure, he got twice the wages he should get before he had the priest's oats thrashed. And he didn't half thrash it, by the same token; for the straw of it that thatched Father McCarthy's cow-house that winter grew a fine crop of oats the next spring."

As Robinson Crusoe would say, I lay quietly in my castle during the latter half of October. I had now made a very complete circuit of the Mountain parish, visiting every house in it; and the more I saw of its people, the better I liked them. In my student days in Maynooth College I once heard a "grand old man," then the Primate of All Ireland, addressing a few words on Prize Day to the newly-ordained priests; and as he dilated on the simple faith and fervent piety of the poor peasantry amongst whom their lot would soon be cast, he burst into tears. I now saw for myself that the great old prelate's picture, vividly colored though I thought it then, was no fanciful one, but beautifully and literally realized—and more than realized—in the lives of the humble people amongst whom I labored.

With my experience of English ways still fresh, and almost unpleasantly suggestive of unfavorable comparisons between the two nationalities in point of worldly wisdom, I could wish many things that came under my notice to be far otherwise than they were. In the arts of getting gold and securing

the comforts gold can give, they were plainly inferior to the worldly-wise and materialistic English people. However, if they were backward and unprogressive as a commercial people, I knew there were very good reasons to account for it. I resolved to help them to remedy their defects in this respect, to the best of my ability, as opportunity occurred; and to aid them to get out of the "Slough of Despond" in which long centuries of misgovernment and persecution had left them. In this connection I can not refrain from giving a brief quotation from the writings of an Irishman who, during his all too brief span of life, helped to bring "a new soul into Erin," and died of overwork in the effort.

Shakespeare has described the "seven ages of man" in language so natural and appropriate that one can almost hear the cry of the mewling infant, and see the loitering schoolboy, the giddy youth, the grave, chastened man of the world—and the rest; but Thomas Davis, in his pregnant essay on "The State of the Irish Peasantry," has given us a no less realistic picture of the infancy and childhood, youth, manhood and old age of the poor. In the trammels of court ceremonial, hit about the same time a very different honor was offered to her. Madame Elizabeth and Madame de Saisseval stemmed each other so much in character, that they had always felt drawn toward each other by a mutual sympathy; and Madame de Saisseval, declining the brilliant offer made to her, chose the friendship of one whose virtue and piety she recognized as more genuine and more perfect. The Princess, who had long wished for her aid in her many pious associations, devotions, and good works, told her that she intended to beg the King that she might be attached to her person after the death of Madame Victoire. It was, a truth, to this holy friendship that

twenty-two; the other seventy-five are celibates. These figures seem to proclaim a sort of moral law in accordance with which the renunciation of marriage is most commonly the condition and the consequence of a life entirely sacrificed to the service of others. This fact arises naturally, by the force of circumstances, without the coercion of any external rule; often, indeed, without any premeditated or well-considered determination on the part of the celibates. "If a single life," comments our Academician, "is in some cases the result of a calculating egotism that dreads responsibilities and would live for self alone, it certainly represents in other cases the high tide of devotedness. Herein there is perhaps food for thought in those who to-day wish to discover in the vow of chastity a legal cause of incapacity and unworthiness."

There remains a final classification, by no means the least interesting,—that of the moral motives, or moving principles, which have determined the prize-winners to accomplish the virtuous actions rewarded by the Academy. Three years ago another Academician, an eminent thinker whom none would suspect of settling an investigation by preconceived ideas, M. Jules Lemaître, put the same question that M. Thureau-Dangin asks now: What motive impels these people? M. Lemaître answered: "It turns out that a very notable number of our clients have 'confessional faith.' . . . It is certain that in doing good they hope for paradise." This year's orator gives the same answer. Not, as he says, that he has discerned in all the briefs, with equal precision, the moral lever of the deeds recorded; but as often as he could do so—and it was in far the greater number of cases—he invariably found a religious lever, and never one of an opposite character.

Now, in this connection, it can not

with any justice be argued that the French Academy has gone out of its way to seek by preference in the shadow of the churches for the virtues which it recompenses. Its appeal for information is addressed indifferently to all. Moreover, any suspicion that clerical wire-pulling has had anything to do with the naming of the winners is excluded by the statement of M. Thureau-Dangin that the great majority of the names submitted to the Academy were sent, and favorably commented upon, by the prefects of the various departments. There is a sly bit of caustic criticism in the orator's adding: "I hope that I am doing these officials no injury in making this statement; in any case, I have mentioned no names."

The peroration proper of this notable oration deserves reproduction in its entirety:

"From what I have said, you will please observe, I do not pretend to argue that there can not exist abnegation and heroic charity save under the inspiration of religious beliefs. No; I know, as you all know, examples to the contrary. But I do argue and conclude that among the generality of people, and especially in the world of the simple and lowly among whom are found the candidates for the Montyon prizes, religious faith is the habitual, not to say the only, source of these notable virtues, these instances of extraordinary devotedness. I am not dissertating philosophically: I am merely stating a fact. This being so, to work, as in France is now being done openly (I was going to say officially), for the destruction of all religion among the people is to risk—is it not?—the drying up of this source. Is there any means of replacing it? Or is it believed that our society can be deprived of these virtues without being, by the same stroke, diminished, lowered, dis-crowned? It is well for a nation to

be rich, learned, elegant, refined in all things; but that is not the sum total of good. Society needs, as a corrective of a civilization which is preoccupied chiefly with pleasure and material prosperity, a certain leaven of moral beauty, of heroic virtue,—in a word, of sanctity.

"The virtues of these laboring men and women, these humble servants whom we crown to-day, are few enough in comparison with so many, I will not say merely vices or crimes, but so many lives that are mediocre, ordinary, egoistically comfortable or ambitious; yet the number, though small, means much. It saves the honor of humanity, redeems its cowardice, sounds the protestation of the ideal against all that tends to debase life. Few as they are, these examples constitute the ten just persons whose presence would have prevented the Lord from destroying Sodom and Gomorrah."

Devil-Worship in Ceylon.

THE amount of superstition in the world—especially, of course, among pagans—is hard to realize. The dark cloud still lowers even where European civilization has long been established. The superstitious practices prevailing here and there among Christians are harmless, and fade from memory when one contemplates the awful darkness in which so many of the world's inhabitants are plunged. A correspondent of the *Catholic Messenger* of Ceylon thus describes a form of superstition which he declares to be very common in the more remote districts of the island:

People living in the towns have no idea of the extent to which devil-dancing is practised in the villages. Every ailment that does not easily submit to medicine is attended with a devil-dance, even when the patient is about to breathe his last. Death, of course, follows; but that is no reason for discontinuing the practice. The participants find innumerable reasons for the

failure, but see none against the custom itself.

A devil-dance is no inexpensive affair. On a board, some twelve feet square, you make with fine clay the images of three or more gods and goddesses—or devils, for there is no difference whether you call them *yakkus* or *devatas*. These images are daubed with various colors obtained usually from leaves and flowers and roots of trees readily found in the neighborhood. When the images are sufficiently dry, the board is placed in a slanting posture in a hall erected temporarily for the purpose, and lit with a profusion of lights.

[The dancers, the devil-priests, the tom-tom beaters, and their attendants number a dozen or more. All these you have to feed for a day or two, besides paying the amount agreed on for their trouble. This amount is sometimes as high as fifty rupees. Stipulation is also made that if the sick one should recover within a specified time, there should be paid something more.

In ordinary cases, instead of the hall and the image-board, there is a small platform raised on four small sticks, with a roof covered with young *cadjan*. On this platform, offerings of rice, cakes, young cocoanuts cut on one side, etc., are placed, and the dance is performed in their presence. At the end the offerings are carried to a lonely place and left for the devils, presumably, to consume.

In Colonel Olcott's catechism I find it stated that such practices are contrary to Buddhism. But there are Buddhist priests who observe them, and defend their conduct by a reference to the life of the Buddha, in which the *devatas*, or devils, have played so prominent a part in the salvation of the world. But for the contrivances and the assistance which they afforded the Buddha, his religion or philosophy could never have been begun or spread.

To a man of thought it is sad to reflect that after four hundred years of contact with European civilization, people are yet to be found who can believe in such vanities. It is a legitimate inquiry to make: What has the European done to wean the people from such follies?

It will doubtless be a surprise to those who still cling to the Buddhist fad, introduced into this country after the World's Fair, to learn that devil-worship is a feature of their cult. "All the gods of the Gentiles are devils." Missionaries in pagan lands have often had striking proof of the existence and power of Satan when idols were overthrown and the Sign of Redemption for the first time erected.

Madame de Saisseval attributed her "conversion," as being another instance in which Christian friendship has been the means of winning a particular soul to God.

It was on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1789, after a novena made at the request of the Princess Elizabeth, during which Madame de Saisseval received Holy Communion, that she was favored by one of those sudden graces which words can not express nor the mind fully understand. Her heart was suddenly filled with such a flood of light and happiness that she felt herself a new being and longed to begin a more perfect life. So far she had been rather worldly: this clear indication of the divine will determined her to live for God alone.

"Alas!" as she remarks, "some little time had still to elapse before my resolution could be put into execution; and it was only on the 1st of May that I definitely decided to enter upon the more perfect life, and to renounce all the pleasures and distractions usual among persons of my age and rank. I offered myself up to God, in the total abandonment of myself to Him; and promised with my whole heart to make every sacrifice which I knew would please Him, and which would not interfere with my duties at home or at court. What can we not accomplish when we are faithful and generous! I can not, indeed, be an example to others; as I do not think that any one could have been more nervous and retiring, or less independent, than I had been during the greater part of my life, and even at that particular moment. But yet, if our desires are firm and the grace of God is with us, we can do all things."

What Madame de Saisseval had resolved upon in March, she carried out on the 1st of May; and during the next sixteen years she always celebrated these two anniversaries with

an ever-increasing depth of gratitude. From this time forward her good intentions were resolutely persevered in; and, without the neglect of any of the real duties of her position, or failure to observe the etiquette due to her rank, she succeeded in freeing herself from the habits that had become a stumbling-block to her soul.

The first reform was a drastic one, and tended to make others more easy. She changed the hour of rising. "Like most other ladies of my time," she says with great simplicity, "I never got up before eleven o'clock—a ridiculous and unhealthy custom enforced by the arbitrary fashion of the day,—but now I obtained my husband's consent to be called every morning at five o'clock. The scullery-maid, the only person awake at that hour, came and knocked gently at my door, and I suppose that God gave my Guardian Angel charge over my awaking at once. I used to get up immediately, without knowing very well what I was doing; and I felt so sleepy that I often stood for some time without being able to collect my thoughts or form a single idea." Madame de Saisseval remained most faithful to this practice, omitting it on no single occasion; for in a rule of life written by her in 1848, when she was eighty-three, she invariably mentions this habit of rising at five o'clock.

It was during these long hours, gained in this victory over nature, that she found leisure to satisfy her ever-increasing desire for prayer and charitable works. In those days the ladies of the court seldom went out on foot, and on the rare occasions when they did so they were accompanied by one of the royal footmen; but Madame de Saisseval obtained her mother's permission to go to church every morning, and to accompany the Sisters of Charity to the hospital. After these two visits, which make

such a beautiful beginning to the day of a true Christian, she returned home and began her duties there, long before she could be missed by her family. It was by actual practice that Madame de Saisseval learned the great lessons of charity, zeal and mercy.

Her first attempt at apostleship was very successful. Madame de Carcado and Madame de Saisseval met at court, and, in spite of great disparity in their tastes and habits, felt very much attracted to each other. Madame de Carcado, esteemed for her lively wit and her amiability of disposition, was then one of the brightest ornaments in the Queen's circle of friends; and it was into this fashionable world that she sought to draw her new acquaintance. However, the latter was the means of drawing her in another direction; for she persuaded her to go and hear the celebrated Father de Beauregard, who was preaching in Paris at that time. This led to the conversion of Madame de Carcado. "For it was after this sermon, attended more out of affection for her friend than from any feeling of devotion," wrote Madame de Saisseval, "that Madame de Carcado determined to show the brilliant circle of Trianon the effect of God's grace on a noble and generous heart, by making before them all this profession of a new life. 'All is over! After what I have just heard I will never go to the theatre again.'"

This unexpected declaration was received with such a storm of surprise and ridicule that she was obliged to lean against a table to hide her agitation and the trembling of her knees; but she repeated courageously the words she had just uttered. Almighty God rewarded her truly heroic fidelity to His divine inspiration by an extraordinary flood of grace; and although the two friends were soon to be separated, yet in after years Madame de Carcado was able to make some return for all

the kindness she had received from Madame de Saisseval.

Meanwhile the hour of trial was drawing near. From all sides came abundant signs of the approaching storm, but no one dreamed how terrible it was to be. While the world waited in silent apprehension, the Christian, faithful to Our Lord's precept, prepared to meet the imminent trial. The papers left by Madame de Saisseval contain the following note relative to these critical days:

"In July, 1790, while I was at Vologne, where my husband was quartered with his regiment, Madame de Carcado sent me the copy of a vow made to the Most Pure Heart of Mary in order to obtain the preservation of religion in France. The vow was made by Madame Elizabeth, Madame de Carcado, the Countess Albert de Luynes, Madame de Bordeilles, and a great many other ladies whom I knew. The first promise they made was that all the associates should devote, according to their means, a certain sum of money toward some good work for promoting the greater glory of God. What this particular work was to be should be made known in the year 1791. The second promise they made was that they would undertake to pay for the education of at least one boy and one girl. Each associate was to recite a short prayer daily; an altar was to be erected to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and once a month Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was to be offered in thanksgiving for the favors received. For the same intention they promised to send to Chartres, where the famous statue of Our Lady was venerated, a votive offering of the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, executed in the purest gold."

Providence by an unwonted favor reserved the accomplishment of this vow, made by the Princess Elizabeth of France, to Madame de Saisseval

and Madame de Carcado. The money collected at the end of the year amounted to about \$12,000. Madame de Saisseval, who was then in a foreign country, never omitted to send her contribution to her friend in France. It was the exile's mite. A charitable object was soon found for their money: it was distributed among the nonjuring priests who were in danger of death, and it enabled a great many of them to take refuge in a country more hospitable to them than their own. After the Concordat Madame de Saisseval considered herself the executrix of the second promise, and spent the money on two works of charity—namely, the higher seminary for the priesthood and the foundling hospital.

Until this year everything had appeared bright in her life; but the brightest life, as we know, is uncertain, and many clouds had recently cast a shadow on her happiness. She had to mourn the death of a dearly loved brother, and had been saddened by the misfortunes of her father, who, in consequence of the Revolution, had been obliged to separate himself from his family. This, however, was but the beginning of her troubles; she was to taste yet more deeply of that cup of suffering by which Almighty God tries the souls of those who are very dear to Him, and for whom He destines the highest rewards of heaven. Emigration was the only alternative left. At the request of the unfortunate but noble-minded King, who saw that he was powerless to save himself, and who had no wish to bring ruin on his friends, the royal family, the court and nearly all the nobility had fled from their unhappy country. The palace remained empty, the rooms deserted, and the gardens abandoned.

(To be continued.)

The Truant's Return.

BY BEN HURST.

I.

IT was a delicious autumn day; and the fields, lately shorn, neatly walled or hedged in, looked their best in the slanting sunlight. To the man who threw himself down on the grassy roadside they seemed to say: "Here is safety and prosperity, and moral rectitude which alone can bring you happiness. This is your own land. Will you leave it again? Yes, because you are foolish, ambitious and ungrateful."

The girl who came briskly along the highroad partook, he thought, of the same simple, natural charm that pervaded this fair landscape. Her attire was correct and tasteful—light-grey homespun with blue linings and fittings. Her quick, decided step might be an indication of the even tenor of her mind. She held a book in her hand. Where might she be bent at this late evening hour? Ah, yes! It was Friday, and the good souls of this minor parish went to confession on Friday evenings, because there was but one priest and he had to do duty in the upper parish on Saturdays. O the strange world, he mused, where they scarcely spoke from Friday afternoon till Sunday morning, lest they should tarnish the purity of their souls before they "received"! And they were so happy, so content with their lot, living mostly in a spiritual world; while he and those with whom he had lived and worked were ever discontented, dreaming, planning, striving!

The girl came nearer. She had set out with the intention of enjoying her walk; and the sight of a lazy tramp could not remove her pleasurable sensations, even though she strongly disapproved of idleness and mendicancy. As she passed she half drew her purse, awaiting

LOVE is not getting but giving.
—Van Dyke.

a demand for pence; but was painfully aroused to a sense of her own carelessness by seeing the "tramp" erect, saluting her with well-bred composure. She bowed with a flush, hastily thrust her purse deeper into her pocket, and walked away with a more rapid step. Something dropped on the ground as she did so, but she was too confused to remark the slight noise, and continued her way; regretting that she may have wounded the stranger by offering alms where none were demanded.

The little incident, however, soon left her mind, and all her thoughts became concentrated in the object of her walk. Once, at a bend of the road where it overlooked the neighboring valley, she stopped, and a shadow of regretful longing swept over her face. Her eyes sought the distant town, and she waved her hand in the direction of a tall, isolated building in the suburbs, while a mist gathered before her sight that almost hid the view. "Hail, happy home," she murmured, "that—perhaps—never may be mine!"

It was but a moment's self-indulgence, and she set forth again, schooling herself to the fortitude and resignation that were the mainstay of her life. The persistent sound of footsteps behind her, after a time, began to disturb her meditations and create an unpleasant sensation. She had left home earlier than usual; but the road would not be long deserted, for there were sure to be many bound on the same pious errand as herself. She could not help wishing for the sound of wheels or the sight of some well-known figure ahead. It was unusual to see a stranger in this part of the County Clare; and, without once turning round, she had the certainty of being followed by the individual she had passed on the road. As the footsteps came gradually nearer, she quickened her own, and her heart beat with apprehension.

"Is this all my strong nerves amount

to?" she asked herself; and then murmured softly:

"Dear Angel, ever at my side—"

The road would soon branch off in different directions, and this might bring separation. There was still a mile between her and the little chapel of her destination. But the crossing did not deliver her from the pursuing footsteps, and now she could not tell how long her courage would hold out—when she might begin to scream and run like a silly, frightened child.

"Kind God!" she said audibly at last. "I am in Thy hands always!" She then stopped and turned to confront her pursuer.

He was striding forward at a great pace, and now he removed his cap with one hand and held forth a brown object in the other.

"I had hard work to overtake you," he said breathlessly. "You walk so fast! You let fall this, I think."

The girl studied his face attentively while he spoke. She took the rosary beads and put them in her pocket, remaining silent the while. Then a happy smile lit up her face and she held out her hand.

"Thank you, cousin Tom!" she said.

The stranger drew back amazed.

"Why, who can you be," he asked, "to remember me after seven years? A relative too. Let me see! Are you little Molly?"

"No: I am Molly's sister. Molly is happily married these three years. I am the smaller one—the child you used to hold on the horse's neck before you, while Molly clung on behind. Don't you remember?"

"Of course I do!" he said, laughing. "So you are Norry?"

"Nora, now that I am grown up. You have done well to come back, dear Tom! Your father wants you badly."

"I have not come to stay long—" he replied, and then stopped before her earnest, reproachful glance.

There was a silence. They were walking on together, and he began to explain how he had a fancy to walk from the railway station and review at leisure the old haunts before announcing his arrival at home.

"If you had not dropped your rosary," he answered, "I should have surprised father before this. As it is, I shall wait for you and we can return together. He will be pleased to see me, I know."

"Of course," said Nora, gravely. "He has been long expecting you, poor old man! But if he suspects you intend to go away again, I fear the disappointment will outweigh all else."

"Why, he is used to my absence!" said Tom, uneasily. "And I fail to see how it injures anybody."

The young girl threw back her head impatiently.

"It is not fair to shift one's natural obligations onto other people's shoulders," she said.

Her cousin flushed.

"I did not look at it in that light," he replied. "Surely your sister and yourself have only profited by my absence. Not that I ever grudged you the home my father gave. But I could not think that *you* would feel aggrieved at my yielding you all rights and claims."

Nora was about to speak, but she thought better of it, and shut her lips tight. She felt that his own good sense and kindlier feeling would say to him all she might have said; and she was right: He found himself reflecting on all she could answer, and he was manly enough to be ashamed.

"I have been ungenerous just now," he said after a while. "Your presence in my father's house was no excuse for my wandering life; and you more than earned any little addition he made to your own small fortunes. It is I who am bounden to you both."

"We could not have left my uncle

alone at his age," she said, quietly. "Not for interest, but for duty's sake. Molly nursed him through two severe illnesses, and he insisted on furnishing her house when she married. Now, I have taken her place—until you return. I beg of you to release me by taking your proper place in your own home."

He looked at her in astonishment.

"This is, indeed, plain-speaking, cousin Nora," he said. "How could I settle down here to this monotonous country life,—I who have tried my hand at almost everything and am never satisfied except with something new?"

"It would be novel to stop thinking of yourself," she answered, and was sorry the moment after for the cutting words. "No, dear Tom," she went on, "I should not have said that; for I know the time has come when you will readily fulfil all your obligations. It was so natural to wish to see the world first; and we are proud of your success as a journalist."

"Butter me up! Go on, wily girl!" he said, smiling; thinking to himself: "Nothing jarring can be long in her vicinity. She looks serene and carries order into any chaos with which she is brought in contact. But can she transform *me*?"

As if in answer to his thought the girl said:

"God's ways are wonderful. You do not know, perhaps, how it is that you are back here just now? It is because I prayed for it and God heard me. I have made so many novenas for your return!"

The traveller was dumb before this living faith.

"We all have our plans and hopes," she went on; "and each of us has a particular idea about the way to salvation for one's self; and I have had mine, but your taste for life in foreign lands was the stumbling-block. Do you still think it right—or—good for you, Tom?"

"You and I seem to belong to two different worlds," he answered. "I can not at once enter into yours and think as you think. Why, you, or the people around you, do not know life! You live in a dream. When I am away I can not realize it. I can not even explain it to others. You are absorbed in a cloud of supernatural ideals. You think only of your souls."

"How strange, how mad to think of anything else!" cried the girl. "I could be interested only in real and lasting things. Surely the pursuit of wealth or glory or such transient advantages is a loss of time."

"Little Norry has become too clever for me," he responded, smiling. "I will not dispute with you, for I should be worsted."

"But answer me," she begged. "You were dissatisfied at home, and you wished for a larger life and greater material advantages. Have you, then, found happiness?"

"Indeed, no," he said, with a sigh; "though I have had some moments of enjoyment or satisfaction. But, in general—for everybody—life is a failure."

"How can you say so!" asked the girl. "Life is a beautiful gift made to us so as to lead to a better. Why, otherwise, do we exist? And can life be a failure while we do our duty?"

"You are lucky to be so secure!" he said. "I often wished I had a duty or something definite to hold on to."

Nora was shocked for a moment.

"Poor Tom!" she said. "Where have you lived and among whom, to speak as you do? And your duty is plainly marked out. It is to stay among your own people and be a comfort to your father. He prays for you, he longs for you, night and day. I know that it is hard when inclination is opposed to duty; but we must fight our way on, all the same."

"What a very serious girl you are, Nora, for your age!" said Tom. "What

duty can you have that clashes with your inclinations? Tell me. Perhaps I can help you."

"You alone can help me," she replied. "It is *your* place that I am filling, Tom; and I want you to set me free."

"Do you want to marry somebody that can not come to live with you at my father's?" he asked. "Perhaps we could arrange that. In any case, I will not be a hindrance to any settlement that would give you a happy home. Why do you smile?"

"Because your mind always turns to the material side of things. I have no project of marriage in head, but I wish for my freedom. Is it just, after all, that my youth should pass in performing *your* duty while you follow your fancy?"

"No," he said slowly, "it certainly is not just. But—all this is so new to me! I shall have to think it over. I did not return with the intention of remaining."

"Of course not," she said. "God sent you here without your knowing why. And our meeting to-day was providential. I have often rehearsed all I should say when I met you. I was often discontented, and God has been so patient with me. O Tom, how wonderful He is to bear with us! Will you wait for me?"

They had almost reached the humble chapel, so familiar to his boyhood; and he stood irresolute, almost afraid to enter.

"Yes," he answered in a low voice, "I shall wait for you, and we will walk back together."

Then, mechanically, he found himself following her; and, once inside the sacred building, old habit reasserted itself. He took the holy water, fell upon his knees and said "Our Father," with the memory of former devotional impulses filling his heart.

As they walked home together, his companion's reserve left him free scope for reflection, and long before they

reached the patriarchal farmstead his future seemed clear. The happiness he had sought afar awaited him here. An angel strong and pure would be given to lead and uphold him. Her presence had already sown peace and joy in his troubled soul. Her wishes and strivings would be his own, and together would they walk in the serene path of duty. If only—he were not so unworthy!

II.

"Father," said Tom, while his hands still lay in the old man's trembling clasp, "I have come to stay with you, if you and Nora will have me. I am tired of foreign lands. I mean to settle down here and help you on the farm."

"Oh—Nora?" cried the old man, gleefully. "Never mind Nora! *She* will not be long here now. God bless you, boy!"

A sharp pain caught at Tom's heart, and he turned to her with a look of interrogation; but she only waved her hand and said, with a radiant face:

"On Sunday, dear, good Tom, I'll tell you all, and how very, very happy you have made me."

He was forced to be content with this; and all next day he gave himself over to dreams, which were, nevertheless, pervaded by an instinctive misgiving as to his own fitness to be a companion to this lofty, energetic soul, who considered the present life of so little moment. Together, he tried to think, they would strive and ascend the heights; and her earnest faith would kindle his, which had been dormant. She would rouse his dull soul to search with her after the highest good; and her calm contentment in the humble sphere allotted to them would become his own. The canonical obstacles to their union as close kindred, he reflected, would be hard to overcome; but all must yield before his pressing want of her regenerating presence.

His appearance with his father and cousin at the early Mass on Sunday morning caused much excitement among the parishioners. It seemed to Tom that he had been absent but a short while from these friends, whose faces he remembered well, and who greeted him with kindly words of welcome. No, he would never leave them again. Nora was right. The pursuit of pleasure was but idle folly, and in the serene path of righteousness lay joy and everlasting gain. He remembered with a smile that his gay comrades in San Francisco had styled him "The Monk," and it pleased him to believe that Nora's calm logic had only awakened his innermost convictions.

But this sanguine state of mind was brief. Whence came the sudden transformation of Tom's ideas and plans? From his seat in the gallery he looked down on the crowd of worshipers, among them Nora—close to the altar rails. She had held aloof from him and everybody on yesterday, but he understood and respected her spirit of retreat. Now, however, her face was visible to him for a moment, as she gently moved to yield her place to others; and that one glance sent the cold thrill of separation to his heart. He bowed his head upon his hands and felt that the realization of his hopes would mean, even to himself, nothing but desecration. The cry went up from his soul: "God, how blind and presumptuous I have been! I am not worthy of her who is so close to Thee."

A great desolation filled his heart as he recalled the many turpitudes of his wandering life.

"Even if she forgave and, in her innocence, overlooked all," he thought, "how dare I come anigh her, stained as I am! The lowliest of the hinds who surround her is more deserving than I. Which of them has failed to kneel here with her Sunday after Sunday? And what have I to show? Not even one

hour of worship weekly. Yet I profess to believe in God and to render all I owe! I have been mad. My hopes are vain."

The church emptied itself slowly, and little groups formed themselves in the churchyard. Tom and Nora stood at his mother's grave, and it was Nora who broke the silence:

"She was always sure you would come back to us, Tom. She prayed for you every day of her life. So will I, now and always. You must come to see me, Tom, often—with uncle—when—"

She stopped and a rosy flush covered her forehead.

"You know, Tom, that I aspire to take the veil?"

"In which Order?" he asked, huskily.

"The Sisters of Mercy. They are so good—to accept me! May I go next week? I have waited for three years."

"You shall go whenever you wish," he said. "And—pray, dear Nora, that I may not grow despondent, and that grace may work in me too."

Conditions Favorable to Virtue.

A FEW weeks ago we gave our readers the translation of an interesting extract from the discourse of M. Thureau-Dangin, of the French Academy, on the occasion of the last annual award of the Montyon "Virtue Prizes." The closing paragraphs of that same discourse are perhaps of still greater interest. In any case, we deem it well worth while to summarize here the conclusions to which the gifted Academician was led by an intelligent and thorough study of the multiplied "briefs," or reports of notable instances of virtue, submitted to the judges whose duty it is to make the awards.

Premising that such a study would throw no light on the comparative virtuousness of the rich and the poor, since, by the conditions of M. Montyon,

the prizes are restricted to "the poor of France," the speaker said that where the briefs begin to furnish interesting information is, as to the degree in which, among the poor, virtue is distributed among dwellers in the country and those in the cities and towns. A certain idyllic conception of a country life might easily lead one to believe that the rural districts would show a great superiority over the urban ones. It does not appear that such is the case. Of ninety-seven prize-winners, fifty-five were born and are living in the country, while forty-two are residents of large cities or good-sized towns. It is true that, of these forty-two, nineteen were born and brought up in the country; but it is in the cities that their virtues have been exercised. The proportion of urban virtues, therefore, especially in view of the reputation commonly attributed to cities, is considerably larger than might be expected.

As between men and women, M. Thureau-Dangin finds the figures much more peremptory, and the inequality flagrant. Eighty-one women, ten men, and six households (the family taken collectively), constitute the roll of prize-winners; and this notwithstanding the avowal of the orator that the judges were, if anything, somewhat less rigorous with male than with female competitors. Feminine virtue enjoys a crushing superiority. "It remains for us," gracefully declared the speaker, "only to acknowledge it with good grace and becoming humility. Let us comfort ourselves with the reflection that we men are the first to benefit by the devotedness in which the women so manifestly surpass us."

There is another point as to which these Montyon statistics are not less significant: the comparison between the numbers of married and of unmarried prize-winners. Of the married and widowed together, there are only

twenty-two; the other seventy-five are celibates. These figures seem to proclaim a sort of moral law in accordance with which the renunciation of marriage is most commonly the condition and the consequence of a life entirely sacrificed to the service of others. This fact arises naturally, by the force of circumstances, without the coercion of any external rule; often, indeed, without any premeditated or well-considered determination on the part of the celibates. "If a single life," comments our Academician, "is in some cases the result of a calculating egotism that dreads responsibilities and would live for self alone, it certainly represents in other cases the high tide of devotedness. Herein there is perhaps food for thought in those who to-day wish to discover in the vow of chastity a legal cause of incapacity and unworthiness."

There remains a final classification, by no means the least interesting,—that of the moral motives, or moving principles, which have determined the prize-winners to accomplish the virtuous actions rewarded by the Academy. Three years ago another Academician, an eminent thinker whom none would suspect of settling an investigation by preconceived ideas, M. Jules Lemaître, put the same question that M. Thureau-Dangin asks now: What motive impels these people? M. Lemaître answered: "It turns out that a very notable number of our clients have 'confessional faith.' . . . It is certain that in doing good they hope for paradise." This year's orator gives the same answer. Not, as he says, that he has discerned in all the briefs, with equal precision, the moral lever of the deeds recorded; but as often as he could do so—and it was in far the greater number of cases—he invariably found a religious lever, and never one of an opposite character.

Now, in this connection, it can not

with any justice be argued that the French Academy has gone out of its way to seek by preference in the shadow of the churches for the virtues which it recompenses. Its appeal for information is addressed indifferently to all. Moreover, any suspicion that clerical wire-pulling has had anything to do with the naming of the winners is excluded by the statement of M. Thureau-Dangin that the great majority of the names submitted to the Academy were sent, and favorably commented upon, by the prefects of the various departments. There is a sly bit of caustic criticism in the orator's adding: "I hope that I am doing these officials no injury in making this statement; in any case, I have mentioned no names."

The peroration proper of this notable oration deserves reproduction in its entirety:

"From what I have said, you will please observe, I do not pretend to argue that there can not exist abnegation and heroic charity save under the inspiration of religious beliefs. No; I know, as you all know, examples to the contrary. But I do argue and conclude that among the generality of people, and especially in the world of the simple and lowly among whom are found the candidates for the Montyon prizes, religious faith is the habitual, not to say the only, source of these notable virtues, these instances of extraordinary devotedness. I am not dissertating philosophically: I am merely stating a fact. This being so, to work, as in France is now being done openly (I was going to say officially), for the destruction of all religion among the people is to risk—is it not?—the drying up of this source. Is there any means of replacing it? Or is it believed that our society can be deprived of these virtues without being, by the same stroke, diminished, lowered, dis-crowned? It is well for a nation to

be rich, learned, elegant, refined in all things; but that is not the sum total of good. Society needs, as a corrective of a civilization which is preoccupied chiefly with pleasure and material prosperity, a certain leaven of moral beauty, of heroic virtue,—in a word, of sanctity.

"The virtues of these laboring men and women, these humble servants whom we crown to-day, are few enough in comparison with so many, I will not say merely vices or crimes, but so many lives that are mediocre, ordinary, egoistically comfortable or ambitious; yet the number, though small, means much. It saves the honor of humanity, redeems its cowardice, sounds the protestation of the ideal against all that tends to debase life. Few as they are, these examples constitute the ten just persons whose presence would have prevented the Lord from destroying Sodom and Gomorrah."

Devil-Worship in Ceylon.

THE amount of superstition in the world—especially, of course, among pagans—is hard to realize. The dark cloud still lowers even where European civilization has long been established. The superstitious practices prevailing here and there among Christians are harmless, and fade from memory when one contemplates the awful darkness in which so many of the world's inhabitants are plunged. A correspondent of the *Catholic Messenger* of Ceylon thus describes a form of superstition which he declares to be very common in the more remote districts of the island:

People living in the towns have no idea of the extent to which devil-dancing is practised in the villages. Every ailment that does not easily submit to medicine is attended with a devil-dance, even when the patient is about to breathe his last. Death, of course, follows; but that is no reason for discontinuing the practice. The participants find innumerable reasons for the

failure, but see none against the custom itself.

A devil-dance is no inexpensive affair. On a board, some twelve feet square, you make with fine clay the images of three or more gods and goddesses—or devils, for there is no difference whether you call them *yakku's* or *devatas*. These images are daubed with various colors obtained usually from leaves and flowers and roots of trees readily found in the neighborhood. When the images are sufficiently dry, the board is placed in a slanting posture in a hall erected temporarily for the purpose, and lit with a profusion of lights.

[The dancers, the devil-priests, the tom-tom beaters, and their attendants number a dozen or more. All these you have to feed for a day or two, besides paying the amount agreed on for their trouble. This amount is sometimes as high as fifty rupees. Stipulation is also made that if the sick one should recover within a specified time, there should be paid something more.

In ordinary cases, instead of the hall and the image-board, there is a small platform raised on four small sticks, with a roof covered with young *cadjan*. On this platform, offerings of rice, cakes, young cocoanuts cut on one side, etc., are placed, and the dance is performed in their presence. At the end the offerings are carried to a lonely place and left for the devils, presumably, to consume.

In Colonel Olcott's catechism I find it stated that such practices are contrary to Buddhism. But there are Buddhist priests who observe them, and defend their conduct by a reference to the life of the Buddha, in which the *devatas*, or devils, have played so prominent a part in the salvation of the world. But for the contrivances and the assistance which they afforded the Buddha, his religion or philosophy could never have been begun or spread.

To a man of thought it is sad to reflect that after four hundred years of contact with European civilization, people are yet to be found who can believe in such vanities. It is a legitimate inquiry to make: What has the European done to wean the people from such follies?

It will doubtless be a surprise to those who still cling to the Buddhist fad, introduced into this country after the World's Fair, to learn that devil-worship is a feature of their cult. "All the gods of the Gentiles are devils." Missionaries in pagan lands have often had striking proof of the existence and power of Satan when idols were overthrown and the Sign of Redemption for the first time erected.

Notes and Remarks.

Although the Catholic community of Lassa, the forbidden city of Thibet, was destroyed after the expulsion of those intrepid Lazarist missionaries, Huc and Gabet, it is interesting to know that twenty of their converts from Buddhism suffered martyrdom for the Faith. The London *Tablet* presents evidence of this consoling fact. It is easy to believe the capabilities for good of the Thibetans when once converted to Christianity. The spirit of penance that prevails among the pilgrims to Lassa would shame most Christian penitents. "The road encircling the city, eight miles long, is painfully traversed by pilgrims, who complete the round in two days, making three thousand prostrations daily. They travel, in fact, on hands and knees, drawing up their legs and pushing themselves forward; though they rise to their feet and stand erect between the movements."

The venerable Archbishop of Boston has already taken steps toward the formation of choirs for the singing of Plain Chant in the schools of the archdiocese; and thus the assurance is given that in a few years at least the difficulty of carrying out the Holy Father's instructions will have disappeared. In the diocese of Portland, Me., not only has the same wise measure been taken, but it has been supplemented by this important enactment:

As a remote preparation for further progress in the same direction, we hereby enact another regulation which it has long been our desire to put into force. It concerns the language of the Church, which to our great regret is becoming less and less familiar to the faithful. One great source of spiritual comfort and edification to the faithful is their participation in the ritual of the Church. From this they are naturally excluded so long as they are unfamiliar with

the Church's language in her liturgy. To remove this obstacle we must begin with the training of the children, who, thus familiarized with the magnificent canticles and hymns of our solemn worship, will, later on, according to the intention of the Church, be able to share properly in her functions. For this reason, we now direct that in all schools of the diocese the children be taught the *Pater Noster*, *Ave Maria*, *Symbolum Apostolicum*, and *Angelus Domini*, in the Latin language; and the vocal prayers of the schools are to be recited in the same tongue. The children are also to be taught to sing the *Te Deum* and *Tantum Ergo*. Moreover, the principal hymns of the liturgy, such as the *Salve Regina*, *Alma Redemptoris*, etc., and the Ordinary of the Mass according to the Gregorian notation, are to be made part of the course in all our schools.

The program thus outlined is by no means a difficult one; and we should not be surprised if, as an indirect result of the Holy Father's letter, it should be taken up and even carried further in other places. Why should the acquirement of a little Latin be more difficult than the acquirement of, let us say, a great deal of slang?

At a religious meeting in London some weeks ago, Sir George Kekewich was moved to say that he opposed the Education Act "because he was a Protestant first, a Christian next, and an Anglican afterward." On which *Catholic Book Notes* remarks, somewhat dryly: "It has long been manifest that a large number of folk put their Protestantism before their Christianity, but we do not remember to have seen until now any open profession of the fact."

We are disposed to rejoice that the Pan-Anglican Conference at Washington passed a resolution urging that, in the case of marriages with Catholics, members of the Protestant Episcopal Church should be warned against promising that their children shall be brought up Catholics. A religious denomination that is powerless to deter its adherents from divorce will

not succeed in preventing them from marrying outsiders; and anything that has the effect of bringing the strict law of the Church into sharp contrast with the weak discipline of the sects can not but have a beneficial effect on all who observe it. It is very unlikely that the resolution to which we have referred will check the evil of mixed marriages to any great extent; but it will certainly serve to show how the Church frowns upon such unions, and emphasize the importance which she attaches to the promises always exacted of the non-Catholic party.

In an Eastern city that we know, a wealthy Catholic gentleman has founded a home where released prisoners may live in peace and comfort till they can obtain honest employment. The charity is not abused; for those who elect to follow crime as a vocation find it a dull place, while to men of goodwill it is the very mercy of God. The founder takes a personal interest in his guests, conducts some simple religious exercises for them every day, supplies them with helpful reading, and advises them in the difficulties they meet with in the attempt to stand upright after their fall. Only those who know the conditions fronting a penitent prisoner after his release from jail can have any idea of the good effected by this institution. It is a beautiful charity, a noble use to make of wealth. It ought to be duplicated in every prison-city in the world.

Canada claims the honor of having in her Senate the oldest living legislator. Senator Wark, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, reached the century mark on the 19th ult., and, notwithstanding that fact, purposes taking his usual active part in the approaching session of the Canadian parliament. It would seem either that political life in the Dominion is not quite so

strenuous as with us, or that the venerable parliamentarian was blessed with both an exceptionally good constitution and an unusually level head in treating the same with prudence and foresight. Our Canadian exchanges assure us that Mr. Wark's career has been as fruitful in good works as it has been lengthy; and that is the best comment on the rare personages who nowadays celebrate their one hundredth birthday.

From Mauke, one of the Cook Islands, a zealous missionary, Father Castanie, sends word that, though the island is "full of Protestants," he enjoys a freedom from interference that has proved highly advantageous to his work. The island counts only four hundred and fifty people altogether, of whom fifty have been baptized by him within five months. And they were not all infants either. "Among the converts," he writes, "I ought to mention a Protestant deacon, an old man nearly a hundred years of age, whose father, the King of Atin, admitted into his island the first Protestant missionaries, and thence brought them to Mauke. In spite of his years, the aged convert is still hearty. His wife, younger than he by some twenty years, has also been converted. She was a leader of the native Protestant missionaries."

An act of kindness and charity and humility, such an act as St. Philip Neri delighted to have his penitents perform, is related by the editor of the *Church Progress* (St. Louis):

It occurred two Sundays ago, when the thermometer in St. Louis went below zero. The worshipers at the late Mass in the old cathedral had departed for their homes. Down the steps, after a few extra prayers, which had delayed her, came a fashionably attired lady. Carefully picking her way over the icy sidewalk and through the snow, she encountered an aged cripple in tatters. The front of his old shoe was

cut away and his bare foot protruded through the torn sock that covered it. He was laboring to balance himself in order to cover the exposed member. Seeing his predicament, the lady stooped down and with her kid-gloved hands drew the dirt-begrimed sock over the foot and went on her way.

A golden deed, better than a pilgrimage to Lough Derg, as Father Bernard, the saintly old Irish Trappist, used to say. Surely it was registered in heaven, but we are glad that it had an earthly witness.

On no subject of international interest has there been so much futile speaking and writing as on the subject of the religious persecution in France. The brilliant man who lays the blame on the exiled communities is only a shade more absurd than the brilliant (and generally young) man who asks, What is the matter with the Catholic manhood of France? Editors write of the Republic of M. Loubet as if it were the same sort of human institution as the Republic of M. Roosevelt; of the French people as if they were anything like our conglomerate but steady-going American people; of the average French peasant as if he were a convinced Republican and not a mere individual in a driven herd; and as if all were thoroughgoing Catholics, whereas many of them are mere patrons of Church formulas sicklied over with a pale cast of Voltairism. Whether he cries *Vive!* or *A bas!* at the Church is a mere matter of emotion with many a French peasant; and though he goes to bed a Republican he is entirely willing to wake up a Monarchist.

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The eyes of the world are just now turned upon two nations in conflict in the Far East, but it would be no surprise to us to find that events of far more import are quietly preparing nearer home, and that some months before the Russo-Japanese war is ended France will have flung up its cap for

either Prince Victor Bonaparte or the Duc d'Orleans, or perhaps some husky and energetic general of the army. It is a fact that the prospect of such a change is common talk in Paris among conservative and well-informed people; and it is a very significant fact, indeed, that the prophecy of an imminent revolution is repeatedly made and confirmed by argument by an anonymous writer in the February *Fortnightly*. We quote a few lines only: "Thus, at the present moment, as always happens in France, the Republic is on the eve of being replaced by a military Dictatorship or a Consulate, which will be the preliminary either to the Empire or the Monarchy. Out of a hundred Frenchmen, seventy-five are eager for the crisis and the end of the present régime. Every day which passes sees the number of Republicans diminish." If such prophecies excite surprise or incredulity in this country, it is not altogether the fault of the prophecies. Almost anything may happen in France overnight.

The Rev. Mr. Hinckley recently preached in the Unitarian church of Philadelphia on what he called the "human" Sunday. Among other things, he said:

A new spirit is abroad. It has converted the ecclesiastical Sunday into the human Sunday; and you might as well try to stop the planets in their courses or stay the flow of the tides as to set back or turn aside the great humanizing process which has made Sunday a day of the people. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that if the Church persists in holding up the old-time ecclesiastical Sunday as against the new-time human Sunday, the Church will go down in defeat.

It was to the Catholic cathedral in Mr. Hinckley's own city that Thackeray once pointed as he remarked: "After all, that is the only thing that can be called a church." And we feel prompted to assure the up-to-date preacher that the Church will continue to safeguard the divine Sunday as she has always

done. That the ultra-rigorous observances of the puritanical Sabbath should be succeeded by an unduly lax celebration of the Lord's Day, is quite in the nature of things; but as the Church never went to the one extreme, it is not at all likely that she will ever go to the other. She commands her children, under pain of deadly sin, to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and to abstain from all unnecessary servile work on Sunday; and that command will undoubtedly endure—and be obeyed—to the end of the world.

We suspect that there are even some Americans—there must be multitudes of foreigners—who find it hard to understand how so many creditable and even edifying post-mortem stories can be told about Senator Hanna, who was caricatured so freely during life. Of course a caricature is, as a rule, really only an attack made by a political opponent; and the position of Senator Hanna as the virtual dictator of a party which is considered friendly to capitalists exposed him more than others to this particular form of argument. But the man himself seems to have had more depth and breadth than many of his colleagues. He once said to President McKinley, in presence of a Catholic priest: "The day is not far distant when we shall have a greater crisis in this country than any we have yet passed through. The Catholic Church has at all times furnished some of the most loyal defenders of our flag, but I look to it to do still more. The day is coming when treason will rear its head and socialism become rampant; and in that hour, Mr. President (and I am not afraid to say it here or elsewhere), the flag must rely on its stanch friends; and among them, in my opinion, our greatest protectors will be the Supreme Court and the Roman Catholic Church."

Mr. P. J. O'Keefe, who records the

incident in the *New World*, says that on another occasion Senator Hanna made exactly the same statement to a friend in Chicago, adding: "I will go further now. The best friend and protector of the people will be the Roman Catholic Church, always conservative and fair and loyal. That is the power I look to to save the nation." If any one should ask why these things were not said publicly, we would answer that, in spite of the dead leader's protestation that he was not afraid to speak out "here or elsewhere," discretion is the better part of political wisdom. A friend assures us that during a heated campaign, before the infamy of the A. P. A. was completed, Senator Hanna sent a check for one thousand dollars to a Catholic hospital, only stipulating that his name be not mentioned in connection with the gift. His object, as he said, was to spare both the Sisters and himself the annoyance that would be sure to follow publicity.

"Almost complete prostration of mind and body through over-anxiety and gout" is the reason alleged by the associates of the vicar of St. John's, Middlesbrough, England, to account for his submission to the Church. A strange reason, no mistake. Gout, it would seem, should rather have influenced him to remain where he was. One afflicted with that painful malady is not naturally disposed to take steps in any direction. But, then, the City Seated on a Mountain has its mysterious attractions.

The *nobis nominavit* question, which has been the subject of long negotiations between the Holy See and the French government, having been settled—by the suppression of the word *nobis*,—it is probable that the Pope will name a number of French bishops at the next consistory.



A Little Philosopher.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

"GOOD-MORROW to you, little man!"—

"Good-morning, sir!" said he.

"This is to-day, and till it's gone
How can to-morrow be?"

"Handsome you are, my little man!"—

"Clever I'd rather be;
For handsome is that handsome does,
My mother says," said he.

"How wise you are, my little man!"—

"I could not help but be:
John Wiseman is my father's name,
And mine's the same," said he.

"And you are good, my little man?"—

"Mostly I'm as you see;
But times, when Brindle goes astray,
I'm very cross," said he.

"You go to church, my little man?"—

"There is none here—for me;
For Irish Catholics we are:
We pray at home," said he.

"Bid you good-day, my little man;

And may you always be
As good and useful as you can!"—
"I'll do my best," said he.

Uncle Edward's Adventure.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

I.

UNCLE EDWARD, did you ever have an adventure?" asked John, aged fifteen, who led what he thought a humdrum life, safe under the shelter of his father's roof.

"Yes, I have had several," answered Uncle Edward, regarding the boy with a kindly twinkle in his keen grey eyes. "You might not call it very thrilling, but at the time I considered it so."

"Oh, do tell us about it, Uncle!" exclaimed the three children together.

"Very well, I will," replied their uncle.

"You know, of course, that I was long past twenty before I ever saw the United States, which I now call home. I had been in Philadelphia several years before I met and married your Aunt Mary. But that is another story, and has nothing whatever to do with this one. Up to the age of fifteen I had never left the shelter of my father's roof, even to attend school. My uncle, a delicate man, unable to earn his living abroad, remained with us, and taught us everything we knew. And we—my brother and I—were not behind other boys of our age in our acquirements.

"I always had a passion for photography; and my uncle, who shared it, persuaded my father that a year under the instruction of a competent artist in that line would be a good thing for me. Where we lived, in an interior town adjacent to the mines, of which my father was engineer, there were several small studios, but they were not under the control of competent persons. My uncle and I had produced much better pictures than any sent out by the local photographers. His idea was that after I had spent some time learning the technicalities of the art, I could return, and together we should open a studio, of which the principal product would be views of the surrounding country, much frequented by tourists. These would always find a ready sale.

"This project met the views of my mother, who was so deeply attached to her boys that the idea of any continued separation from them, necessitated by the choice of a career which would take us from home, was almost unendurable. She was delicate, too;

and, while my father had what he considered higher aims for both, he yielded to her wish for the time being, very sensibly deciding that the study and practice of the photographic art need not interfere with the selection of another profession later.

"My uncle's plan was that I should be sent to the city of Mexico. But there we knew no one; while in Guadalajara, not more than a hundred miles from our town, my father had an intimate friend, the companion of his boyhood—a canon of the cathedral and a most excellent man,—under whose protection he proposed to place me. Accordingly, he wrote to Don Estéban Marivedo, and soon received a reply, stating that he would be glad to render all the assistance in his power in making my stay in Guadalajara safe, pleasant and profitable. He proposed one or two firms where I should be sure to obtain an opening, in order to learn the practical details of the business I had chosen to adopt. At the same time he wrote that he had made inquiries, and was glad to be able to say that the governor would receive me into his own household, where I would be welcomed and treated as a son.

"My father and mother, well pleased at this prospect, at once set about making preparations for my departure. At that time there were not as many railroads in Mexico as at present. I was obliged to travel by diligence, or what you would call stage; and set forth on a certain bright but cold winter morning for my new home. I shall pass over the sadness that ensued when I found my beloved home disappearing from view, and will admit that the sorrow of parting was lessened by the pleasure of anticipation.

"Guadalajara is a most beautiful city. I went at once to the cathedral, having left my luggage at the office of the diligence. I was received with great

kindness by my father's old friend, the canon, who invited me to take dinner with him. Afterward he conducted me to the house of the governor, who also received me kindly, introduced me to his wife, a beautiful and amiable woman; and that evening I found myself established in the palace, which overlooks the beautiful Plaza of Guadalajara on one side, the cathedral commanding one of the other sides, while the two remaining are laid out in a double arcade."

"What is an arcade, Uncle, please?" interposed George.

"A kind of long, covered archway, divided into small compartments, and usually extending from one street to another. In these compartments are small booths, or shops, where fruit, stationery, jewelry, confectionery, perfumes, and all kinds of knickknacks are sold. You call it an arcade in the United States, but in Mexico it is known as a *portal*.

"At first I was very fortunate, having obtained employment with a good firm of photographers, who, knowing my purpose, set me to work at once to learn the intricacies of the business; and I tell you I had some very dirty work to do, my dears! But it was interesting, and I had always before me the thought of what the results would be when, at the expiration of a year, I should return home.

"My surroundings in the palace of the governor were also very pleasant; though I was left a great deal to my own resources, as the position of these people required that they should devote much time to society. I will here frankly say that I did not make a single acquaintance outside of the governor's family while I remained in Guadalajara.

"The canon was very careful to see to it that I led a life of strict seclusion; for, as I was in a measure under his care, he felt himself responsible for my conduct. Of course, if I had been so

inclined, I could often have evaded his surveillance, but I was not. I smile now sometimes, and am grateful to my dear parents, when I think how absolutely unsophisticated and honest I was at that time. I would no more have thought of going out at night alone in the streets of Guadalajara than I should have tried to jump out of the second-story window. Tired with my day's work, the short evening was usually spent in the library, where I either read a little or wrote my semiweekly letters home. At nine o'clock I retired to my own room, and was soon asleep.

"There was but one unpleasant feature connected with my sojourn at the house of the governor. He had in his employ a secretary, a young man of about twenty-five, who from the first had been cold and distant toward me. Later I came to know that this circumstance was a very good thing, as he would have been a bad companion for me. He had been with the governor nearly ten years, and, being of a jealous disposition, imagined that I was later to be taken on as assistant, and no doubt feared that I might possibly supplant him one day. Once he said to me:

"Is your father Don Enrico Manresa, the famous engineer?"

"That is my father's name," I answered. "He is an engineer, but I did not know that he was famous."

"You did not? We often have to go away from home to learn things. And do you expect to follow his profession?"

"I have not decided," said I. "At present I am more interested in photography."

"But that is for a purpose, no doubt. You are hoping to enter the diplomatic service, perhaps. In that career photographs are sometimes useful."

"I hardly knew what he meant by the diplomatic service, my information

along that line having been very meagre. I looked at him wonderingly.

"You would not object, I suppose, to entering the service of the governor some day?" he then inquired, with a sneer.

"Perhaps, I should not," I replied very innocently, as I meant it.

"You are a deep one," he muttered,— "a deep one!" turning again to his desk, and leaving me in a state of mystification as to the manner in which I had offended him."

(To be continued.)

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

PART III.

II.—THE LITTLE VIOLIN PLAYER.

As the two walked along, looking for a good place to stop, Camille told the old man his story and all that had happened to him since he came to Paris.

"Where shall we stop?" he asked after he had finished.

"Stop in front of a *café*, if you can find one."

"There's one right here."

"Choose a table where there are children."

"Why?"

"Because children don't know much about music: it pleases them whether it's good or bad."

"So you think I'm going to make bad music? Here's a table where there are a gentleman and three little girls."

"That's all right! Have your dog sit down on the ground, place this cup in front of you, and begin to play."

Camille drew his bow over the strings in a way that surprised the old man.

"Why, you're skilful!" he exclaimed. "Good,—very good! Are the people gathering?"

"Yes," replied Camille, much disturbed. "I must tell you that I'm afraid, for I've never played before any

one except my uncle and my teacher."

"Have courage, my boy! I hear the sous dropping into the cup. But there must be many to make up twenty-six francs. Your stroke is growing weaker and you are slowing the measure. What's the matter?"

"I'm covered with sweat," replied Camille. "I didn't think it was so hard to play in public, before people you don't know."

"You are saving a family from suffering. Let that thought drive away the fear so natural to your age. If you are too warm, take some money out of the cup and buy a cool drink in the *café*."

"No, no!" answered Camille. "That money mustn't be touched!"

"Then take your bow and play; play, my young friend,—my saviour, I might say. God will bless the noble sweat that dampens your brow. You have had pity on a blind man, and He will have pity on you."

"Don't talk in that way. What I'm doing is very simple. Now I've played all the tunes I know. Shall I begin again?"

"Yes, if you're not too tired."

"I'm beginning to get used to the crowd. You'll see that my tones will be better this time."

And, in truth, Camille played like a little angel; and, in consequence, the rain of sous was more abundant. Everyone admired the grace and neatness of the little musician, and many were the compliments and words of encouragement. But the hour was late, the number of passers-by grew smaller, and soon the neighborhood became deserted.

Camille stopped playing, and said:

"There's no one left."

"Well, count the money, and let us divide it," said the old man.

"Divide it!" exclaimed Camille. "No, indeed. I played to help you. I have ten francs, you know."

The old man smiled as he took the receipts from the boy's hand. Just then a young girl came up to the place where they sat. On seeing them she cried out in surprise. It was the blind man's daughter, Marie.

III.—THE BEST WAY OF INVESTING TEN FRANCs WITHOUT INTEREST.

"O father, how anxious you have made mother and me!" exclaimed the girl, tremulously. "Here it is almost midnight!"

"What could you expect, Marie?" replied the blind man, cheerfully. "I lost my dog and fell down and sprained my arm. But for this little angel here, whom the good God sent to cross my path, no one knows when you would have seen me again. Sit down here, daughter, and count the money."

"If it's only enough!" said the girl, putting the sous in piles. "The landlord just left the house and he was very angry. He says if we don't pay him the whole sum to-morrow before noon, he'll put us out of doors and keep everything we have—our furniture, clothes, and even our pigeons! We were hoping brother would bring his pay, but he hasn't come home, late as it is. How any one can have the heart to go to the public house and spend money when his family are in need is more than I can understand. Here's the money all piled up; there are twenty sous in each pile; I'll count the piles."

"How much have you?" asked the old man, eagerly, as Marie counted the piles, one by one.

"Seventeen," replied Marie. "I've counted them over and over and it is always the same. O father, we are lost!"

Camille had watched the girl as her fingers moved from pile to pile. Much affected by her despair when she stopped at seventeen, he took his ten francs from his pocket and, putting

them down with the sous, he said with delightful simplicity:

"And ten more make twenty-seven."

"Your ten francs?" said the old man, moved to tears. "I don't want them: keep them. Marie, give the ten francs back to the generous boy; it's his whole fortune—all that he has in the world,—and he would give it to me! May God bless the child!"

"Since you need twenty-six francs to pay your rent, and since I earned only seventeen for you, it is but right that I should give you the rest," said Camille.

"But right!" cried the old man, excitedly. "Have you given him back his ten francs, Marie?"

"Well, father—"

"Do as I tell you, daughter; and not only that, but divide the receipts too."

"But I don't want your money," insisted Camille. "I want you to take my ten francs. My poor uncle used to say that men should help one another. I'm not a man; but, you see, if I help you to-day, to-morrow you may be able to help me in your turn."

"Take the boy's money, my friend," said a stout gentleman who, seated at a neighboring table, was listening to the debate between the blind man and Camille. "Take it, and don't worry about the pay. I'll take it upon myself to return it to him, if you can't. It's late now, and I can't stop to talk with you any longer. To-morrow I hope we shall see each other again."

Then, going up to a carriage stationed at the curb of the Champs-Élysées, he called out to his man:

"Pierre, take these good people home, and notice where they live, so that you can take me to the place to-morrow. I'll go home afoot. Good-bye till to-morrow, my friends!" he added, helping the blind man into the carriage. "No thanks, please! You are afflicted: I am well. It is not to me

you should offer thanks, anyway: it's to that child. Good examples are good to follow. Good-bye till to-morrow, my little friend!"

"Where shall I drive?" asked the coachman.

"No. 24 Rue Louis-le-Grand for the boy, and No. 3 Rue du Port-Mahon for me," replied the old man.

Camille, in his innocence, found the stout man's act perfectly natural; and after seeing Fox safely inside the carriage, and shutting the door, he called out:

"Good-bye till to-morrow, Monsieur!"

They then started off at a swift pace.

(To be continued.)

How Spiders Travel.

Some spiders have a peculiar way of travelling. They first spin a fine thread, to which they remain attached, and then wait for the wind to blow. When the current of air arrives, they are transported much as a ship is in a strong breeze. The spiders can regulate their route, in a measure; being able to increase or decrease the length of the string when they wish either to descend or to alight. A thread a yard long can sustain the weight of a good-sized young spider.

The Camel Replaced.

The patient camel is to be driven out of the Desert of Sahara, and probably he is not sorry. The vehicle which is to take his place is the automobile. These mechanical carriages are of monstrous size, each one being able to carry forty passengers; and are especially adapted to crossing great wastes of sand. They will, however, have a speed of but four miles an hour, which is not much faster than camel transportation.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Art & Book Co. announce a new edition of Bishop Ullathorne's well-known work on the Immaculate Conception.

—A new edition, in one volume, of Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Letters from Japan" is a timely publication. It contains all the original illustrations.

—The Centenary Edition of Mangan's poems, edited, with preface and notes, by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, contains nearly seventy poems which have now been collected for the first time.

—That "Touch Typewriting" is the best, the most scientific method of using the type machine is generally conceded. A thorough exposition of this method, with illustrative exercises and colored keyboard chart, arranged by Charles E. Smith, and published by Isaac Pitman & Sons, must convince even the most sceptical of the advantages of the system.

—Many beautiful tributes have been paid to the late lamented Cardinal Vaughan, but surely no tribute expresses more than that implied in the title "The Children's Cardinal." Olive Katherine Parr tells us all about the great English prelate's love for the little ones in a pamphlet published by Burns & Oates,—a pamphlet bearing on its cover a characteristic picture of his Eminence; and on reading the loving tribute one turns to the introductory sonnet again as if to change the last two lines into an assurance that he still watches over his children.

—The habit of reading in bed has recently been put up for discussion. Those who denounce it cite with modified approval the *Medical Record's* conservative opinion: "In certain cases reading in bed is harmless, in some instances it tends to do good; but, on the whole, the practice is not one to be advised." People addicted to the habit offset the foregoing dictum with the London *Spectator's* comment on the *Record's* view: "It is no wiser than such counsel as might be contained in a recommendation not to write while running, or not to sharpen a penknife while racing upstairs. . . . With an electric light, or even a properly protected candle or a gas-jet comfortably placed for immediate extinguishing, with an extra pillow enabling the reader to recline rather than to lie down, and with a bright, mild light thrown onto a well-printed page, who is to contend that reading under such conditions is worse, either for yourself or your neighbor, than reading in the study or the smoking room in an armchair?" All parties agree that the young should be prohibited from contracting the habit. As for those who are no

longer youthful, the arguments on both sides will probably leave them as they leave us, quite determined to—suit ourselves about the matter, irrespective of authorities, medical or otherwise weighty.

—"The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer" is the title of a new book by the Rev. John Gerard, S. J., shortly to be published by Messrs. Longmans. It is described as an inquiry as to how far the results of modern science affect the fundamental question of the First Cause.

—The death of Hannah Lynch in the zenith of her powers is a notable loss to the literature of fiction and criticism, and her quality as well as her name will be missed from the serious magazines. Among her works were: "The Autobiography of a Child," "An Appreciation of George Meredith," and a rather long list of novels, of which "Daughters of Men" was the most popular. *R. I. P.*

—Enterprising editors on both sides of the Atlantic would do well to bear in mind what John Boyle O'Reilly once said apropos of alleged poems by the author of "The Raven"—"Poe has written some very dreary trash since he died." There is sure to be further corroboration of this statement as soon as "The Demon of Fire" incident is forgotten. Poor Poe was frequently in a condition that precluded careful composition; but he was never so bereft of his senses, we feel sure, as to perpetrate some of the outrages against good taste and good poetry with which he has been charged.

—A story for special tastes is "The Yoke," by Elizabeth Miller, published by The Bobbs-Merrill Co. It is "a romance of the days when the Lord redeemed the children of Israel from the bondage of Egypt," and through its pages move the venerable figures of Moses and Aaron. We do not much fancy this particular flavor of fiction ourselves, but it will probably be relished by those who enjoyed the work of Georg Ebers a decade or two ago. Besides, there is for many minds a fascination in the historical novel, especially when the subject is one so remote in time and place and the life so unfamiliar as in this story.

—Two years ago Mr. Charles F. Lummis caused something of a flutter by reproducing illustrations and extracts from "The Hesperides; or, The Golden Apples," an imposing Latin volume written by Ferrarius and printed at Rome in 1646. The peculiarity of this volume was the absolutely conclusive proof it afforded that the culture of oranges, lemons, limes and citrons was

practically as far advanced in 1646 as it is to-day. As Mr. Lummis says in his own racy fashion:

The resurrection of this visible proof that orange culture has made no important discoveries or advancement in 250 years was received with general wonderment; and it was in nothing short of an astounded awe that even the "best-read" looked upon Ferrarius' perfect picture of the "navel" orange, which is the most important and exclusive product of California, but which was familiar to the orange-growers of 1646. That really was "rubbing it in" on the part of an ungrateful antiquity. To think that our invention and pride, our golden lure to the tenderfoot, the spinal marrow of our material development had been unblushingly plagiarized nearly two and a half centuries before we knew of it ourselves!

And now, piling agony upon agony, Mr. Lummis is about to show by another ancient volume in Latin—*De Re Metallica*, by Georgius Agricola—that antiquity plagiarized all our modern devices for mining also. "The inconsiderateness of this book for our feelings," writes Mr. Lummis, "is that it proves by text and illustration, that hardly one invention of the first class has been made in mining in 350 years. With the exception of the use of quicksilver, the cyaniding and other new chemical treatments of ore, our mining appliances are simply adaptations of devices that were in use long before any man that could talk English had ever sat down in the New World. We build our machines better, but we build the same old machines."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1.50, net.

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

Problems and Persons. *Wilfrid Ward.* \$4.60, net.

The Beginnings of Christianity. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D.* \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Monsig. Wrennall, of the diocese of Salford; Rev. Michael O'Donovan, diocese of Detroit; and Rev. J. G. Zealand, S. J.

Mother M. Francis, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Coleman Ehrman, of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Stone, Pierre, S. Dakota; Mr. John Gorman and Miss Sara Mathews, San Leandro, Cal.; Miss M. W. Whipple, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Joseph Donnelly and Mrs. Anna Diehl, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss K. G. Welch and Mr. E. M. Burke, Houston, Texas; Mrs. Margaret Cromwell, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Michael Butler, Providence, R. I.; Mr. George Hirsch, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. J. S. Lenhart, Peru, Ind.; Mr. John Ahern, Mr. Francis Tully, and Mr. J. B. Wrenn, San Francisco, Cal.; also Mrs. Jacobina Reusch.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For St. Mary's Indian (Okenagan) Mission: G. M., \$10; T. V. M., \$1; Sr. C., \$5; L. D., \$2; Rev. T. F., \$10; New Haven, \$1; Thomas Gallagher, \$5; M. H. D., \$10; T. A. Riordan, \$5; L. A., \$5; B. J. M., \$1; Friend, Louisville, \$2.

To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.: C. A. M., \$1; E. C., \$1.

For the Gotemba Lepers:

M. A. K., \$5; B. and M. G., \$1.

The Indian and Negro Missions:

M. A. K., \$5.

Bishop Fernandez, China:

In memory of —, \$2.

The South African Missions:

M. S. M., \$5.

The Cause of the Curé d'Ars:

Thomas Gallagher, \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 12, 1904.

NO. 11.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Remembrance.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CATHERINE JOVANOVITCH,
BY B. O'B. C.

WHEN the full summit of his life man gains,
And views the downward path that now
remains,

Silence and solitude is all around,
Where many a cherished friend before he found.
Life snatches daily that which once it gave;
Most that was dear has sunk into the grave.
Yet, as the sky after the sun has gone
Is still afire with the bright rays that shone,
So holds remembrance many a happy page
To cheer the reveries of lonely age.
How grateful to the heart this warming beam!
Right through the darkness shines its friendly
gleam.

Now love and joy and youthful hopes are fled,
Gentle remembrances come in their stead,
Only—where stormy rapture once held sway
A tender melancholy reigns to-day.

A New Encyclical.—The Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.



O the close student of the past, no fact of history is so wonderful as the absolute uniformity of the teaching that has been delivered from time to time by the Roman Pontiffs. Among the more than two hundred and fifty Popes who in unbroken succession have occupied the Chair of Peter, and from that lofty pulpit have instructed the world, there have been men of different nationalities, of widely different character, of various degrees of virtue and

knowledge, living under differing and generally difficult circumstances. They have uttered thousands of judgments on hundreds of questions ranging over the whole field of theology, at times when passion and partisanship stirred men's minds and warped their judgments; yet when we come to sum it all up we find a marvellous coherence and consistency, which the keenest and most learned assailants of the Church are compelled to acknowledge and to admire. Except on the perfectly reasonable theory that the Holy Spirit has been with the Church and over it, as Christ promised in the beginning, it is altogether impossible to account for this evident and remarkable phenomenon.*

For it is to be observed that though the Christian revelation was given to the Church once and for all by Our Lord before His ascension into heaven, it was given as a body of truth, and not as a carefully reasoned and coordinated system such as it is to-day; and hence the history of Christianity has been more or less a record of the struggles of the human mind to grasp not only the great underlying and evident truths, but to reduce Christian teaching to a system, to study legitimate inferences and make deductions, to create an accurate terminology, to clear away the mists from subjects which great teachers themselves discerned but dimly. The Church, of course, always knew

* An admirable discourse by Bishop Hedley and other sources have been freely used in preparing these introductory paragraphs.

her own mind; but the Fathers and Doctors and saints who were her interpreters did not always penetrate the Church's mind. Cardinal Newman observes that, "from the nature of the human mind, time is necessary for the full comprehension and perfection of great ideas; and that the highest and most wonderful truths, though communicated to the world once for all by inspired teachers, could not be comprehended all at once by the recipients; but, as being received and transmitted by minds not inspired and through media which were human, have required a long time and deep thought for their full elucidation."

Even so fundamental a doctrine as the Blessed Trinity is no exception to this rule. Much of what is written on this subject before the Council of Nice is obscure or inaccurate in expression; and this for the obvious reason that no individual writer on theology ever was infallible or immune from error; and so this subject had to be gravely and patiently gone over from every point of view, by the wisest and most learned and saintliest of every diocese, before the teaching of the Church was finally and formally established by infallible authority. So, too, with the controversies regarding free-will, predestination, the validity of baptism conferred by heretics, the derivation of the human soul. From time to time certain Fathers and teachers openly expressed their own individual opinions regarding current doctrines; and so the process of winnowing away the chaff of human opinions from the wheat of God's word, of brushing away cobwebs, of clearing away contradictions, of illuminating obscurities, went on till the right moment came for infallible authority to make an end of all controversy, and to put into human speech once for all the thought of the Church—to interpret her mind.

This process has been especially

exemplified in the case of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which, though contained in the original Christian dispensation, and held firmly by the faithful during intervening generations, was solemnly proclaimed as a matter of faith only half a century ago.

I.—THE DOGMA.

On few subjects have there been so much ignorant speaking and writing as on this. An eminent Protestant divine of England has declared that of any hundred of his fellow-clergymen not ten would be able to state this doctrine correctly if required to do so. Newspapers and magazines, whenever they touch on the subject at all, usually fall into blunders; and it is to be feared that even many Catholics would be unable to state the doctrine as the Church holds and teaches it. To clear away the most obvious errors, therefore, let us say at once that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception does not mean that our Blessed Mother conceived and bore her Divine Son solely by the miraculous operation of the Holy Ghost. It does not mean that Christ had no human father,—though of course, that is another truth: the doctrine of the Virgin birth of Our Lord. It does not mean that the Blessed Virgin had no human father. It means that while all other children of Adam without exception have been conceived in original sin, our Blessed Lady, by a singular and unique privilege, was preserved from the first instant of her existence sinless and immaculate. We are all born "children of wrath"; we sinned and perished in Adam. Mary is the singular and sole exception. "Purer than foam on central ocean tossed, . . . our tainted nature's solitary boast," sings the Protestant poet of her. She alone enjoyed immunity from the curse; she alone was never stained with original sin.

Theologians distinguish between

active and passive conception. The active conception is that by which the human body is formed and prepared for the indwelling of the soul. With Mary's active conception the dogma has nothing to do; the body of Jesus alone was formed by the miraculous interposition of the Holy Ghost: Mary's birth came about in the common way of humanity. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception regards her passive conception only. When the nucleus of her holy body was already prepared, her soul at the first instant of its creation was preserved free from the taint of original sin. Notice that theologians do not say that she was delivered from sin at the first moment of her conception. There were not two moments, one in which she was conceived in sin, and the next in which she was cleansed. That would have been sanctification in her mother's womb, the privilege of John the Baptist,—a very high and holy privilege indeed, but not the Immaculate Conception.

Was not the Blessed Virgin, then, redeemed like the rest of mankind by the merits of Christ? Undoubtedly. She, as truly as ourselves, was redeemed, though in a different way. We are redeemed from original sin after contracting it; she before. She was preserved from contracting it, as the prayer for the feast puts it, because of the merits of Christ foreseen and applied to her soul.

Proofs of the dogma from Scripture and tradition were easy to gather, and may be found in popular treatises that are easily accessible. But proofs are hardly needed once the dogma is accurately stated: the sense of congruity makes argument a work of supererogation. For is it conceivable that she who was to be the Mother of the all-holy God should be herself a sinner? Is it conceivable that she who was to be the dwelling-place of the Word made Flesh should previously

have been the dwelling-place of His enemy, the evil one? That she from whom was to be taken the spotless flesh of Christ should not herself be spotless? That she from whom was to come the liberating and redeeming blood of Christ should herself have been in captivity to Satan? Can any reverent mind believe that the Eternal Father would have designed for His well-beloved Son a mother less perfect than she might be? That would be to dishonor Him; yet if Mary had borne even for a moment the stigma of sin she would have been in so far an enemy of her Son. As Duns Scotus has written: *Potuit, deuit, ergo fecit*. God could do it, He ought to have done it, therefore He did it.

II.—THE JUBILEE AND THE ENCYCLICAL.

On the 8th of next December fifty years will have been rounded out since Pius IX. defined and promulgated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Another Pius sits on the Throne of Peter; and not only has he confirmed the directions issued by that great client of Mary, Leo XIII., for the celebration of the Jubilee, but he has published an Encyclical, the second of his pontificate, in which he vindicates the singular honor which the Church pays to Mary, and exhorts the faithful to imitate her virtues. In some respects the Encyclical is as different as could well be from the letters of the Holy Father's predecessor; but the tone of Pius is singularly like the tone of Leo in the intensity and sincerity of their common devotion to the Mother of God.

Beginning with an allusion to the great joy with which the definition of the dogma was received, and the universal hope that an abundance of new grace would visit the faithful in consequence of it, the Holy Father declares that "a secret instinct" leads him to hope that these great expectations are soon to be fulfilled.

"Surely the Providence of God has shown itself admirable in Our two predecessors, Pius and Leo, who ruled the Church in most turbulent times with such great holiness, through a length of pontificate conceded to no other before them. Then, again, no sooner had Pius IX. proclaimed as a dogma of Catholic faith the exemption of Mary from the original stain, than the Virgin herself began in Lourdes those wonderful manifestations, followed by the vast and magnificent movements which have produced those two temples dedicated to the Immaculate Mother, where the prodigies which still continue to take place through her intercession furnish splendid arguments against the incredulity of our days.

"Witnesses, then, as we are of all these great benefits which God has granted through the benign influence of the Virgin in those fifty years now about to be completed, why should we not believe that our salvation is nearer than we thought; all the more since we know from experience that, in the dispensation of Divine Providence, when evils reach their limit, deliverance is not far distant? 'Her time is near at hand, and her days shall not be prolonged. For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob and will choose one out of Israel.'* Wherefore the hope we cherish is not a vain one—that we, too, may before long repeat: 'The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked, the rod of the rulers.... The whole earth is quiet and still; it is glad and hath rejoiced.'†"

But the chief reason for the Holy Father's optimistic spirit, he declares, is that, as Mary is the surest and most direct road to Christ, the approaching Jubilee should excite unusual fervor in the hearts of all Christians.

"How think otherwise? Could not

God have given us, in another way than through the Virgin, the Redeemer of the human race and the Founder of the Faith? But since Divine Providence has been pleased that we should have the Man-God through Mary, who conceived Him by the Holy Ghost and bore Him in her breast, it only remains for us to receive Christ from the hands of Mary. Hence whenever the Scriptures speak prophetically of the grace which was to appear among us, the Redeemer of mankind is almost invariably presented to us as united with His Mother. The Lamb that is to rule the world will be sent, but He will be sent from the rock of the desert; the flower will blossom, but it will blossom from the root of Jesse.

"Adam, the father of mankind, looked to Mary crushing the serpent's head, and he dried the tears that the malediction had brought into his eyes. Noe thought of her when shut up in the Ark of safety; and Abraham, when prevented from the slaying of his son; Jacob, at the sight of the ladder on which angels ascended and descended; Moses, amazed at the sight of the bush which burned but was not consumed; David, escorting the Ark of God with dancing and psalmody; Elias, as he looked at the little cloud that rose out of the sea. In fine, after Christ, we find in Mary the end of the law and the fulfilment of the figures and oracles.

"And that through the Virgin, and through her more than through any other means, we have offered us a way of reaching the knowledge of Jesus Christ, can not be doubted when it is remembered that with her alone of all others Jesus was for thirty years united, as a son is usually united with a mother, in the closest ties of intimacy and domestic life. Who could better than His Mother have an open knowledge of the admirable mysteries of the birth and childhood of Christ, and above all of the mystery of the

* *Isaias*, xiv, 1.

† *Ibid.*, 5, 7.

Incarnation, which is the beginning and the foundation of faith? Mary not only preserved and meditated on the events of Bethlehem and the facts which took place in Jerusalem in the Temple of the Lord, but, sharing as she did the thoughts and the secret wishes of Christ, she may be said to have lived the very life of her Son. Hence nobody ever knew Christ so profoundly as she did, and nobody can ever be more competent as a guide and teacher of the knowledge of Christ."

The reasons for the singular power of the Blessed Virgin, as Christ's Mother and ours, are succinctly stated, after which Pope Pius passes to the consideration of the incomparable efficacy of devotion to her in cultivating the knowledge and the love of God and a cordial detestation of sin. The consideration of the Immaculate Conception especially emphasizes this lesson: "If, then, God had such a horror of sin as to have willed to keep free the future Mother of His Son not only from the stains which are voluntarily contracted, but, by a special favor and in prevision of the merits of Christ, from that other stain of which the sad sign is transmitted to all of us sons of Adam by a sort of hapless heritage: who can doubt that it is a duty for everyone who seeks by his homage to gain the heart of Mary to correct his vicious and depraved habits and to subdue the passions which incite him to evil?" How far is that luminous thought from the calumnious assertion of those speakers and writers who represent devotion to Mary as a species of idolatry,—a worship apart from the worship of God, instead of a means to secure grace, practise virtue, and attain unto eternal life, as the Holy Father shows it to be!

And let us not forget another office which the Church in her liturgy appropriates to the Blessed Virgin—namely,

that of exterminator of heresies. Cardinal Newman elaborated the thought that the dogma of the Divine Maternity has been the most efficacious safeguard of belief in the Divinity of Our Lord. The Holy Father shows that in a day when belief in original sin and in the authority of a teaching body has almost passed from the minds of men outside the Church, the Jubilee has a special message to the world.

"What truly is the point of departure of the enemies of religion for the sowing of the great and serious errors by which the faith of so many is shaken? They begin by denying that man has fallen by sin and been cast down from his former position. Hence they regard as mere fables original sin and the evils that were its consequence. Humanity, vitiated in its source, vitiated in its turn the whole race of man; and thus was evil introduced amongst men, and the necessity for a Redeemer involved. All this rejected, it is easy to understand that no place is left for Christ, for the Church, for grace or for anything that is above and beyond nature; in one word, the whole edifice of faith is shaken from top to bottom. But let people believe and confess that the Virgin Mary has been from the first moment of her conception preserved from all stain, and it is straight-way necessary that they should admit both original sin and rehabilitation of the human race by Jesus Christ, the Gospel and the Church and the law of suffering. By virtue of this Rationalism and Materialism are torn up by the roots and destroyed, and there remains to Christian wisdom the glory of having to guard and protect the truth.

"It is, moreover, a vice common to the enemies of the faith, of our time especially, that they proclaim the necessity of repudiating all respect and obedience for the authority of the Church, and even of any human power,

in the idea that it will thus be more easy to make an end of faith. Here we have the origin of Anarchism, than which nothing is more pernicious and pestilent to the order of things, whether natural or supernatural. Now, this plague, which is equally fatal to society at large and to Christianity, finds its ruin in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, by the obligation which it imposes of recognizing in the Church a power before which not only has the will to bow, but the intelligence to subject itself."

The conclusion of the Encyclical deals only indirectly with the Immaculate Conception. At the beginning of each new pontificate it is customary for the Pope to declare a Jubilee of indulgences; and, following the ancient precedent, Pius X. announces the extraordinary spiritual favor in words that may fitly close this article:

"Wherefore, confiding in the mercy of Almighty God and in the authority of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, by virtue of that power of binding and loosing which, unworthy though We are, the Lord has given Us, We do concede and impart the most plenary indulgence of all their sins to the faithful, all and several, of both sexes dwelling in this Our beloved city, or coming into it, who from the first Sunday in Lent—that is from the 21st of February—to the second day of June, the solemnity of the Most Sacred Body of Christ, inclusively, shall three times visit one of the four patriarchal basilicas, and there for some time pray God for the liberty and exaltation of the Catholic Church and this Apostolic See, for the extirpation of heresies and the conversion of all who are in error, for the concord of Christian princes and the peace and unity of all the faithful, and according to Our intention; and who, within the said period, shall fast once, using only meagre fare, excepting the days not included in the Lenten

Indult; and, after confessing their sins, shall receive the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist; and to all others, wherever they be, dwelling outside this city, who, within the time above mentioned or during a space of three months, even not continuous, to be definitely appointed by the ordinaries according to the convenience of the faithful, but before the eighth day of December, shall three times visit the cathedral church, if there be one, or if not, the parish church; or in the absence of this, the principal church; and shall devoutly fulfil the other works above mentioned.

"And We do at the same time permit that this indulgence, which is to be gained only once, may be applied in suffrage for the souls which have passed from this life united in charity with God. We do, moreover, concede that travellers by land or sea may gain the same indulgence immediately on returning to their homes, provided they perform the works already noted.

"To confessors approved by their respective ordinaries We grant faculties for commuting the above works enjoined by Us for other works of piety; and this concession shall be applicable not only to regulars of both sexes but to all others who can not perform the works prescribed. And We do grant faculties also to dispense from Communion children who have not yet been admitted to it....

"To all this We are pleased to add that We do concede and will that all retain during this time of Jubilee the privilege of gaining all other indulgences, not excepting plenary indulgences, which have been granted by Our predecessors or by Ourselves."

PAIN is no ill to one who sees
The deathless light beyond his tears;
And in the sighing of each breeze
The clear voice of an angel hears.

—*Evelyn Pyne.*

Sketches in the Mountain Parish.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE IN DOON."

VI.—A MEMORY OF CLOONMORE.

IT was drawing toward the end of October when I determined to pay a flying visit, before the winter set in, to my "native heath" of Cloonmore, where my parents lived. I had just heard that my father was ailing—slightly, the letter said,—and I was all the more anxious to see him as I knew he had been in delicate health for some time. Besides, he was a very old man. I had no idea, however, that my visit on this occasion, which I anticipated as a pleasant one, should prove to be a sad one indeed. Yet so it was. I was soon to have experience of the truth of the saying, "Man proposes but God disposes." A telegram saying my father was very ill—in fact, dying, it was feared—summoned me home, as I still called it, immediately.

It was a sad and sorrowful journey, that cross-country drive of twenty miles to the remote country district where I first saw the light; and, although many years have since elapsed, I never can think of it without experiencing something of the chill at heart and utter depression I felt that day. It was a "day of calamity," in very truth.

When, after passing through an unfamiliar countryside, I came at length to the "home-sweet-home" road that I knew so well from childhood—the road from Glynn to Cloonmore,—the old familiar landmarks seemed no longer to have the charm for me which they were wont to wear on my former home-comings. Every hillock, tree, bush and breen that I passed now was associated with the happy, bright and careless days of boyhood. There

was the big elm I had long ago climbed to find the starling's nest in the hollow; the great flat stone under that spreading chestnut tree often served me as a writing-desk, where I hastily worked out my arithmetical home-exercise on my way to school. Along these hawthorn hedges I had many an exciting chase after the poor little wren. That wild cherry-tree I remember having scaled for the red-cheeked, tempting, tiny globule on its topmost bough. Now their dead and falling leaves, fluttering down on me as I passed, were reminiscent only of death and desolation; and as the twilight deepened into gloom, and the first unpleasant premonitory symptoms of winter's severity began to be felt, I thought that everything was but in keeping with the occasion of my home-coming. It was the first time I travelled that road in a melancholy mood. For the first time the sight of my childhood's cherished home gave pain instead of pleasure, heart-ache instead of heart-ease.

How sadly I now missed the familiar figure of the old man, my father, who used invariably to meet me at the gate, when my coming was expected, jealous of the privilege of being the first to greet me with his kindly and leal, although undemonstrative, welcome! When returning for the summer or Christmas vacation in my student days, or afterward, as a priest in Liverpool, for my annual holidays—for I never forgot to spend a few of them at home,—his hand was always the first I grasped, even before I alighted from the asthmatic family side-car. And well I remember, too, that no sooner had I placed mine in his toil-hardened hand, and heard his fatherly, familiar, kindly voice, than the years seemed to roll away and I was a child again, trusting, reverential and respectful as of old.

But this evening there was no one

waiting to welcome me. The old house seemed like a place deserted. I passed unnoticed into the kitchen, and the new servant girl, whom I did not know, curtsied to me reverentially and went on with her work of "washing the vessels"—the tea-things. I knew all this was not want of friendship or the cold welcome of an uninvited guest,—oh, no, not that! It was because the whole family were just then assembled in the death-chamber of the dying patriarch,—for I found him dying. I was none too soon to hear his voice once more,—a faint, feeble, indistinct voice now; yet I treasure his last few incoherent words of welcome and blessing as a sacred heritage. In dreams I sometimes hear them still, like music weirdly, strangely, sadly sweet; and often have I since thanked God that I was not too late.

When I entered the room I found my mother, brothers and sisters kneeling round the deathbed, fervently reciting that saddest of all prayers, the Litany for a Departing Soul. With a silent, expressive hand-shake all round, I knelt among them, and gently took the limp, clammy, wasted hand of him I loved and revered most on earth. By some strange magnetism of love, my touch temporarily revived him, and he knew me and returned the pressure. In gasping accents he murmured my name again and again, thanking God that he was allowed to see me once more before he died. He thanked me for coming so promptly; and, with his accustomed fatherly solicitude and hospitality, he even inquired if I got any refreshments after my drive. It was the force of habit strong even in death; for he was always hospitable and generous even to a fault.

When I gently reminded him to put away worldly cares and thoughts, to think of nothing else now but of his soul, and to make the best preparation he could to meet God—he had already,

of course, received the last rites of the Church,—his reply was characteristic.

"I hope, avic," he said faintly, and with his old winning smile, "that I have done that long ago. No, I'm not afraid to go before God. I have my preparation made, I hope. But don't forget me in the Mass, avic machree,—don't forget me, and don't leave me long in Purgatory."

He still continued to hold my hand, which he would not relinquish; so that when I gave him the final absolution, I did so with my hand clasped in his in the grip of death. When it relaxed after a little while, I knew he was no more. Peacefully and calmly he passed away. He fell into a gentle slumber, from which he never awoke,— "he stole away unknownst to us," as my mother said.

So long had he seemed to us an indispensable institution that it was hard to realize he was gone at last. Could it be, I thought, that the cheery, familiar voice was stilled and would be heard no more; that that cold, limp hand would never again grasp mine in the warm clasp of affection; that the motionless, rigid features would never again relax into the old, kindly smile with which his face will ever remain associated in my mind? Ah, yes, all these things belonged to the past now! We, his children, grouped round his deathbed in charmed silence, gazed for an interval on the white face, from which the wrinkles of age began to disappear, leaving it like what we had known some twenty years before. It was only when pent-up grief at last burst forth from all of us simultaneously in sobs and tears that we fully realized that the only one we could call "Father" now was our Father who is in heaven.

He was buried on All Saints' Day, which happened to fall on Saturday that year. From the churchyard I went straight home to my own parish for

the Sunday's duty, without returning to the "wake-house," where a broken-hearted old woman was weeping in silence by the bedside where the corpse had lately been "laid out"; thinking of the time not far distant, as she predicted with a feeling almost of satisfaction, when she, too, would rejoin the dear partner of her life in a blissful state where parting is unknown. I arrived at my Mountain home of late on Saturday night. The month of the dear departed had a sad significance for me that year.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that there is a singularly and strangely tender devotion among the Irish people to the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Each recurring All Souls' Day they flock to the Masses for the dead in their churches, as if the day were a holyday of obligation. As it fell that year on Sunday, I anticipated an unusually large congregation at both Masses, as proved to be the case. Before going home on the sad errand I have just described, I had prepared and thought over the points of my sermon on Purgatory, and the long drive to Killanure gave me ample time to develop them. After standing by a father's open grave, with the dull sound still in my ears of the clay falling on his coffin, I was, needless to say, in the sympathetic mood for so sad a subject. Perhaps my simple homily on that occasion may help to instruct others as well as the poor folk of the Mountain parish. This is my excuse for introducing it, at least.

Under the spell of recent bereavement, I spoke with more feeling than probably I should otherwise have done. I could see that they scanned my melancholy, grief-stricken face with sympathetic emotion and kindly interest; and I felt at once that circumstances combined to make my appeal on behalf of the Holy Souls singularly effective and touching. I

opened with the text from the Book of Job: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends! For the hand of the Lord hath touched me"; and, after the usual introduction, I began my sermon on Purgatory by proceeding to explain and prove the Church's doctrine on the middle-state of souls. I could see that, although attentive, they did not follow closely my well-reasoned arguments (as I was vain enough to imagine) from Scripture, Tradition, the Fathers and Councils, in favor of the Catholic teaching characterized by many Protestant writers as a "delusion" and "a lurid dream." They simply did not need proofs of a doctrine which they believed as firmly as they did the existence of God.

When, however, I came to the next division of my discourse—namely, the means by which the "Holy Souls" are purified before they are admitted to heaven, "where nothing defiled can enter,"—their flagging interest immediately revived. The very mention of suffering appealed to the sympathies of a people well used to hardships and trials. To apply the sentiment of Virgil's heroine, "not unacquainted with misfortunes themselves, they had learned to pity the distressed."

"They are cleansed and purified, my brethren," I said, "by real material fire. And it is the opinion of the Angelic Doctor St. Thomas, and many other Fathers of the Church, that the fire of Purgatory is the very same as that of hell itself in its power of inflicting pain; the only difference being that, whereas the latter will be eternal, the fire of Purgatory will cease to burn at the Last Day. It is a fire so fierce, so intense and all-consuming that compared with it all earthly fire is only as painted fire,—as a picture of fire instead of the reality. I once saw a huge cotton warehouse on fire,—a seething mass of raging, roaring, devouring flame, whose fierce, darting tongues reduced every-

thing they licked to ashes, and whose heat within a wide radius was simply intolerable in its intensity. Yet such a fire as that is as nothing at all, or rather is coldness itself, compared with the fire of Purgatory.

"Imagine a furnace capable of containing thousands of tons of coal, full of fire burning at white heat; or the crater of a volcano where everything is reduced to molten, liquid matter by fiercely intense heat; and yet such fires as these would not, we are assured by spiritual writers, be equal to the fire of Purgatory,—in which, my brethren, our own dear ones, our dearly loved kith and kin, may be burning, burning, this very moment. Ah, surely, we who would not consent to place a finger on the tiny, sickly flame of a little candle for one half hour even to gain a kingdom,—we do not always realize as we ought the awful suffering of those who are now stretching toward us suppliant hands from out their fiery bath of purification.

"How long this dreadful punishment will last who can say in any individual case? If we are to credit revelations made to some of the saints, as related in their lives, it will be very much longer than we foolishly imagine. They tell us that from thirty to sixty years is a common term even for what appear only slight offences in our estimation; that there are souls in Purgatory who will not be liberated until the Last Day; and that some who during their lives were regarded as saints, and even worked miracles, were condemned to long years of suffering in Purgatory to expiate offences which we, very probably, may regard as mere trifles."

A few suppressed groans and penitential sighs—what the newspaper would call a "sensation"—followed this hard saying.

I now came to that part of the subject which all along, I must admit,

I felt loath to touch on; for I feared that I might work myself as well as my audience into the "melting mood" by dwelling long upon it. Nevertheless, I could not leave it out. Hence I tried to pass over it lightly and unmoved—with what success will appear.

"And who are they, my brethren, who are even now enduring all these dreadful sufferings? They are in very truth our own kith and kin, our own near and dear ones, whom we loved and cherished in life, and mourned in death—how deeply and sincerely only those concerned may know. It is, perhaps, a fond, devoted, true and loving wife, the wife of his bosom, whom a happy man wooed and won long ago, and led to the altar, a blushing bride in the bloom of her youth and in the loveliness of her fresh young beauty; or it is a faithful, patient, hard-working, kind-hearted husband and father, who died in harness, spending himself unselfishly and heroically for the good of his loved ones, dependent on him; or maybe it is a gentle, loving, fair young sister, or a brave, manly, chivalrous brother, snatched away by death in the spring or summer of life.

"Aye, although she may have passed away many long years ago, perhaps it is a white-haired old mother, whose face you sometimes see in dreams, wrinkled and withered and no longer beautiful, yet the dearest and sweetest memory of life to you; maybe she is still in prison, and asking you to-day to liberate her. Or, lastly, it may be he, the author under Providence of your being, whose hands of toil provided bread for you, whose strong arms upheld your infant weakness, who gave you the name you are proud to bear, and who called forth your first, lisping, childish word 'dada' or 'papa.' Maybe he is appealing to some of us to-day in the pathetic words of my

text: 'Have pity on me, have pity on me!' Oh, can any child with a kindly, sympathetic Irish heart resist the appeal of a father in suffering and in pain, pitifully, plaintively asking us for God's sake to do some little thing for him who did so much for us?"

I felt, while I developed this last idea, a lump rising in my throat, which I vainly tried to force back. I, who had looked into my own father's open grave but yesterday and heard the thud of the clay falling on his coffin,—I had presumed too far on my stoical constancy. Unawares, I had tapped the spring and the unbidden tears came. I must admit I fairly broke down. But it was no acting. Genuine emotion is ever both contagious and effective; and the congregation—at least a good part of it—broke down also, and sobbed with me in sympathetic unison.

Of course I had not finished my sermon, for I had yet to come to the most practical part of it—namely, the means by which the suffering souls may be relieved. Hence, although at first I thought I could proceed no further, I succeeded in a measure in overcoming my momentary emotion, and continued my discourse. I was minded all the more to do so when I remembered that I had yet to give the congregation a beautiful thought which I had intended to make the conclusion of my sermon. It seemed to me so sublime and splendid an idea that I was determined they should not miss it.

"My brethren," I said in conclusion, "when the soul is freed from the encumbrance of the mortal body, its natural tendency is to fly to God, its last end. But if it is conscious then of any stain or any imperfection, even the slightest and most trivial, it would not, even if it could, enter into the awful presence of the all-holy God without first being cleansed and purified of its stains. Just as you would not like to enter the house of God to-day,

even though you were quite free to do so, in the condition you should be in after a day's work in the wet, sloppy fields, and in your old, toil-stained working clothes, so in like manner the soul after death would not dare to show itself in the dazzling, blinding light that surrounds the Beatific Vision, if soiled with any spot or speck or sullyng breath of sin. No, it would not even if it could.

"This is the thought which Cardinal Newman so beautifully expresses in his 'Dream of Gerontius' when he represents the soul after death as darting away from its Guardian Angel's hold—its faithful custodian in life,—

And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel.

"And he continues in words which I hope you will try to remember, for they are incomparably beautiful:

But, ere it reaches them, the keen sanctity,
With which its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized
And scorched and shrivelled it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God!

"And then the saved soul is represented as appealing earnestly to its Guardian Angel to take it away to Purgatory at once, to have its earthly stains removed:

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.

There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain
Until the morn.

There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day."

The occasion of my father's Month's Mind found me again at the old house at Cloonmore in the beginning of bleak December. My mother opened the hall-door for me, and I noticed that she

looked more aged and worn than I had ever seen her before. The sight of me renewed her grief; and she wept with quiet, subdued sorrow, while her gentle, tear-dimmed eyes were raised heavenward with a far-away look of tender, resigned melancholy. And, oh, how fervently she prayed, "May the Lord have mercy on his soul this day!" I passed into the kitchen, which somehow seemed different from what it used to be. There in the chimney corner was his vacant chair, and near it his old blackthorn walking-stick. I noticed a hat he used to wear and a *cotamore* hanging on a rack; and the wheezy, rheumatic old dog, Stock, was lying in his accustomed place under his master's vacant chair, from whence he whimpered a welcome to me, as if apologizing for his inability to be more demonstrative in his friendship, owing to age and infirmities.

Hence, although all the familiar things were unchanged, the picture did not seem the same as it was. Alas! the principal figure had been obliterated from it, and left its whole aspect different. His cheery voice, his familiar presence, his kindly, hearty welcome,—they were missing, they were not there. For long under the spell of such associations, none of us spoke much; and when we did speak it was in low, hushed tones as people speak in a church. The same engrossing thought filled the minds of us all: that something sweet and kind and soothing had passed out of our lives to return not,—that strange, weird, nameless something which Tennyson only half expressed when he said:

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

It is not healthy to dwell on one's own feelings and conduct, but only to try to live more faithfully and lovingly every fresh day.—*George Eliot.*

Temptation.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

UNTO Thee my soul has cried,
God of Battle, hear my plea:
Level Thou this human pride—
Straighten me.

Visions of rare kingdoms lift,
The gain all mine, or mine the loss,—
And over against the tempter's gift—
Lo! Christ—and a cross.

Peaceful the path that I forsook;
Son of David, Thine the grace:
Touch mine eyes, that I may look
Upon Thy face.

Guide Thou me from hour to hour
In the pressing gloom; and when,
Faint, I fall, oh, give me power
To rise again!

A Life's Record.

BY ETHEL B. BROWN.

II.

IN September, 1790, Count de Saisseval followed the general exodus. With the rest of his fellow-officers, he resigned his commission and went to Belgium, accompanied by his mother-in-law, Madame de Lastic, his wife and three children, the eldest of whom was only six years old. No amount of trouble or misfortune, however, can estrange a heart from Him who in the midst of calamities is the God of consolation; and amongst these many trials the faith of Madame de Saisseval remained as firm as ever. At Brussels she led the same life as in Paris. A little anecdote related by herself shows us her unaffected piety and the fervor of her faith:

"A short time after our arrival in Brussels, in January, 1791, I had gone out very early to Mass. I was kept waiting a long time before I could go to confession, and was delayed also

in receiving Holy Communion. Having no watch with me, I felt uncertain as to the time; and, thinking that I must be a little later than usual, I left the church and hurried home. I had to cross a square where the French emigrants generally took their morning walk; and I kept close to the wall in order to pass unobserved, when suddenly, on turning the corner, some one stopped right in front of me. It was Monsieur de Saisseval, who pulled out his watch and, holding it in front of my eyes, said: 'Look at the time, Madame!' The hands pointed to mid-day! This was the only reproof my husband ever gave me; although well deserved, it was the first he had ever addressed to me during the nine years of our married life. I was so overcome that I could hardly speak, and it pains me even now to think of it."

Monsieur de Saisseval, who had joined the Royalist Army (*l'Armée des Princes*), was obliged to leave it before it was disbanded; and he had recently rejoined his wife in a very painful state of health. Madame de Saisseval now found herself without means, and burdened with an invalid husband who would allow no one to nurse him but herself. Besides this, she had her aged mother and seven little children, four of whom were born and died in exile, all dependent upon her. Very soon they were forced to fly from town to town before the victorious armies of the Republic; and finally were obliged to leave Holland on the 12th of January, 1795, and embark for England. The whole party numbered twelve persons, the youngest of whom was but a fortnight old.

On their arrival in England, they had to wander about from three o'clock in the afternoon until midnight, during a bitterly cold night, going from door to door without being able to find any shelter. "These nine hours of rebuffs and suffering seemed very long to me."

wrote Madame de Saisseval; "for it was snowing hard. And when I saw my old mother, my husband and my poor little children dying of hunger and of cold, I can assure you that I shed many, many bitter tears. Then I remembered what our Blessed Lady must have suffered at Bethlehem, and I dried my tears and began to take courage again, or at least to resign myself. Oh, how great and sublime a thing did religion seem to me in those days of trial and hardship!"

Madame de Saisseval's courage seemed to increase with every new reverse; a brave and heroic heart beat in her breast and spurred her on to fresh efforts on behalf of the family wholly dependent on her. They were settled in London from 1795 to 1799; and at the same time that she nursed her husband and brought up her children, she worked unceasingly for their support. She set about this as if she had never done anything else in her whole life; and, with her talent and energy, soon discovered means more or less remunerative. She painted miniatures, embroidered dresses, made straw hats, and invented a hundred little novelties.

She also possessed a great gift for recitation, which certainly would have been a more lucrative occupation, if her modesty had not been alarmed by congratulations which seemed to be addressed more to her beauty than to her art, so that she immediately resolved to make no further use of this gift. When she was urged to continue for the sake of the children, she replied: "The best legacy a mother can leave to her daughters is the lesson that a woman's life should be hidden from the world, and should be devoted to the service of God and the duties of her home." From that day, therefore, she contented herself with giving simple lessons in reading.

Such material cares as these did not,

however, absorb her whole energy. Her greatest anxiety was how to educate her children, console her mother, and nurse her husband. She was very fond of repeating this short prayer, composed by herself in 1790: "O my God, preserve the Faith in my country, and let my children always serve Thee!" And He who never tries us beyond our strength came to the aid of the heavily-burdened mother, and developed the seeds of that solid piety which she had sown in the hearts of her dearly-loved children. The aged Abbé Carou, who was called the St. Vincent de Paul of the emigration, had just opened two houses for the education of the children of his unfortunate countrymen; and Madame de Saisseval, who was then under the direction of this holy priest, sent her daughters to one of these providential institutions.

Madame de Saisseval was capable of attempting anything for the sake of others. Madame de Lastic, during a period of extreme poverty, weakened by privation and sorrow, fell dangerously ill; and her daughter, like the poorest of the poor, could afford the help of only a common apothecary. However, love and anxiety gave her courage; and going to the first doctor in London, she besought him, with tears in her eyes, to come and save her mother. He was touched by her distress, and came at once to see the old lady, and prescribed for and cured her very speedily.

Unfortunately, her husband, who was worn out from the effects of a disease contracted in the army, succumbed at last, after great suffering. Up to the hour of his death, Madame de Saisseval lavished on him all the help of science and the consolations of religion. She even managed to get the King's physician to attend him; and before his death he received the last rites of the Church.

The family was now reduced to such

extreme indigence that they had not even money to buy any mourning. While Madame de Saisseval was weeping bitterly over this trial, her eldest daughter came running to her. "O mamma," she said eagerly, "don't cry! The Blessed Virgin has sent me an idea. Let us sell all the pretty dresses Lady Jerningham has given us, and with the money we can buy all we require." Thus they were able to procure all that was absolutely necessary.

Their friend Lady Jerningham belonged to one of the oldest families in England, of which Lord Clifford is the head. She had known Madame de Saisseval in the old days, but in her misfortunes she loved and admired her all the more; and often carried off the whole family with her to her castle near Norwich, in order to try to brighten the mother's life and give her a little rest and enjoyment.

We may conclude the period of exile with a little description of their home-life, which is not without a certain charm. A staunch faith and the affection of devoted friends can make up for everything. Madame de Saisseval's house had become the meeting-place of a great many of the emigrants. There was only one spare room and it had to be turned to every possible use. In the morning it was a chapel, where several bishops and priests came to say Mass.

"Imagine our happiness!" she writes. "Although we often want for the necessities of life, we have always been able to buy the candles for the Holy Sacrifice. Once we were obliged to accept a few pence from a bishop, for we had absolutely nothing; and without this little show of money, which led the baker to think that there must be more at home, I do not know how we should have had any bread that day. After the Masses were said, the chapel had to be turned into a work-room; all signs of worship were put away, and we bravely began to work. If we had a great many orders, we told

our less fortunate friends, who then came to us and shared the work and the profit. We could earn about two shillings an hour, when we did not talk too much! The comers and goers brought the work and went on errands, the priests generally doing the marketing. Then came the frugal meal, which Madame de Lastic cooked, as she was now too old to work; finally, a little rest and relaxation after the toil and privations of the day.

"When everyone had gone and the day was over, we put away all traces of the workroom, and arranged the altar, which next morning was to be a new source of strength and courage for the coming day. Sometimes, in my weakness, I had to gather together all my strength to implore God to give me courage for the day. I often found myself hoping that He would soon call me to Himself; but then, remembering all at once how dependent the others were on me, I drove away this hope as a wicked thought, and redoubled my prayers that I might be granted sufficient grace for the present day."

But the novitiate of suffering was almost at an end. In January, 1801, Madame de Saisseval, availing herself of the amnesty granted to the emigrants, returned to France, with her eldest daughter, in order to procure some money; intending to come back and rejoin the rest of the family in England. The day after her arrival in Paris, she had the great happiness of meeting Madame de Carcado. Almighty God had reserved for this admirable woman the consolation of proving her gratitude to the friend who had been her guide and example.

Madame de Carcado was quite disenchanted by the world. She had seen its joys vanish and its grandeurs crumble away like dust. The Revolution, that fearful instrument of God's merciful vengeance, had opened up for

her a path of suffering and deep humiliation. She had passed through all with a firm and undaunted heart; and now, by extraordinary self-denial and courage, had almost reached the very summit of Christian perfection. Having been placed in different circumstances, and, unlike her friend, free from all family ties, she was able, in the prime of youth, to throw herself into a life of charity and good works.

She had been imprisoned in the "Carmes"; but at the end of the Reign of Terror was liberated, and retired to the Château des Forts, her property near Chartres. Here until 1798 she devoted herself to the education of some young cousins, and courageously gave shelter to the persecuted priests, who from her house went out into the surrounding district to fulfil the duties of their holy mission. Among them was old Father Picot de Clorivière, once a Jesuit, and a survivor of many disasters, whose wise direction and great experience were the means of promoting many good works.

Madame de Carcado was now quite prepared to attempt anything; she returned to Paris, burning with zeal and with the one desire of doing good. But, in order that her work might be sanctified by obedience, she placed herself unreservedly under the spiritual guidance of this holy priest. She also persuaded Madame de Saisseval to do the same; and when she introduced her, she was received with paternal affection, consoled, and encouraged.

While Madame de Saisseval was actively engaged in the business which had brought her to France, her friends repeatedly, openly, and indirectly pressed her to marry again, and so provide for herself and her family. But all these proposals were rejected with energy.

She paid, at this time, a short visit to Auvergne, and then returned to Paris, where a welcome surprise was in store

for her, and where she was destined to devote herself more than ever to the service of God. The aged Madame de Lastic, encouraged by the news of a more settled state of affairs in France, instead of awaiting her daughter's return, had left England with her two little grandchildren, and had arrived in Paris. Alas! many dear ones had to be left in lonely graves in exile, and the family was reduced to half its number. There remained, however, the one great consolation of being able to do some good to others. Madame de Saisseval found a zealous and devoted ally in her eldest daughter Aline. The two youngest girls were afterward married,—one to the Marquis de Leusse, the other to Monsieur de Legardière, an officer of the Vendée.

It was in 1803 that Madame de Saisseval and Madame de Carcado, faithful to their promise, and full of compassion at the thought of the dangers to which little children are exposed, were able to carry out their cherished design of starting a Home for Foundlings. "Madame de Carcado and I went to the Carmelite Church," remarked Madame de Saisseval, "to pray for divine assistance; exclaiming between hope and fear, 'O my God, dare we venture to attempt this?' It seemed as if an interior voice answered: 'Yes, undertake it.' As it has often been clearly proved that there is no efficiency without union and no union without the acknowledgment of authority, and as several ladies had expressed their wish to join us, the management of the work was committed to Madame de Carcado. Almighty God had indeed given to me a natural attraction for charitable works, but obedience and humility alone can prevent our being guided by merely natural inclination; and unless we avoid this danger no important or lasting good can be accomplished."

(To be continued.)

The Tragic Close of a Confession.

IN a private ward of the Sisters' hospital at Lyons, France, one autumn evening in 182—, a nun sat reading aloud by the bed of an elderly patient, whose emaciated face and wasted arms foreshadowed his speedy dissolution. The Sister had chosen for the entertainment, and probably for the immediate spiritual benefit, of the sick man a volume of semi-religious tales, in more than one of which emphasis was laid on the urgent need of all great sinners to confide in somebody, and the ineffable satisfaction they experience after making a good confession.

"Ah, Sister," said the patient, at the conclusion of one such narrative, "I can tell you a true tale far more interesting and dramatic than what you read me there! Will you listen to it?"

"If the telling will not fatigue you too much," replied his nurse, "I have no objection."

Raising himself slightly on his pillows, the old man eagerly began the narrative that follows.

..

Some years after the close of the Revolution, a beggar, whose stand had long been at the door of St. John's Cathedral at Lyons, felt himself growing sick unto death, and sent for a priest. The Father who went to the beggar's lodging in response to the call was a religious, a man in the prime of life, but one who bore in his countenance the record of sorrow more than usually heavy.

The priest put on his surplice and stole, drew up a chair to the bedside, seated himself and prepared to hear the beggar's confession. The latter, premising that he was the most wicked of criminals, began the story of his iniquitous life.

"I am," said he "the son of a poor vinedresser of Burgundy who enjoyed

the friendship of the seigneur of our village, Count M. From my childhood I was made free of admittance to the castle, and it was settled that I should become the valet of the Count's son. The education which I received, however, and especially the great kindness of my benefactors, altered my destiny, and, instead of a simple valet, I became the Count's secretary.

"I was just twenty when the Revolution broke out. Unsettled and led astray by the ideas then prevalent, I grew ambitious and dissatisfied with my precarious position. From Paris the fury of the revolutionaries soon began to spread over the provinces. Count M., fearing to be arrested in his castle, discharged his servants and brought his family to seek a refuge here in Lyons. He indulged the hope that, in the midst of the city's vast population, he and his might escape the scaffold. As a child of the house, I accompanied the family in their flight.

"The Reign of Terror was at its height, but none of its minions knew of the retreat of my master. True, the castle and its appurtenances had been confiscated; but that mattered comparatively little, as the family were together, united and unknown. Filled with unswerving confidence in Divine Providence, they quietly awaited better days. Vain hope! The only person in a position to reveal their secret and drag them from their peaceful refuge was cowardly enough to denounce them. That informer was I!

"Father, mother, two daughters of angelic beauty and innocence, and the young son only ten years old, were thrown together into a dungeon. The most frivolous of pretexts served at that period to send the innocent to death; and yet the public prosecutor found it difficult to find even a half plausible motive for exterminating so fine and noble a family. An individual came to his assistance. Having had

admission to the confidences of the family hearth, he threw an air of criminality over the simplest circumstances of daily life, and accused the prisoners of conspiracy against the Republic. That calumniator was I!

"The fatal sentence was pronounced on all save the boy. Unfortunate orphan, doomed to bewail the massacre of his whole family, and no doubt to curse their murderer!

"Resigned and mutually consoling one another, the family awaited their death. Through a piece of forgetfulness on the part of an officer, their names were omitted from the list of those to be executed; and, were it not that a miserable wretch, anxious to enrich himself with the spoils of their fortune, called attention to the omission, their lives would have been spared: we were on the eve of the 9th Thermidor. That wretch was I!

"That same evening the fatal tumbril dragged the four to their death. The father, his brow clouded with profound sorrow, hid his younger daughter in his arms; the mother, firm as the strong woman of Holy Writ, pressed the elder girl to her bosom; and all repeated fervently the prayers of the dying. It was late, and the head executioner, weary with the horrid labor of a long day, had confided this final butchery to an assistant. The latter, unused to the work, asked some of the bystanders to help him. One of them aided him in his cruel ministry. It was I!

"Do you ask my reward for so many crimes? It was the wealth that had belonged to my master, and which now seemed to me to be all covered with blood. I shut myself up with it for the long period of twenty-five years, so that the cruel remorse which it kept constantly alive within me might begin my expiation. Among men I have appeared as a miserable beggar clad in rags, suffering one after

another all the humiliations attendant on the direst poverty. Public charity gave me the stand at the door of the cathedral where I have spent so many years. The memory of my crime was so poignant that, despairing of divine goodness, I never dared to seek the consolations of religion nor sully the sanctuary with my presence. Ah, how long and deep and bitter has been my repentance! But how faithless also! Father, do you believe that I may hope for God's pardon?"

"My son, your crime was great; but the treasures of divine mercy are inexhaustible. Because of your repentance, I bid you have confidence in the infinite goodness of God."

Raising himself in the bed, and pulling a covering of crape from a picture hanging above it on the wall, the beggar said eagerly:

"See, Father! here are the portraits of my master and mistress. Don't you think they will prevent my prayers from reaching God?"

The priest cast a glance at the portraits, and in heart-rending tones there broke from his lips the words:

"My father! my mother!"

The thought of the horrible catastrophe that had made him an orphan, the presence of the infamous murderer of his parents, the sight of the picture associated with so many sorrowful memories,—all this proved too much for human nature, and, dropping his head upon his breast, the priest wept without reserve.

In the meantime the penitent, horror-stricken, and not daring to raise his eyes to his master's son—this terrible judge from whom he had reason to expect righteous anger instead of loving pardon,—could only hide his face in his hands, and, his voice choked with sobs, ejaculate: "My master! my master!"

With a truly heroic effort the priest recovered his self-control.

"Yes," cried the beggar,—“oh, yes, I am an assassin, a wicked monster, an infamous wretch! Father, dispose of my life as you will. What shall I do to satisfy you!”

"Satisfy *me*!" replied the priest, whom the words suddenly recalled to his functions as confessor; "satisfy *me*, a poor sinner!"

Taking up a crucifix that had belonged to his father the Count, and had been kept by the wretch who lay before him, he held it before the beggar's face and said firmly:

"My brother, is your repentance sincere?"

"Yes, Father."

"Then may God, immolated on the cross for men, grant you His pardon!"

His right hand raised above the penitent, while his left held the sacred Sign of our Redemption, the confessor pronounced the words of absolution, drawing the clemency of Heaven down upon the destroyer of his own father, mother, and sisters.

A moment or two later the penitent turned to take the hand of his injured but merciful confessor. The hand fell from him cold and lifeless; the violence of the emotions awakened, and their heroic suppression, had proved too severe a shock: the confessor was dead.

..

"What think you, Sister? It is tragic, is it not, this story from real life?"

"From real life? Did the penitent disclose all this terrible tale to you, or how did you hear it?"

"Alas! my God! my God! Ah, my Sister, the story is *my own*! The penitent whom Death would not take, but has left to endure still bitterer agony than heretofore, is myself!"

It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent: I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goethe*.

The Disciple whom Jesus Loved.

SIDE by side with Saints Peter and Paul—perhaps a little more appealingly than either of these, from the sweetness and loveliness that characterized him in every respect,—stands the figure of St. John, the beloved Apostle. He certainly occupies a place apart among the Apostles. In the Gospel itself he is recognized by a special denomination — “the disciple whom Jesus loved.” One thing is very clear: that if Our Lord really loved him more tenderly than the other Apostles, it was because He had found in him qualities which rendered him more amiable, more attractive; virtues more delicate, more exquisite and more noble. An examination of his virtues furnishes a most instructive and interesting study. One thought in particular comes to the front in this study of the gentle Apostle: he was not only beloved, but loving.

Originally from Galilee, the son of Zebedee and brother of James the Greater, he was by Salome, his mother, allied to the family of Jesus. Of modest condition, as were most of the Apostles, without education or culture, save that which proceeded from a pure and refined soul, he gained his daily subsistence in the avocation of a fisherman. But, in default of riches and learning he had a strong and steadfast soul, a generous heart, an elevated nature, rich in moral resources, adorned with all the qualities which combine to make the virtuous and valiant man.

It is probable that when St. John elected to follow Jesus he was in his twenty-fourth year. In company with his father and brother, he was occupied in mending his nets on the border of the Lake of Gennesareth. Jesus was walking in their vicinity. He called to the sons of Zebedee and invited them to follow Him, as He had previously

invited Peter and Andrew. And as he heard the call, without hesitating a single instant, moved by the interior grace which bade him obey, John and his brother arose, abandoned their nets and their bark, and, taking leave of their father, thenceforward were numbered among the Apostles.

From this moment the devotion of John to his Lord became the sublime passion of his life. It was a love as chaste and virginal as its object; a love founded on religious veneration, sovereign esteem, veritable adoration; a love ever ardent, generous, intrepid: recoiling not before injuries, persecution or death; a love constant and indefectible; a love tenacious and victorious over all which can change, dismay, and paralyze that most powerful emotion of the human heart.

One can not read attentively the Gospel story concerning this disciple without being profoundly impressed by his lovable and amiable character. You will see him constantly near Jesus; inseparably associated with His goings and comings; following Him everywhere; occupied only with His interests; jealous, in a measure, of any glory which did not accrue to his Lord. When the Samaritans inhospitably refused to allow Him to enter their city, John cried out: “Master, call down the fire of heaven upon them!”

When, with an affection as ardent as ambitious, his mother Salome solicited from the Saviour the first places for her sons in His royal kingdom, John, replying to the question put by Jesus, answered that he was resolved to drain with Him the chalice of suffering and sacrifice; and when that hour came, he proved the truth of his promise by accompanying Him from the Garden to the tomb. The other Apostles, in their terror and fear, left Him to His fate: John alone remained faithful. He followed Him through the streets of Jerusalem, into the halls of

justice, to the Mount of Calvary. He placed himself with Mary at the foot of the Cross upon which agonized and died the sweet, expiatory Victim of the sins of the world.

Long before the news of the resurrection of Jesus was spread throughout Jerusalem, John, filled with ardor and longing to behold Him, was in advance of the others at the sepulchre. It was also he who, a few days later, with that clairvoyance, that quick perception, which distinguished him, recognized Our Lord appearing to His Apostles on the Lake of Tiberius.

As we all know, love is the virtue which enlivens and inspires all others. Love was the distinctive characteristic of St. John the Evangelist. He was a living testimony of this well-established truth. The purity of his heart and the innocence of his life, his modesty and unselfishness; the sublime devotion which made him, to all intents and purposes, a martyr, though he came unscathed from the fire which would have destroyed him; the generous, ardent and unflagging zeal which caused him to sacrifice every moment of his time for the salvation of others; the absolute hatred of evil, horror of all duplicity, all injustice,—these were the opulent efflorescence of the great virtue of charity forever welling from the loving heart of the virgin disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ.

There is no doubt that he loved his Divine Master better than all the others; and so convinced were they of this that they acknowledged it as a matter of course, without a spark of jealousy; and were themselves the ones who bestowed upon him the title of "the disciple whom Jesus loved." There must have been something exquisitely winning and attractive in the personality of St. John—something that set him apart from them in his relations with Our Lord, and yet which also irresistibly appealed to them,—since

they did not grudge him the favors shown him by the Divine Master. For while, from the very fact that He had chosen them as His followers, they were all favored in a higher degree than was ever mortal man before, to St. John He gave the plenitude of His wonderful gifts and privileges. In that one personality were united an apostle, an evangelist, a doctor of the faith, a bishop, the father of an immense number of souls. During the wonderful three years of His active life upon earth, Jesus made him the most intimate friend of His soul. At the Last Supper he was permitted to rest his head upon the bosom of his Master,—a liberty not one of the other Apostles would have presumed to take; sufficient proof, if none other existed, of the intimacy between the loving Heart of the Master and the disciple so well beloved.

But it was the charge laid upon St. John as he stood at the foot of the Cross which most fully exemplifies the love that Jesus bore him. It proved that, next to His Blessed Mother, the Evangelist was first in that Divine Heart bleeding to death on Calvary. He left them to each other, well knowing that thus they would be best consoled. After the death and burial of Our Lord, St. John took Mary to his home, and thenceforward they were never separated. The love of Jesus, the love of Mary,—one would almost think that these were sufficient for a single soul. There was, however, still room in the heart of St. John for a third. This was the love of his neighbor,—a burning zeal for the salvation of souls.

Now, if we consider, we shall see that this is naturally and logically the outcome of the two others. The first Commandment is this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy soul." And the second is this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "The whole law,"

said Our Lord, "is comprised in these two precepts." No one ever comprehended or united better than St. John the theory and practice of this admirable connection between God and man, between the love of God and our neighbor, between the Creator and the created. Filled with the beauty of this sublime doctrine, he at once threw himself body and soul into the service of his fellowmen, with the one thought and aspiration of saving souls.

Who can read without admiration the account of his firmness and intrepidity, mingled with sweetness and gentleness; the courage of his replies to his enemies and traducers, the number of his conversions, the ardor of his solicitude for the various churches,—without being impressed by his wonderful charity and zeal? He traversed Judea and Samaria; he converted almost the whole of Asia to the true Faith; he carried the light of the Gospel to the extremities of the Orient.

But persecution, which had decimated the Christians, did not spare the well-beloved Apostle. Arrested and taken to Rome, he was plunged into a caldron of boiling oil. Miraculously preserved, he seemed thenceforward to lead a charmed life. One persecution followed another. The cruel Emperor Domitian banished him to the Island of Patmos. He was condemned to the mines. In spite of his seventy odd years, he valiantly endured this exile for the space of eighteen months. This trial past, he returned to Ephesus, there to continue an apostolate which was as active at the close of his century of life as it had been in the beginning.

It has been truly said that love keeps the heart always young. This was literally the case with St. John the Apostle. When he could no longer walk he had himself carried to the church, and would there address his people again and again with this simple and beautiful exhortation: "My

little children, love one another!" And to those who would occasionally venture to remonstrate with him on the constant repetition of the same advice, he would reply: "It is all that is necessary. It is the precept of the Lord: that is enough."

Truly that is enough! Did we live by it, did we abide by it, did we reflect upon it, earth would be heaven. There would be no strifes, no enmities, no estrangements, no poverty. If clad, as was the beloved Apostle in the triple armor of love of God, of His Blessed Mother, and of our neighbor, we should each pursue our daily avocations in the estate to which we have been called; we should soon all be apostles. Search history from the beginning, and it will be found that the loving hearts, the valiant and intrepid souls, the heroes, the martyrs, the silent sufferers of Christianity have all been followers of that beautiful injunction: "My little children, love one another!"

There is nothing truer than this. Love God, love Mary, love your fellowmen, and then do what you will. We can do nothing wrong while we cherish these three loves in our souls. They are the guarantee of all the rest. Fortified by them, we shall desire to accomplish only irreproachable deeds. In them are combined the love of family and the love of country. They will guide us to legitimate pleasures and honorable enterprises; in the choice of friends as well as in the dearer affections. They will inspire us with justice, kindness, mercy, the appreciation of whatever is serious and elevating. It is all that is necessary. Everything is comprised in that one short sentence, "My little children, love one another!" ringing softly down the ages from the lips of St. John, the loving and well-beloved Apostle.

JUDGE not thy neighbor till thou art in his situation.—*Willet.*

Notes and Remarks.

Home-staying Catholics, reading of the fatigues and dangers and privations of all sorts to which our foreign missionaries are subjected, are apt to say to themselves: "But, then, the joy of bringing so many of the heathen into the Church more than compensates them for all their struggles and sufferings." That joy is not always theirs. One of the Issoudun Fathers, a laborer in New Guinea, said recently: "Before going on the mission one easily persuades oneself that it is sufficient to approach the savage, show him the crucifix and speak to him of God, in order to see him fall upon his knees and ask to be baptized. To entertain any such ideas is to expose oneself to cruel deceptions. I knew in Sydney a missionary who had remained on an island fifteen years without baptizing a single native. To-day, however, there are a number of fine Christian parishes in the vicariate to which he belongs." Fifteen long years of apparently fruitless labor! The priest who survived that ordeal, in a savage country, had in him more of the warp and woof of genuine heroism than nine-tenths of the "heroes" who win a brief renown by brave deeds performed from a generous impulse "on the spur of the moment."

We have repeatedly suggested that neither mandates nor exhortations from any source whatever, nor any other artificial barrier, will stem the flood of Irish emigration. That can be done only by making Ireland a habitable country, and by making the young people feel that there is a future for them at home. And the Irish Agricultural Organization Society seems to be the most efficient means yet devised for that purpose. It aims at developing the existing industries in Ireland and creating new ones

through the principle of cooperation. This, as experience has already shown, tends to equip the Irish farmer with two valuable assets: highly specialized knowledge and business methods in industry. For example, the Society has already established three hundred and sixty-five creameries throughout the country on the cooperative plan; and we are assured by one of the foremost workers in the cause that the facility with which the people fall in with the newest methods of making and marketing butter is amazing. This is only one of many services which this excellent organization has rendered, and it will be a grievous blunder if the friends of Ireland do not recognize such efforts as the highest expression of patriotism. The greatest wrong Ireland ever suffered was in the dispersion of her people,—the draining of the very blood from her arteries. And, let us repeat it with emphasis, nothing but the creation of an industrial Ireland can interrupt the process before it is complete.

A study in contrasts, according to a correspondent of the *New York Sun*, is afforded by the mere suggestion of the Emperor of Russia looking to the establishment of an international court of arbitration, which was hailed by the whole civilized world as the approach of the millennium; and the signing of a treaty establishing peace between Argentina and Chile—a stupendous achievement wrought by the diplomacy of South Americans, upon whom both the Anglo-Saxon and Slav look down with piteous contempt,—which hardly created a ripple of international enthusiasm. "Argentina and Chile had for years been disputing about that most important of all things to a nation—territory. The prolonged negotiations had resulted in arousing all the small vanity and bad blood of both countries. Yet the two governments came together in an

amicable conference, with results which surpass all others of the kind in the history of the world. Not only was the matter left to arbitration, and the award of the arbitrators accepted without reserve, but further negotiations followed which resulted in an agreement to limit armaments. Instead of concerning itself in vague terms with the future, as might have been expected from all else that ever took place in the whole range of history, the agreement immediately became effective, both Powers even undertaking to sell ships of war in actual course of building. Finally, and chiefest wonder is that each Power has done all that it agreed to do."

And the Christian sentiment of the people of both countries called for something further. It was resolved to erect a colossal statue of the Prince of Peace to commemorate the treaty; and medals were struck to perpetuate an event so glorious for religion and humanity. Let nothing be said, for a little while at least, about the low civilization of the Latin races.

The Philadelphia Chapter of the Knights of Columbus have rendered another of those knightly services which have done much to create a sympathetic feeling for that society among Catholics in general. They have presented Archbishop Ryan with a check for \$3000 to help toward the erection of a Mission House for Italian immigrants in the district of the city where they most do congregate. The *Standard and Times*, Philadelphia's very meritorious Catholic paper, thus speaks of the need which the Mission House is to meet: "In this district the very poorest people of the Latin race are assailed by that form of temptation which is at times the most difficult to resist or to exorcise—the appeal to the physical want plus the spiritual weakness. Doctrine to a starving boy or girl, not over-instructed

in his or her own proper faith, may not appear to be the most immediate consideration when nature cries out for first place." Our contemporary also chronicles the pernicious activity of certain renegade sons of Italy, now of reverend title, who, after charitably addressing sundry arguments to the stomach, proceed to regale the poor Italians with accounts of the emptiness and idolatry of the "Romish Church." And when the hearers roll up their eyes and squirm from homesickness, the preachers think they see signs of "conversion."

Regarding a threatened controversy as to the comparative moral excellence of temperance and total abstinence, it might be suggested that, whereas "every man is bound by his baptism to temperance, no man is bound to total abstinence. It is a counsel of a higher life, to be taken freely and spontaneously." We quote from an autograph letter of Cardinal Manning which happens to be in our possession for the moment. His words would seem to place temperance on a lower moral level than total abstinence; for he adds: 'I hope the one will lead many on to the other.' To a convention of total-abstainers which circumstances prevented him from attending, the same great father of souls sent this stirring message: "Tell them to set their face like a flint against all opposition of bad or of good men." Again we quote from an autograph letter. It was our rare privilege to read at the same sitting signed letters by Faber, Newman, Manning, and Father Mathew. A precious packet!

The *Australian Catholic Press* tells a good story illustrating the ready wit of the late Father McKiernan, of Queensland. He was once travelling to a railway station in a buggy, accompanied by a Protestant minister.

Both were anxious to be in time, but their watches disagreed, that of the parson being the slower. Its owner insisted, however, that it was correct, and added that he had great faith in it. Father McKiernan yielded the point, and they travelled along leisurely, thinking they would have ample time to catch the train. When they arrived at the station, however, they were late. Then the priest, turning to his friend, said: "You told me you had great faith in that watch of yours. It would be much better if you had good works in it,—a practical proof that faith without good works is of no avail."

Bishop Gibson (Protestant Episcopal, diocese of Virginia), in his Lenten letter, giving fatherly counsel to the children of his churches, tells them of "a visible body with an invisible head." The idea will not be new to the little Virginians. They have, from early days, been told by their old colored nurses stories of "de dim ob de mawnin' when by de slaughter pen whar de butcher works, cows widout heads and sheep widout heads run roun' moanin' like de wind,"—ghosts, in fact. But it will perplex the little ones when they are called on to see the church in the same plight. They will conclude that the visible church must, in the nature of things, have a visible head or be banished to ghostland.

Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson writes another letter to the *London Times*, in which he reiterates his contention that leprosy is due in the main to the eating of "decomposing or imperfectly cured fish," and not at all to contact with other lepers. He adds: "Upon the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church there rests, I can not but think, a very grave responsibility. Surely I need make no protestation that I write without the slightest shade of prejudice in reference to a form of belief which

was not so long ago that of all our forefathers when I aver my conviction that, onward from the times of their institution, the fasts of the Church have been largely conducive to the extension and prevalence of leprosy. . . . If the Roman Church would either allow flesh meat on fast-days, or—following the usage of the Greek Church—forbid fish as well as flesh, there are large communities from which leprosy would, I believe, soon wholly disappear."

Without in the least questioning the disinterestedness of Mr. Hutchinson's suggestion, we may be allowed to point out that the present discipline of the Church does not enforce the eating of fish on fast-days, but only the abstinence from meat; that the total number of fast-days is now hardly larger than the number of days on which many non-Catholics elect, purely as a matter of taste, to dine without meat; that since it is not fish but "decomposing or imperfectly cured" fish that is unwholesome, Mr. Hutchinson's appeal would be better directed toward cooks and fishmongers than toward ecclesiastical legislators; that not only decomposing fish but decomposing fruit or decayed food of any kind is disastrous to health; and, finally, that leprosy is by no means restricted to fish-eating peoples: the lepers of many lands are rice-eaters. Mr. Hutchinson's studies have their value, but they are still a long way off from the point at which a change in ecclesiastical legislation may reasonably be demanded.

The frontispiece of the *March Century* is an exceptionally fine portrait of the Holy Father taken when, as Patriarch of Venice, he bore the monstrance in the Corpus Christi procession. That the editor of a magazine which counts a vast majority of non-Catholics among its readers should have considered the Pope an object of special interest to his clientele is a fact of gratifying

significance. Many forces have operated during the last quarter of a century to bring about a marked change of sentiment in the public mind toward the White Shepherd of Christendom: facility of travel has induced a broad, cosmopolitan spirit; the level of general education has been raised; the telegraph and the newspaper have familiarized men with the spirit and activities of Rome; and the closer association of non-Catholics with their Catholic brethren, especially in works of charity, has lessened prejudice and removed distrust. Besides, the world has become better-bred, and the vulgarity of the bigoted temper is realized more acutely and more generally than it formerly was. People seem more disposed nowadays to disagree like gentlemen if they can not dwell together as brethren; and this is better than the old way of hating and ostracizing for the love of God.

The MacDermot, who died recently in Ireland, was a brilliant jurist, who filled with distinction the position of solicitor-general for his country; and, we are reliably informed, was prevented from mounting higher only by the power of ingrained and insuperable prejudice. He was entitled to the prefix "the," according to the Irish code as recognized even by the Court of St. James, because he was the principal representative of one of the houses that once exercised sovereign sway in Ireland. The MacDermot, who had been a pupil of Cardinal Newman, is mourned by people of all classes as a superior man and a choice spirit. *R. I. P.*

It has often been shown that any loss to the Church by the inroads of heresy or the canker of religious indifference is invariably compensated for by the conquest of nations sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. A fresh illustration of this truth

is afforded by the success of the White Fathers in Equatorial Africa. We have already quoted from Dom Maternus Spitz's interesting account of their missions in Sahara and Soudan, contributed some weeks ago to the *London Tablet*. Writing of the success of the same missionaries in Equatorial Africa, he says: "Whilst the light of divine faith has become obscured among many of the Catholic nations of Europe, the Providence of God is diffusing that same light among the nations of the Dark Continent, where it had never shone before." The most flourishing of all the missions in Africa is Victoria Nyanza North. "Thousands of neophytes are year by year added to the flock, whilst other thousands join the classes of the catechumens." Dom Spitz declares that Villa Maria, the principal station in the Vicariate of Uganda, with its 12,000 converts and 16,000 catechumens, is "in no way inferior in zeal and fervor to any Catholic town or village on the Continent."

Side by side with the daily cartoon has sprung up—unnoticed by the current literary historian, so far as we are aware—the editorial jot, terse, suggestive and droll. Here are some characteristic specimens inspired by the war in the Far East:

At this rate, the Czar's prayer for disarmament will be answered soon.—*Chicago News*.

Fortunately, there was no Russian Secretary Hay when we annexed Texas and California, or we might have been compelled to respect the integrity of Mexico.—*Detroit Free Press*.

We are going to have an opportunity of learning whether Russia is a fighting nation. If she isn't, of course we shall "divide her up." This is a Christian world.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Measured by the yardstick, these selections are not impressive; but in good writing there is no such dimension as length: there are only depth, breadth—and the fourth dimension, humor.



Uncle Edward's Adventure.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

II.

I HAD been at Guadalajara about three months when the canon was sent to Rome on a mission of some importance; and with his departure I felt that my only real friend had left me. He was a very kindly and lovable man; although a boy who had been reared less carefully than myself might have thought him very strict. I did not think so, however; and the hours spent in his society, in the seclusion of his large room, with its finely appointed library, or in walks with him about the city and its environs, had been most agreeable to me.

"I was very seldom thrown into the company of my host and hostess, except at dinner and on Sundays. I did not really belong to them: I was little more than a child; and, apart from kindly inquiries about my health, comfort, and the progress I was making in my occupation, we had little in common. But these ties, slight as they appeared, were soon to assume proportions of friendship in the light of what followed.

"The governor's wife went to pay a visit to the city of Mexico, where her mother resided; and shortly after the governor was summoned thither on business by President Diaz. He expected to return in a fortnight and, after a very friendly leave-taking, told me to make myself at home in his house during his absence just as though it were my own; to ask the servants for anything I lacked, and to order whatever I wished for my meals,

"This was something I should never have thought of doing, even if it had not been rendered unnecessary by the action of the secretary, Cristobal, who lorded it over the servants in a very grand manner as soon as the governor had departed. He also began to make things as unpleasant for me as he possibly could with the result that I absented myself from his company except at the evening meal, where we were necessarily obliged to meet.

"I tell you I was feeling pretty homesick when, on the second Sunday after the governor's departure, Cristobal came to me with a letter in his hand and a triumphant expression on his countenance.

"'Look here, youngster!' he said. 'There has been a change, and you will have to get out.'

"'What do you mean?' I inquired.

"'Well, just this. The health of the governor's wife demands a change—she can not live in this climate,—and he has been appointed to another province. His successor has already been named, and you will have to leave—vamoose.'

"'Very well,' I said, deeply hurt that the governor had not communicated with me, but had taken this means of informing me of the change. 'I will leave as soon as I can obtain another lodging.'

"'Those were not the governor's orders,' he replied. 'I have here a letter in which he says: "Tell the youngster to vacate his room at once, as my successor will arrive immediately." Isn't that positive?'

"'It is,' I rejoined. 'And I shall not have to be told to go again. I will leave at once.'

"'That's what I would advise you to do,' continued Cristobal. 'You should

never have been allowed to take up your residence here. I don't believe you were sent here to learn photography for any purpose but that of being able to take pictures of fortresses, and so forth, by some secret process. In short, I think you are being used as an instrument by spies against the government.'

"I am at all times slow to anger, but when roused I become very much excited.

"'You do not believe what you say, Cristobal!' I exclaimed, in a fury. 'You have always hated me since I came to the house, and all this tirade against me is only spite. You are a false and cruel man, and God will punish you some day.'

"'Son of a spy!' cried the secretary, angrily. 'I can make it very hot for your father, and I will. When you hear from him again he may be between the walls of a dungeon; and very likely you will follow him; though it is not the policy of our good and wise President to punish *babies*,—for that is what you are.'

"'You have no power to hurt [my father,' I replied. 'If you are a person of such importance how is it that you are content with an employment that is little more than menial?'

"'Menial!' he shrieked. 'Do you call me that? Do you dare to say such things to me, who have the blood of Columbus in my veins? I will show you,—I will show you! I am master here for the present, and I *command* you to pack up your small valise at once—this very moment—and leave this palace. Never before did such an ingrate, such a vagabond reside under its roof. Go, I say,—go!'

"'I am going,' I replied, my anger turned to amusement as I saw the fury into which I had plunged him.

"Turning my back upon him, I walked quickly away, more hurt at the conduct of the governor toward me than vexed at Señor Cristobal's

impertinence. Not for one moment did I imagine, child that I was, that all this authority was assumed. I retired at once to my room, packed my trunk and valise, ran down to the square and ordered a carrier to convey it to the office of the diligence. For I had fully resolved to return home on the morrow, as I had been growing more dissatisfied with my position every day; knowing, moreover, that my parents, when they had learned that both the canon and the governor had gone, would never allow me to remain at Guadalajara.

"As was my custom on Sundays, I went to Vespers. When it was over and the crowd had departed, I sat for a long time in the dark, cool church, thinking what I should do. I had already realized that I was without a cent of money, my remittance having been exhausted the day before. There was nothing for me to do, therefore, but stay where I was until morning. And then what? Where would the money for my journey come from on the morrow? I put my hand in my pocket and drew out my watch, a beautiful timepiece which my mother had given me before I left home. With that for security, the telegraph operator would surely trust me to the extent of a message to my parents.

"I at once left the cathedral and sought the telegraph office. A pleasant-looking young man was in attendance. Very much embarrassed at the new rôle I was obliged to assume, I answered his friendly interrogation by saying that I wished to send a telegram to my parents.

"'Where do they live?' he inquired.

"I told him the name of the town. He pushed a telegram form toward me, when I said, drawing my watch from its fob:

"'Unfortunately, I have no money; but I will give you this as security for payment to-morrow.'

"He smiled and replied:

"Keep your watch, my boy. You have an honest face. But tell me how you happen to be in such straits?"

"The person with whom I resided has had to leave the city very suddenly, and I do not wish to remain here. I am going to telegraph my parents for money."

"Very well," he said. "We are at your service."

"Having transacted this business, I returned to the cathedral, where I expected to spend the night. It will appear strange to you, children, that I did not go to a hotel, where I could have obtained lodging, supper and breakfast by pledging my valuable little watch. But such a thought had not entered my head."

"I reached the cathedral once more as the lights were beginning to appear in the square. I could also see them twinkling here and there in the windows of the palace from which I had been ejected, and this gave me a feeling of homesickness. Disappointment and wounded feeling filled my heart. It was my first experience of the cruelty of mankind. But I learned later that the governor had not been a party to the unkind treatment I had received. He had written to his secretary to keep me at the palace until he could find a suitable lodging for me; and had even thought it possible that his successor would allow me to remain. But this was not in the plan of my enemy, who had also appropriated a personal letter addressed to me by the governor, who afterward explained everything to my father."

"With these sad thoughts in my heart, and a gnawing feeling at the pit of my stomach, I ascended the steps of the cathedral. But no door would open to my touch. Darkness reigned within and without. The church was closed for the night."

(To be continued.)

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

PART III.

IV.—THE STOUT MAN IN THE COUNTRY CARRYALL.

Camille slept on his pallet of straw as sweetly as if it had been the softest of beds. On awakening, he saw the stout man and the old soldier standing beside him, talking in low tones.

"So you were abandoned, my poor child; and a scruple prevents you from naming the monster who behaved so badly toward you?" said the stout man, as soon as Camille opened his eyes. "Well, to begin with, here are the ten francs I promised you. Now, let's see what we can do for you. What do you know how to do?"

"I can read, write, cipher, and play the violin, as you saw last night," replied the boy, accepting the money offered him. "But although one can earn money by playing in public, I don't like the business. All the eyes fixed on me made me ashamed, and every sou that fell into the cup made me blush. If it had not been to oblige that poor old man, I could never have gone on."

"All trades are honorable, my boy," said the stout man. "I made my fortune in manufacturing men's night-caps and socks. At present I have retired from business, and I come to Paris only once a week. I own an enclosed field near Beaujon, at the end of the Champs-Elysées. There are some old boards, tools and fruit-trees in it, and for this reason it is a constant temptation to trespassers. I should like to put a watchman there, who, by blowing a horn, could give the alarm to the neighboring guard in case of marauders. Wouldn't you be afraid to stay there?"

"Afraid of what, sir?" asked Camille. "Of thieves? I have only ten francs, and I would hide them so carefully

that it would take a sharp man to find them."

"Then do you want to come with me?" asked M. Raimond.

"Pardon me, Monsieur!" interrupted the old soldier. "But what pay will you give him for guarding your field?"

"Not a great deal," responded the ex-hosier, laughing. "Neither board nor lodging, as there isn't any house on the place; but the little fellow will be at liberty to make himself a cabin out of the boards he will find there. Then he can eat all the fruit he wants, and I'll give him seeds to plant a garden. Besides, I'll send him provisions from time to time."

"All right, Monsieur!" said Camille. "I'll guard your field. I'm ready to go now; but I will ask you to wait just a few moments."

Then, with the liberty full of confidence of a child who trusts everyone, the boy started off on a run. He soon returned, carrying a package of tobacco and a clay pipe in the shape of a head wearing a three-cornered hat.

"Here, my good Père La Tuile!" he exclaimed, offering the objects to the old soldier. "I denied myself a ride yesterday that I might be able to get you some tobacco and a pipe that looks like your Emperor. Accept them, please, and bid me good-bye.—I am ready now, Monsieur Raimond. Come on, Fox! Ah, my book! I came near forgetting that."

"By my Emperor, by the name of the great Bonaparte, but you're a fine young fellow!" cried the old soldier, much affected. "We shall see more of each other, my good friend."

"So you've broken into your ten francs," observed M. Raimond, placing Camille and Fox on the front seat of the carryall, then getting in himself.

"Yes, to give that good old man a surprise," answered the boy.

"What big book is that you have there?" asked M. Raimond.

"It's the story of Robinson Crusoe," said Camille, seriously. "It's all about a poor shipwrecked sailor, who was less needy the first day on his deserted island than I was in the midst of a great city."

"But not the second day," said the ex-hosier, insinuatingly.

"That's true, Monsieur; but it's because I've discovered that in Paris one must work for his living."

They soon reached a field, which was fenced in partly by old boards and partly by a crumbling wall.

V.—M. RAIMOND'S FIELD.

They alighted from the carryall. M. Raimond opened a low door and let Camille and Fox pass through into a large field, which was perfectly square. Three-fourths of this enclosure was uncultivated and covered with weeds and thistles. The rest was planted with trees, whose spreading branches were laden with fruit.

In one corner lay a pile of old boards, rusty tools, gardeners' implements, and broken stones. The surrounding wall was high in some places and broken and low in others, where one could see the traces of trespassers.

"Here is your garden and your orchard," said M. Raimond, jovially. "Above all things see that the robbers leave some fruit on the trees for you. You can plant potatoes over there; they are easy to raise. Let the grass grow on this other side. When it gets tall you can cut it, and all the fruit-dealers in the neighborhood will buy it for their rabbits. You will be as happy as a king here, if you are industrious."

"And do you give me *all this*?" inquired the boy in innocent surprise.

"I give you nothing," was the reply, "but I permit you to use everything."

"That means that I can go and come as I please, run about, dig up the earth, and even build me a house with those boards over there?"

"You're free to do just as you like."

"I'm like Robinson Crusoe on his deserted island."

"Exactly."

"How can I thank you, Monsieur!"

"By keeping good watch, so that no one can come at night to tear down my walls and carry off my fruit. That will be easy for you. As soon as your dog warns you of the presence of trespassers, you can blow this little horn and rouse the guards."

"I understand. And now, with your permission, I will set to work to build me a little cabin before dark."

"I'm sorry I can't help you, but I'm obliged to start off to-day on a trip, to be gone a month or two. Fortunately, it's warm, and you'll have plenty of time before winter to build your house. Still, if you want to begin right away, I'll give you some good advice. Take that angle of the wall over there; it will shield you from the north wind and will furnish two sides of your cabin. At any rate, you'll be better off here than in the streets, and you'll have a better shelter than you had last night. A carpenter lives close by. I will recommend you to him so that you can borrow any tools that you may need."

"Thank you, Monsieur,—thank you!" cried Camille, seizing M. Raimond's hand and carrying it to his lips. "How happy you have made me! And you, too, Fox,—come, let me thank you! We have both of us proved that God never forsakes His creatures."

"So you're contented, are you?" said M. Raimond. "Well, good-bye, my little Robinson Crusoe!—good-bye!"

As he went out to the carryall with his newly-made friend, Camille saw a young girl coming down the street toward them. It was Marie, the blind man's daughter. She carried something in her apron which moved about, and Camille heard a soft cooing.

(To be continued.)

Lincoln's Kindness.

A writer in the *Congregationalist* has done good service by gathering a batch of Lincoln stories that show the exquisite kindness of the great American in his dealings with young folk. A Springfield (Illinois) boy, we are told, was once introduced to Mr. Lincoln and shook hands with him. But on the departure of the President-elect for Washington, when the boy boasted of the honor to his classmates, they jeered at him. Then he wrote to Mr. Lincoln, stating the situation; and the man of many cares replied as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
March 19, 1861.

WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—I did see and talk with Master George Evans Patten last May at Springfield, Ill.

Respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

On one occasion several men were waiting to speak with the President on important business, but they were ignored until he had finished his conference with a boy who was seeking a situation as page in the House of Representatives. When told by Mr. Lincoln that such appointments did not rest with himself—that the proper person to apply to was the doorkeeper of the House,—the lad said:

"But, sir, I am a good boy, and have a letter from my mother and one from the supervisors of the town and one from my Sunday-school teacher; and they all told me I could earn enough in one session of Congress to keep us comfortable all the year."

Mr. Lincoln glanced over the lad's papers, then wrote on the back of one of them: "If Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified.—A. Lincoln."

"SALARY" originally meant "salt money" (*salarium*), the allowance furnished the Roman soldier wherewith to buy salt.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mr. John Morley is of opinion that literature and politics ought to go together—that an author has duties outside his study. For himself, he declares he would rather have passed Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Act than to have written Locke's "Human Understanding." A very proper point of view, as we think. The one was about as easy as the other.

—Justin McCarthy considers the death of George Gissing, whose last work, "Henry Ryecroft," notably enhanced his fame as a novelist, a severe loss to English literature. Of the dead writer's private career, Mr. McCarthy says: "I am afraid that earthly life of his was not very happy; and, indeed, I know that it was darkened by some troubles which a man of his mold and temperament would naturally have taken much to heart."

—The honor of being the first to present a full translation in English of the Encyclical on the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception belongs to the editor of the *London Tablet*. We congratulate him on the distinguished service, and at the same time acknowledge our indebtedness to this translation. Considering the haste with which the work must have been done, it is a very creditable translation, idiomatic, clear and smooth. It is gratifying to learn from the Rome correspondent of the *Tablet* that in future an official English version may be expected of all Pontifical documents concerning the Universal Church.

—Catholics have sometimes been accused of making a fuss over converts from other faiths; but in the case of Mr. R. H. Benson, son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, it is the sectarian press that has been most emotional. "He is the biggest haul that the Roman fishermen have made in many a day. He is a young man of various and graceful talents, a persuasive preacher, and the author of a really thrilling book on the supernatural called 'The Light Invisible,'" says one Anglican journal; and the *Church Times* in a similar spirit declares: "Mr. Benson is a young man of great promise, of most winning personality, and of considerable gifts. His loss is a real one." The new convert's change of faith and subsequent removal to Rome have not interrupted his literary labors: at this moment he has two new books in press. One of them is "A Book of the Love of Jesus," a collection of Medieval devotions, most of which were written by Richard Rolle of Hampoll—that curious old hermit who, though a layman, was a director of nuns. The other is an historical novel of the Elizabethan period. And he has just published,

through the English Catholic Truth Society, a little volume showing the steps by which he was led to the Church. It is happily entitled "A City Set on a Hill." We rejoice to learn that Mr. Benson's style is free from any tinge of bitterness toward his former coreligionists.

—We are glad to learn that the Rev. Dr. De Costa, whose ordination in Rome is said to have been hastened by the threatening condition of his health, is not so ill as his friends in this country feared. The correspondent of the *Standard and Times* in the Eternal City writes that the venerable convert "has very much improved, and is able to say Mass frequently, if not regularly." It is to be hoped that interest in Dr. De Costa's books has not been lessened by his absence abroad.

—Mr. Henry A. Hinkson, whose wife is that charming writer, Katherine Tynan, recently sent this valuable memorandum to the *Westminster Gazette*:

In your interesting London letter of the 21st inst. you state: "When James II. held Dublin, his governor turned out the provost and Fellows of Trinity and converted the buildings into a military barracks and a prison." May I supplement that statement by saying that James appointed a secular Roman Catholic priest, Dr. Michael Moore, as provost of Trinity College; and to this priest and to another, Father Teigue McCarthy, is due the preservation of the college library and MSS. in the general disorder? An Irish Protestant may concede this much to Shamus na hOcka.

—Reviewing the two latest volumes of "The Philippine Islands," Mr. Charles Amadon Moody, the literary editor of *Out West*, quotes a decree of Pope Gregory XIV. (1591) forbidding slavery in the Islands "in virtue of holy obedience and under pain of excommunication." The Western editor, who has always been singularly fair-minded in matters of race and religion, seems to take a good deal of pleasure in commending this document to "those who believe that it was the habit of Spanish rulers and Spanish priests to establish a general condition of slavery or serfdom among the natives."

—"The Dynasts," described as the first part of a drama in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes, is Thomas Hardy's latest contribution to English literature; and it is as yet a moot point whether the said literature is enriched or impoverished by the addition. The work is a dramatic poem designed to illustrate the story of the Napoleonic wars between England and France; and is chiefly remarkable for the introduction, among the personages of the drama, of "strange, weird, spirit forms," mystic beings of whom prosaic history makes no men-

tion and in whom it is questionable whether twentieth-century readers will feel particularly interested. As "The Dynasts" is written in English, not Chinese, it is of course not intended for the stage.

—A background of strikes and labor troubles is so obviously the right *mise en scene* for a popular novel nowadays that we wonder it has not been more generally used. In "Joan of the Alley" a young girl of mixed French and Irish blood undertakes to lead her fellow-workers against the forces that drain away the energies of employees while refusing to pay living wages. As the industrial troubles are only a background, it is of no consequence to the story whether or not she fails as a leader; she succeeds in a much more personal and important conquest. We wonder whether Mr. Frederick Orin Bartlett is as familiar as he might be expected to be with the life he essays to interpret? His factory-people will hardly be recognized as dwellers on this planet—at least as dwellers within those Western cities of America where labor troubles have been most acute. The dialect, too, is sometimes fearfully and wonderfully made. But the flavor is wholesome, and the spirit of the author tolerant if not markedly sympathetic. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1.50, net.
Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—*HEB.*, xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Anthony Durier, Bishop of Natchitoches; Rev. J. H. Koetting, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. Anton Legrand, diocese of Wichita; Rev. John Dolan, diocese of Albany; Rev. Alphonse Vermette, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. Peter Crane, O. S. A.

Sister M. of St. Teresa, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Richard Beauregard, of San Antonio, Texas; Mr. William Tate, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Catherine Sesnon, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Anna Ratigan, Stockton, Cal.; Mr. Thomas Mott, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Michael McDonough, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mrs. Catherine Ketner, Pottsville, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Kennedy, Middletown, Conn.; Miss Lilian Rogers, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Matthew Keenan, Sacramento, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Neaton, Watertown, Minn.; Mrs. P. Rodgers, Martinez, Cal.; Mr. James Crudden and Mr. Edward Crudden, S. Boston, Mass.; Mr. George Kuder and Mrs. Louisa Bates, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Edward Doyle, Corning, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Brennan, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. William Pecher, New York; Miss Harriet Richards and Mr. Michael Hagerty, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. H. M. Schley, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Johanna Donohue, Mr. Jacob Brooks, and Mrs. Katherine Shanley, Princeton, Ind.; Mr. Hubert Canfield, Lafayette, Ind.; and Mr. Edwin Abell, Baltimore, Md.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Saint Mary's Indian (Okenagan) Mission (Omak P. O., Washington):

A. G., \$1; Mrs. C. P., \$5; Ernestine, \$1; Friend, Shelton, \$1; J. F. S., \$1; Mrs. Thomas C., \$1; John C., Albany, \$5.

Bishop O'Gorman, West Africa:

Client of St. Joseph, \$5.

The Gotemba Lepers:

Mrs. C. P., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 19, 1904.

NO. 12.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

A Hymn for Lent.

(*Saevo dolorum turbine.*)

AS storm-tossed eagles upward strain,
Their home on high and young to gain,
So labors Christ upon the Rood,
So toils and suffers for our good.

While nails are through His hands and feet,
And mocking words His sorrows meet,
His head divine, in mercy bowed,
Looks down to bless the unfeeling crowd.

There's blood upon His hands and eyes,
And blood o'er all His body lies,
And blood drips down upon the ground
From every mute appealing wound.

The Woman standing by the Tree
His blinded eyes can scarcely see;
'Twas woman brought us pain and loss,
And Woman well stands by the Cross.

O Jesus, save us by Thy blood!
Teach us to love and bless the Rood.
And lead us, Mother, to thy Son
When life is past and work is done.

St. Joseph.—The Lesson of His Life.

EVERYWHERE and at all times men have judged the qualities and actions of their fellowmen by their mere outward pomp and glitter. Power, superior talents, brilliant success, actions which lead to astonishing results,—these are what they admire, and to these they pay eulogies and raise monuments. It would almost seem that even sanctity stands in need of this exterior splendor

in order to deserve the admiration of mankind. Men appreciate the outward gifts of miracles and tongues, because of the celebrity which they attract; but those humble virtues which render the saints agreeable to God are apt to escape their vision, and rarely excite their admiration.

St. Joseph, who as patron of the Universal Church is raised above all the other saints of heaven, had none of those brilliant qualities which men always admire. The duties of the ministry which he had to perform never rose above the plane of humble, everyday life. He was not called, like Moses and Joshua, to give laws to nations and to make kings tremble on their thrones; to command the elements and to change the ordinary course of nature; to astonish the world by his power, and to lead a people to the Land of Promise. He did not, like the Prophets and Apostles, open the eyes of the blind, heal the sick, bring the dying back to the light and recall the dead from the tomb. No extraordinary actions are related of him. The Gospel speaks of him simply as a just man, whose life was always regulated by the will of God, and in conformity with the strictest rules of justice.

The will of God is the primary source of all justice; it fixes the duty of man, and makes the state in which he is placed his sure way of salvation. Hence it follows that submission to the will of God is the first mark of justice. When man is subject to

the will of God, he accomplishes all his duties; his piety has no more obstacles to fear, and his actions are always inspired by the purest motives. Such are the virtues of which Joseph gives us so striking an example. His submission to the will of God renders him a model of justice in his love of the state to which he was called, and in the promptness of his obedience to the divine commands. And we need only reflect on these two points to be convinced that he was really what the Holy Scriptures style him—a just man.

The first effect of submission to the will of God is to keep us in the place which He has marked out for us. As He is the Sovereign Master of our destiny, and as He proportions His graces to the state in which He wishes us to be, it follows that man, submissive to His will, should content himself with the situation in which he finds himself; should not seek to rise above it against the will of Heaven; and should never strive to substitute arbitrary works and a chimerical perfection for the duties which God demands and the perfection which He exacts. St. Joseph, reduced to the most lowly condition, accepts without a murmur the order of Divine Providence. He does not oppose to the decrees of Heaven that vain reasoning which has faith only in its own conclusions; which would seek to change the appointed order of things. On the contrary, he abandons himself entirely to the will of God; he remains satisfied with the state to which he is called, and does not seek to rise above it by the means which vanity or self-love might suggest.

Perhaps we do not appreciate in St. Joseph this love of his state of life; if so, it is simply because that spirit of submission to the will of God is not in our hearts, and because His decrees are always sure to meet with

opposition whenever they do not agree with our own inclinations. Not that we should consider the example of St. Joseph as condemning that noble emulation which makes one aspire to reach honorable eminence through the path of duty. No, far from it; but it teaches us that our ambitious views should always be in keeping with our state; that we should think less of rising in the world than of rendering ourselves useful in it, and making it better for our presence; that even in seeking dignities we should endeavor rather to obey God, who calls us to them, than to satisfy ourselves; finally, it teaches us that our efforts and our aspirations should always be accompanied with a spirit of perfect submission to the divine will, whether it calls us to fill a brilliant station or bids us sanctify ourselves in the painful labors of poverty and the obscurity of a private life.

The next effect of St. Joseph's submission to the will of God which we have to admire is the promptness of his obedience to the divine commands. In the ordinary course of human events, the hand of man alone appears to guide everything: God remains invisible, and acts only through secondary causes. In the history of St. Joseph, on the contrary, the finger of God appears to guide everything. God chooses all the means, and leaves to the minister of His will nothing but the task of meditating over the wonders which he sees accomplished. The Lord commands, Joseph obeys; this is all that we can learn from the Scriptures concerning his ministry. He is well called the hidden saint of the New Law.

During his whole life, when God commands he fears no danger, he dreads no enemy, he shrinks from no hardships, he refuses no sacrifice. Because God wills it, he retires without a murmur to the grotto of Bethlehem, desolate and dreary as it is, and

stands over his charge, a faithful sentinel—the guardian and protector of his Infant Lord. Not a word of complaint escapes his lips when he is told to arise in the middle of the night and take the Child with His Mother and fly into Egypt. He neither questions nor hesitates; he is the faithful man still,—still true to his trust, the guardian of Jesus and Mary.

He suppresses all murmurs; he seeks for motives of disobedience neither in the weakness of the Mother nor in the tender age of the Child nor in the fatigues and dangers of the journey; he asks no questions concerning the duration of his exile, nor the time when his struggles are to cease; but, rising from his sleep, he takes the Child and His Mother and sets out, without guide or assistance, leaving to God alone the task of watching over and protecting His cherished family. At the first sign of Heaven's will he returns from exile to his native land, with Jesus and Mary; for them he endures poverty and humiliation, and remains till death the faithful and tried guardian and protector of his Lord. What an admirable spirit of obedience! How eloquently does it not teach us to submit without a murmur to the will of Heaven!

The exemplary submission of St. Joseph to the divine will thus rendered him, as we have seen, a model of justice in his love of his state, his perfect patience, his entire resignation, and in the promptness of his obedience. It remains for us only to consider the rewards which his justice merited.

On earth justice rarely meets with temporal rewards. The impious, in the midst of pomp and prosperity, frequently are in the enjoyment of grandeur and riches. Their success seems to surpass their fondest desires; while the just, on the contrary, have often for their portion only contempt and indifference. Without the light of

faith, we should, perhaps, not unfrequently, be tempted to imagine that the favors of Heaven are the reward of crime, and its disfavor the only recompense of virtue. Joseph, whose virtues merited the praise of the Holy Spirit in the inspired writings, did not receive for his reward temporal prosperity and success. Like so many other just men, he was poor, persecuted, an object of scorn to his fellowmen. The distinctions of the world were unworthy of his merit; but God extended to him the prize of real greatness: He granted him the understanding of the divine mysteries; He established him protector of His chosen ones on earth; and He selected him to co-operate in His adorable designs,—three prerogatives vouchsafed to Joseph alone, and alone fit to be the recompense of his virtues.

When Almighty God decreed that the august mystery of the Incarnation should be accomplished, Joseph was the one chosen to be not only the confidant but the faithful guardian of the divine secret. The Son of God, when about to descend on earth to assume our human nature, would have a mother. This mother could not be other than the purest of virgins, and her divine maternity could not impair her incomparable virginity. Until such time as the Son of Mary was recognized as the Son of God, His Mother's honor had need of a protector. Some man, therefore, was destined to be called to the high honor of being Mary's spouse; this privileged mortal was Joseph, the most chaste and the most just of men.

But he was not only chosen to the glory of having to protect the Mother of the Incarnate Word: he was also called to exercise an adopted paternity over the very Son of God. So long as the mysterious cloud was over the Saint of saints, Jesus was known by men as the Son of Joseph, and the carpenter's Son. When Mary, after three

days of mysterious separation, found the Child Jesus in the Temple disputing with the doctors, she thus addressed Him: "Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." And the Evangelist adds that He "was subject to them."

What wonder, then, if this foster-father of the Son of God was prefigured in the Old Testament, and that by one of the most glorious of the patriarchs? Listen to St. Bernard, who thus compares the two Josephs: "The first was sold by his brethren, and led into Egypt, thus prefiguring Our Saviour's being sold: the second, to avoid Herod's envy, led Jesus into Egypt. The first was faithful to his master, and treated his wife with honor: the second, too, was the most chaste guardian of his Spouse, the Virgin Mother of his Lord. To the first was given the understanding and the interpretation of dreams: to the second, the knowledge of, and participation in, the divine mysteries. The first laid up stores of corn, not for himself but for all the people: the second received the Living Bread that came down from heaven, and kept It for himself and for the whole world."

Thus, as we have seen, the glory and power of the just on earth are not the certain measure of their merit and holiness; but far different is the case when the links which bind them to earth are severed. As the gifts which they then receive are the true reward of their sanctity, it follows that they must be proportionate to their merit. The more resplendent their life has been with virtues, the greater the homage and veneration to which they are entitled after death; and the holier they have been in the sight of God, the more perfectly they have accomplished His will,—the higher the degree of authority and power to which they are raised.

This reflection, then, will make it easy for us to understand how great

must be the power of St. Joseph with God, and how worthy he is of our homage. Always subject to the divine will, his life was but one uninterrupted succession of virtuous actions; every instant added but fresh lustre to his merits. He is, therefore, before God the most powerful of the saints, as he was the most just of the children of men. How great must be the power of his intercession with that Son whose love he never ceased to merit! And this is why the Church hails him as her patron and protector, and why devotion to him prevails wherever true Faith exists.

Justly, then, may we apply to ourselves the words which of old were addressed to the needy ones of Egypt: *Ite ad Joseph*,—"Go to Joseph." Let us go to Joseph with confidence, asking of him not temporal favors, which might be the cause of our ruin, but grace to persevere in well-doing. Let us learn of him to be contented with the lot which Providence has granted us; to be submissive to the will of Heaven; to be charitable in our dealings with our fellowmen,—in a word, to walk as he did in the path of justice. Our supplications will then be worthy of Joseph; he will bear them to the throne of the Omnipotent God; the Lord will bestow upon us His benedictions; and if, like Joseph, we are not rewarded with earthly consolations, we may confidently hope for an abundant reward in the better life to come.

"A COMMONPLACE life!" we say and we sigh;
 But why should we sigh as we say?
 The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
 Makes up the commonplace day;
 The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
 And the flower that blooms and the bird that
 sings;
 But dark were the world and sad our lot
 If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;
 And God, who knows each separate soul,
 Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful
 whole.

Susan Coolidge.

Don José's Hidden Treasure.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

I.

DO me the honor to come inside the house, ladies and gentlemen, and I shall take pleasure in telling you all about the gold your ancestor and mine left buried here in the earth, and which I have been so fortunate as to find."

This from Felipe de la Villa, standing in the broad doorway of the old hacienda, whither he had invited that day all those of his name and blood dwelling in Santa Barbara and all the region roundabout.

It was a motley assemblage that trooped into the ancient house at his bidding; for ill fortune had fallen upon the aristocratic old family, once among the most powerful and richest in all the big State of California. They would have told you, with many explanatory shadings, that it was due to the coming of the Americanos, with their shrewdness and new ways of doing business, with which the descendants of Spanish dons could not compete; and there would have been a moiety of truth in the statement. And there was the calamitous fact, vouched for by tradition, whose truth all were ready to attest, that Don José de la Villa, the great-grandfather of Felipe, and in varying degrees ancestor to them all, founder of the house which they were even now entering, had early in the nineteenth century buried the bulk of his wealth—an iron pot filled to the brim with gold pieces—somewhere on the premises, then died without revealing the secret of its hiding-place. Not a man among them, from that day down to this, who had not, at some time or other in his life, searched and delved for the hidden treasure. Not a man among them who was not morally

sure that could he but have uncovered that ancestral gold, it would have redeemed his fortunes. Not a man among all these gathered on this day who did not secretly attribute the poverty by which he was beset to that most deplorable and very inconsiderate act of old Don José's.

As they crossed the broad piazza, floored with square red tiles, and canopied with a vagrant grapevine wandering over an open trellis, first place was with one accord granted to Major Pedro, oldest living representative of the race. Straight and tall and narrow was the Major; his thin, grey-bearded face, bright eyes, and hooked nose, expressive of an unbending pride. The very stroke of his wooden leg, as he pegged across the tiles and braced it on the doorsill, had an uncompromising ring. His badge of honor was this wooden leg, memento of a scrimmage with the Americans away back in the Forties, when Pedro, a precocious youth of sixteen, had dashed into the heart of the conflict on his broncho, and a well-aimed shot from one of the enemy's rifles had sent horse and rider to the ground. An unreconstructed Spanish Californian, this Major Pedro, his title conceded him in the dignity of later years, hating the invaders with unabated passion, and refusing his life long to acquire either their language or their customs.

After him tottered his sister, tia Juana, fat and amiable; in all things the Major's obedient shadow, knowing no will apart from his. Hovering near her was her youngest sister's youngest daughter, Teresa, who had come under her protecting wing. Slim of figure and light of foot, Teresa; her small head carried proudly erect, and her brown eyes holding a sweet inner light, if you could but succeed in catching and holding them.

Domingo de la Villa, stout and middle-aged, who had but lately lost his wife,

and had a rusty weed wound about the crown of a very rusty black felt slouch hat, had come all the way from Montecito, where he claimed local celebrity as owning the largest family and invariably holding the luckiest cards in the populous Spanish settlement. Beside him, on the high seat of his paintless spring wagon, his two oldest daughters had travelled, in dyed black cotton frocks, and hats with drooping feathers; while the boxes in the wagon bed had served as seats for the remainder of his flock—plump lads whose bare legs were encased in decorous black overalls, and little maids in plumage black as crows. Then there were De la Villas from Summerland and De la Villas from Carpinteria, De la Villas from Ventura on the south and Lompoc and Santa Maria on the north, and De la Villas from Santa Barbara. A proud race, one must fain confess. Some of them lived by their wits, and some of them by other people's wits, and some could scarcely be said to live at all; but not one among them had ever "soiled his hands" or his name by the performance of manual labor.

Two young men brought up the rear of the procession, puffing cigarettes. They sank indolently down upon the long wooden bench before the house. The building was tucked in a depression of the foothills overlooking Dos Pueblos, whose black soil, thickly sown with arrowheads and stone beads, marks the site of two of the most populous Indian villages that Cabrillo found along the California coast. Young Don Carlos, whose spirited riding horse, gaily caparisoned with stamped leather saddle and silver-mounted Mexican bit, chafed under the pepper trees, looked meditatively away across the blue waters of the Channel to where the island of San Miguel lay like an amethyst ship rocking upon the horizon's rim.

"Beastly thing, the old Don's burying

all that money, robbing us fellows of our patrimony! Will Felipe divvy, d'ye think, Sebastian?"

"No telling!" replied his companion, shortly. "Always was a queer fellow."

"A slice of it would come in mighty handy just now," muttered Don Carlos. He was thinking of the bright prospect opening before him, by virtue of his graces as a dancer and man-about-town, of capturing the hand of a rich brewer's daughter, and wondering how he was going to raise a decent wedding suit.

"They say," murmured Sebastian, leaning confidentially toward him, "that sly Felipe dug up the gold years ago, when he first came out here. All this has not been done in a day,"—he waved his hand in the direction of the thriving orchard, the vine-clad slopes, the waving field of barley, the lines of fences in repair. "You remember how it used to be?"

Don Carlos nodded. In his boyhood he had often crossed the land when out hunting. Abandoned at an early day, because no self-respecting De la Villa would abstract himself from society and the convivial life of the town to occupy it, it had been overgrown with weeds, given over to gophers and squirrels, the adobe itself falling into ruin.

But Felipe was speaking within. They leaned toward the doorway to hear.

"My friends," said their host, "for more than sixty years the De la Villa family have been treasure-seekers. I, too, when a small boy resolved to find the pot of gold that our ancestor buried here. For many years I was not free to take up the search. You know that my father died, and it was necessary I should work so that my mother might not want."

Some of them shrugged their shoulders. They did not care to be reminded of the time when Felipe had brought reproach upon the proud name by driving a grocer's delivery wagon, and

afterward by selling goods across the counter. They had been willing to let bygones be bygones, since he had become prosperous, and even to share the golden treasure with a good grace. Every eye and ear was intent upon him and his words. Truly he was a fine-looking young fellow, tall and well built, with a power of earnestness in his face, thrown back as he spoke. As for Felipe himself, it is to be feared that he was conscious only of a pair of starry eyes gazing up at him from beside tia Juana's mountain of flesh.

"The day came when my mother needed me no more," the young man proceeded. "It was lonely in town, and I came out here. The old ambition possessed me to find my great-grandfather's gold, but I meant to have clear title to it. You, perhaps, know how I acquired the ranch. My cousin Don Carlos"—he nodded in the direction of the doorway—"had inherited it from his father; but money had been borrowed upon it, and the interest was unpaid. The holder of the mortgage was about to foreclose, and the estate would have gone forever out of the hands of the De la Villas. I gave Don Carlos all the ready cash I had and could scrape together—more than he was asking for his equity, which the mortgagee would not acknowledge was any equity at all,—took the title, and got the mortgagee to extend the time. Is it not so, Carlos?"

The exquisite young man in the doorway nodded a sullen assent.

"Then I began my hunt for the gold," Felipe went on; "and I can assure you it has given me a pretty chase. First I began with the house. It would seem that an old gentleman like Don José would not hide his treasure far from the walls that sheltered him. Think you not so, tio Pedro?"

The grey head nodded, but the hawk-like eyes remained fixed on the questioner's face.

"First I examined all the floors. The house had been empty for years, and the rats had enjoyed their own way. Much of the flooring was worn, and there were many holes gnawed in it. I took up the worn and broken boards: there was no gold beneath. They were not worth replacing, and I put down new ones in their stead. Then I turned my attention to fireplace and chimney. On the hearth were many loose stones. I lifted them: there was not so much as a cavity beneath; but I laid them down again in good mortar. The chimney way falling down. I tore it all away; there was no treasure there. Blasting rock from the ledge back of the spring, I rebuilt it with my own hands."

He half turned and looked with satisfaction at the broad, gaping fireplace, piled high with gnarled roots and brush; remarking, reflectively:

"It draws well on chilly nights and winter days."

There was an impatient stir around the room. His hearers were eager for the climax. Domingo nodded to his restless brood, and they flitted out of the door into the sunshine like a flock of blackbirds, their feet tripping softly across the tiles worn by past generations of little feet.

Felipe resumed his narrative:

"To the old barn I turned next. Don José was fond of horses, and owned many racers, as you know; but the rotting stalls would not have held an unweaned colt. I ripped them out; and, finding no gold, replaced them with stout timber hewn from the young saplings that border the pasture. By this time I was convinced that if it was true any gold at all was buried in this place, it must be out in the unkempt orchard, the overgrown vineyard, or the neglected and brush-grown fields. Already I had spaded up the old garden back of the hacienda; and, finding no coin nor so much as a bit of rusty iron, had planted it with good

seed of many kinds, which was springing into fresh, green life.

"To overturn the soil in all these acres was a prodigious undertaking,—too much to consider doing by hand. Nor could I afford to have so much good work go to waste, in case the pot of gold should not come to light. First I had to prune the trees and cut away the vines, that I might not be impeded by them. And while I was about it I trimmed them into good shape, so that they might thereafter bear good fruit; replanting those that had died or come to naught. Then, with a stout horse and a plough, I overturned every foot of ground upon all the land that had ever been brought under cultivation. Not so much as the handle of the pot came to light. But the soil being made ready, I set out more trees, and sowed the weedy fields with the best seed barley I could obtain. Friends, I have found no pot of gold, but thus I have gone on; and I have picked up gold coins, year after year, broadcast, from every acre upon which I have expended honest muscle and common-sense."

The company sat as if stupefied. Only the Major's eyes gleamed fiercely.

"Tell me, Felipe," he demanded, "this grubbing and digging and ploughing that you talk of,—you mean that you did it by hiring the labor done?"

"With my own hands—no others—has it all been done to this hour, tio Pedro!" said Felipe, with right honest pride; and he held out to all their vision, palms upward, two large, strong hands, scarred and calloused with toil.

Alas for the De la Villa hand, pride of the race! Don Carlos looked down at his own well-kept digits, slender as a woman's and beringed. Nothing could have emphasized more the gap between Felipe and his people.

The Major exploded an angry excla-

mation, and made as if he would rise from his seat.

"If agreeable to you, I pray you to wait a little longer and hear me out, Granduncle Pedro," pleaded the young man, crossing the room and placing his hand affectionately upon the old man's shoulder. "Believe me, my people, I have not called you hither to hear me boast of my good fortune or success. What I have to say is this. In the ranch, all told, are eleven hundred acres. Six hundred acres are tillable and capable of being brought to the highest state of cultivation. I myself can do but a small part. Forty acres are more than I can handle to my own satisfaction; and even then I must hereafter employ help. A fine mountain stream runs through the upper portion, and can be brought down to irrigate the lower lands, making them available for the choicest garden purposes,—for small fruits and oranges and lemons. I assure you there is gold, many pots of gold, in that water, rightly applied to the land. Here is room for all of us to work and build up prosperous homes. To such of you as wish to take hold and plant and cultivate the land, I will give free title to such portions as we may agree upon. Tia Juana and tio Pedro, if they will consent, shall be honored members of my household; but it will be the household of a plain workingman, who can offer nothing in the way of social pretensions or luxury. There is gold everywhere here, not secreted by mortal hand, but planted by Almighty God, to be reaped by the industry and thrift of His children. Come and join me, my people, and we will re-establish the De la Villa family in happy homes, and in more than their olden dignity and comfort."

For half a minute the company sat in dismayed silence; then a titter ran around the room. Don Carlos, outside, said to his friend: "Come, let's get out of this!" And, without the ceremony

of bidding their host farewell, the two strolled off down to where their horses stood.

The Major shook off Felipe's hand and tottered to an erect position.

"The De la Villas may be poor, Señor, but they have never degraded themselves, save in one instance," he said, his eyes blazing. "We have you to thank, furthermore, for this brilliant and audacious proposition to abase all to your level, to make of a proud and honorable race ploughmen and menials. No better may perhaps be expected of one in whose veins runs the blood of the Morales, who took office under the Americanos."

At this slur upon his mother's father, who had been Secretary of State under American rule, there was an answering flash in Felipe's eyes; but he suppressed the retort on his lips, and, against the Major's protests, helped the old gentleman out of the house and down to his dilapidated carriage. Tia Juana tearfully accepted his help to regain her seat; but little Teresa, her proud head adroop, climbed into the opposite side of the carriage, with never so much as a look in his direction; while cousins, large and small, swarmed in beside them.

There was no rancor in the speech of Domingo or the remaining cousins, who tarried for a while.

"You are a good man, Felipe," said Domingo, with amiable condescension; "but you have not the comprehension how it is with those that feel the pride of race, the pride of family, the honor of descent. Me, it is not possible that I should work with my hands. I like not to see others work. When I go past where men do labor digging ditches, I turn my eyes away, so! The sight of other men toiling is painful to me,—painful! When my beloved wife Luisa, she make the tortillas, I do always go out of the house, that I may not see her. Is it not so, Benito?"

"Si, *papacito*, always. To Diego Romero's saloon."

"Go you out, children, and make the horse ready; for the sun sinks low. One word, Felipe!"

Domingo took his host aside.

"You are the favorite of fortune. Me, you see, with my sainted wife now in the grave two months and ten days, and my many children, *pobrecitos*! One week after my Luisa die, I give order to the stonecutter for a fine marble slab to distinguish her grave,—a big red stone, with inscription telling her many virtues. It is done, and now he will not let me have it without I pay him the sum of fifty dollars, the bloodsucker! the robber of the orphaned! If you oblige me with the money, I give you my note here and now; and my poor Luisa's grave, it shall no longer go unmarked."

Tears flowed down Domingo's cheeks. He stanchd them with a white handkerchief, one of seven which, together with seven white linen shirts, his fifteen-year-old daughter painstakingly laundered each Monday.

Felipe put his hand in his pocket and drew out a gold half-eagle.

"This, will it be any help? You need not mind about the note, Domingo."

The widower took it eagerly. It was more than he had expected.

"Many thanks, my dear boy! Be sure you come to us when in Montecito. Adios!"

Before his guests had departed, Felipe had distributed among them no less than a hundred dollars of the gold their mutual ancestor had left hidden in the soil, but of whose presence he had never known.

The last to make application was the irresistible Don Carlos, who reconsidered his hasty departure, and returned to linger about the dooryard until he could waylay Felipe apart and alone.

"My congratulations upon your good fortune, cousin Felipe!" he began

jauntily. "But you must know that when I sold you this ranch I had no idea of the value that was in it, which you have shown us very nicely to-day. Of course, with such an income, you must feel that the original owner is entitled to something more than the song for which he sold it. Let us say a thousand dollars, and call it square."

The degenerate scion of a noble line, tall, heavy-eyed, inclined to stoutness, faced the man who stood abreast of the time and who had seized and conquered opportunity. The heavy eyes fell before the clear, penetrating gaze that seemed to look him through and through.

"Down on Anacapa Street, in Santa Barbara, there is a stranger girl dying whose child has never known a father. I am paying for her medical care. If need be, some day I may do something for the unfortunate child. To you not one red cent," said Felipe.

"Then stick to your gold, you old clodhopper! You're no true De la Villa."

Angrily, Don Carlos put spurs to his horse and tore off down the road.

Left alone, Felipe watched the red splendor fade from the western sky and sea. The world seemed all at once a very solitary place. He became aware that for years he had been cherishing a plan that had no more stability than a child's house of cards, and which had this day tumbled about his ears. So vain, so foolish, were the hopes he had been nourishing of arresting the decaying fortunes of his family, gathering his kindred about him, creating a tranquil community of happy homes, bound together by mutual affection and the traditions of the past! And here he stood, forlorn, despised, his open-hearted proposal spurned by the humblest among them.

Teresa's defection had hurt the worst. The little maid had been worshiped by him ever since he had

been a stout lad in knickerbockers. Shabby knickerbockers they had been, and ill shaped, made over by unpractised hands from the garments of his elders; while Teresa, whose father had been a rich man, was always daintily attired in fine cambrics and laces and embroideries, with now and then a shimmering silken gown on feast-days. But her father, too, had died, and the young mother had soon after followed; and the children's heritage, in the hands of the Major, had somehow faded away in speculation and bad investments and uncalculating expenditures. So the gap between them had slowly closed, until Teresa had become the Major's penniless ward; and he, Felipe, had joyfully awaited the coming of the hour when he could offer her a home and a secure future, in addition to the overflowing love of his honest heart. Yet Teresa had gone away from him this day with one who had scorned and denounced him, flinging him never so much as one backward glance of kindness or regret.

(Conclusion next week.)

To Ireland. 1904.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

QUEEN of the Cross and the Shamrock, we
hail thee!

Millions of lovers who know not thy face,
Millions whose blood, when thy foemen assail thee,
Swiftly our kinship asserts with thy race.
Sons of thy sons, though thy pitiful story
Often has moved us to passionate tears,
 Oftener still have we joyed in thy glory,
Radiant e'en in thy mournfullest years.

Queen, the best-loved in the concourse of nations,
Idol of exiles far-scattered o'er earth,
Hope at last merges in sure expectations;
Soon shalt thou revel in Freedom's new birth.
Reason, not force, thy redemption doth fashion,
Tyranny's mandates e'en now are withdrawn:
Faithful to God through thy centuried passion,
Erin, God blesses thy fair Easter-dawn.

A Life's Record.

BY ETHEL B. BROWN.

III.

GOD had given to good Madame de Carcado sufficient energy to overcome all trials and difficulties in the work of founding the orphan asylum; and when she met with obstacles and contradictions she only praised Him the more and urged others to do the same, often saying that 'she liked to see their faith fully proved.' The rules and regulations which she drew up for the admission of deserted children are in existence in the orphan asylum to this day; and, with Madame de Saisseval's natural generosity of soul, all the glory of the work was left to Madame de Carcado, and the institute was called by her name.

After five years of unremitting toil and fatigue in founding the Home, whose final success she was not to witness, Madame de Carcado, courageous to the last, found her strength fail. A final effort made on behalf of the orphan asylum was the cause of her death; and it may be that a short account of her last moments will not be found out of place in this memoir. The souls of Madame de Saisseval and Madame de Carcado were so united in life that praise of the latter is homage rendered to Madame de Saisseval herself.

Madame de Carcado, feeling that her death was imminent, and full of charity and compassion up to the last, expressed a wish to be nursed by one of those poor people whom she herself had often visited and consoled, so that she might be the means of helping them to the very end of her life. She insisted upon having for her nurse a poor woman without any experience and quite unaccustomed to invalids; and as this person could not leave her

two little children, they were placed on a mattress at the foot of Madame de Carcado's bed, where her eyes could rest upon them.

She lay in a room that had been for long stripped of all furniture; and she would have been left without the very necessities of life had it not been for the kind friends who came and supplied her with what her self-denying charity had deprived her. On this wretched bed and among such surroundings, who would have recognized the once brilliant favorite of a Queen whose court had been amongst the gayest of the period? Madame de Saisseval did all she could for her dying friend; she noted down all her desires and thoughts; and one day when she expressed with tears her anxiety for the future, the humble invalid only replied: "Oh, Almighty God has no need of creatures!" As long as she could speak, her conversation was all about her "*dear foundlings*." Her panegyric was preached in 1809, by the Abbé Le Gris Duval, at the distribution of prizes at the orphan asylum. It was a fitting subject for so great a preacher.

After Madame de Carcado's death, her friend Madame de Saisseval became the head of the Home; and the children found in her a new mother and one whose whole energy was spent in their interests. This charitable institution was among the first founded after the re-establishment of religion in France. "It is," said Madame de Saisseval, "the one we love best of all." Drawn by her old attraction toward the sick and suffering poor, she was able to devote a great deal of her time to them; and from the year 1803, accompanied by her daughter Aline, she resumed the visits to the hospitals which had been interrupted by the Revolution. The following little incident casts a bright light on the origin of the Foundling Hospital.

One day as they were by the bedside of a dying woman, who was in great grief at the thought of leaving her baby alone in the world, and whose despair was pitiful to see, Madame de Saisseval, moved by compassion, promised that she would adopt the child. This kind act gave birth to a great and permanent work of charity, and explains why it was laid down as a necessary condition for admission that the children should be motherless. The example thus given soon stimulated the charity of others; the two institutions founded by Madame de Saisseval were very shortly organized on a firm basis, and many others added to their number.

Nothing could exceed her motherly care and affection, while the interest which she took in the orphans can be compared only to the natural love of a mother for her own children. She loved the very smallest and humblest amongst them; and gladly welcomed those who, after leaving the Home, came back with the hope of finding help and consolation; or, as it very often happened, begging for that forgiveness which she was always the first to grant. She never visited Paris without going to see her poor children; and if any of them were sick, she made a point of coming several times a day. With the utmost simplicity she would take her place beside the little one's bed, and, while playing at some childish game, would instil into the innocent mind tender thoughts of love and confidence in God. The number of the children never troubled her, and she would gladly gather them all into her room, as she had already taken them into her heart.

The life of Madame de Saisseval had its full share of sacrifice. In order that no trial might be wanting to one so tender in feeling and yet so strong in enduring, and that her self-denial might be all the more complete, God withdrew from her the members of her own

family, one after another, leaving only those whom she had adopted to take their place. She first closed the eyes of her beloved mother, and shortly afterward her three daughters were taken from her. The youngest of these, the Marquise de Leusse, who, like her sister, died childless, had adopted the two children of her husband's first marriage. To these two little girls, who called her "grandmother," Madame de Saisseval now attached herself with much affection. But death struck even those from her embrace; and their grandmother, in her bereavement, found herself alone before her crucifix, with a heart almost broken with grief.

We know well that religion can not extinguish nature or banish sorrow from the heart, any more than it can condemn these feelings; but it *can* and *does* assuage them by teaching the lesson of patience and resignation. Madame de Saisseval's natural tenderness had been made still more sensitive by her misfortunes, but at the same time her courage had grown stronger. In the strength of her faith and love she proved herself to be a worthy daughter of that incomparable Mother who, with a heart pierced by the sword, remained standing at the foot of the Cross. Instead, then, of selfishly wrapping herself up in her sorrow, she buried it deep within her heart and devoted herself entirely to a life of incessant labor. The chief features of her personal history are sufficiently indicated by the different works of charity which she established. The first of these was the "Needlework Guild," which became a source of income for all her other charitable works, and deserves to be specially mentioned on account of its intrinsic importance and the interesting circumstances of its origin.

Mademoiselle Aline de Saisseval was also naturally inclined to devote herself to all good and charitable works, and she relates in a few words how

she came to think of inducing some ladies to meet together in their spare moments and prepare work, which was afterward to be sold in aid of some charity:

"When the Pope and cardinals were in exile at Fontainebleau, the Abbé Le Gris Duval happened to say, in my presence, that he required 2000 francs for these poor prisoners, and that he did not know where to find this sum. I was happy to be able to present for this purpose a dressing-case that my sister, the Marquise de Leusse, with her husband's permission, had given to me. The case was worth about £16. I determined to raffle it, and sold the tickets at £1 each. The result was the sum of £72! And one day, as I was praying in the Church of St. Sulpice, I exclaimed: 'But, my God, after I have given Thee the dressing-case I shall have nothing left!' (I had asked that the Mass about to be said should be offered for this intention, and that the lottery might bring in as much money as possible. My confidence was so great that I had placed the case on the corner of the altar, as if to draw down a blessing upon it.)

"Just at this moment, remembering something that a lady had done for the benefit of the poor, it occurred to me that after having provided what was necessary for the wants of the cardinals, I might keep back a small sum and use it to begin the Needle-work Guild. The Abbé Duval was quite delighted with my plan, and gave me back £16; and, as the same sum had been contributed from another source, we were able to begin our good work in 1812. The Duchesse d'Angoulême and the Duchesse de Berri were the first associates. An exhibition of the work was held twice in the year, and that contributed by the princesses was sold at auction and brought in a sum of money far beyond its value. The profits up to the present day

generally reach the sum of about £1000 a year; they have even amounted to £1600. The money is spent on different charities, but I try to send the greater part to the seminaries."

Aline justly considered that this last work was the most important of all; and we can understand the double object of her zeal—her wish to help her mother and the Church.

Madame de Saisseval's charity, at first devoted to the lowest and weakest in the world, was soon to help the Supreme Head of the Church; and she thus ranks with the holy women in the Gospel whose sanctity has been proclaimed by Christian tradition, and who, following our Divine Lord with undaunted courage and fidelity, both relieved the destitution of His life and lovingly watched beside Him during His Passion.

Meanwhile the same blow struck the Sovereign Pontiff and dispersed the Sacred College. Rome was removed to Fontainebleau. The successor of St. Peter, deprived of his temporal but not of his spiritual power—the dignity of his person being actually heightened by his misfortunes,—had been dragged into captivity from the very midst of his people as they knelt down to receive his blessing. Political intrigues had really led to his banishment, but the faith and reverence of the people had converted this into a triumph. It was in the very centre of France, forced into persecuting him in spite of herself, that, by a just compensation, he received the most consolatory marks of sympathy and the most generous offerings in his distress. We are told that the saddened heart of the aged Pontiff rejoiced over France. "Faith," he observed, "is not extinguished where charity still lives; and while charity exists there is always hope of salvation." Madame de Saisseval had shown herself a most indefatigable collector of Peter's Pence, and her name

received a special blessing from the venerable old man, whose benediction never failed in its effect.

Yet one more pressing need remained to call forth all the energy of her untiring zeal. The future of the Church in France was threatened; and a woman, undoubtedly raised up by Almighty God, was to take into her weak hands the difficult task of restoring religion. It was she who gave the initiative to that appreciation of the danger now everywhere aroused; and all resolved to seize the last chance of preserving it. The priesthood, in danger of dying out from want of vocations, was about to be reinforced and restored to new life; and through the priesthood Christianity was to be preserved, and France saved from utter ruin. It is, therefore, true to say that Madame de Saisseval has won the right of the gratitude of the Church and of her country; nor can either clergy or laity ever forget what she did for them.

In the course of the year 1815, as Madame de Saisseval was making her thanksgiving after Holy Communion, she took for her meditation some words of Holy Scripture relating to the priesthood. Suddenly her heart was pierced with the thought of this bleeding wound in the Church. Everything was done by the State for secular education, nothing whatever for ecclesiastical seminaries, so that the latter found themselves in absolute destitution, and there was no hope of any vocations. At once Madame de Saisseval, with that childlike confidence which, regardless alike of aids and obstacles, places its whole hope and trust in Almighty God, answered from the depths of her heart the appeal of her Divine Master in the words of Mary herself: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it done unto me according to Thy word."

The charitable Association for the Junior Seminaries was founded in Paris in July, 1815, and rapidly spread all

over France. It became an object of the greatest interest to every Christian heart in the country; and Madame de Saisseval soon secured for her enterprise the active assistance of many ladies able to understand and realize the importance of such a work. She also obtained the protection of some of the most eminent prelates of the Church, and her correspondence contains many of their letters relating to the work. The Archbishop of Toulouse and Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, were among the first directors of the Association; the Abbé Le Gris Duval drew up the rule, and the Archbishop of Paris presided at the general meetings. The annual amount of the collection, in Paris alone, often resulted in the sum of more than £2000, and once amounted to £3200.

The charitable efforts made on behalf of the Junior Seminaries received additional importance from a new association which was started soon afterward. Mademoiselle de Saisseval, who herself conceived the idea, thus explains its object:

"This work was founded with the object of fostering in young children the marks of a vocation to the priesthood, with a view of drawing to God's service the choicest souls which were to be found in all France. My most earnest desire had always been to bring together those boys who seemed to have the highest vocations; and when I confided my plan to Archbishop d'Astros, he was kind enough to draw up the outlines of a rule for this special work. We were to choose, from amongst the children of the aristocracy, those who were attracted to the Church by the noblest and highest motives. Besides having a vocation to the priesthood, they should be imbued with solid piety and undoubted talent, and marked out, as it were, in a very special manner by Almighty God for the service of His Church. We were

anxious to have them educated in the Jesuit colleges, and were only to pay for their maintenance there. The Abbé de Bonald was the director of this work. What we had to do was to discover these favored souls which were one day to adorn the Church of Jesus Christ."

It appears that these souls were not difficult to find; for amongst the papers relating to this work, but kept secret at that time for many good reasons, we trace upon the registers more than sixty names famous in the history of France.

(Conclusion next week.)

Miss Blake's Mary.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

HUGH MAXWELL glanced impatiently at his watch. The draughty railway platform, which he had reached a quarter of an hour previous to the time appointed for the departure of his train, was scarcely a pleasant waiting place; yet he continued to pace up and down rather than seek the crowded waiting-room. Suddenly he came face to face with a thin, delicate-looking man in ecclesiastical garb.

"Phil!" he cried involuntarily.

The priest looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"Sir," he began.

Hugh Maxwell laughed.

"Do you not know me—*me*, Hugh Maxwell?"

The priest held forth his hand.

"Hugh Maxwell! Yes, yes, it is! You must pardon me; but I was engrossed in my own thoughts. What a length of time since we were together in Clongowes!"

"Twenty years," Hugh Maxwell answered promptly. "Now you are a priest, I see."

"Yes."

"Father Blake. The old name came readily to my tongue," Hugh Maxwell said. "Are you travelling far?"

"To Fermore."

"Then our ways lie together as far as the junction. Here is our train. I'll find an empty carriage."

In a few moments the two were in a first-class compartment; and an obliging official, in response to Hugh's whisper, locked the door of the carriage.

"Now," he cried gleefully, "we can have a—"

He stopped suddenly. The priest lay back deadly pale against the cushions.

"No, no!" Father Blake gasped, as Hugh lowered the window. "The faintness is passing off. Don't call. You need not be alarmed."

The color came gradually back to the priest's face; but the train was speeding through the suburbs of the city when he spoke again.

"I am used, in a measure, to these attacks. The least exertion or excitement brings one on."

"You should see a doctor."

"I came to Dublin for that purpose."

"Well?"

The priest smiled.

"Sir Christopher was not hopeful. Indeed, he warned me that my life can not be a long one."

It was some minutes before Hugh Maxwell spoke.

"Have you been ill long?"

"A year or so," Father Blake replied.

"Now let us talk of yourself. What have you been doing? You were called to the bar, I know."

"I never practised," observed Hugh. "My uncle's only son was drowned ten years ago. Since then I have lived at Maxwell Towers, and managed the factories and the estate."

"Oh! And are you married, Hugh?"

Hugh shook his head.

"And why?—excuse the question, please."

"To answer it involves a story that might only tire you."

"No, no! You do not know how often I have thought of you in quiet Fermore."

"Well, then," Hugh said, with a short laugh, "at present I am seeking a wife. My uncle's father was a convert to Catholicity, and the next heir after me—the estate is entailed—is a rabid Ulster Protestant. You see?"

"Not exactly."

"My uncle fears the estate may pass into Protestant hands. He has taken a tremendous interest in his people. He has built a church, schools, libraries for his tenants and workers. Indeed, Maxwell Towers is now the centre of a little Catholic colony. It is in Antrim, you know."

Father Blake nodded.

"Well, my uncle dreads that the estate may become the property of his cousin, Rupert Maxwell; so he is feverishly anxious that I should marry. Poor old man! I have held out against his wishes for a long time."

"Why?"

"That means the story." Hugh Maxwell's face clouded as he hesitated for a moment, and then went on. "Ten years or so ago I was the guest of a friend of mine, Edward Talbot. His home was in Galway, and his wife was an extremely handsome and attractive woman. His children were in the nursery; and the daughter of a fellow-officer who had died in great poverty was also an inmate of the house. This girl, Mary Norreys, was a Catholic. Perhaps that was why she and I were drawn together."

The speaker paused a moment.

"I had been invited for the hunting season, and the house was filled with a merry, fun-loving party. Mrs. Talbot was an ideal hostess, very kind and courteous to all her guests. Toward Mary Norreys both she and her husband showed much consideration; and the

girl had a very sincere affection for both, particularly for Talbot. Well, at the end of the season some big personage or other visited the neighborhood, and the country people decided to give a ball in the duke's honor. Mrs. Talbot had a very valuable necklace and some other jewels down from Dublin to wear on the occasion; and on the night before the ball the necklace was stolen. Talbot was much annoyed—the necklace had been an heirloom,—and detectives were called in. They did not succeed in recovering the article, but some suspicion attached itself to Mary Norreys."

"Well?"

"At Mrs. Talbot's urgent solicitation, the matter was hushed up."

"Perhaps the girl was innocent," Father Blake said.

"She was innocent; though I, unfortunately, did not think so at the time. I had been out in the evening for a long walk, and had lost my way, so that it was the dinner hour when I was crossing a small plantation toward the house. The evening was clear, and I was able to see a couple who were concealed among the trees and were not aware of my approach. One was a low-set, dissipated-looking young fellow; the other was Mary Norreys. She was handing an oblong packet to her companion when I caught sight of them. I got away without attracting their attention. When the loss of the necklace was discovered I was glad I had kept to myself the knowledge of Miss Norreys' whereabouts that particular evening. You see I cared very much for her. Indeed, I had made up my mind to ask her to be my wife that very evening."

"What became of the girl?" Father Blake inquired.

"I don't know. Two years later I was in London, and at Euston Station I saw a man try to fling himself under a passing train. I was able to save

him from instant death, but next day he died in a hospital. The authorities had my name and address, and before he died he desired to see me. Of course I went to the hospital; and you can guess my surprise when I found the man to be the same to whom I had seen Mary Norreys give a packet on the night that Mrs. Talbot's necklace was stolen. The poor fellow was suffering horribly, but he was quite sensible. 'You were a guest of Edward Talbot a couple of years ago,' he said, as I approached the bed where he lay. 'I saw you once or twice and heard your name.' I answered affirmatively, and then the man astonished me by declaring he was Mrs. Talbot's brother.

"Both he and his sister had been left penniless at an early age, and had picked up a livelihood by means not always respectable. Ned Talbot had met the sister at some seaside resort, and married her, under the impression that she had no living relatives. The brother had sunk lower and lower, and it was when he was about to be arrested for forgery that he had gone to his brother-in-law's place, hoping that Mrs. Talbot might have sufficient money at her disposal to help him. This she had not; and, as her brother threatened to appeal to Mr. Talbot, she had asked Mary Norreys to carry to him the package containing the necklace. The poor chap was anxious that I should let his sister know of his death. 'And tell her,' he said, 'to hide the truth no longer. I understand the girl that carried the necklace to me was suspected of stealing it.'

"I attended the man's funeral, and then sought Mrs. Talbot. She admitted the truth, and told me how Mary had kept silence rather than bring sorrow to Mr. Talbot. Of the girl's whereabouts she knew nothing. I advertised, I employed detectives, but I could find no trace of Mary. For a long time I had hopes of discovering her and

marrying her. Now I am, as I hinted, journeying South. There is a certain Miss Lawless, a nice, quiet girl. She is a great favorite with Mr. Maxwell, and he is anxious that she and I should become better acquainted. But here we are at the junction!"

Hugh assisted the priest across the platform to another carriage. The effort of moving brought on a return of the faintness, and Hugh took a quick resolution.

"You are not fit to travel alone," he said. "I will see you safely home. I can send a wire to Mrs. Lawless."

Father Blake made no objection; and that evening Hugh stood at the open window of the priest's dining-room looking out on the quiet village street. His host had retired; and as Hugh stood thinking mournfully of many things, he heard a woman's voice sound in the room above him. She was answering some question that had been put to her.

"Oh, yes, the sheets are aired, Miss Blake!" the voice said; and Hugh, disregarding all conventionality and ceremony, left the room and ascended the narrow stairs. He was met at the top by a middle-aged lady whom he knew already as Father Blake's sister.

"You were speaking to some one, Miss Blake," Hugh cried. "To whom was it?"

Miss Blake's face expressed her astonishment.

"I was speaking to—Mary," she said.

"Mary! What is her other name?"

"I—really, Mr. Maxwell, you are acting very strangely!" Miss Blake managed to say. "Very strangely! I can't understand why—oh!"

Hugh had brushed past the scandalized spinster to meet the woman who emerged from a room to the lighted landing, and had, moreover, seized her hands in his.

"Mary!" he cried,—"O Mary, where have you been all these years?"

Surprised as Mary Norreys was, she kept her composure, and merely said:

"Don't speak so loudly. Father Blake is sleeping. Come downstairs. Miss Blake, won't you come too?"

So a very agitated trio made and received explanations in Father Blake's parlor.

Hugh told in a few words of his meeting with Mrs. Talbot's brother; and then Mary spoke:

"I knew it was the necklace I had carried to the man. But how could I speak? Mr. Talbot was so fond of his wife, and he had never known she had a brother. Oh, no, I could not wreck his happiness! He had been good to me. I left the house as soon as possible, and went to Dublin, hoping to find employment. I couldn't—I had no credentials, you see. When I was almost starving I met Miss Blake and I told her my story, having first bound her to secrecy. Then I fell ill, and when I was partially recovered she brought me here, where I have been simply known as 'Miss Blake's Mary.' And I have been very happy."

"My brother even does not know Mary's surname," Miss Blake added. "We kept our secret."

Three weeks later there was a quiet wedding in Fermore church. Hugh Maxwell's uncle and Miss Blake were the only guests; and Father Blake, much thinner and paler than before, performed the ceremony. That afternoon the priest had a more severe attack than usual, and a day or two later he died.

There are two or three sturdy boys now in the nursery of Maxwell Towers, and the elder Mr. Maxwell is very happy. "He spoils the children dreadfully," Mrs. Maxwell says; and his aider and abettor in the work of spoiling is Miss Blake, who is the trusted friend and adviser of her who was once known as "Miss Blake's Mary."

The Protest of Catholic France.

MANY of our readers have no doubt, in common with ourselves, often perused with a sense of exasperation the oracular pronouncements of the English and American secular press on the anti-religious crusade in France. The cocksureness with which the average writer discourses about subjects of which he possesses merely elementary, if any, knowledge is equalled only by his utter disregard of conditions which, because unknown to him, he presumes to be nonexistent. We have personally derived so much satisfaction from reading an article of a tenor altogether different from that of the writings in question, that we purpose sharing our pleasure with our readers. We accordingly present herewith a translation of the letter recently sent to President Loubet by their Eminences Cardinals Langenieux of Rheims and Richard of Paris. It will repay careful reading on the part of those who desire to know accurately, and discuss intelligently, existing conditions in France.

..

On the occasion of the opening of Parliament, when the members are preparing to discuss a proposed law, due to the initiative of the Government—the law to suppress entirely Congregational instruction,—we believe ourselves, in addressing you, to be discharging a duty of our office and obeying the dictates of conscience as interpreters of the sentiments of the Church of France.

From the tribune of the Senate the venerable M. Wallon has just pronounced these grave words: "It is not peace, it is the most deplorable war, it is religious war, that now reigns in this country; and it is the Government that has given the signal."

It is not yesterday only that this war has been declared against us: we have

suffered from it for a long while. During this time we have spoken of it to God in prayer, begging light and wisdom for those who rule us, pardon for those who persecute us, strength and courage for the oppressed, peace and union among all the children of France.

We have spoken of it to the people confided to our care, to enlighten them and remind them of their duty. But we must speak also to him who holds the highest authority and gives to our laws their force and their sanction. We must speak to him in the name of God, from whom comes all power, and in that of a Christian people whose rights are violated.

The voice of all who suffer does not reach you, Monsieur President; possibly ours may be fortunate enough to be heard. If we have got beyond being astonished at the undeserved rigors of which we have been made the objects, it is not, however, without profound sorrow that we have seen placed on the desk of the Chamber of Deputies, in the name of the President of the Republic, a bill whose purpose is not only to strike down at a single blow all the teaching Congregations, but to destroy Christian instruction itself. It was not enough, then, to have banished religion from the program of public instruction under the guise of a neutrality which, as the event has clearly shown, is manifestly impossible to any teacher.

To safeguard the souls of their children thus imperilled, the Catholics, at their own expense and conformably to the laws, opened free schools in which the conscience of parents and the faith of the children were respected. This state of affairs, it seems, can no longer be tolerated. At any and every cost Catholics must disappear; and to attack them most surely, our oppressors, utterly regardless of any of the rights which remain to us, strike at the very existence of the religious

Congregations which furnish schoolmasters and schoolmistresses to a Christian people. We say at their "very existence," since the new bill declares that *the prohibition to teach necessarily implies the total disappearance of the Congregation*. Why so, if not to annihilate Catholicism in the souls of the young by anti-religious instruction and education?

Those who present these matters to you in another light, Monsieur President,—those who seek to persuade you that in all these odious measures there is nothing but political action directed against political enemies,—deceive you and abuse your good faith. It is impossible not to see in such measures the oppression, for the benefit of a sectarian doctrine, of all liberties save that of evil. The head of the Government can not fail to see therein a grave danger for the country, because any system of education which is not based on religion serves only, as has been well said, to inject poison into the State.

And if, Monsieur President, you will consider these matters from a still higher plane, it is impossible that, raised as you are above the agitation of parties, you do not reflect upon the rigorous account that will have to be rendered to God and to posterity by those who have charge of a people's education. They will have to answer for these millions of children reared without faith, without morals, without respect.... And they will learn how heavily in the balance of justice will weigh the tears shed at the family hearth and in the bosom of all our religious communities.

If it is your duty, Monsieur President, to think of the future reserved for Frenchmen and for France by the disappearance of Christian teaching and by the system of instruction and education that is being imposed on us, neither should your solicitude be wanting to our religious of both sexes

whom the arbitrary application of the law and this new bill disperse without resources throughout the country, or brutally throw into exile.

The law of 1901, according to the declaration of M. Waldeck-Rousseau in the Chamber and in the Senate, had for purpose to give legal authorization to Congregations that did not as yet possess it. Soon, however, there came to light the design of excepting from that authorization certain religious Orders. The sole desire, it was affirmed, was to strike the militant Orders; yet, at a single stroke, and without even reading them, all the Congregations' demands for authorization were refused.

The Law of Association aimed, after all, only at the Congregations considered *as such*; yet it has been wrested to the persecution of even the secularized members of the Congregations, dispersed as they were after the dissolution of the religious family. It was said: "Vocations will find a refuge in the authorized Congregations." Yet here is the Government itself, in the name of the President of the Republic, asking Parliament for a law to dissolve all the authorized Congregations that are devoted to teaching. At the outset there was a pretended desire to protect the secular clergy from the encroachments of regular priests; and to-day open preparation is made to sunder the relations of the Church and State, not to give the Church liberty, but to ruin and enchain her.

It is time, Monsieur President, for you to know that Catholics are under no illusion; that they are suffering cruelly both from the evil that is being done them and the disloyalty with which they are being treated. They suffer in being forced to acknowledge what they had long refused to believe—that the Government of the Republic is the tool of an occult power which, to satisfy its hatred of the Church, does not hesitate "to outlaw three-quarters of the coun-

try's citizens." They suffer in seeing France's dearest interests, as well as their own, sacrificed: her finances, for the country is being drained to meet foolish expenses incurred to replace our works that are being destroyed; her external influence,—for, as you yourself must know, Monsieur President, it is the religious, persecuted at home, who cause France to be blessed in other lands; her traditions of honor, in forcing her to strike the women who from time immemorial have been her glory, the angels of charity whose possession the world envies us.

Yes, our hearts bleed at this spectacle; and we ask you with anxiety, Monsieur President, if you will at long last remember that you owe equal protection to all the French people; and if, guardian of our liberties and our rights as you are of the dignity of the country, you will not make an effort to stop this new act of barbarism—for it is one—which threatens to enslave everything.

And this expression will not wound you, Monsieur President, it will not impress you as exaggerated, if you will reflect upon the speedy consequences of this religious war. These consequences inspire us with the gravest fears. We fear for the generation of children who are to undergo all over France, so far as it depends upon the Government, the pernicious influence of a Godless education. For free-thought has no morality: it has only opinions—that is to say doubts,—and its only principle is interest.

We fear for the people—for that popular mass of beings to whom the impossible is promised, and who already grow impatient. Try as men may, they will not suppress either the necessity of work, or poverty or suffering or death. If from a whole people there be taken the only consolations and the only hopes by which they are sustained in their hours of trouble and

desolation, what will remain to them? They will be delivered, without any check, to their passions; and can it be thought that force will suffice to keep their anger and their despair within just limits? Is it not evident from indications already too visible that, despite the progress of material civilization, our moral, our true civilization even now leans toward ruin, that the equilibrium is disturbed, and that our society is living *only on the remains of subverted order*?

We fear, and we can not hide the fact, that the mercy of God may grow tired and abandon us. For the individual man, responsible before God, there is eternity, and all of us should think of it. But nations, as such, belong to time: God deals with them in this world as they deserve to be dealt with. How is it possible not to fear that, if she grows forgetful of her past, France, a nation so privileged among all peoples, will be punished both for her own faults and for the crime of those who turn her against God?

We fear, in fine—we conceal nothing, for the time has come to express our full thought,—we fear that, dragged out of her path by those who have undertaken to guide her, France will prove recreant to her providential vocation; and that, having no longer any *raison d'être*, she will finish as have done so many other nations of which history recounts the decadence and the ruin.

We do not wish, Monsieur President, to augur the fate in store for this letter from our recollection of the inutility of our appeals to the public powers during a good many years. Under the present circumstances, and face to face with the irreparable misfortunes that threaten the Church of France and the country itself, we know not what you may be able to do. We do not know whether our words will be listened to. One thing we

do know: we have done our duty. In the name of that truth which we owe to all, we have reminded you that, as Guizot says, "to resist not only evil but the principle of evil, not only disorder but the passions and the ideas that engender disorder,—that is the essential mission, the first duty of every government." Finally, we have demonstrated once more that the spiritual power with which we are vested remains faithful to its mission, even though all other resistances be discouraged or vanquished....

The Latest Miracle at Lourdes.

PAUL ARCENS, of Pamiers (Ariège), France, aged forty-nine, was among those who joined the men's pilgrimage to Lourdes on April 23, 1901. At the station of Portel Saint-Simon, the train in which he was a passenger collided with another; it was the first and only accident ever recorded in the annals of the pilgrimages. One of the pilgrims was killed on the spot, and many were severely injured, among them Paul Arcens.

He returned home and was confined to his bed for two months, after which he was able to walk, but with great difficulty, on crutches. A month later he managed to move about with the aid of two sticks, which were indispensable until his recent cure at Lourdes. The muscular weakness of the lower limbs was confined to the left leg, in which he suffered painful cramps and tingling whenever he tried to rest upon it; besides, the foot was crippled and turned outward.

On the evening of February 10 of the present year, M. Arcens arrived at Lourdes to accomplish the pilgrimage that had been so unfortunately interrupted. Next morning—the anniversary of Our Lady's first apparition to little

Bernadette—he heard Holy Mass and afterward visited the Grotto, leaning on his two sticks. Prostrate on the hallowed ground, his supports beside him, he prayed fervently, reciting his beads. Suddenly he felt a strange sensation as of a fluid rushing through his disabled limb; whereupon he rose and walked freely without assistance, feeling as strong as he was at the time of the accident, nearly three years before. He deposited his sticks at the Grotto, in testimony of his unbounded gratitude to our Immaculate Mother.

This is the brief statement of the latest cure at Lourdes. The photograph of M. Arcens which accompanies it shows a man of apparently vigorous health, standing by a chair, on which one hand rests lightly. It is hard to realize that he could ever have been a cripple, so erect is his carriage. The face alone bears the trace of much suffering.

A Great Fact.

(*Dr. Brownson.*)

What is really for our good here is in no case and in no sense whatever dependent on our external condition. It is, in all cases, independent of circumstances. We need no change in our external condition and circumstances in order to receive the highest good of which we are capable. God may be found by the humblest and most abject slave as well as by the proudest potentate of the earth; and the soul that finds God, or to whom God reveals Himself, has all good, even the Supreme Good itself. While we are seeking to better ourselves by bettering our condition, to prepare ourselves for virtue and happiness by struggling to create a new political, social or industrial order, we overlook this fact, draw our minds off from God, fix our affections on things of the earth, and lose forever our Supreme Good.

Notes and Remarks.

The sensation of the fortnight has been the continuous revelation before the Senate committee of the practice of polygamy in Utah, in open defiance of the law of the land. The president of the Mormon sect bore witness that he and most of the apostles were much-married men, and that they preferred to take their chances with the law rather than abandon their various families. By this statement, be it observed, the Mormon president did not mean merely that he continued to give financial support to the numerous wives of his bosom. The frivolous will find it amusing, in this day when the divorce records show that persevering attachment to one wife is so difficult, that a Mormon prophet can manifest such superb loyalty to several; and the serious-minded will ask why legislators who enact laws permitting divorce—which is nothing else than tandem polygamy—should be so uncompromising toward the other sort.

If the glory of being the first European country to send missionaries to Korea belongs to France, the honor of conveying thither its martyr Bishop, Mgr. Berneux, might be claimed for our own country. It was on an American ship that he was borne to the scene of his heroic labors and glorious martyrdom. The non-Catholic captain was greatly impressed by his saintly passenger, and afterward declared that he had never met a man so noble in bearing and character as the Vicar-Apostolic of Korea. We have often heard a priest who as young man served his Mass speak of it as something impossible to forget, so saintlike was the celebrant's demeanor.

The association of saints and martyrs with persons living in the United States will give special interest to many a page

of some future history of the American Church. For instance, Mgr. Baraga, of Michigan, was a penitent of Blessed Hofbauer; the late Bishop Brondel was a fellow-seminarian of Father Damien. A venerable priest of our acquaintance still living knew the Curé d'Ars, and witnessed an extraordinary occurrence in the little church at Ars. Miracles wrought in this country were examined and approved for the canonization of St. John Berchmans and St. Peter Claver. There are innumerable associations of this sort, full of interest and edification. Referring to Bishop Berneux reminds us of an autograph letter of his, addressed to a priest of the diocese of Detroit, which is preserved in the Bishops' Memorial Hall at Notre Dame.

"Flaneur" of the *Freeman's Journal* (Sydney, N. S. W.), who, besides being a ready writer, is a musician and composer, says that he has often remarked the great devotion paid to the Blessed Virgin by those who get their living amidst the many dangers of the ocean. "Some of the hymns sung by those simple yet sturdy folks are very beautiful. In fact, one of the greatest musical treats I ever enjoyed was a quartette, an *Ave Maris Stella*, sung by four Fiji Islanders. All had splendid voices, the music was sweet and devotional, and nothing could exceed the delicacy and the expression which the singers gave to the lovely strains." Sixty years or so ago the singing of the Fiji Islanders was of another kind. The wonder is not at their singing Christian hymns so sweetly, but at their singing them at all.

Dr. Queyrel, president of the Commission of Hospitals at Marseilles, is suffering from a surfeit of that peculiar style of banquet known as "eating crow." Having brought about the laicization of the hospitals—the official

phrase for the expulsion of the Sisters therefrom,—he was forced to appeal to these same Sisters to come to his assistance. The death-rate in his hospitals increased to so alarming a degree that the valiant anti-clerical physician was forced to pocket his pride and acknowledge that his lay nurses, while they took the place of the Sisters, did not at all replace those devoted religious. The French ministerial organs, naturally enough, are not giving to this latest phase of the question quite so much prominence as some months ago they gave to the triumph of Dr. Queyrel in turning the Sisters out.

Retain the present public school system, but do not bar Catholics out of their rights as citizens. The Federation has taken an admirable stand on this question. Its platform is: That there shall be no public monies paid out for religious instruction in any school. But let the State examine our schools; and if on examination it is found that we are giving children an education which comes up to the requirements of the State, then let the State pay for it.

Quoting this pregnant passage from an address by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McFaul before the Executive Committee of the Federation of Catholic Societies in Detroit, the *London Tablet* remarks: "This principle might be enlarged and the appearance of special plea eliminated by stating that any man or body of men who establish and conduct schools subject to the inspection of the school authorities, and in which the education required by the State is given, should receive pay from the State for that education, without reference to any religious instruction which the educators might give to meet the wishes of parents who patronize the said schools."

Far-seeing non-Catholics have often declared that it would be an evil day for the sects if the Church, which even they recognize as the chief stay of

Christianity in the world, should ever lose its power over the human mind; and it was a common expression of Huxley and his brilliant associates that, if the Church were once out of the way, sectarian Christianity would oppose no serious bar to the advance of their peculiar philosophy. It is not often, however, that a dignitary of the Greek schismatic body, which affects an air of importance not easily intelligible to those who know it inwardly, professes a kindly interest in the Papacy. Yet one of the newspapers of Rome publishes a conversation that took place recently between a priest and Nicodemus, ex-Patriarch of Constantinople, from which we quote the following. Nicodemus speaks:

Intelligent Greeks do not wish the downfall of the Papacy. At the bottom of their hearts they pray Heaven to spare it, so that the strongest bulwark of Christendom may continue to resist the attacks of all the enemies of the Christian name. If the Papacy were conquered, those who now profess Christianity would soon be lost in the gulf of infidelity; the overthrow of Catholicism would be the death of orthodoxy. Protestantism is steadily crumbling away, and the gnawing worm of Liberalism is weakening its energy; in regard to its orthodoxy, this is parcelled out among the different national churches. Catholicity alone is a compact body, and it is owing to the existence of the Papacy that this union is possible. The Papacy is the vital force of Christianity; and those who desire its ruin, desire that the gates of hell shall prevail against the Church of Jesus Christ.

A fact which made a deep impression on the mind of Mr. Robert Hugh Benson, M. A., while investigating the claims of the Church—a fact which all converts have probably observed—is the contradictory character of the accusations brought against her by her enemies.

"She is at peace," cries one controversialist,— "the peace of intellectual bondage and a policy of unnatural repression": "She is in furious discord within her borders," cries another; "you will not find in her the rest for which you long."—"She uses her intellect in matters of faith; her Scholastic Theology is the offspring of an

unnatural union between faith and logic," says one: "She is blindly superstitious and crushes the intellect," says another.—"She is too severe and exact about sins and their degrees of guilt," says one, "and leaves no room for the free spirit of the children of God": "She is lax and easy about sin and its awful consequences," says another, "and is far too indulgent to those who persist in it."—"She is too stiff and formal in her worship, praying in an unknown tongue, making religion consist in outward observances," cries the Evangelical: "She is hopelessly unliturgical," cries the scholar, "and is continually making concessions to vulgarity and popular taste."—"She is rigid and unchanging," says the scientist, "and does not move with modern thought": "She is hopelessly innovating and modern in the way in which she sweeps up and embodies popular fancies in her theology," cries the Patristic scholar. In other words, she is too peaceful and too stormy; too intellectual and too superstitious; too severe and too lax; too stiff and too elastic; too conservative and too radical; too narrow and too broad!

Like her divine Founder, the Church rouses more opposition on all sides than any other religious teacher. "Could her warmest lover desire more convincing evidence of the catholic and wide-hearted claims of his mistress," asks Mr. Benson, "than these fiercely conflicting testimonies of her foes?"

The lepers of the Republic of Columbia number, it is said, as many as 30,000; and, according to the testimony of the zealous Salesian priest who for ten years past has devoted himself to their care, the awful scourge is spreading everywhere. "It is greatly to be feared," he writes, "that, unless a prompt remedy is applied, Columbia will become an immense lazaretto." The disease is not regarded as hereditary: its spread is attributed to the unrestricted intercourse between lepers and healthy persons; centres of infection are thus multiplied.

Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson would do well to note that the Columbians are not fish-eaters. That gentleman complains that his warning to Catholics about the dangers of badly cured fish

has been unheeded. He loses sight of the fact that great authorities are against his theory. When the lepra-bacillus is discovered in the fish it will be quite time enough to abolish abstinence days. Mr. Hutchinson had no reason for being offended because, as he declared, there was no response to his warning except a number of begging letters from priests in charge of leper hospitals. The London *Tablet* delicately remarks that they paid him a high compliment in choosing him out as one who is humane enough to give them his co-operation.

Our attention has been directed to the Fifty-fourth Annual Report of the Chicago Orphan Asylum, which we are told is a Presbyterian institution, though no clergyman of that or any other religious body is officially connected with it. The most interesting pages of this pamphlet are devoted to the report of the reception committee, which shows, under the heading Religions Represented, that the number of Catholics far exceeds that of any other denomination. For instance, "Catholics, 89; Presbyterians, 12." It does not follow, of course, that of the 168 children at present in the institution there are that number of Catholics. But why there should be any at all is what we wish to know. In fact, this report is a puzzle to us. If the Chicago Orphan Asylum is under Presbyterian auspices, the fact is not made plain. Why should it be concealed? One item in the list of miscellaneous donations would seem to prove that the institution is not Universalist: "St. Paul's Universalist Sunday-School, 12 pumpkins."

At a recent meeting of the English Archæological Institute, the Rev. Dr. Cox read a paper on the College of Fotheringay, chiefly based on a large number of documents and accounts

at the Public Record Office which have hitherto escaped attention. This royal college, founded in 1411, consisted of a master, twelve chaplains or fellows, eight clerks, and thirteen choristers. It was a great chantry on dignified lines, with a common life for the chantry priests. The clergy of the college had also the management of a hospital for wayfarers. The accounts of the sacrist from 1536 to 1548 throw a flood of light on every detail of parish life for that period. The inventories of the church goods and collegiate furniture are also remarkable for their detail. The college was officially pillaged by the council of Edward VI.; and the church (which sustained one of the most stately rounds of continuous services of a melodious and magnificent character throughout the whole of England) was stripped of all its beautiful accessories of worship and royal gifts. Edward VI. granted it to Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who at once unroofed the fine quire (the nave was parochial) for the sake of the lead, and pulled to pieces the college buildings and the hospital.

Although the Hon. Richard C. Kerens is a distinguished citizen and an ardent patriot, besides being an exemplary Catholic, it was for an added qualification that the University of Notre Dame presented him with its Lætare Medal. His co-operation in many undertakings for the advancement of the Church, in the interests of education, for the benefit of the poor, etc., has always been cordial. Mr. Kerens is one of those who believe that wealth entails responsibilities, and he has never shirked them. Of his good works done in secret we may not speak. When the time comes to point out the lesson of his life, it will be shown that he was ever mindful of the Gospel admonition: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."



The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

PART III.

VI.—THE PAIR OF PIGEONS.



T last I've found you, my little friend!" exclaimed Marie. "My father sent me to thank you and to tell you that he would never forget the great service you did him. As soon as he can pay back the ten francs he owes you, he will do so."

"He doesn't owe me anything," answered Camille. "M. Raimond has had the kindness to—"

"To give you ten francs," the ex-hosier hastened to explain; "but not to pay the ten francs the blind man owes you."

The boy made no reply.

The girl then took from her apron a pair of white pigeons and gave them to Camille.

"These are to show our gratitude," she said. "Will you accept them?"

"A pair of pigeons for me?" exclaimed Camille, with wide-open eyes. "For me? What shall I do with them?"

"Why, bless me! eat them for your dinner," said M. Raimond, laughing, as he got into his carryall. "Good-bye, Camille!" he called out as he prepared to drive away. "Take care of my field. Don't let anything get stolen. At the slightest alarm blow the horn."

M. Raimond now drove off at a gallop, and the carryall soon disappeared from view. Marie went away too, not without expressing her gratitude to the boy, and receiving from him many thanks for the pretty pigeons.

Camille now turned back to his field, and, looking around over the large enclosure, he exclaimed:

"Here I am on my desert island!—only Robinson Crusoe's was surrounded by water and mine is hemmed in by stones. But I have a dog and two pigeons more than he had."

Notwithstanding his courage, the solitude to which he was so unaccustomed oppressed him a little. He turned to his dog and pigeons—his only companions.

Soon the slanting rays of the sun made him think of preparing a shelter for the night. He went up to the pile of boards and set to work. He chose the corner indicated by M. Raimond, and began to make a floor by laying boards of equal length side by side. Then he tried to make some stand up for the walls, but this was more difficult and he could not do it.

"I'll have to sleep over that," he said to himself. "I will have my supper, put my pigeons to bed, and sleep without a roof for to-night."

So, after eating a piece of bread, he pulled some grass and made a nest for the pigeons. Then he lay down on his boards, but found them very hard.

"If I only had a bundle of hay or straw!" he thought.

Then glancing at the nest he had made for his pigeons, he decided to make a like one for himself. He rose, went out and pulled up great handfuls of grass, with which he covered his boards. He then lay down again, with his dog at his feet, and soon both were sleeping soundly.

VII.—THE TEN FRANCS BEGIN TO BEAR INTEREST.

When Camille awoke next morning he was quite stiff and lame, but his heart was light. He ate a breakfast of bread and fruit, and fed his dog

and pigeons from his loaf. Having the whole day before him, he decided to arrange a better lodging for the coming night.

"Those boards will never do," he reflected. "There are stones over there—plenty of them,—but I need mortar to hold them together; where shall I find any?"

Later, as he was walking along the road outside of the field, going to get some water in a cup Marie had given him, he spied a body of masons on their way to work. He followed them, intending to ask advice of them. By the time he had composed the little speech he intended to make to enlist their sympathies, he had reached the house they were going to repair at the same time they themselves did.

"Monsieur," he said, addressing the youngest of them, "would you kindly do me a favor?"

"I?" inquired the young mason, turning around abruptly.

"You or one of the others," replied Camille, somewhat abashed. "I have a little house to build in that field over there, and if you would please be so kind—"

"As to build it for you," said the young mason.

"Shall it be four stories high or seven?" asked another.

"Shall we build a colonnade around it?" chimed in a third.

"And might I ask how much the gentleman will pay a day?" said the first mason, with a loud burst of laughter, which excited the mirth of all his companions.

Overwhelmed by this rapid succession of cruel jests, Camille did not reply for a moment. Then, taking courage, he raised his head and said:

"We are put into this world to help one another. I don't know how to build houses, but I can read and write and play on the violin."

"Well, read, write, and play on the

violin, and make yourself a house with that," replied one of the masons.

"You don't understand me," said Camille, much disturbed. "If any one of you would like to learn to read and write, I will teach him, and in exchange he could give me a helping hand with my house."

"I'll give you a helping foot rather," retorted the young mason, advancing toward Camille with a gesture to suit the threat.

Just as he raised his foot a young girl tapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Aren't you ashamed, brother, to want to hurt a child!"

"Why, it's Mamselle Marie! Good-morning, Mamselle!" said the masons, with much politeness.

"And who's this child, pray?" asked Marie's brother, roughly.

"Who he is I do not know," said Marie, grasping Camille's hand with fervor. "But I can tell you what he has done."

Then, in a tone of gratitude, the girl told what Camille had done for her father. As she talked, the men, grown suddenly serious and attentive, drew near to the boy and gazed at him with respect. And when Marie told of the ten francs so generously given to complete the sum the poor blind man needed, the enthusiasm was general.

"Good!—good! Shake hands, my boy! Forgive us for hurting your feelings. You're a good and brave lad. Shake hands, I say!"

All the rough, nervous hands were stretched out to Camille, who took each one in turn in his delicate white palm. One of the men, however, did not go up: he stood apart, sobbing. It was the youngest of the masons—Marie's brother.

"So, Paul, you're repenting for having spent your money at the inn while this boy didn't hesitate to part with

his to help our father?" said the young girl, kindly.

"Let me alone!" answered Paul, harshly. "I'm a miserable fellow! I don't deserve to live."

"Oh, that's idle talk, brother!" said Marie. "Come, eat your soup while it's warm," she added, taking a bowl from a basket she carried on her arm.

"I don't want it," said Paul. "I don't deserve to eat. Give it to the boy. I'll live on bread and water all the week."

"You're right, Paul," observed one of the men. "You really ought to punish yourself. Give the boy the soup."

"Do you think I forgot him?" said Marie, showing a second dish.

"What! did you think of me?" cried Camille, his eyes sparkling at the thought of a good soup, which he had not tasted for so long.

"Yes; and I remembered, too, to bring you a jug for water, a plate for your pigeon pie, a pewter spoon and even a knife."

"Oh, how rich I am, and how good you are!" exclaimed the boy joyfully.

"Child," said the eldest of the masons, addressing Camille in a tone of great solemnity, "you live in Père Raimond's field, don't you? Well, go back there and take it easy. There are three hours of daylight left after our day's work is done. There are twenty of us, and it will be strange if your house isn't ready by bedtime. You helped a blind man, the father of a comrade; you're a good boy and we're all going to work for you. Good-bye till to-night, and you may depend on your friends!"

"Yes, you may depend on us," added Paul.

As soon as the sun had set, the twenty men went to M. Raimond's field, carrying trowels, buckets of mortar, and all that they needed to build with. Camille showed them the corner he had chosen, and they set to work.

It was a pleasure to watch them lay stone upon stone, cementing the whole together with mortar. After finishing the wall, they put boards over the top for a temporary roof, and laid bricks on them.

"To-morrow we'll finish it," they said.

"I'll bring a door," remarked one.

"And I a mattress," added another.

"And I a chair."

"Don't think I'll be left behind," said another. "I'll bring a table and a blanket."

"Oh, how good you all are to me!" exclaimed Camille, with emotion.

"You deserve it," replied all those men who in the morning could not find words enough to deride him.

The masons soon bade Camille good-night. The boy went for the first time into his little house, and, kneeling down, thanked God fervently for all His goodness and mercy. He had not finished his prayers, which were longer than usual, when Fox, who was lying on the threshold of the open space where the door was to be, began to growl and look toward a corner of the field.

(To be continued.)

Uncle Edward's Adventure.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

III.

"Slowly and sadly," continued Uncle Edward, "I made my way again into the plaza. I did not know what to do or where to go. There was nothing for it, I supposed, but to walk the streets all night. I began to make the circuit of the square. Unnoticed in the crowds of people out to take the fresh air, I walked aimlessly around until the clock struck nine, then ten, and there were but few persons left in the streets. Then I made my way across to the Portal, or Arcade, where I thought it

would be warmer, because of the covered archway. At the entrance I saw a tall man standing, with a club in his hand. I at once knew that he was a watchman, and began to feel afraid he might arrest me. But he spoke pleasantly, saying:

"It is a fine night, youngster. Going home?"

"No," I replied. "I have no home,—at least not here. To-morrow I will go home."

"How is that? You are well-dressed. You haven't been in any scrape, I hope."

"No, sir, I have not been in a scrape. But the people with whom I lived were obliged to go away suddenly, and I do not know any one in the city."

"It seems to me they should have made some provision for you. Why don't you go to a restaurant or a hotel for the night?"

"I do not wish to do so."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Walk about till morning."

"A very foolish proposition. You may be arrested. I'm not a regular watchman, only a merchant policeman, hired by the proprietors here in the Arcade to look after their booths. There is my house, not so very far away. I will direct you to it, and my wife will take you in."

"No, thank you!" I said. "You are very kind, but I do not wish to trouble your wife. There are some benches in the Arcade. If you will let me lie down on one, I can sleep very well here till morning."

"As you say, youngster," answered the good man. "Only I hope you are not a runaway, or have not been getting into a scrape. Yonder is a bench by that booth. Turn it to the wall and stretch yourself. Thanks to my good wife, I have an extra *serape*. I do not need it: take it and wrap yourself up."

"Thanking him warmly, I took the heavy woolen mantle, wrapped it

around me, turned the bench to the wall, as he had bidden me, and lay down. It was only then I realized how tired I was, and how hungry. Presently the watchman came to me with two cotton sacks.

"Here, put these under your head for a pillow," he said.

"When I had done so, I felt supremely comfortable."

"From where I lay I could see the principal door of the palace where last night I had slept in a luxurious bed. While reflecting somewhat bitterly on my altered circumstances, I saw the door open and a veiled woman issued forth. She was dressed entirely in black; in the moonlight now streaming on the plaza I could see her perfectly well. She was very tall and slender. Passing quickly across the square, she came directly to the entrance of the Arcade where the watchman was standing."

"I live at the other end of the city," she said. "Can you accompany me home?"

"No, Madam, I can not," he replied. "I am not a regular policeman. It would cost me my life if a fire should break out in the Arcade during my absence. I watch here nightly."

"What shall I do, then?" she inquired, uneasily. "I am afraid to go alone."

"It seems to me you should have brought an escort, Señora," said the policeman.

"I could not," she responded. "My errand was a secret one. It was a matter of life and death. And I did not think I would be detained so long."

"I will tell you," said the man. "Here is a youngster whom I have allowed to sleep on a bench in the Arcade. He will go with you."

"I arose and went forward. Sleepy as I was, I could not well refuse to escort a lonely woman to her home."

"Oh, thank you!" she said, merely

glancing at me. 'Come, my boy. I will give you the price of a night's lodging.'

"I will go, but I do not want any money,' I answered proudly, as I placed myself at her side.

"She looked down at me.

"You do not seem to be a beggar,' she observed.

"And I am not a beggar,' I replied.

"Very well. Come, then.'

"We set out at a rapid pace. I could hardly keep up with her. As I walked I became more and more conscious that I was very hungry. She did not address a word to me until, after turning into many side-streets, we came to a large walled garden. Here she knocked at a little wicket, and, turning to me, remarked:

"I would like to give you some money.'

"No, thank you, Señora!' I replied. 'May I go now?'

"Can you find your way back?'

"I doubt it. I do not know the city well.'

"Come in, then, and spend the night in my house. There is plenty of room.'

"Some one was behind the wicket as I said, hesitatingly:

"I do not think it would be wise. I am a stranger to you.'

"As I am to you,' she answered, as the wicket swung open. 'Come in.'

"Seizing my hand, she dragged me through the opening, and the gate closed. I found myself in a large and beautiful garden. The lady walked rapidly toward the house, still holding my hand. A servant stood in the doorway.

"A bed, Domingo, for this boy; and food and wine in my own parlor.'

"The man disappeared. In a moment we were seated in a luxurious room.

"What is your name, my boy, and where do you come from?' she asked.

"I told her.

"And why are you here alone in

the streets of Guadalajara almost at midnight?'

"I told her that also,—omitting the name of the governor, from whose palace she had just come. I feared she might be a friend of Cristobal.

"That was unkind,' she said. 'But you will sleep here to-night, and to-morrow you can return to your parents. Ah, here comes our supper!'

"I have never forgotten, I never shall forget, the delicious fragrance of the delicately cooked food that the servant set before me in this the hungriest hour of my life: chicken freshly broiled, salad, white bread, wine and fruit. I actually closed my eyes that the lady might not see the hunger in them. She filled my plate, and just as I was about to put the first morsel in my mouth there came a loud knocking at the gate. The lady sprang to her feet, and so did I.

"Fly! fly!' she cried. 'Your life is in danger!'

"Whither shall I fly?' I exclaimed.

"Go! go!' she continued, pushing me into the corridor, and disappearing herself through another door.

"I ran up and down without knowing where I was going, till I came to a large window opening upon a low roof. In a moment I was climbing down a water pipe which led from this roof, or shed, and from thence hurried across the yard to a huge, dark building. A ladder gave access to the loft, and I thought the best thing I could do would be to climb this.

"Trembling in every limb, exhausted from my famished condition, weak with fatigue and fright, I had ascended the ladder but halfway when it swerved, toppled, fell; and I—started up, dazed and crying, from the bench where I had been dreaming, to find the watchman shaking me by the shoulders.

"Wake up, wake up, my boy!' he cried. 'You are having a terrible nightmare!'"

With Authors and Publishers.

—Dante's "Convivio" in English, literally translated, with notes and appendices, by Mr. P. H. Wicksteed, is a welcome addition to the excellent "Temple Classics."

—A volume of selected extracts from the great Portuguese chroniclers of the fifteenth century, translated, with notes, by Mr. Edgar Prestage, is among forthcoming English books.

—A new and improved edition of Cardinal Manning's admirable "Pastime Papers" has just been issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates. From a literary point of view, there is perhaps nothing in the long list of his writings more creditable than these classical essays on themes that are of universal interest.

—"A City Seated on a Hill," the booklet in which Mr. R. H. Benson retraces the steps by which he was led into the Church, is among the best though briefest statements of her claims that we have ever seen. Two appendices of passages of Scripture and sayings of Fathers, Councils, etc., on Peter's prerogative greatly enhance the usefulness of this pamphlet, which is published by the English Catholic Truth Society.

—The *Bookman* has found "a delightful thing" in a French translation of one of President Roosevelt's books. The President quotes a famous remark of Senator Ingalls: "In politics the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments are an iridescent dream." And the translator felt obliged to append this explanatory footnote: "The Golden Rule: One of the aphorisms ascribed to Pythagoras." But perhaps the translator had official France in mind when he placed that footnote; if so, the wonder is that he omitted a similar explanatory footnote about the Ten Commandments.

—The question of Latin pronunciation has been widely discussed of late years. Much has been published to show the desirability of a uniform pronunciation; and much more, not worth publishing, has been urged in advocacy of methods that have little or nothing to recommend them save national conceit. That the so-called Roman pronunciation is nearer to that of the classical period than some other methods, we are willing to concede; but we are inclined to think that Cicero, if he were to return to earth, might call the "Old Roman" pronunciation something else. Hearing his name, he would perhaps scurry back to his tomb. The question of Latin pronunciation is still an open one. Those who are interested in it will welcome a pamphlet by the Rev. John B. Scheier, C. S. C., professor of Latin in the University of Notre Dame, Ind. He is a

strong advocate of the Roman method, but his arguments are not of the cudgel kind. They are set forth with urbanity, and are none the less convincing on this account.

—We welcome the reappearance of a little Canadian monthly that we used to find interesting, *Le Propagateur*, of Montreal. In its resurrected form it is more of a magazine and less of an advertising pamphlet than formerly. The initial number is an excellent one.

—Monsanto and Langue'llier's Practical Course in Spanish (The American Book Company) is well known to instructors in Spanish. A new edition has lately been published, embodying the good points of the old text-book, and in addition the new rules of accentuation promulgated by the Spanish Academy; thus bringing the book entirely up to date, from a linguistic point of view.

—The last literary work of the lamented Cardinal Vaughan, a book dealing with the life of the priest at the opening of the ecclesiastical career, will soon be published, with an introduction from the pen of Monsig. John Vaughan, by Messrs. Burns & Oates. "The Young Priest" was finished only a short time before the Cardinal's death, and was his last legacy of love and service to the Church which his life so nobly illustrated.

—The death of the venerable Abbé Casgrain removes a prominent and picturesque figure among the literati of Canada. He had devoted himself to literature for many years, and a long list of meritorious books bear his name. An authority in Canadian history, his researches and writings were continued until almost the close of his long life. He is spoken of by those who were privileged to know him as a priest of eminently holy life and singularly amiable disposition. *R. I. P.*

—Readers of contemporary fiction may be interested in some recent statistics compiled by Miss Harriet Monroe. The figures represent the circulation of books that have passed the hundred thousand mark. Twenty-eight titles are given; and, although there is a classification of "everyday life," "religious," and "romantic" books, all the twenty-eight are novels. One of these has reached a circulation of more than 700,000; five others have attained the 400,000 mark; and three others, the 300,000 point. It is superfluous, perhaps, to add that not one book in the list possesses qualities that entitle it to rank among the great novels; and it is a perfectly safe prediction that, ten years hence, four-fifths of the titles will be utterly forgotten by

the world at large, including the several hundred thousand people whose not over-cultured taste has boosted the circulation of these books into the "six figures" class.

—By the death of Mr. Edwin F. Abell passes away the last of the sons of the founder of the *Baltimore Sun*. For the past ten years Mr. Abell had controlled the policy of that journal, which is highly respected over the whole country as the ablest of Southern newspapers. A man of fine character himself, he held so steadily to the best traditions of the craft that Cardinal Gibbons was able in the funeral sermon to declare that the *Sun* is "a model family paper" and "a clean and pure journal." There are few newspapers of which one could say that "No father or mother would be ashamed to put it into the hands of the most sensitive maiden"; and it must have been a peculiar pleasure to his Eminence to feel that so unique a tribute was merited by one of his own flock. Mr. Abell was a man of modest habit and he shrank from publicity; "his charities were as generous as they were unostentatious." For the honor of American journalism let us hope that the Abell dynasty will not soon pass away, and that the new manager of the *Sun* may be worthy of his predecessor.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas*. \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas*. \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge*. \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall*. 50 cts., 85 cts.

The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly*. \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery*. \$1.50, net.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan*. \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. *Rev. P. J. Chandler, S. J.* \$1.50, net

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—*HEB.*, xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Abbot, of the diocese of Newport, England; Rev. Francis Maguire, diocese of Albany; Rev. Patrick Danehy, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. M. A. Frank, diocese of Pittsburg; Rev. Herman Ernst, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. John Garrity, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Thomas O'Neill, O. P.; Rev. Francis McAtee, S. J.; and Rev. M. Leonard, O. C. R.

Brother Stanislaus, of the Xaverian Brothers.

Mother M. Antoninus, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister Mary of Mt. Carmel, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother Xaverius, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Teresa and Sister Camilla, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Isaac Marshall and Miss M. Lyng, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. P. G. Gerhart, San Diego, Cal.; Mr. Patrick Mulhare and Annie Nolan, Antioch, Cal.; Mr. Edward Wenzel, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Dennis Ryan, Stuttgart, Ark.; Mr. James Burke, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Mary Smith, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Frances Haggerty, Carnegie, Pa.; Mr. Gabriel Girardot, Laotto, Ind.; Mrs. E. A. McKenna, Louisville, Ky.; Mr. James Brice, Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ryan, Stuart, Iowa; Margaret Loughman, Lynn, Mass.; Mr. John Castigan, New Britain, Conn.; Mr. James Prior, Kansas City, Kansas; Jane Reilly, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Adolph Abraham, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Mary Barrett, Carrick-on-Shannon, Ireland; Mr. Francis Huffman, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. Edgar Brehler, Mrs. Isabella Dreimiller, and Miss Lottie Dreimiller, Mt. Clemens, Mich.; Mr. William Fitzpatrick, Queen's Co., Ireland; and Mrs. Anna Mathews, Philadelphia, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 26, 1904.

NO. 13.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

In Holy Week.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

ALL men must die: like Christ in this at least,
Each mortal breathing now the vital air
Is speeding on adown Time's thoroughfare
To his Good Friday, when his soul, released
From fleshly bonds, shall learn that time has ceased.
Ah! woe betide us all whom unaware
That day shall find engrossed with worldly care,
Full loath to hail it as a welcome feast.

And all who die will surely rise again:
Ere yet the World's Good Friday shall have
passed—
That day of doom concealed from human ken—
The Easter of mankind will dawn at last.
Oh, grant, dear Christ, that we who bear Thy name
May rise with Thee to glory, not to shame!

Good Friday in Jerusalem.

BY MARY BOYLE O'REILLY.

I.



WITH the roar of the anchor chains in the hawse-holes, the end of the pilgrimage drew near. From the ship's side one could see the little town of Joppa—the oldest city on earth,—its white houses and domed roofs glaring in the morning sun. Here and there a stately date palm tossed its long leaves; and a string of antique camels, tethered together, stalked along the shore. From every vantage point on the sea-wall groups of strange people watched the pilgrim ship: Jews, in

rusty gaberdines; Turks, with flaming robes and massive turbans; and Arabs, Arabs everywhere, wearing the striped gowns of their nation. Out from the little bight that serves Joppa as a port, the Ottoman government's patrol boats felt their way through the dangerous encircling reef, testing the tide and the safety of the passage. Only by permission of the Sheik of the Rocks may a landing be made at Joppa.

The first sight of Palestine is a sad shock to fond illusions. "The abomination of desolation" rests on the hallowed land. The country that should be flowing with milk and honey is mostly desolate; the unfruitful hills are burned red; and clouds that bring no moisture are driven across the hilltops by the wind. Judea is indeed a barren land, "where a city seated on a mountain can not be hid." From the seaboard all roads wind up and up to the holy city. Not for nothing was it written in the Sacred Books that pilgrims went *up* to the city beloved of God. It may be added here that no one can appreciate the full meaning of the Gospel story who has not come to understand the Orientalisms in the text.

For those who come on sight-seeing intent there is a wheezy little engine which will, in four nerve-racking hours, manage to climb the fifty miles to the citadel of the hills. But the true pilgrim, he who has walked most of the weary way from Servia or Little Russia, makes the last stage of the journey

by caravan. Many of the pilgrims wear garments of camel's hair with a leathern girdle, after the manner of the Precursor; having neither script for the journey nor two coats nor shoes nor a staff. The Sheik of the Caravan and the chief members of his household lead the way on camel back; the elders, or aristocrats, amongst the pilgrims ride on donkeys so diminutive as hardly to raise the rider's feet from the ground; and behind the scores of patient, plodding pilgrims, shod with sandals, follow veiled women, with perhaps an unknown great lady borne in a palanquin.

Past Ramleh, bowered in its fragrant orange groves; past hamlets half hidden in roses of Sharon; up through the spreading pastures on which the Bedouins tend their herds, to the gloomy ravine known as the Black Valley, where lonely shepherds "abiding with their flocks by night" called to each other with pipes made of reed. The only signs of human habitation are the watch-towers of vineyards, rare in a country where the vine was once the emblem of the nation, and the grapes of Judah were carved on Hebrew tombs.

Then of a sudden the Sheik pauses to shade his eyes with an expectant hand. The lagging column comes up; the brow of a hill is rounded; and below—throned on the twin mounts Zion and Moriah that rise from an abyss—lies the square, walled Bible City. So familiar it looks, and so small, that the sense of reality passes: the breathing of the silent throng seems as the restless sound of studying mates in some far-distant schoolroom, the shadowy city but an illustration in the Bible History. One glance shows Jerusalem to be the tomb of a great city surrounded by miles of tombs. In very truth "they have made of Jerusalem but a heap of stones."

Since the pilgrimage of the Kaiser, it

is possible to drive to the Joppa Gate. Within its gloomy arch a sleepy Turk sits at the receipt of customs, his Slave of the Long Rod searching the bales of fodder borne by ruminating donkeys for contraband wine and salt. Once inside the embattled walls, where the average street is only five feet wide, none may drive; and the few who ride must hug the bulging house walls.

How these same streets, set edgewise on the hillsides, in a climate where rainfalls are torrents and the wind a tornado, could have accumulated the deposits of débris that line their length, only the officials of the Turkish government can tell. For Jerusalem the Holy, beloved city of the Hebrews and sacred city of Christendom, has for six centuries been Moslem. From the Dome of the Rock that crowns its acropolis, standing where Solomon's Temple stood—where Jesus was found a Child amongst the Doctors; where He cast out them that bought and sold in the holy place; where He walked a Master teaching in parables; where the Sanhedrim met in judgment when Judas Iscariot, "who also betrayed Him," returned them the appointed thirty pieces of silver; down through all the staircased, vaulted streets reeking with filth and awful odors,—Jerusalem is Turkish.

In these dimly lit lanes the world-old Eastern life flows on with the tranquillity of hoary age, while the people look down from the terraced housetops. "Peace be with you!"—"And with all your house!" is the constant salutation. One of the Scribes that 'love to walk in long robes'—a Pharisee of modern life—folds his book, that all may see its learned title; while he looks hither and yon, 'seeking the salutations of the market-place.' A dealer in leaven cries his wares, another his measures of meal; and the garlanded gateway of a Syrian home shows that 'one lies dead therein, where the

minstrels and the multitude are making a rout.'

Like another city not very far away, the inns of Jerusalem are always filled to overflowing; and it would go hard with friendless pilgrims but for the charity of the Greek* and Latin† monks. To the huge hospices within and without the walls—so huge that their hospitable halls can enclose two or three thousands!—any pilgrim, be he Catholic or Protestant, is bidden a brotherly welcome. "If," says a sign on the walls of the Hospice Terra Santa (Franciscan), in the quaint English of a Syrian translator, "he that is to come find to us a letter of his Lord Bishop and pastor, to him there shall be no payment appointed for the days (14) of his pilgrimage. Let other men take heed that to him who comes not to pray but to consider the things of this world, it is appointed of the Lord Abbot to pay five francs a day according to the richness God has given to him."

II.

Good Friday in Jerusalem opens with a wailing sound in the air as bands of pilgrims, chanting the Lamentations, march through the gloomy, tortuous streets. Hither and thither they go, absorbed and reverent, realizing that the day will be a memory for their lives. "You who have come so far," says the kind old monk at the hospice, "needs must proceed thoughtfully. There is much to do, and the days are short in the rainy season. Let us go."

[Down by the Joppa Gate, over the valley of Jehovah's judgment, on whose steep side thousands of faithful Hebrews and Mahomedans lie waiting the final day, is a house to which, in the first days of Azymes, the Apostles were guided "by a young man bearing a pitcher of water on his shoulder";

and in its upper room—a typical stone-cased Syrian hall, with one great window overlooking the ravine—was spread the Paschal feast we know as the Last Supper. The house is Turkish property; and the tomb of David is believed to be beneath. But though the Turk permits no chapel there, neither does he desecrate the sanctity of the place. It is still an empty upper room, touching and awe-inspiring in its simple dignity.

The Golden Gate through which the Saviour rode in triumph into Jerusalem has been walled up by the Moslems,—a puerile attempt to outwit the prophesied Conqueror who will one day enter there. But near by the Cœnaculum a path runs out through the Gate of the Friend of God, along the valley of the Kedron, where once those possessed of the devil dwelt in the sepulchres, "exceedingly fierce, so that no man passed that way"; and across to a Mount of Olives over against the temple, where no dwelling-place now stands. Chapels are there—Greek, Latin, Coptic and Abyssinian; tombs and shrines real and supposititious; a walled garden dear to Christendom; a Grotto of the Creed supported by twelve columns; and above all the great Russian Tower, from whose summit can be seen the purple heights of Moab and the valley of the Jordan.

A group of gnarled old olives are all that remain of the "farm called Gethsemani"; and these are guarded by a high wall, whose gate is made so low that one must kneel to enter. Within, a Way of Pain surrounds the wall; with, just beyond, the most beautiful work of art in Judea—a marble Christ in Agony before a marble angel. Just outside the gate is a leafless fig tree; and this, says the bright-eyed little boy from the hospice, is because it is accursed, since a treacherous kiss was given beneath its branches.

* Greek Catholic, and Orthodox Church of Russia.

† Roman Catholic.

Within its shadow glows a bed of the lilies of the field set in a wilderness of cockles,—not white, as one thinks of lilies, but crimson with purple hearts, beside which Solomon in all his glory was unarrayed. And these, tradition says, have a special crimsonness in memory of one Simon Peter who, drawing his too-ready sword, cut off the ear of Malchus, servant of the high-priest. Listening, the centuries roll back like a scroll that is read; the changes that come with time and the ruin that Titus wrought are alike forgotten. In this land of great realities and of legends, one looks at the crimson lilies and believes!

Along the garden wall, half hidden by the hedge of thorn trees, whose terrible spines are still platted into penitential crowns, a score of bent figures lie with their cowed faces in the dust and their withered hands outstretched for alms. These are the lepers, who have lined this road for two thousand years. Just below them is the Pool of Siloam, but there is no one now to say, "Be thou made clean!" Near the Pool is the so-called Tomb of the Virgin, where all St. Peter's sins were forgiven him; close by, the house of John, in which the Mother of the Lord is supposed to have died; and beside it is the reputed spot where Magdalen lay at rest at last. Above on the mount stands the Latin Church of the Pater Noster, from whose site Our Lord wept over the city, and on whose walls wayfarers from every clime may read the universal prayer carved in their native tongue. Near by is the Church of the "Watch Ye and Pray," in which stand two columns in memory of those who said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven?"

Entering the city from its eastern side, the Street of Sorrows probably led through the sheep gate that faces the Mount of Olives. Before sunrise none may enter by the great portal,

but only through the little gate, or Needle's Eye, through which no camel may pass. The arch of the gate frames, as a picture is framed, a view of the slope of Olivet, with beyond the winding Bethany road that leads across the shoulder of the hill to that hamlet known as the House of Doves, where Mary and Martha (the daughters of Simon the leper) dreamed and worked, where their divine Friend rested even in the anxious nights of that last week, and where is still found the tomb from which Lazarus came forth.

This nameless family becomes very real in sight of its village home. Mary the generous-hearted, lavishing all her treasured ointment on Him who had, within the week, called her young brother back from the gates of death; and Martha, poor Martha! A gentle, patient soul she must have been, industrious to the verge of mania, to have busied herself too much with the cares of such a tiny house. Last, Lazarus,—he whom the Lord loved and brought back from beyond the grave.

Strange stories of that strangest of men still haunt the lonely hillside. The very Bedouins tell each other, over the camp fires, when the caravans lie all night in the fields of Bethany waiting for the city gates to reopen, that Lazarus, who had been a kindly man and jovial, returned from the shadows silent. What he had learned and what seen there were none brave enough to question. Lazarus, say the Bedouins, was that nameless man who sought to join his Friend in the confusion of the seizure in the Garden. Being frightened off by the servants of the high priest, he fled across the hilltop to his home in Bethany, leaving his linen robe in their hands. Where his weary body was laid after its second death there is no reliable record. The grave in which a dead man slept for half a week, six days before the Pasch, is empty.

On the Hill of Evil Council stood the house of Annas, father-in-law of Caiaphas, in whose court the iniquitous bargain with Judas was made. This Judas, says a quaint old story, was he who, as a child, was brought by his sorrowing mother to St. Mary, he being possessed of a devil. And when he was seated beside the Lord Jesus, the Evil One inclined him to strike the Holy Child. Then was Satan driven out; and Judas promised always to serve the Lord Jesus, lest Satan, returning, trouble him again. After the woful day when he forgot his sacred promise, he returned to the Hill of Evil Council to protest against his bargain; and then going out, "with an exceeding bitter cry," hanged himself with a halter. A gaunt tree, on which no bird will rest, stands in a barren waste beyond the walls, and is still called the Judas Tree. All about it is a field called Aceldama—"the field of blood,"—bought by the priests with the money Judas returned them.

From the house of Annas the soldiers and their Prisoner passed the palace of the high priests. Caiaphas was he who had given counsel that it was expedient one man should die for the people; and with him sat the chief priests and all the council who sought for evidence against the Accused while awaiting the informal examination, whose result they had already determined. This house, which is wholly traditional, is now an Armenian convent, at whose portal visitors are welcomed with perfumes and burning spices, after the Eastern fashion.

An altar stands under the portico where Joseph Caiaphas, sitting in judgment, rent his garments ere he sentenced the Accused, whose humble follower he would one day become. And a second altar is placed under the open sky, on the spot where the Lord, turning, looked at Simon, as He would say, "Thou, Peter?" In the outer

court two columns have for centuries marked the reputed spot where Peter and John, who had followed afar off, stood listening, until Peter was recognized by a kinsman of Malchus.

The dawn of a day that knew no twilight was creeping over the city as the rulers of the Synagogue adjourned from the house of Caiaphas to a formal meeting in their session room at the Temple. The predetermined verdict was blasphemy, of which the rabbinical punishment was death. But the proud Sanhedrim, being deprived of the power of capital punishment by the Roman law, sent its convicted Prisoner to the Roman Governor. It was then the custom of the procurators to live in the rebellious city during the great feasts, and thus keep order amongst the people; and so the procession moved to the Tower of Antonia, hard by the Temple Area, where Pontius Pilate sat in judgment. Before the Roman, who had all a Roman's contempt for Jewish custom, the charge was changed to treason against Cæsar; the Prisoner having claimed to be King of the Jews. It being the feast of the Pasch, when the ceremonially purified priests could not enter a Gentile dwelling, the Governor came out into his courtyard.

Of Pilate's house little remains since the fall of Jerusalem; but of the traditional remnant that is left a worthy use has been made. In the convent of the Little Sisters of Zion (in whose basement was discovered a strip of Roman paving believed to be part of the Holy Way), there stands behind the altar a fragment of ancient wall—great blocks of weather-worn tufa, forming the background for an alabaster *Ecce Homo*; and underneath is written, in shining silver letters, the Lord's last pitying prayer.

Beyond, in the narrow street that once re-echoed to the cry of "Barabbas!" is the fragment of a porch on

arches, where the Governor, hesitating between his fear of angering Cæsar and the foreboding caused by his wife Claudia's plea for "the Just One," washed his hands before the people. Hardly had the fatal Paschal season passed, says an old, old story, when messengers arrived from Rome bearing orders that the Governor of Judea send to Tiberius Cæsar the wonder-working Galilean. Then Pilate had to confess that he had just crucified the Christ. Tradition is silent as to his punishment. That he fell from favor is certain. The kindly Claudia is said to have died in Rome, a Christian; her husband in Gaul, a suicide,—a penitent.

One last effort Pilate made to thwart the Sanhedrim, by which he hoped also to win back the lost favor of Herod the Tetrarch. Across the great valley of the Tyropœon, that divides Mt. Moriah from Mt. Zion, stood the splendid palace of Herod the Great, in which his son, Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee, was living. To him Pilate sent the Prisoner, as being of Galilee. But Herod, after seeking in vain for a miracle, grew weary of the case and returned the Prisoner to Pilate; when, says a pretty story, the very standards in the hands of Roman ensigns bowed themselves before the Accused.

On the street from the palace of Herod, along which walked the Saviour, clothed in a white garment, returning to Pilate, is the house of the Wandering Jew, with, says tradition, the very step-like bench on which that unfortunate Hebrew refused to let the Master rest. "I will go on, but you shall not rest for all time," was the answer. And to-day, in the streets of Jerusalem, any Syrian child can tell how the poor Jew, doomed to wander through the ages, fled from his home in the darkness of that awful Sixth Hour; and, still flying from the wrath to come, never saw his loved ones again. "Sometimes he comes back with the pilgrims,"

declares the little boy from the hospice. "I know a man who saw him once in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Aye, but he was old! He walked with a staff, and his long beard was white as hail. That is how you always know him, that Wandering Jew!"

At the gate of Pilate's house, where a Turkish barracks now stands, is the First Station of the Way of the Cross. The steps up which the Lord walked to judgment have long since been carried to the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome. Some distance down the street, a stone marks the place of the First Fall. Beyond is the ruined Chapel of Our Lady of Grief (*Salve, Mater*); and a few steps farther on, a memorial to one Simon of Cyrene who helped to bear the burden of the cross.

Here again the little boy from the hospice was reminded of a legend. "It is about St. Simon," he explained, "when he and the Lord Jesus were little boys. In the month of Adar, when the Lord Jesus was playing with His friends in Nazareth, they spread their garments on the ground for Him to sit upon; and, making a wreath of flowers, crowned Him king. And it came to pass that one, searching the woods for a sceptre, was stung by a serpent and fell dead. Then the Lord Jesus called the serpent, which coming sucked the poison back again, and burst asunder. Then said the Lord Jesus to His play-fellow: "Wake, Simon! Some day I shall have need of thy service."

The house of Veronica, she who had been cured by touching the Lord's garment, is in the heart of the city; and an altar is built upon the steps where she awaited the arrival of the Sufferer. Near by is the house of Dives (at whose gate the poor man Lazarus lay), where the daughters of Jerusalem stood weeping; and beyond the way turning to the west, near the Gate of Judgment, is the spot of the Third Fall. The last five Stations are in the Church

of the Holy Sepulchre, marked each by a shrine or an altar. Even Dimas, the Good Thief, is remembered with a shrine,—he who, being a highwayman, had encountered the Holy Family during their flight into Egypt; and, touched by the celestial beauty of the Christ-Child, refused to rob them. "I will remember you in your last hour," promised the Lady Mary, since a promise was all she had to give.

Of all the Gospel saints, the most popular in Palestine is that noble counsellor, Joseph of Arimathea, a secret disciple while yet a member of the Sanhedrim. Jerusalem is rich in ruins that once knew "Joseph the stranger": the storehouse whence he drew the myrrh and aloes; the new tomb that he built; the house to which he fled, with that other fearful disciple, Nicodemus, to escape the vengeance of the Great Council; and the ruined gate under which he waited in the dark of a Syrian night for the one treasure that accompanied him in all his wanderings—the Holy Grail.

Of all the sites in the world, there is not one that has, of late, caused such controversy as the place of the Crucifixion. For hundreds of years no one appears to have questioned the site that is now covered by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Apostles, disciples, martyrs and Crusaders seem to have lived and died content in the certainty of their conviction. At last came a scientist armed with questions. Was not the central spot of Christendom, according to St. Mark (xv, 22), "a place *called* Golgotha," which is Hebrew for a skull? Is it not written in St. John (xix, 20) that it "was *near* to the city"? Now, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is well *within* the walls, and has not, *so far as is now known*, any resemblance to a skull. But outside the walls, and yet nigh to the city—indeed, just beside the Damascus Gate,—is a tiny bald hill, that may be seen "afar

off," on whose rocky face are three small caverns that give it the appearance of a skull. So old is this rock that Hebrew tradition holds that in one of the little caves the Prophet Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations.

Returning from the supposed Golgotha to the traditional one is not an easy task on the afternoon of Good Friday; for the alley-like streets are packed to suffocation, albeit with a gentle, silent crowd. Passing the eastern wall of the Temple terrace that towers far above, one comes suddenly on a remnant of the Chosen People, their Hebrew Bibles in their hands, weeping and lamenting as they mourn in the words of Isaiah. On Good Friday a Turkish pasha, wise in his generation, sets a guard to protect them, lest some Oriental schismatics, made fanatical by the morning's ceremonies, attempt to start a massacre in the streets.

For this lonely little band, strangers in their once great city, hardly a stone remains upon a stone. The work of Solomon and of Herod has passed as the splendor of a dream; and in the pitiful awakening the homeless people stand weeping before a remnant of a ruined temple, its rough stones made smooth by the kisses of sorrowing generations. The level rays of the sinking sun shine on a hundred golden crosses; the evening mist grows blue in the valley of Jehovah's judgment, and, rising, shrouds the Wall of Wailing in its clammy folds; and from the gathering twilight the voice of an aged rabbi moans the cry that has re-echoed through the ages:

We sit in solitude and mourn

For the palace that is destroyed.

We sit in solitude and mourn

For the walls that are overthrown.

We sit in solitude and mourn

For our majesty that has departed.

We sit in solitude and mourn

For the great men who lie dead.

We sit in solitude and mourn!

“Aunt Olive.”

BY HAROLD DIJON.

AUNT OLIVE is the name she goes by. Once, in a moment of confidence, she told me she had been christened Olivia. Out of the great respect I have for her—we all have for her,—I asked if she would prefer to be called Olivia, and she replied: “Indeed no! Olive is what my Miss Lucy calls me.” Of course that settled it. What Miss Lucy said or did was not open to criticism.

The first time I saw Aunt Olive was at church. It had been thought best for the children that we spend the winter in the South; and in the city I chose for our residence, I rented a house that had an outlook on the sea, and was in the vicinity of a church. Having called on the pastor to secure seats for the family, I went into St. Finbar's for a little visit.

It was late in the afternoon, and the church was quite deserted save for two women in the aisle on the Gospel side, who were making the Stations of the Cross. One of the women was tall, erect, her appearance flashing energy. Her reverent black face and white hair under a linen turban of many colors, yellow predominating, fastened your attention and called forth your respect. The turban did not appear gaudy, and it derived a dignity from its wearer. The other woman was frailly built; and a glance at her white face and hair, of the palest flaxen hue, her form clad in muslin of a delicate lavender tint, made me associate her in my mind with a Parian group I owned of the Three Marys at the Tomb.

The women rose from their knees to proceed to the next Station; and then I perceived, from the helpless way in which she put out a hand to be led, that the younger woman was blind.

Unbidden, the tears rushed to my eyes. There was something so pathetic—how much so I did not know then—in the little pilgrimage I witnessed; so much of fostering care on the part of the elderly maid, so much of clinging for protection on the part of the afflicted mistress.

In a low undertone the pair recited the prayers of the Sorrowful Way. Aunt Olive would state the name of the Station, her mistress made the spoken comments thereon, and then responsively they recited the prayers and ejaculations.

I was so full of what I had witnessed that I could talk of nothing at table that evening but of the poor blind lady and her maid. “I wish I could know them,” I said; and Philip, my husband, answered that I probably would if I made up my mind to.

Philip's prophecy was fulfilled in part the very next morning. We were rising from the breakfast table when a message was brought me from my not too satisfactory cook to know if I wished to purchase anything from the “cake lady.” On asking who the “cake lady” was, I was told that she was “Aunt Olive Darknall.” Everything was curious to me in the South; so I said I would speak to the “cake lady” myself, and I went with my informant to the kitchen.

I do not know which was greater, my surprise or my pleasure, on finding in the “cake lady” the attendant of the blind woman in whom I was so interested. Her turban, her dark blue calico gown, with a broad white kerchief crossed on her bosom, and a long white apron, were the same she had worn on the day before.

She received me with a profound courtesy that rather abashed me, unused to obeisances from servants; and said she made oyster, crab, and rice cakes. “I can do all kinds of cooking, and all the great folks buy

of me," she announced; eliciting from Juliana the cook the exclamation, "Tha's the truf, Aunt Olive!"

Aunt Olive smiled gravely.

"Suppose, Madam," she said, "that I make up some of my things for you; and if they do not suit, they need not be paid for. That would not be fair."

I gave a small order for rice and crab cakes. When they were eaten, Philip and I agreed they were delicious, and I became one of Aunt Olive's regular customers.

My curiosity led me to question my cook about the woman, and I learned that Aunt Olive lived with a Miss Lucy Darknall.

"She is Miss Lucy's 'mammy.' Them Darknalls was pow'ful big folks afoah th' Wah; but, laws, Miss Lucy ain' got nuffin' now. She the onliest one of them all tha's lef'. Aunt Olive make out Miss Lucy got a heap of money in er bank, but that ain' so. Tha's only Aunt Olive's big way er talkin'. What foah Miss Lucy live out en O'ange Street if she rich?"

I forbade Juliana to say anything more on the subject. I scented a mystery of Aunt Olive's making, and self-respect prohibited my prying further into what instinct told me was a sacred secret.

I never went to Mass but I saw the pair; and very, very often did they receive, Aunt Olive leading Miss Lucy to and from the Communion rail. Once I spoke to the rector of St. Finbar's about them. "They are good and holy souls," said Father Colton, in a tone of voice that did not encourage me to ask questions.

Shortly after this my husband told me one morning that he had invited two men for dinner. They were persons for whom it was desirable to have everything very nice; and, as I have stated, Juliana was not wholly satisfactory. "If you could induce your Aunt Olive to fix up something," Philip suggested.

I hurried to the kitchen, to learn that Aunt Olive had paid her visit. She usually came very early. "I must get word to her some way," I lamented. There was no one I could send, and I declared I would hunt her up myself.

Number 23 Orange Street was the address given me by Juliana. Had no number been given, I should have been able to pick out Aunt Olive's abode in its spick-and-span cleanliness; the only house in the unpaved street that had flowers growing in its yard, though all the houses had the same abundance of the luxuriant moonflower vine growing on their walls. The garden of Aunt Olive's house might have been larger had not so much space been taken up by a double path, the use of which I could not perceive.

The front door was open, and gave me a view of a daintily furnished interior room, in which Miss Lucy reclined on a couch; Aunt Olive seated by her side, reading aloud. The book she read was familiar to me, being Lady Fullerton's "Constance Sherwood." Not only did Aunt Olive read with an absence of dialect other than an obliterating of *r*'s and broadening of *a*'s common to all Southerners: she also read fluently, intelligently, and with an evident enjoyment of the matter perused.

I was about to rap on the door when Aunt Olive, having reached the end of a chapter, closed the book, and said something to Miss Lucy about a detail of housework. At that moment she turned and saw me.

It was painful to witness the look of confusion and distress that came into her face. She gesticulated to me to keep silence; and, bending over her mistress, asked her if she could sleep for a while.

"I *am* tired, mammy," said Miss Lucy, and she put up her arms.

Aunt Olive stooped, and the arms encircled her.

"Are you in pain now, honey-angel?" she asked.

"Not now," replied Miss Lucy.

I turned away. I had no right or part in the pathos of their tragedy.

Aunt Olive joined me at the garden gate, her face somewhat repellent. I told her of my trouble in regard to the dinner; and she was about to reply when her name was called.

Her white frock fluttering in a current of air, her face smiling, Miss Lucy stood at the door.

"I dropped my rosary: I can not find it," she called.

She was not youthful, neither was her color fresh; but she made a pretty picture standing there; and, forgetting myself, I uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Who is there," said Miss Lucy, her face alert, her eyes staring blankly.

Aunt Olive grasped my arm.

"Do not say a word about my cakes, do not contradict her in anything," she whispered.

Taken unawares, I spoke the truth; and no falsehood could have so well served to deceive the poor blind woman.

"I must beg your pardon," I said.

"I am a stranger here, and in search of a cook. I hoped your maid might aid me. I have often seen you in church."

"You are Mrs. Halliday, the lady from the North?" asked Miss Lucy.

"Mammy tells me about everyone. You know I can not see."

When I had replied that my name was Halliday and that I was from the North, Miss Lucy entreated me hospitably to enter and rest myself. "Or," she pursued eagerly, "what is better—it is so warm to-day,—if it will not fatigue you to walk to the end of the garden, we will sit in the arbor."

I looked at the short and narrow space of ground dignified by the name of garden.

"It would not fatigue me," I replied.

"Then to the arbor!" she said gaily,

and held out her hand for Aunt Olive to take.

I followed them up one path and then down the other; and, so doubling on ourselves, we retraced our steps four or five times, when Aunt Olive paused before a bench placed in the shadow of the moonflower vine growing over the house.

"How lovely it must be here in the arbor!" said Miss Lucy; and she made room for me on the bench.

I replied that it was lovely, pondering on the meaning of the double path. Walked back and forth as we had just walked, Miss Lucy would be given the impression of distance and largeness of domain.

In answer to her questions, I told her the story of the dinner over which I had troubled. It appeared a sorry trifle to me in the presence of her affliction and a devotion I but dimly comprehended.

"I am so glad I happened to come out and met you!" she cried, clasping her hands. "I do not believe there is another cook in the world like Aunt Olive. I'll lend her to you for this evening."

I protested,—I would not hear to her proposition,—she would be left alone.

"But I am used to being alone," she responded. "Mammy has often to be away from me."

In this way began an acquaintance that developed into a warm and loving friendship. Aunt Olive gave us a superb dinner; but when I came to pay her for her services, she hesitated about taking the money.

"You won't say anything to my Miss Lucy about it?" she pleaded.

"Aunt Olive," I said, "I do not understand why you should conceal from your mistress that you earn money. But I think I may trust you."

Her lips worked, and with an effort she controlled an emotion that threatened to overwhelm her.

"God bless you, Mrs. Halliday!" she murmured.

Her humility was very great, but it detracted nothing from the respect her bearing called forth.

I spoke of Aunt Olive's deception to Father Colton, and all that he said was: "I am glad you visit Miss Darknall. Not that she needs cheering; for she is happy, and no one could make her life pleasanter than Aunt Olive has made it."

On another occasion I spoke to Miss Lucy of Aunt Olive's reading, which had not ceased to astonish me.

"All our house servants were taught," she informed me; "and Aunt Olive became quite a scholar. You would be astonished at the extent of her reading."

"And her affection for you is something wonderful," I observed.

Her pathetic little face turned to mine, her eyes groping for a light they should never find in this world, as she answered:

"Her love for me has indeed been great. My mother died before the War, my father and my brother died in it. Our estate was sold for taxes and debts, and I was quite alone, when—God's holy will be done!—my sight, which had been failing, entirely left me. Our servants were scattered, but Aunt Olive would not leave me. She and Father Colton were very good to me. It was through their efforts that a remnant of my father's property was saved, and it is on the small income it affords that we manage to live. That is," she added brightly, "Aunt Olive does the managing; for I am helpless in every way,—physically, and mentally when it is a matter of business."

That Miss Lucy suffered from a disease which was slowly sapping her life away, I knew; and when several mornings had passed without my seeing her at Mass, and Aunt Olive did not come to the house, I became alarmed and went to see them.

My worst fears were confirmed. Miss Lucy would never again leave the house. "Not till we carry her to the cemetery," said Aunt Olive. She spoke quietly; she did not weep, but I could see she was near undone with watching and mental distress.

Miss Lucy was very glad to see me. She was cheerful, as she always was; but so weak as not to be able to speak above a whisper, or more than few words at a time. Still there was no immediate danger, the doctor said.

There was no longer question of Aunt Olive's making or selling cakes. "She made a nice little income, which no doubt she has put aside for her old age," I said to Philip; and we both opined that Miss Lucy would surely leave a portion at least of her small fortune to her faithful attendant. This belief was made sure by what Miss Lucy told me.

"I have made a will, which Father Colton has in his possession," she remarked. "I have left everything to Aunt Olive. Is there any little thing you would like for a keepsake?"

I said I would like to have the rosary, the dropping of which had made the occasion for our becoming friends.

"I'll tell Aunt Olive, and she will give it to you—afterward," she replied.

Anxious as I was to be of service to Miss Lucy, there was really little I could do besides visiting her. All her needs were provided for by Aunt Olive's care and good management. In fact, some of the luxuries furnished were of so costly a nature as to make me believe Miss Lucy's income was greater than I had imagined it to be.

I was at the house in Orange Street the afternoon she died; and Father Colton was there too. It was a clear, beautiful day; and the room was full of sunshine and the odor of the spring flowers in their beds outside the open windows. We knew we should not

have her with us much longer; and, in a voice that never faltered, Aunt Olive made the responses to the prayers for a departing soul read by Father Colton. As for me, I was too choked for utterance.

Presently she called: "Mammy!"

"Honey-angel!" said Aunt Olive, and she slipped an arm under her pillow.

Her frail hands outstretched, she raised her head slightly, and—it is true—her eyes shone.

"I see!" she cried; and, smiling, lay back, her head resting on Aunt Olive's bosom.

"There is no doubt she does," said Father Colton, and his voice also was choked.

Philip had never made Miss Lucy's acquaintance, but he went with me to her funeral; and, besides Aunt Olive, we were the only mourners. All the arrangements were those of a funeral for a person of wealth and consideration. Aunt Olive wore a black gown and bonnet that day, and a veil that hid her face.

I wanted her to go home with me after our return from the cemetery. This she would not do. "I had best be alone for this evening," she said.

The next day I went to see her, and to claim the legacy Miss Lucy left me, and which is among the possessions I most cherish. As I walked up the path to the house, I heard the loud voice of a man in argument.

"So long as the lady was sick I didn't bother you, and now I think I have waited sufficient," said the voice.

Eager to relieve Aunt Olive of the presence of a creditor, I pushed open the door without knocking, and entered the room.

Aunt Olive was seated on a chair, shrinking back, her face stricken. She had not heard me come in, and was saying: "If you give me time to sell the furniture, Mr. Lewis! Yours is the only bill not paid, and it *will* be paid."

"Aunt Olive," I cried, "there is no need to sacrifice the furniture! Wait till Miss Lucy's estate is settled."

She stared at me; then, crying out my name, clasped her hands before her face and rocked to and-fro, moaning.

The man, a very respectable-appearing person, looked at me in doubt, and as if not a little ashamed of the position in which he found himself.

I handed him my card, and whispered that if there was any trouble about a payment to call on me. He said he was sorry to have appeared "pressing," and seemed glad of the opportunity I afforded him to take his departure.

"Aunt Olive," I said, laying my hand on her shoulder, "what did that cruel man want?"

"He came for the rent," she answered.

"The rent," I exclaimed, "and this Miss Lucy's property!"

"Miss Lucy had no property," she said, and burst into a storm of sobs.

I held her to me and let her weep tears that did her good. Little by little I got from her the truth of what you, who have heard me, have probably guessed. Miss Lucy had been utterly destitute of means; and this good, faithful woman, this black heroine of whitest soul, by her hard labor had supported Miss Lucy, even kept her in semi-luxury, till now her savings were exhausted.

Aunt Olive came to live with us,—she lives with us still. In the help she often gave my boys in their studies, I have learned the truth of what Miss Lucy said concerning her education.

"You should have been a teacher: that is your vocation," I once said.

"I am black," she replied.

It was not a complaint. It was the merest statement of a fact. Such as it was, I believe it was the nearest approach to a murmur Aunt Olive has ever made in the course of her long, white life.

O Faithful Cross!

(Crux Fidelis.)

BY CHARLES KENT.*

O FAITHFUL Cross, of trees the fairest!

O tree among them all the rarest!

'Mid sylvan bowers, no nobler towers,
Or yields such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.Sweet nails, sweet wood, God's love declaring,
So sweet a load to heaven upbearing!O sing, my tongue, God's glory sing,—
Triumphant palms and laurels bring;
That noblest victory proclaim,
Achieved upon the Cross of shame:
When earth's Redeemer gave His breath,
By immolation conquering death.O faithful Cross, of trees the fairest!
O tree among them all the rarest!
'Mid sylvan bowers, no nobler towers,
Or yields such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.Our lost progenitors, when God,
Beneath His dread avenging rod,
Saw planting first sin's Upas root
On eating the forbidden fruit,
The pitying Lord this Holy Rood
Placed where the Tree of Evil stood.Sweet nails, sweet wood, God's love declaring,
So sweet a load to heaven upbearing!This work benign of sovereign grace,
Ordained to save the human race,
In spite of hellish arts combined,
Wins heaven by arts in heaven designed;
From fiercest foes wrings holiest calm,
In deadliest wound pours healing balm.O faithful Cross, of trees the fairest!
O tree among them all the rarest!
'Mid sylvan bowers, no nobler towers,
Or yields such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.For God's own Sacrifice sublime,
When came the dread appointed time,
Christ, from the Father's bosom torn,
Creator of the world was born:
God, from a Virgin's womb, in tears,
A creature of the flesh appears.Sweet nails, sweet wood, God's love declaring,
So sweet a load to heaven upbearing!Mere wailing babe to human eyes,
Lo! God in narrow manger lies;His limbs in swathing bands enrolled,
His Virgin Mother's arms enfold.
Almighty!—feet, hands, tightly bound,
In lowly swaddling clothes enwound.O faithful Cross, of trees the fairest!
O tree among them all the rarest!
'Mid sylvan bowers, no nobler towers,
Or yields such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.Already thirty years have shed
Their humble glory on His head,
When earth's Redeemer freely goes
Through death to dissipate our woes,
On Cross, by deadliest wrath assailed,
In awful immolation nailed.Sweet nails, sweet wood, God's love declaring,
So sweet a load to heaven upbearing!Behold Him fainting, gall His drink;
His heart, His strength in anguish sink;
While nails and spear and thorn-crown wound,
His limbs in blood and water drowned:
Wherewith the sea, the stars, the earth,
Washed clean, resume their primal worth.O faithful Cross, of trees the fairest!
O tree among them all the rarest!
'Mid sylvan bowers, no nobler towers,
Or yields such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.Bend low thy branches, lofty tree,
Let thy stiff sinews loosened be,
The native toughness of thy grain
Be melted 'neath so sweet a strain;
And gently stretch, on tender board,
The limbs of Heaven's Eternal Lord.Sweet nails, sweet wood, God's love declaring,
So sweet a load to heaven upbearing!Alone thou'rt worthy thus to bear
The Lamb, earth saving from despair;
Alone to form salvation's ark
For nations drowning in the dark,—
Now safely borne across the flood,
Anointed by that Paschal blood.O faithful Cross, of trees the fairest!
O tree among them all the rarest!
'Mid sylvan bowers, no nobler towers,
Or yields such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.Now everlasting homage be
To God the Holy Trinity;
To Father and to Son, who meet
Coequal in the Paraclete:
The glory of whose triune name
Creation's thousand realms proclaim.

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA.

A Life's Record.

BY ETHEL B. BROWN.

IV.

AS regards the Œuvre du Grand Séminaire, we shall again quote from Mademoiselle Aline de Saisseval, who bears witness to her mother's extraordinary activity. "The Abbé Le Gris Duval," she says, "asked us to help the Higher Seminary which he had organized during the "*Cent Jours*," in 1815. Nearly £2400 was raised; and it was decided that during the space of five years we should pay down annually the sum of £480, and thus support several candidates instead of only one."

Mademoiselle de Saisseval's last letter, which was opened after her death, gives us a touching proof of her great charity and piety. The letter is dated January 8, 1823; and in it she gives away all her property, and desires her mother to sell all her personal effects, being afraid she has bestowed more in charity than she actually possessed. The largest share of her money was left to the seminaries, the most cherished work of her life. The letter concludes with a few words of gratitude, respect and affection for her beloved mother, whom she begs to keep ever in mind the charity most beloved by her. She reserves the last message for the ladies who had assisted her throughout with unabated zeal.

Madame de Saisseval had indeed her reward in her children. They were her joy and happiness; and although Almighty God saw fit to call them early to Himself, it was in order to increase her merit in heaven.

Another fact of more recent date must be recorded in connection with the Œuvre des Séminaires. About the year 1847 the venerable foundress received an honor which alarmed her

deep humility. She remarked afterward that 'she had then found out that she could blush quite as well at eighty-five years old as at sixteen, and that she had never felt so disconcerted in all her life.'

The Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, had just formed the plan of establishing, in a house formerly belonging to the Carmelites, a school of Higher Studies, in order to protect young ecclesiastics from the dangers of public lectures. Having chosen a prudent priest, whom he wished to intrust with the enterprise, his first care was to send him to Madame de Saisseval, directing him to submit his plans to her wise counsel, and to ask her to find the means of executing them. "Tell his Grace," she remarked quietly, "that this work will be pleasing to God, and that he must not be at all anxious about the money. That is the least difficulty of all, and should never stand in the way when we are sure of God's will. Now, this is what you must do..." After explaining what measures it was necessary to take, she offered herself as one of the first supporters of the work, and handed to the grateful and astonished priest her first subscription to the good cause. Her advice was followed, and everything succeeded as she had promised.

The Hospital Association, the first work of charity which Madame de Saisseval, with her daughter, took up on returning to France, was destined also to spread and develop under her personal care. In 1840 the ladies in charge of it asked her permission to hold the monthly meetings at her house, hoping that this plan would insure the stability and continuance of the good work. Both the Countess de la Bouillerie and the Marquise de Pastoret (who was at that time the president) declared they ought all to take a lesson in charity from Madame

de Saisseval; and it is certain that attempts which had failed hitherto were now once more courageously resumed, and were soon rewarded with success.

Before long they were able to establish two smaller works of charity, one of which was the purchase of a house next door to Madame de Saisseval's, and near the Foundling Home. This was followed by the opening of a refuge, dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Mary, as a shelter for young convalescents, the greater number of whom had come to Paris from the country seeking situations. These young girls, after leaving the hospitals frequently found themselves exposed to great danger through their poverty and inexperience. The refuge was designed to protect their innocence and give them time to recover their health completely. They were admitted and cared for until a situation could be secured for them in some good Christian family. About fifty young girls were lodged there, under the protection of the Blessed Mother of God; and in the course of ten years—that is, from 1840 to 1850—fifteen hundred and eighty-six convalescents, besides being nursed back to health, were preserved from great misfortune.

The Needlework Guild of St. Joseph met every Friday; and such of the ladies and young girls as were willing devoted some hours in the morning to work together for the benefit of the poor. This was a truly practical charity, and formed an apprenticeship to labor in the spirit of the Holy Family at Nazareth. With their delicate fingers, accustomed only to the finest embroidery, these ladies cut out and made up garments for the sick and poor, and *layettes* for the babies.

Although Madame de Saisseval's hands were more than fully occupied with so many different charities (and no one can realize how much she

accomplished unknown to the world), her solicitude and devotedness never seemed to diminish. She presided over numberless undertakings and pious associations, and seemed equal to them all; half of her time being spent in correspondence and other cares, the other half in travelling for charitable purposes.

Madame de Saisseval responded faithfully to all that Almighty God asked of her. She might have led a peaceful and happy life in her beautiful home in Auvergne, but she preferred to keep only a very small part of her income for her own use. "Just something to live on and enough to give away," she explained. Her daughter, the Marquise de Leusse, left her two charming properties near Paris; but the only pleasure she derived from the possession of them was the opportunity they gave her of doing good and saving souls. At Linières, the mission given at her expense reawakened the faith and piety of the people, while its results are visible even at the present day. She established an order of teaching nuns both at Linières and at Montalin; and kept for her own use only a small house at Mantes, where she occasionally went for a change of air.

In 1846 her health began to fail very much, a serious illness which she had had leaving behind it the seeds of disease. She had gone to Auvergne to spend a few days with her niece, Madame de Lastic, whose sons she treated as if they had been her own; and while there became so ill as to be quite unable for some time to leave her room. Her constitution never recovered its wonted vigor; and old age, that malady for which no one has discovered a cure, came rapidly upon her.

The next few years passed painfully by,—sometimes working, more often suffering, until the autumn of 1849, when the hope of being united again

with her beloved relatives made her decide to go to Montalin, where her niece was then living. The weather was already very cold, yet she would hardly allow a fire to be lighted in her room; and every day, whatever the state of the weather or the roads, she insisted upon going to Mass in an old public conveyance which passed the church. An accident which happened to her on one of these journeys brought on consequences that were never fully realized and caused her much suffering. It was not without a great deal of anxiety that she was brought back to Paris, where she was obliged to remain in bed for more than two months.

Thus began the year 1850. Her health was very much enfeebled, but her heart was full of love and zeal for the poor orphans. During the Lent which preceded her death she wrote a letter, with her own hand, to the priest who was to preach the annual sermon on behalf of the orphan asylum, which shows us that her grace of mind was equalled only by the kindness of her heart:

"I want to interest you in the fate of a hundred motherless children, who for the last forty-eight years have been educated and taught a trade that will assure them a prosperous future. The only source of income which Madame de Carcado left us was an unbounded confidence in Divine Providence; and for these forty-eight years, without any particular industry or resource of any kind, our trust and faith have always been rewarded, and the needs of so many poor foundlings provided for. By advising me not to undergo the fatigue of coming to hear your appeal on their behalf, you impose upon me one of the most painful sacrifices; for does a true mother ever hesitate for a moment to think of her age or of her weakness? If I had come, I should have most likely forgotten that I was eighty-five years old. It is the very

first time since the foundation of the Home that I have not been present when the serious question of the support of my poor little ones has been at issue. I can only hope that the painful suspense which my inactivity imposes on me may add to the generosity of those hearts which you may touch on our behalf."

This letter was soon followed by another: "I can find no words to express my deep gratitude to you. The collection amounts to £328. We are all simply delighted. You are always the means of bringing us good fortune. But, however fortunate we may be, neither my gratitude nor that of the children's other adopted mothers can ever be greater."

Madame de Saisseval left Paris on the 17th of March, 1850, quite delighted with the success of the appeal. But, unfortunately, during the short railway journey to her home she was suddenly seized with a sharp attack of suffocation, which, although of short duration, was the first symptom of her approaching illness. During the night she was awakened by another more painful and prolonged attack, and had, in spite of the excessive cold, to be carried out into the open air, where she lay on one of the garden seats for nearly half the night. It was only toward five o'clock in the morning that it was possible to carry her back to bed; and for the next three weeks she suffered the most violent and agonizing attacks.

Her unbounded faith increased with her illness. One night she suddenly asked for the Last Sacraments, and dictated all sorts of loving messages to her friends, without forgetting a single person. She had all the servants brought to her separately, and begged their forgiveness for any cross word she might have said or any bad example she might have given them. She also took advantage of a few

moments, when her faithful attendant left the room, to ask for her writing materials, and hurriedly wrote a note to the Duchesse de Montmorency, very particularly recommending the orphans to her care. Next day, when she gave this letter to the person whom she charged to deliver it, she said, very calmly, that it was not to be handed to the Duchess until after her death; and that she hoped it would be read at the next meeting of her associates and would take her personal place.

But, as is so often the case, after receiving the Last Sacraments Madame de Saisseval's health began to improve; and at last, little by little, she was able to leave her bed and reach her own chapel, even to take a short walk in the garden. Finally, she resumed all her old habits, her regular life, and also her work. Everything went well until Sunday, May 12, when, after having received a visit from some very dear friends and taken part in the usual May devotions (she had that afternoon made the Way of the Cross and been present in the evening at the devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin), Madame de Saisseval's strength suddenly failed. The family had separated at about nine o'clock, after reciting night prayers all together. About midnight some broken words were heard: "I am dying... choking!" The whole house was aroused and all ran into the room, but, alas! only in time to see her pass quietly away.

Two days later the funeral procession moved slowly through the streets of Mantes, followed by a crowd of weeping orphans who had come specially from Paris to accompany the body of their beloved mother to its last resting-place. The coffin was placed in a vault where Madame de Lastic and Mademoiselle Aline de Saisseval were buried; and at the entrance, guarding the tomb, stands a figure of the Blessed Mother of God.

(The End.)

Don José's Hidden Treasure.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

II.

ABSORBED in thought, his heart cast down, Felipe re-entered the solitary house; and, after his custom, touched a match to the brush and wood high piled in the fireplace, seating himself before his lonely hearth. Ah, the dreams that had clustered about that hearth,—the little dream faces that he had seen gathered around it, with a delicate, flower-like face smiling down upon them! He must now awaken to realities. Henceforth he must expect to sit alone. Perhaps in time, when he should be a middle-aged man and had gathered more philosophy, he might find consolation and a wife among the pretty, capable American girls,—a dear and sensible companion who should smile a welcome to him when he came in, tired out by his day's work. Yet, try as he might to fancy that other staid figure on the opposite side of the hearth, it persisted in taking on Teresa's witchery, and the eyes that smiled their greeting had mystic depths.

Wearily he arose and went out of doors, to make his accustomed rounds and see that all was well with his livestock before retiring. The barn and corral were below the house, a little removed from the main driveway. The horses whinnied a welcome at the sound of his footsteps; but he turned aside to take a look at a bit of pasture where his Jersey cow was grazing, with her new-born heifer. A smothered sound, that was neither the young cow-mother's gentle low nor yet the little calf's plaintive bleat, arrested him. Something white lay in the shadow of the fence. Three strides carried him to the spot. A young girl was huddled there, her face buried in her arms, which rested on her knees.

"Teresa!" he cried.

Another shivering sob, as of a heart vainly striving to suppress its woe. He stooped and with strong, tender hands lifted the hidden face, that he might make sure.

"Teresita! How come you here at this hour, so far from home? What has happened? Tell me. Was there an accident going down the grade? Are you hurt, Teresita?"

"An accident! O Felipe, indeed I must be a very wicked girl! For it seems to me I would not care if they had all gone over the grade. No, there was no accident. I—I made them stop and let me out."

All this with gasping breath, and now and then a sob to punctuate.

"But I can not understand," protested the young man, mystified. "You were perhaps afraid of the horses? You wished to walk down the grade?"

"I wished to walk—up here!"

She had risen, still sobbing, and was clinging shakily to the fence post, peering timidly at him from beneath the cloud of her unbound hair.

"They talked so shamefully of you, Felipe! And each one that came along and passed us—for our carriage was heavily loaded and our old horse slow—would stop, to add bitter and unkind things. I held my peace for as long as I could; but when Domingo came—cousin Domingo, who is paying court to the Widow Lopez, with his poor Luisa but two months in the grave,—and Domingo put in his word, my tongue got loose and I said some very impolite things."

Her sobs had quite ceased, and her eyes sparkled in the starlight as she recalled the conflict and her own part in it.

"No, never mind what, Felipe! But I commanded Sisto Gonzales, who was driving, to let me down, that I might go back and tell you how that I honored you from the bottom of my

heart for what you had done, and counted you the first nobleman of our race who had been born in one hundred years. And before Sisto could rein in on the grade, I was over the wheel, with tia Juana crying, and tio Pedro swearing that if I stepped once within the line of your land, where you had so demeaned yourself by toiling like any peon, he would never permit me to enter his doors again."

"And then?" queried Felipe quietly, in a voice that belied his condition; for his heart, which a short time ago had seemed to be shrivelling away, had now swelled so that his chest could scarcely contain it, and was pounding like a trip-hammer.

"I thought to cut across the hills below; for I was afraid tio Pedro might send Sisto Gonzales up the road to overtake and carry me back. And there were cañons to cross, so wide and deep, and with steep sides; and once I got snared in the chaparral, and thought I never should get out. The darkness had come down when at last I came within the light of the hacienda."

"And then?" encouraged Felipe.

"And then my courage failed; for all at once it came over me that you might think me bold and unwomanly, and I dared not go farther alone—till my brother came. My heart tells me that he will follow, and that he thinks as I do. And I was tired, and the night was cold, and it seemed better that I should die—if I must—right here in the shadow of your fence."

"Child! Where is your wrap? And I letting you stand here and talk this bitter cold night! What a stupid fool I am!"

"It was bright sunshine when we left Santa Barbara. To speak truly, I had the pretty new shirt-waist, and my jacket was faded and frayed, and I wanted to look nice for—" the girl broke off suddenly.

"For me to see, Teresita?"

Her silence answered him. Was ever anything so wonderful? Felipe's head was in the stars, but his feet were firmly planted on the earth; for he had torn off his coat and was wrapping it around her shivering form. Then he took her by the hand, like a little child, and led her to the hacienda.

Before the blazing hearth, where but a short time since he had looked down the perspective of cheerless years, they sat together. Having swung a pot of soup over the fire, he gave her a bowlful. Faint and worn from exposure and the day's harsh trials, she smiled gratefully up at him.

"Poor little girl!—poor little child! That you should suffer persecution because of me!" he said once, smoothing back the fine dark hair from the face, whose pallor was giving way to the rosy flush of health, under the combined influence of warmth and nourishment.

"It was not altogether because of you, Felipe," explained the girl with simple candor. "They have never held me in the same regard at home since I became a working-woman."

"You a working-woman? Explain yourself, Teresita."

"Then you had not heard! Indeed, there was no other choice, Felipe. We lived so wretchedly, and I could scarcely go upon the street because of my shoes. And there was a big fat man, of three times my age, one from the East, who wore big diamonds and had much money, they would have had me marry."

There was no reserve now in the eyes that looked up into his own. He could read in them the shamed spirit's recoil from a tarnished memory.

"As you know, I write a nice hand; and Caesar Moreno, who directs the Spanish vote in our ward, he got me a clerkship in the office of the county treasurer. Tio Pedro was much disgusted; but when I made it quite clear to him I would sooner go into the sea

than marry that man, he said if I did not get ink on my fingers, he might overlook it. But, Felipe," she cried, in sudden alarm, "perhaps you too do not like it that a woman of our race should work for hire!"

For answer he took her hand and kissed it tenderly.

There was a long silence. Then Teresa whispered:

"I had not been in the treasurer's office two weeks before I discovered a shameful thing. Do you know that cousin Domingo, his mother, and most of our honored relatives, the infirm and the able-bodied alike, are on the indigent list, drawing their eight dollars a month regularly from the county treasury? Tio Pedro's name is not there; but tia Juana draws twelve dollars, and she it is that supplies him with his wine and tobacco."

For comment Felipe threw his head back and laughed a merry, boyish laugh, that was echoed back by the time-stained redwood rafters of his ancestral roof. The light treble of the girl's laugh floated after, like a musical refrain. As well laugh as cry when your idols prove to be common clay.

"The worst of all is"—and here Teresa's face gathered trouble—"that between them they will corrupt Juanito, my dear little brother. He is by nature a manly lad; and when he found I was going to work in the county office, nothing would do but that he too must earn money, and he took a place as carrier for an evening paper. But because he now has a little money of his own, they cluster around him and make much of him, those older ones; and get him to play card games for stakes, and to bet on the races. He is a dear boy, Juanito; yet they flatter and spoil him, and what will come of it God knows!"

At that moment the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard galloping up the hill. They hurried to the door,

and Felipe opened it just as the rider flung himself off and bounded across the tiled walk.

"Little sister!"

"Juanito! Little brother!"

"They told me all that happened to-day, and I came as fast as my horse could carry me. Bully for you, Teresa, I say!"

"What language, Juanito!"

"I can't choose words to-night, Teresa; and I didn't choose them in talking with that crowd to-day. Don Felipe, I've come not only for my sister but to say something to you."

The boy of fifteen, responding to the invitation of his host, was crossing the room to the fire, his arm around his sister, looming a full head above her. There was a singular likeness between the lad and Felipe, many removes as they were in point of relationship. Both had the same athletic figure, the same free stride, the same backward fling of the head, the same clear, steady eye. A student of sociology, studying their race, might have pronounced them the types that would be handed down to posterity, in accordance with that beneficent law which makes for the survival of the fittest.

"I've come to say I'll gladly accept your offer, and be the first one of your colony, Don Felipe. I'm not very old, but that'll mend itself. And I'm strong and willing to work; and I'm bound to have my share of that gold, if you'll only show me how to gather it."

"Good enough, my dear boy! But I can't make you the first of the colony. The first is already enrolled."

"Was there another?" exclaimed the boy, confounded and mystified. "But they told me—the whole gang of them—that not one among them would so much as consider your proposal. I really hoped I might be the first."

"Teresa was before you, Juanito. You will not mind her taking precedence?" (Somehow, Teresa's small hand had

found its way into Felipe's, and again he carried it to his lips.) "Your coming makes all things right, my boy. To-night you shall both stay here, and to-morrow morning we three will go to the good priest at the old Mission; and you, Juanito, shall give away the bride."

(The End.)

The Story of the "Stabat Mater."

IT was a gloomy evening in the month of March, 1306. The voice of the wind moaning through the leafless trees seemed like the wailing of lost souls present in the wilderness. Not a star shone in the murky sky. From time to time vivid streaks of lightning lit up the heavens with a scintillating pallor, as they chased each other through the blackness of darkness.

The bell of the convent of the Friars Minor of Callazoni began to peal weirdly through the gloom, calling the inmates to prayer; its monotonous dingdong, dingdong resounded through the dreary silence, till at last, through the length and breadth of the little villages scattered here and there through the valley, each particular chapel bell chiming forth the Angelus made a kind of gentle echo, oft repeated, to that of the large one in the convent tower. Within the monastery, a faint glimmer of light in the chapel revealed the hurrying friars coming through the silent corridors to their stalls, their sandalled feet making scarcely a sound upon the tiled pavement.

The gloom and chill of the night were in accord with the mood of the religious, who on this evening were filled with an involuntary anxiety and terror. On the previous night mysterious noises, prolonged and plaintive sighs, had strangely disturbed the sleep of the community. From whence did the

sounds proceed? One of the brethren thought they came from the cemetery; another, from the cloister; a third, that they issued from the extreme end of the chapel. A fourth declared that the dolorous wail came from the choir; adding that the organ, played by invisible hands, had accompanied the chant with notes so sad that they pierced one's very soul.

When the religious were assembled for Matins, the Father Guardian, raising his voice, spoke as follows:

"Brethren, let us humbly ask of God to make known to us the cause of those lamentations which have troubled the peace and silence of this house of prayer and penitence. Let us beg the Holy Mother of God, whose feast we celebrate to-day, to deign to intercede for us with her Divine Son."

All prayed fervently. When they had finished, an old religious approached the Father Guardian and said:

"Father, I have good reasons for believing that the mysterious voice which has troubled our slumbers does not come from the tomb, as some of the brethren say, but that it belongs to a religious of this community. A word from you will dispel the mystery."

The superior hesitated a moment; but, immediately recovering himself, he said:

"Light all the candles, and let the monks be counted according to their rank, that it may be learned whether all are here present."

The order was executed, and the Father Guardian resumed:

"I desire that the Brother who during the past few nights has been troubling the peace of the cloister by mysterious lamentations will, in virtue of holy obedience, step forward and make himself known. Furthermore, I request that if his lamentations in any way concern us his brethren, or would be likely to interest us, he will enlighten us as to their purport and meaning."

Almost before the last words ceased to re-echo through the silence of the chapel, a friar bowed with age came forth from the ranks of cowed men, and, fixing his eyes humbly on the ground, said:

"Father, I am the man."

Every eye was now turned suddenly toward the Brother, whose thin, attenuated figure gave token of many fasts and mortifications; while a confused murmur burst from many lips:

"Brother Jacopone da Todi!"—"Good Brother Jacopone!"—"The friend of Dante!"—"The sweet singer of Holy Poverty!"—"The client of Our Lady of Sorrows!"—"What new chant has he been composing?"

Fra Jacopone did not answer a single word. Replacing the hood which he had thrown back when he addressed the superior, he knelt, kissed the ground, and went quickly toward the great organ. In his eyes burned the flame of genius; his head appeared to be surrounded by a celestial nimbus.

All at once, to the great astonishment of the religious, the organ began to sigh as if the angel of sorrow and lamentation had touched it; the face of Fra Jacopone became overspread with a celestial light, and in a seraphic voice he intoned this sublime elegy:

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa
Dum pendebat Filius.
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransiit gladius.

The admiration of the monks now resolved itself into a kind of terror. For at the voice of Fra Jacopone the image of Our Lady of Sorrows seemed to move, while the sonorous echoes of the Gothic vault appeared to repeat the tones of an angelic choir tearfully accompanying the dolorous plaint of the inspired musician.

Softly sobbing, like a poor exile who endeavors to stifle his lonely sighs, he

raised his eyes to the image of Our Lady of Sorrows and continued:

O quam tristis et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!
Quæ morebat, et dolebat,
Pia Mater dum videbat,
Nati pœnas inclyti.

And thus, palpitating with emotion, like one agonizing in the presence of his Supreme Judge, the singer went on. Suddenly the friar grew pale as though the wing of Death had brushed him in passing; his hands could no longer manipulate the keys; he could hardly accompany the last strains, as he murmured in an expiring voice:

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.

"*Paradisi gloria*"! It was the last note. Fra Jacopone glided from his seat, and fell noiselessly to the floor. The Brothers hastened to lift him and carry him to his cell. Three days later the soul of the author of the *Stabat Mater* winged its flight to heaven, leaving as a legacy to the Church this beautiful hymn, which will endure as long as the world shall last.

The Authority of the Bible.

DR. E. C. MOORE, professor of theology in Harvard University, has recently published a volume entitled "The New Testament in the Christian Church." Discussing therein the nature and limits of authority in religion, he writes some interesting paragraphs as to the specific authority of the Bible. As a lucid explanation of the difference between the Catholic and the Protestant points of view, we may quote two paragraphs:

It is too simple to say the Scripture says thus and thus. What does it mean by that which it thus says? And the moment we have asked that question—What does it mean?—we have passed out of the realm of the external, out of the sphere of the letter and of the written

oracle, into the realm of the inward and the spiritual. The only question is, Whose inward and spiritual estimate is to prevail?

To this question there are only two possible answers. Either this authoritative interpretation of Scripture is that of an institution, it is that of an historical tradition, it is that of a priesthood, it is that of living persons whose authority is derived from the fact that they represent that institution and tradition. But if this is the case, then we have no authority except that of the Church, to which belongs, on this theory, the power to interpret Scripture, and to make religious deliverances of any sort [*sic*]. Or else, on the other hand, we must say that the authoritative interpretation of the Scripture is that which vindicates itself as true in the devout and learned thought; it is that which verifies itself in the pure conscience and the humble life of the individual believer.

We are not particularly concerned with Professor Moore's opinion that the answer to which not only Christ but all the modern spirit points, is that the Bible must furnish its own interpretation by the effects of its truth directly operating on the mind of the inquirer. But we can not forbear remarking that truth is one, is constant, not variable; and that if the history of Protestantism conclusively establishes anything, it is that this individual interpretation of Scripture has time and time again resulted in the acceptance and preaching of doctrines absolutely contradictory, yet all based on the Bible. The Harvard theologian will one day discover that there is only *one* possible answer to the question which he propounds, and that it is the first of the alternatives which he gives in reply.

THERE are too many Catholics who continue through a lifetime in a routine that is outwardly adequate and sufficient, but which the want of good motives, the strong infusion of vanity or self-seeking, and the coldness of divine charity, combine to rob of its supernatural value in the eyes of God, and of its merit unto everlasting life.

—Bishop Hedley.

Notes and Remarks.

A decision of far-reaching importance was handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States last week. The Court holds that "Congress has the power to establish rules by which interstate and international commerce shall be governed." This affirms forever the power of Congress to regulate trusts and all combinations of capital which tend to eliminate wholesome competition. The country will be glad to know that so momentous a question has been settled by the most august tribunal in the United States, and that it has been permanently removed from the "sphere of influence" of demagogues and partisans.

We may take occasion to point out that the decision of the Supreme Bench was not a unanimous one: the vote stood five judges for and four against the decision. Nearly all important decisions of the Supreme Bench are handed down by a divided court, and are often determined, as in this case, by the vote of one man; yet they are irrevocable and without appeal. It is curious that people who rest such infallibility in a member of the Supreme Court find it so hard to accept infallibility in the Pope.

The unwise words spoken by a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal society in defence of lynching do not of themselves merit attention; we feel certain that they are repudiated by the vast majority of the clergy and laity of that denomination. We refer to them only for the purpose of quoting a remark which they elicited from the *Springfield Republican*. "If it were possible to fancy a Catholic bishop making any such speech concerning any race under heaven," says our Massachusetts contemporary, "one would know that he would speedily

get his quietus from Rome. It is a shame for any Christian to speak of any race, class or condition of man as 'hopelessly degraded.' It is the business of the Church to raise all people, and to recognize the souls that lie beneath the present aspect, however discouraging it may seem."

One of the pure delights we get out of life is the reading of passages like this wherein a clergyman is sternly rebuked by the ungodly editor for worldliness and low ideals. Unfortunately, men like Dr. Brown, who give occasion to such a rebuke, are too common among the sectarian clergy. We can not refrain from noting further that Brother Brown's bad "break" was almost simultaneous with the death of Bishop Durier, of the Southern See of Natchitoches, who once published a pastoral letter denouncing that form of murder known as lynching.

If the Smoot inquiry in the Senate has the effect of awakening the conscience of the country to the prevalence of "tandem polygamy" in all the States, some good will come out of it. We reproduce the following paragraph from the *Chicago Tribune*, because it so faithfully follows the line of our own remarks last week:

While we are searching the recesses of our chaste souls for words to express our shuddering horror of simultaneous polygamy as practised by the Mormons, we might to our consternation find that we had been providing our enemies with words most uncomfortably applicable to consecutive polygamy as practised by ourselves. . . . Fifteen hundred years ago when turbulent barbarians settled within the confines of the Roman Empire, it was the Catholic Church that coerced the vagrant lust of the barbarian heart and bound one woman to one man till death did them part. To-day, when the sacrament of marriage is threatened, not so much by savage boisterousness of passion as by the frivolity and insincerity of men and women to whom unshaken belief has become impossible, it is the Catholic Church that still refuses to make a single concession to legalized promiscuity, and that still keeps unblemished the ideal of an

indissoluble spiritual union between man and wife. If we can not subscribe to the theology of the Catholic Church in this matter, neither can we fail to subscribe to its practical morality. The Smoot case ought to give a tremendous impetus to the demand for a uniform federal divorce law. The easy route to consecutive polygamy ought to be beset with more obstacles. The voice of the whole Christian community ought to become as clear and emphatic as the voice of the Catholic Church.

We wonder that some opportunist has not already made some such proposition as this with regard to polygamy and divorce: Let us turn Utah over to the polygamists, body and bones; and let all polygamists, whether they frankly profess Mormonism or merely practise it by divorce and "remarriage," be compelled to take up their residence in that State. The fear of such a punishment might influence many persons not otherwise accessible to persuasion.

According to the calendars and to the series of portraits of the Popes in the Basilica of St. Paul, Leo XIII. was the two hundred and sixty-third Sovereign Pontiff. In the *Gerarchia Cattolica* for this year, however, Pius X. figures not as the two hundred and sixty-fourth but as the two hundred and fifty-eighth Pope. The elimination of the names of six popes is due to the scholarly researches of Mgr. Duchesne regarding certain pontiffs in the Middle Ages. His critical study has been accepted at the Vatican as conclusive. Even with the six unauthentic names left out, it must be confessed that the line of Roman Pontiffs is a fairly long one.

The partial repeal of the last clause of the Falk Laws, which forbade Jesuits to settle in Germany, marks the end of the anti-Catholic legislation inaugurated by Bismarck and so strenuously enforced by his now forgotten minister. "It is a notable coincidence," observes the *New York Sun*, "that at the very

time when in France the Combes Cabinet proposes to expel from the schools even teachers belonging to authorized Congregations, the last barrier to the exercise of educational functions by Catholic religious Orders has been demolished in Germany. Such has been the outcome of a long and bitter struggle between the civil power and the Roman Catholic Church in the strongest of European monarchies."

Combes will go to Canossa as Bismarck did. He would be already on the way if France had a Windthorst.

It appears that Korea, too, can boast of a fairly numerous native clergy. Four years ago the Vicar-Apostolic, Mgr. Mutel, wrote: "We have at present twelve native priests on the mission and thirty-six students in the seminary." Like the Chinese, the Korean Catholics have in the past displayed an admirable fortitude in time of persecution. From 1866, when the missionaries were driven out of the Hermit Nation, till 1876, when they were allowed to return, no fewer than 10,000 Koreans suffered martyrdom for the Faith. "Of the 15,000 survivors," according to the testimony of Mgr. Mutel, "two-thirds remained faithful, and awaited but the return of the missionaries to approach the sacraments. The others fell into a state of tepidity and returned only by degrees." The growth of the Church in membership from 10,000 to 45,000 within the last quarter of a century has come about rather by the conversion of adults than by natural increase; for, although the birth-rate in Korea is normal, the rate of infant mortality is unusually high.

According to the *American* of Manila, Archbishop Harty had a pleasant surprise just before he walked down the gangway on his arrival in that city. "Mr. Lim Chang Sue, who came out to

meet the Archbishop as the representative of the Chinese Catholics, upon being presented to the Archbishop, bent his knee and kissed the sacred symbol upon the hand of his Grace. This was somewhat of a surprise to the Archbishop, but still greater was his amazement when he was informed that there were more than four thousand Chinese Catholics in the archipelago." Archbishop Harty's reception in Manila must have filled him with courage and hope in his new and arduous field of labor. The number as well as the enthusiasm of the people who walked in the procession or cheered as he passed through the streets would seem to indicate that there are a good many Catholics still left in the Philippine metropolis.

The venerable Archbishop Colgan of Madras, who celebrated last month the sixtieth anniversary of his arrival in India, is the sole survivor of the little band of missionaries from Ireland that, under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, embarked for the Far East in the autumn of 1843. Their labors have been wondrously blessed. In 1844 the limits of the Madras Vicariate extended from the Godavery on the north to the Palar on the south, and the Western Ghats and the Bay of Bengal on the west and east. The number of priests, native and European, to minister to the spiritual wants of that vast mission was only twelve. Within the same district at present there are one archbishop, four bishops, and one hundred and thirty priests, Europeans and natives,—not counting the bishop and clergy of the Mylapore diocese. The Catholic population of the Madras Vicariate in 1844 was 20,000: now it is estimated at 90,000.

Among the many congratulatory greetings to Mgr. Colgan on the occasion of his Jubilee was an address by a Hindu, Mr. Parthasarathy Naidu,

who attached a significance to the Archbishop's name that must have amused the listeners, particularly the venerable jubilarian. "His Grace's name—Colgan," observed the humorous Hindu, "is not a call-bell but a call-gun,—a gun not to be used against endangering human lives, but against the vices of the world, which endanger human beings and render them unfit for society and Church. Possessing therefore, as his Grace does, a name significant of such a charm, there can be no two opinions as to his Grace's devoted services, extended even beyond his own communion."

It is not Catholics alone who look with disfavor on mixed marriages: an Eastern P. E. bishop not long ago delivered a fervent exhortation to his people—which we devoutly pray they may heed—against the danger of marrying Catholics. The Jews hold even stronger views on this question, as this brief extract from the London *Jewish World* attests:

The reason is clear. Religion and love of country are the deepest sentiments, when fully developed; and a mixed marriage of any kind simply introduces into the household a very probable root of discord, if not in the early years, later. There are many cases where it is not so; but, taken in the mass, they are the exception rather than the rule; and are to be attributed rather to the personal qualities of the parties, to forbearance and restraint, and, it is fair to say, to a love enduring. Apart from any religious question, the primary essential for a happy united life is a certain identity of thought, interests and aspirations. And the discordant element need not come solely from different views on religion; although that is likely to recur in the family in an acute form, whereas other questions may by common consent be placed in the background. Unless a couple are likely to agree on the main questions of life, only a miracle can save them from everlasting regret and self-reproach by entering together on that journey which is to last.

There is an additional reason why even a worldly-minded Catholic should avoid a mixed marriage, and that

reason is in the divorce laws. A young man or woman who consents to be bound irrevocably to a partner who is not also bound irrevocably, but may demand and obtain release before the law on almost any plea, is getting the worst of a very bad bargain.

Among those presented to the Pope at a recent audience was Mgr. Bartolini, professor of sacred eloquence in a Roman seminary. On hearing his name and office, Pius X. exclaimed: "Ah, Monsigneur, show your young men, I conjure you, how to teach the Catechism! A panegyric once in a while is well enough; but the Catechism,—above all the Catechism! An experience in different ministries has convinced me that *to teach the Catechism well* is a very difficult work, and one in which there are consequently all too few experts." The Holy Father's point is, as usual, well taken. A more thorough knowledge of the Catechism is a primary necessity of Catholic youth—and, for that matter, of Catholic adults as well—in the world of to-day; and the pastor whose Sunday-school is his hobby is riding a safer one than are most people.

In a recent lecture on "The Use of the Bible," which we hope to see reprinted by the Catholic Truth Society, Bishop Hedley quoted these memorable words of St. Jerome: "Many things in Holy Scripture are said according to the opinion of the times to which the narrative refers, and not according to real fact."

In spite of Hawthorne's epigram that "no man who needs a monument ought ever to have one," there are plenty of unacclaimed heroes and worthies who clearly need a monument to keep their memory alive, and who as clearly ought to have one. How many school-teachers, for instance, can name

inpromptu the founder of the first primary school in America? How many know that a hundred years before Harvard was founded, Peter of Ghent, a Franciscan friar, established such a school in Texcoco, once called the "Athens of America"? (That was in the time of King Netzahualcoyotl.) The Prefect and the people of the old Mexican city are about to erect a simple monument to commemorate the deed. Besides laying the foundation of educational work in America, Padre de Gante erected the first parish church for the Indians in the New World. He was one of the Apostles of Mexico, perhaps the greatest of them all—a most zealous missionary and a devoted champion of the Indian. To this day a street bears his name in the City of Mexico—Calle de Gante.

"Do you know," said Cardinal Vaughan during his last illness to his nurse, who tells the story in the *Catholic Fireside*, "I have discovered a better embrocation than most doctors know of? It is the very best cure for all pain, only one must use it frequently and thoroughly. It is called *Déo Gratias*. It has never been known to fail, if only we will promptly make use of it." And the narrator adds: "Ah, how he used it, all through the dreary hours of the sleepless nights! All the pain, all the discomfort, and the ever-increasing breathlessness, were nothing to him could he but breathe a prayer or utter a thanksgiving."

In a Lenten discourse preached many years ago, Cardinal Manning expressed this striking thought: "No one will pass out of this Lent as he entered it. A season of special grace leaves us nearer to God or farther from Him than it found us." How many such thoughts might be quoted from the writings of the great Archbishop of Westminster!



Storybook Land.

BY "MIRA."

HAVE you ever gone roamin' in Storybook Land,
When you've said all your prayers and been
tucked into bed,
And the Moonbeams and Dark play at chase round
your head?

Have you ever gone roamin' to Storybook Land?

You'll find wonderf'lest places in Storybook Land.
Cinderella's great palace is certainly grand,
Where she lives with the Prince; it's all diamonds
and gold.

And she's beautiful yet, 'cause she never grows old.
Then walk on a bit, and you'll see a big wall;
Humpty Dumpty once sat there before his great fall.
But it's quite empty now; for, you see, "the king's
men"

Even yet can't put Humpty together again.
Near the wall, the old woman still lives in her shoe,
And still with her children doesn't know what
to do.

Farther on, nigh the house built by Jack, there's
a lane;

It's sometimes quite muddy: a big shower of rain,
Such as made Dr. Foster so awfully wet
When to Gloucester he went, sometimes falls there
e'en yet.

And though it may happen, perhaps, to be dry,
You'd better be careful, 'cause very near by
Is that queer crooked house of the queer crooked
man.

Indeed, 'twould be safe if past this place you ran;
For if once you get started on that crooked mile
That he walked, you'll end up at the old crooked
stile,

Very dizzy indeed; and e'en when at its top,
Till that crooked old sixpence you find, you can't
stop.

Oh, 'tis pleasant to roam over Storybook Land,
When you've said all your prayers and been tucked
into bed,

When the Moonbeams and Dark play at chase
round your head!

Just [you try it and see!] Ho, for Storybook
Land!

An Irish Legend of the Crucifixion.

BY E. EECK.

FEW among the pre-Christian
kings of ancient Ireland were
so celebrated in the old bardic
tales as Conor MacNessa, King of
Ulster. He appears in the most famous
of all these semi-historic poems in an
aspect quite at variance with the
character usually given him by the old
annalists. In the story called "The
Fate of the Children of Usna," Conor's
perfidy stands forth clearly. In more
authentic history he is said to have
been a brave and noble prince, first
in war, yet kind and generous. He
was born some twenty or thirty years
previous to the birth of Our Lord,
and died at his palace of Emania, near
the present site of the city of Armagh,
on the day of the Crucifixion.

Some years before, Conor MacNessa
had gone forth to battle with the King
of Connaught, who had borne off
several herds of Ulster cattle. It was a
common practice with the Irish pagan
warriors to take out the brains of the
enemies they had slain in war, and to
keep them, mixed up into balls with
lime, as precious trophies, or as bullets
to be used in future battles. Conor
was struck with one of these, and his
soldiers bore him home, with the brain
ball buried deep in his head.

There was weeping and wailing in
Ulster when the sad tidings were told;
but the royal physician, Fingen, did not
despair of the King's life. He would
live, the Irish Galen said, so long as the
brain ball remained in its place; but
declared that any excitement or fit of
passion would loosen it. If the King

lived quietly, there was no reason why he should not reign over his people for many years.

Then the nobles and Druids conspired together. Conor went no more to war; no more he hunted the deer. His bards sang in minor keys; his warriors spoke not of war or combat when the King was nigh. The wine-cup passed seldom, and the noble maidens of Ulster no longer danced or sang in the halls of Emania.

The King felt the change; and the seasons passed but slowly till one spring day, when the gorse was golden on the hills of Ulster, Conor went into the woods that lay around his home. He had seated himself on a fallen tree to listen to the song of a blackbird, when a sudden darkness overspread the pale blue sky, and thunders rattled and rolled overhead. He saw for a moment, as the lightning flashed, the mighty oaks, dear to his Druids, torn up by the roots; and, amid the horrible confusion and commotion, he had a vision of forms and faces that he had last seen lying dead on the battle ground. His wolf-hound crept to his feet, howling dolefully, and his frightened servants came screaming from his trembling palace.

When the unexplainable commotion had ended, the King sent for his chief Druid Barach, the wisest of all the wise men of Erin, and asked him to explain the cause of the sudden and terrible phenomenon.

"O King," said the Druid, "the Great Spirit, the one true God, has revealed the truth to me!"

And the grey-bearded pagan priest, enlightened by God, went on to tell of man's fall and punishment, and of the love that brought the Son of God to earth. He told of the lowly stable at Bethlehem, of the humble home of Nazareth, and of the three years' public ministry of Christ. And then he spoke of Christ's betrayal, of the

long night watch, of the journey to Calvary, of the final scene on its summit, and of the wild and ribald crowd that mocked the dying Saviour.

Conor MacNessa listened intently. When the Druid ceased he rose with a wild cry, and dashed to the great hall of the palace, where his long-unused sword still hung. With the good weapon raised high in his hand, he dashed forth, hewing down bough and branch from the huge oak trees.

"So should I treat the rabble, the murderers!" he shouted as the branches fell. "So should I treat them had I been there, — the murderers of a Saviour!"

The brain ball leaped from its place, and Conor MacNessa, with a prayer to the one true God, fell dead.

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

PART IV.

I.—THE THIEVES AND THE NATIONAL GUARDS.

From the dark corner in which he was kneeling, Camille soon distinguished two dark shadows in the opposite side of the field: they were those of two men who were going toward the fruit-trees.

Camille's first impulse, it must be confessed, was one of fear. Then he remembered that he had the horn near him. Picking it up, he blew a long, shrill blast; and, protected by the shadow of his little house, he awaited the result.

Much frightened, the trespassers started on the run to the low place in the wall. Suddenly Camille heard the step of the patrol and the cry:

"Who goes there?"

A moment later the same voice called out:

"We have them!"

Camille then ventured out into the

road, and saw, not far from him, a group of National Guards surrounding two wicked-looking men. He went nearer: the light carried by one of the Guards fell full on the prisoners' faces, and Camille was amazed.

"Why, those are the strangers I met night before last!" he exclaimed.

This remark attracted the attention of the corporal commanding the Guards and he began to question the boy.

"In the first place," replied Camille, "it was I who blew the horn."

"What! Are you the boy Uncle Raimond told me about?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Do you know these men?" he asked, pointing to the prisoners.

"I do," said Camille,— "that is, they hailed me as I was coming up the Champs-Élysées from the suburbs night before last. The larger one asked me to show him the way to the Rue d'Orléans; he talked like a foreigner."

He then related the circumstances of his adventure. The corporal completed the story by telling of Camille's noble and generous conduct.

"Well, you would have done the same, wouldn't you, if you had known how to play on the violin? Then, too, the ten francs have brought me a good profit. Would you like to see my house?" concluded Camille, simply.

"Your house!" said M. Raimond's nephew. "If you have a tree to perch on in my uncle's field, you ought to feel happy."

"Come, come!" urged the boy, with the familiarity of childhood.

The patrol, headed by the corporal, followed him.

"Is this where you sleep?" they asked, when they saw the four walls and the grass-strewn boards.

"Yes," was the reply. Then, shaking his little blonde head, Camille added with a sorrowful expression: "Only just a month ago, when my uncle was alive, I should have thought myself

very unfortunate if I had had no better home than this. But now, after the fear I have had of sleeping in the street and of being taken up by the police and carried to jail like a tramp, I thank Heaven for a shelter where I can sleep."

"Poor child!" said the man, touched by the sadness of Camille's voice. "Comrades, we must do something for this boy."

"I'm not very rich," said one, "but I'm a shoemaker by trade. I'll take it upon myself to see that he gets a pair of new shoes: he needs them. And here are five francs, corporal."

"I'll send him a bed and mattress," said another.

"Here is my offering, corporal."

"And mine."

"And mine."

The corporal took the money and offered it to Camille.

The boy drew back, blushing, and exclaimed:

"I don't want it! I don't want it!"

"Take it, my boy!"

"I shall not, Monsieur. I don't want to accept money until I have earned it."

"What do you know how to do?" asked the corporal. "Can you read and write well?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm a printer and one of my proof-readers needs an assistant. Come to-morrow morning early to this address and you will find work. In the meantime accept the money; take it as a loan, if you don't want it as a gift. You can return it in the future."

"I'll do that," said Camille; "but I shall return it, you may be sure."

The men now took leave of our hero and went away.

"Upon my word," said Camille to himself, weighing the money in his hand, "it has been truly said that one gains more by doing well than ill. To-morrow, I shall ask Marie to buy me some shirts and socks."

II.—TEN FRANCS INVESTED WITHOUT INTEREST MAY BRING IN A GOOD INCOME.

Camille rose early the following morning. The idea of being employed in a printing-office ran through his mind all night long, and kept him from sleeping. After eating his frugal breakfast and giving some crumbs to his pigeons, he set off, accompanied by Fox.

He had gone but a short distance when he met the corporal of the Guard, who was now off duty and who was about to get into a buggy.

"You're just in time!" he called out to Camille. "Jump in and I will take you to your office and get you settled."

The boy did not need a second invitation: he took his place beside his new patron, and the horse started off at a gallop. Fox trotted along behind. In a quarter of an hour Camille found himself inside the office.

"Monsieur Germain," said the printer, presenting Camille to an old gentleman, who wore a green eye-shade that half covered his face, "here is a boy to hold copy for you. You can report to me if he is able to do that kind of work."

"You shall know before an hour's time," replied M. Germain. "Come right in here, my boy," he added, leading the way to a little office partitioned off in the middle of the large room. You are to follow me in this manuscript. You must be watchful and stop me if you notice the slightest omission. Do you understand?"

"I do, Monsieur."

"Now come sit down beside me, and we will begin."

Camille was so obedient and so considerate for M. Germain that before the end of the day the two were the best of friends. Camille had told his story, and the old proof-reader had offered to take him to board with him.

"But I have only a little money to pay for it," objected Camille.

"You may expect to earn thirty sous a day," replied M. Germain.

Upon hearing this, Camille opened his eyes wide and exclaimed:

"Thirty sous!"

"Thirty sous a day make nine francs a week. You can give my wife twenty sous a day and she will furnish you with breakfast and dinner. Does that arrangement suit you?"

"I should think so, Monsieur!" replied Camille, in tones of gratitude. "I should think so!"

As the old gentleman had promised, Camille was employed to work at thirty sous a day. M. Germain took him home and introduced him to his wife. That kind lady found it difficult to decide which one to pet the more, the boy or the dog.

Late in the afternoon Camille took leave of his new friends. With a happy heart and a light step, he hurried along the street on his way to his home, followed by Fox.

As he approached his little home he met Marie, who seemed to be waiting for him. In her hand she held a handkerchief folded like a bandage.

"Let me tie this over your eyes, Camille," she said gaily.

"Are we going to play blindman's bluff?" asked the boy, putting up his face.

Without making any explanation, the girl tied the handkerchief firmly around his head; then, taking his hand, led him forward.

(To be continued.)

Told of the Turtledove.

The peasants of certain parts of Germany have a special love for the turtledove. When Our Lord hung upon the Cross, the turtledove, so they say, perched upon one arm of the Cross, and cried, "*Kyrie! Kyrie!*" as if its little heart would break.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The London *Tablet* mentions that the following notice is at present displayed over a shop in Cairo: "I speak English and understand American." Which might imply less familiarity with the classical than with the conversational style.

—The John Lane Co. have published an attractive and convenient edition of "The House of the Seven Gables." It should find favor in school libraries where Hawthorne is on the list of required reading. A new edition of this book is worth notice if it but calls attention once more to the author's admirable preface.

—Mother Austin Carroll, who will be remembered as the author of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," will soon publish, through O'Shea & Co., a new volume of travels and memoirs, to be called "In Many Lands." This venerable religious, whose zealous labors in our Southern States and in Central America have been crowned with wondrous success, is about to celebrate her Golden Jubilee as a Sister of Mercy.

—The late Sir Leslie Stephen, first editor of the monumental English "Dictionary of National Biography," was of illustrious connection—the son of a notable statesman and author, Sir James Stephen; the brother of a great jurist and author, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen; and the son-in-law of Thackeray,—and he was a man of vigorous and original intellect himself. He is the author of many books on various themes, but the complexion of his mind was so materialistic and so pessimistic that the world has, fortunately, already turned away from the pet theories with which he was preoccupied. He is another instance of a splendid mind wasted in futilities, because he separated himself from the spiritual life of the race.

—Those who rhapsodize over the marvellous progress of Japan because, though "separated by only one generation from barbarism," it is now reckoned among the great powers of the world, ought to add that the progress has been wholly on the materialistic side of development. Japan is fast losing her old pagan beliefs—has already lost them, if we speak of the educated and influential classes,—without taking on any spiritual philosophy in their place. This is clear not only from the reports of missionaries, but from the repeated declarations of other men of light and leading in Japan. It is clear, too, from the character of the books which the Japanese translate from the European tongues. Mr. Yone Noguchi assures us that Swinburne (a high-school boy of our acquaintance by a wondrously clever blunder recently pronounced his name *Swize-*

burne), Tolstoi, Maeterlinck, Gorky, etc., are favorite authors in Japan. He adds significantly: "There is no more popular book than Andrew Carnegie's 'Empire of Business.' The Japanese translation and the original are both sold tremendously."

—Although the "scare-head" is intimately associated in the public mind with yellow journalism, there is no essential connection between big type and nastiness or sensationalism. As one has recently remarked: "The wild red letters often read most gently, and type that wears a buccaneering swagger may usher in a sentiment from the Fifth Reader. Many a man has read for murder and found only Dr. Watts." On the other hand there are newspapers whose typography is unimpeachable, but whose columns show far more solicitude for pornographic tastes than any of the distinctively yellow journals.

—The recent appearance in London of a three-penny edition of Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam provokes the *Daily Mail* to regret the passing of the day "when mischievous books were publicly burned by the common hangman." The *Daily Mail* says quite properly that the work is "inimical to public morals, its philosophy is mischievous and depressing, and if followed to its logical end would overwhelm the fabric of society in a flood of sensuality." Isn't it curious, by the way, that the critics never seem to recognize the evil tendencies of any book till it comes to be sold in a three-penny edition?

—Lovers of Tennyson will be interested to know that the MS. of "In Memoriam" is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Trinity, to which it was presented by the late Lady Simeon, whose husband, Sir John Simeon, received it as a gift from the Laureate. Coventry Patmore, who had saved the precious MS. from destruction when it was still fresh, described it as a long, thin book, "like a butcher's account book." Sir John, who became a Catholic in 1851 and died in 1870, was Tennyson's most intimate friend. In a letter of condolence to Lady Simeon he declares that 'his much-loved and ever-honored friend' was 'the only man on earth to whom he could open, and had more than once opened, his whole heart.'

—"There has come a new turn in the world drama. We have taken the centre of the stage. We see the faces of the nations half sneering, half fearing. The world has grown intensely conscious of America." These modest words are not specially remarkable in themselves, but they were spoken by President Wilson of Princeton, in the first place; and in the second, they mirror so faith-

fully the spirit of much of our American writing and speaking nowadays that we are glad to find them hit off so cleverly by Prof. Peck of Columbia College. He writes:

This is no new turn. There has never been a moment when a world was not watching us, when a continent or two was not amazed by us or a hemisphere provoked, when an orator was not saying just what Europe thought of us, how Asia wondered and Africa winked; and that man is no true patriot who implies that even for an instant we were not the centre of the stage. Nor is it a mere matter of nations. It is a planetary affair, with gossip going on in the Zodiac and a rumpus in the Milky Way, Mars sneering, and Saturn thunderstruck, and an uneasy smile on the face of the firmament that ill conceals its fear. We hate a cautious patriot who talks like a plum when he feels like a pumpkin. It is a generous emotion, and why not let it go? In this mood a world is not enough for us: we bump our heads against the sky. The purpose of a patriotic outburst is not to convince but to intoxicate, and words fail unless they move a reader at least to wave his pocket-handkerchief. When a man is out for a whirl with his feelings, the main point is that he should whirl. Where is the good old unqualified oratory? We miss it from the literary point of view. They were good in their way—those old life-and-drum sentences,—and they produced the intended effect. The heart said hooray in the hush of the intellect, and why not? Nowadays the orator tries to be both logical and lyrical, "on double business bound and both neglects."

We are glad for Professor Peck's sake that the presidential campaign is coming this year. The Fourth of July isn't what it used to be, but a presidential campaign can always be depended on to produce a big supply of lyrical sentiment.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1.50, net.

The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly.* \$1.60, net.

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. *Rev. P. J. Chandler, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

Sketches for Sermons. *Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S.* \$1.25.

On the Priesthood. A Treatise by St. John Chrysostom. 85 cts., net.

London Catholic Missions. *Johanna H. Harting.* \$2, net.

The Dream of Gerontius. 30 cts.

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury. *Bernard Ward.* \$1.60, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—*HEB.*, xiii, 3.

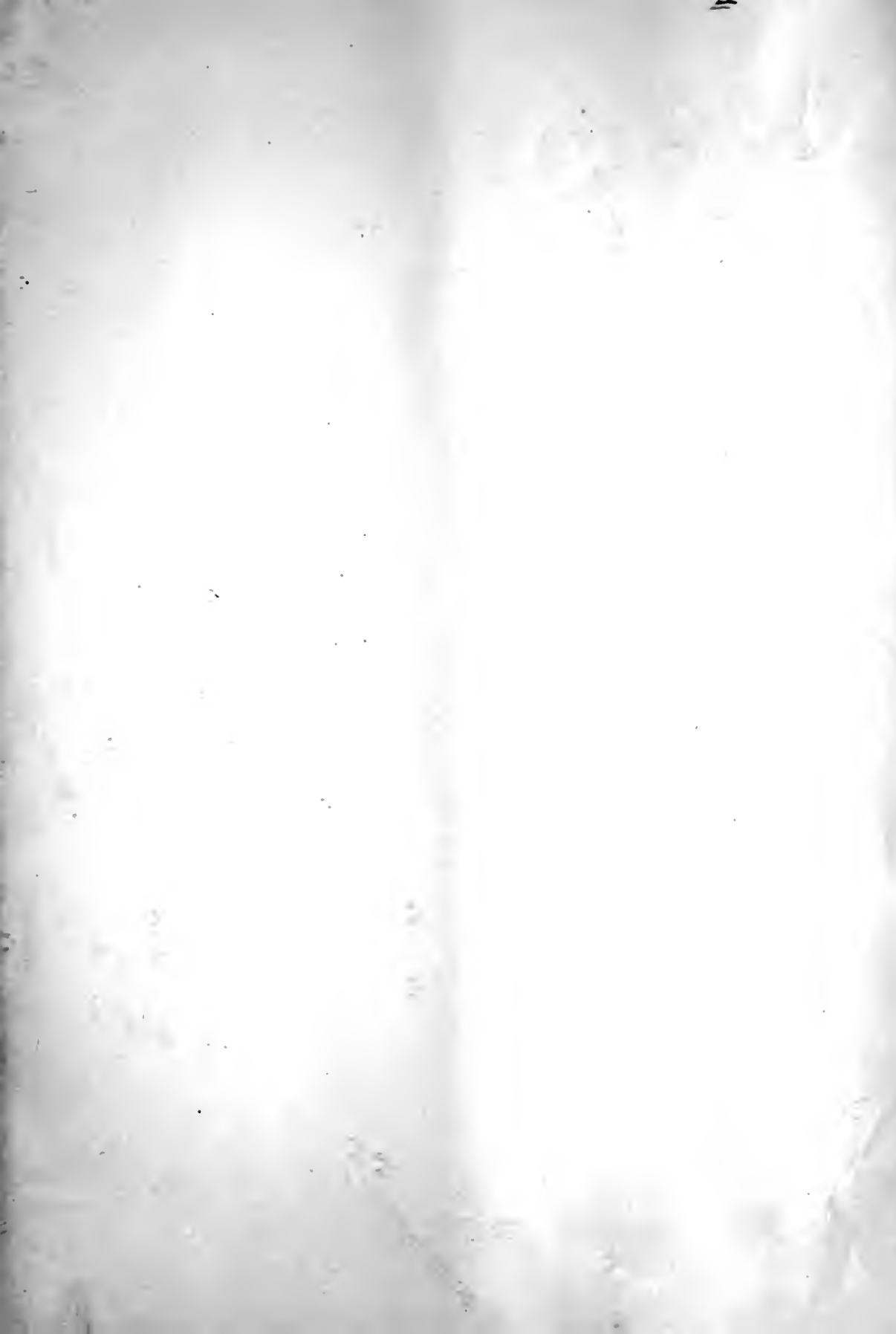
Rev. R. A. Sidley, of the diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. William Meyer, O. S. B.

Brother Reisler, S. J.

Sister M. Bonaventure, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Salome, O. S. B.; Mother M. Josephine, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. E. A. Weis, of Reading, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Rice, Mr. James Livingstone, and Mrs. J. V. McCann, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. P. O'Reilly, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. W. B. Helm, Washington, D. C.; Mr. M. T. Dunn, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Barbara Hild, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. John Gallagher, Avon, N. Y.; Mrs. James Stewart, Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. S. D. Masel, Butte, Mont.; Mrs. Anna Lawler, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Nora Walsh, Minneapolis, Minn.; Hon. Lady Simeon, London, England; Mr. Francis McGucken and Mr. Roderick Cleary, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Anthony Pellegrini, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary McDonald, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Julia Moran and Mr. John Broadhead, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Angelique Gunari and Mr. Vanbrugh Livingston, New York; Mrs. Michael Lennor, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. Owen Fellows, Valley Junction, Iowa; Mr. Thomas Smith, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. James Waters, White Bear, Minn.; James and Sarah Slavin, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. M. S. Foote, Burlington, Iowa; and Mrs. Amy Meyer, Asbury Park, N. J.

Requiescant in pace!





THE RESURRECTION.
(Vatican Gallery.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 2, 1904.

NO. 14.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

On Resurrection Morn.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THE gracious dawn comes up in gray and gold,
Wrapped all about with trembling silence deep;
Each after each the pink-lined clouds unfold,
Like guardian angels fresh from holy sleep.

And now a sunburst the wide east hath riven,
Through fragrance stealing over flower and thorn;
It is the smile of God, the breath of Heaven,
Greeting the earth on Resurrection morn.

The Feast of Gladness.



RESURREXIT: *non est hic!*—
"He is risen: He is not here!" cries the Church, in the words of the angel at the tomb; and the note of triumph in her accents tells of a joy that is all the deeper because immediately preceded by a sorrow all unbounded. Lent and Passiontide and Holy Week, with their mournful memories, doleful scenes, and bitter lamentations, have come and gone; and, jubilant as on no other day of the ecclesiastical year, nature and humanity alike sing Alleluias to the Risen Saviour.

The Passover of the Jews—the festival which in the Old Law corresponds to the Easter of the New Dispensation—was instituted by Moses to commemorate the departure from Egypt and the crossing of the Red Sea. This feast marked for them the passage from

slavery to the freedom which they enjoyed in the Promised Land. Our Pasch was established to perpetuate the remembrance of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. It signifies that passage from death to life which manifested the divinity of the Redeemer; and it may become for us, if we know how to profit by the great sacrifice offered for us, the means of passing from the death of sin to the life of grace.

Easter ranks first in importance among the festivals of the liturgical year; to all Christian antiquity it was known as the feast of feasts, the solemnity of solemnities. In his homily on Easter Sunday, St. Gregory says that this feast is called the festival of festivals, just as the most august of sanctuaries is called the Holy of Holies, and the most sublime of the inspired songs the Canticle of Canticles. The Resurrection of Jesus Christ, which we celebrate on this day, is in very truth the crowning work of His mission. It was in triumphing over death that He conquered the devil and wrought the redemption of the human race. This victory it was that put the seal of infallible truth on all the other proofs of His divinity which He had previously given to His incredulous enemies. This prodigy of His rising was the object of His mission on earth. For if He descended from His eternal home for our sake, if He veiled His divinity in our humanity, if He consented to drink even to the last bitter dregs the chalice of the Passion, it was in order that

from the depths of these humiliations there should shine forth the glory of the Resurrection.*

Moreover, it is Easter which in the liturgical cycle dominates all other festivals. During Advent we awaited our Liberator and sighed for His coming. At Christmastide and the Epiphany we celebrated His arrival and His different manifestations. In Septuagesima time and Lent we meditated on His sufferings; but we have always foreseen victory at the end of the combat; and we mourned for a period, only to rejoice with a fuller joy on the gladsome Easter morn. Upon this great festival, too, depend all the other movable feasts that we have still to celebrate—the Ascension, Pentecost, Trinity Sunday, and Corpus Christi. From the liturgical point of view, Easter is therefore the centre of Christian worship, just as from the point of view of dogma it is the basis of our faith and our hope. For, as St. Paul says: "If Jesus Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain.... And if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."†

Easter falls on the Sunday following the fourteenth day of the March moon. The Pasch of the Jews was celebrated on that fourteenth day itself, no matter with what day of the week it coincided. One of the effects of the Resurrection being the substitution of Sunday for Saturday as the Lord's Day, St. Peter in the beginning ordered the celebration of Easter on the Sunday after the Jewish Passover. The example of the Roman Church was followed by all the other churches of the world, with the exception of those in consular Asia, which pretended that they had the authority of St. John for following in this matter the custom of the Jews.

The immediate successors of St. Peter tolerated this dissidence; but the churches of Asia having gone so far as to censure the practice of the Roman Church, the latter condemned them. Owing to the intervention of St. Irenæus and other bishops, the sentence of excommunication was not pronounced, and the Asiatic churches conformed to the Roman practice. Later on the churches of Syria and Mesopotamia resumed their old custom; and this diversity endured until the Council of Nice, in 325 A. D. The acts of that assemblage condemned, under the name of *Quartodecimans*—Fourteenthists,—those who persisted in wishing the Christian Easter to coincide with the Jewish Pasch.

In the early ages of Christianity the faithful embraced one another on this feast, with the greeting, "The Lord is truly risen"; to which "And has appeared to Simon" was the response. All thronged to the church at dawn; the priest intoned the canticle of the Resurrection, kissed the image of the Risen Christ, and then gave the kiss of *dilection* to the most worthy of the congregation, who communicated it to the others in order. The faithful performed the same ceremony among themselves, without distinction of age or rank or wealth, but only that of sex,—the men and women originally occupying separate portions of the church. He who gave the kiss of *dilection* said, "The Lord is truly risen"; to which the answer was, "And has appeared to Simon," or "Thanks be to God!" Easter being at one epoch the first day of the civil year, these religious demonstrations corresponded to our exchange of good wishes on New Year's Day. This primitive custom still exists in Poland and Russia. In those countries the formula of salutation and response thereto on Easter Sunday is identical with that of the early Christians.

* "Histoire et Symbolisme de la Liturgie." Par A. Lerozey.

† I Cor., xv, 14, 19.

In some churches there was a Chapel of the Sepulchre, where on this festival a sort of dialogue was carried on between the Apostles and the holy women. "Tell us, Mary, what have you seen on the way?" To which the representative of Mary replied: "I have seen the sepulchre of the living God." This dialogue was borrowed, it will be seen, from the "prose" of the festival; as the other formula, "The Lord is truly risen," is found in the offices of Easter and its octave. In other localities, three young clerics clothed in white, with their heads enveloped in large veils, stood behind the sepulchre, personating the three Marys. The dialogue being finished, the clergy retired, singing, *Scimus Christum surrexisse*,—"We know that Christ has risen."

The special period of the liturgical year known as Paschal Time, and comprising the fifty days from Easter to Pentecost, was celebrated originally as a series of continuous festivals. The Church desired that as her children had given themselves up to sorrow during the forty days of Lent, they should now give themselves up unreservedly to the joys of the Resurrection. The holy Fathers bid us look on these fifty days of Easter as the image of our eternal happiness. This whole period being considered a prolonged Sunday, to it were applied the principles regulating the observance of Sunday itself. "All these fifty days are like so many Sundays," says St. Ambrose. During the Paschal season it was forbidden to fast, and even the most rigorous monastic rules yielded to this universal practice.

The whole scheme of worship among the faithful during Paschal Time was based on the sentiment of superabundant joy and glowing hope inspired by the one great fact of Easter morning. Alleluias without number blended with canticles of thanksgiving and praise;

the singing was gayer and more animated than on ordinary occasions, and the altars were daily decked as if for a festival of the first class. The priest habitually wore white vestments, symbolic of the purity and innocence restored to us through the death of Jesus. The faithful prayed in a standing posture, and made no genuflections; thus manifesting by their attitude both the mystery of the Rising which they celebrated and the joy they experienced therein. This last custom seems to date from Apostolic times; for it is mentioned in one of the works of Tertullian, who lived in the latter part of the second century. In the West this custom has long been abrogated, and at present genuflections are made during Paschal Time just as at other seasons. The Eastern Churches have kept up even to this day the practice of standing at the Divine Office from Easter to Pentecost.

The spirit, however, that dominated the Christians of the early Easters still continues to animate all faithful children of the Church. It is a spirit of joy in the triumph of Jesus Christ, and of humanity in His sacred person; of thanksgiving for the inestimable benefits secured through the Redemption which the Resurrection guaranteed; and above all of hope,—a confident, permanent hope, that looks undauntedly forward to the last great day, when to each of the race of men there shall come an individual resurrection, inevitable to all, and glorious to those who will.

BECAUSE Christ in the fulness of time suffered for us in the flesh, we are bidden to spend these seven days, and all the rest of life, in the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth; avoiding the desires of this world (that is, the snares of Egypt), and withdrawing from carnal things to follow the way of virtue.—*Venerable Bede.*

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

I.—THE VALLEY OF THE MAULNE.

THE Maulne is a small river which, like happy nations and good women, has no history. It rises in the swamps of Vivier-de-Loindes, near Courcelles, flows northerly and easterly, leaving on the right the forest of Château-la-Vallière; it waters the fields of St. Laurent, of Lublé, of Marcilly, of Braye. It flows around the ruins of the Castle of Maulne, whence it derives its name, and continues its way southerly. Having received the waters of the Beuverie, the Cave-Noire, and the Godefraisie, it finally loses itself in the Loire, near the Chapelle-aux-Choux. It has traversed twenty-five miles, and turned the wheels of five or six mills; this suffices to its glory.

This part of Touraine is almost unknown, and for that reason is all the more charming. In autumn especially, when the sun, still hot but somewhat deadened by the fogs of Anjou, throws its golden arrows over the high heaths of Chalonnes as far as the verdant summits of Château-la-Vallière, the landscape is admirable. The little river, the long valley, the green hillsides,—all seem to lie asleep under a radiant arch.

Until the road from Tours to Baugé is reached, the Maulne is in some sort invisible: one would almost say that it did its best to hide. But finally on reaching the foot of the hill of Gaugier, the Maulne is forced to flow beneath the great stone arch of the highroad to Rennes,—one of the ancient royal roads, nearly forty feet wide. From this point on, the traveller has seen the river, although it still hides among the reeds; it has a name now, and must resign itself to all the honors

and all the misfortunes which may befall a river.

Its first honor was a roadway laid out on its right bank. As far as Marcilly all goes well, but there its fortunes are aggravated. As it overflows the fields before reaching the village, a long bridge has been thrown across its tranquil waters. In the middle of the bridge a public lavatory has been made, reached by a staircase; and at the entrance to the bridge a watering place has been arranged. Thus ever unhappiness comes with glory. The road crosses the bridge, and then follows the left bank ever after.

Over this bridge on a beautiful day in the month of October, 1868, there passed a numerous and gay cavalcade. At the head rode a man of about fifty-five years of age, who sat well in his saddle. His hair was scarcely touched with white; his features were bold and haughty; but his eye was intelligent and kind, and his manner courteous and gentle.

"Raymonde," said he, "hold your reins a little firmer. These villagers who are beating their linen are very picturesque, but the noise they make may frighten your horse."

"Oh, rest assured, father! I have no wish to take a leap into the gurgling waters of the Maulne." And she pointed with her whip to the little cascade which the river made as it flowed out of the lavatory.

Raymonde resembled her father. She was tall, and her dark blue riding-habit set off to the best advantage her fine figure. A high hat left visible a mass of fair hair, which made her black eyes seem all the blacker. Her face was charming, and her whole appearance breathed at once calm and force. There would have been nothing left which a young girl might desire, had it not been that a certain imperiousness and pride at times showed themselves on that fair face.

Behind the father and daughter, two young men rode their thoroughbreds in a manner such as to make even the horses themselves proud of being in such fine company. Two servants in livery brought up the rear.

They soon crossed the bridge and entered the principal street of the village of Marcilly, which resembles somewhat a village of the *opéra-comique*. The villagers, seated on their doorsteps, watched the cavalcade as it passed; and one of them, doubtless the richest, said in a low tone to her neighbors:

"That is M. Désormes, the Senator, with his daughter, his son, and his partner. I know them because I saw them at the Assembly at Brèche."

M. Désormes and his party followed the Marcilly road. From it one sees, on the left, the great feudal castle which rises halfway up the hill, between a colossal pigeon-house and a tall forest. The avenue of old chestnut trees which leads to the castle seemed to invite them by its wide-open iron gate.

M. Désormes reined in his horse, and, turning to his daughter, said:

"Raymonde, shall we go and call on Madame de Chazé?"

"Not to-day, father. I am not just now in the mood to pay my respects to a countess of the Old Régime," replied the young girl, laughing.

"You are not a legitimist?"

"Not in the least, papa. But you—you ought to be a firm Bonapartist, since you are a senator."

"As for that, daughter, the Emperor himself said once, in joking, that 'Bonapartists might be divided into three classes: those who are legitimists, those who are Orléanists, and those who are republican.' There is only one Bonapartist, and that is the Emperor; and he—well, he is a socialist."

"And what are *you*, father?" asked one of the young men, who caught

the last words of M. Désormes' speech.

"I, Raoul, am both conservative and liberal: liberal in case of need—that is to say, frequently; conservative also when there is occasion—that is to say, always. Remember that rule, my children. It is a wise one. Don't you agree with me, Frederic?"

"Certainly I do," replied the young man.

"It is wise also," said the girl, laughing, "to admire this lovely view. There is no government that is worth a sunset. You said I was not a legitimist, papa; yet I confess a slight *penchant* for the Old Régime."

"Indeed, my daughter?"

"Yes. I should like to have an old castle like Marcilly to restore. I would fill it with stained glass, with old furniture, old tapestries. Of course, Bruyères is a beautiful house: it lacks absolutely nothing in the way of luxury and comfort; but I want donjons and keeps and towers, and so on."

"Raymonde, you are just like one of the heroines of Octave Feuillet or Jules Landeau, and I am sure you learned your speech out of a book."

"I take your remark as a compliment, brother," replied the young girl, in a tone graver than usual.

"Well, Marcilly is not for sale, and beautiful ruins are rare in this part of the country. There is only Vaujour, near Château-la-Vallière; but Vaujour stands in a swamp."

"And beside, papa, it would be pretentious in me to surround myself with reminiscences of Mademoiselle de la Vallière. Never mind! I shall succeed in finding the ruin of my dreams; and, with your permission, I shall do wonders with it."

"I consent. You may indulge your whim, since you have three hundred thousand francs asleep in the bank."

"Would it not be worth while to wait for the advice of your future tyrant,

my dear Raymonde?" said Raoul, with a smile.

"My future tyrant is not yet melted," to quote Napoleon."

"Nevertheless, you are twenty-one years old, my charming sister, and it is the favorable moment for tyrants. Am I not right, Frederic?"

"What a bore you are, Raoul! I know a brother who has quite cured me of all taste for tyranny. Nevertheless, I love him all the same. Come let us have a gallop!" she cried gaily.

They were soon bounding over the road, on the banks of the Maulne, which now was on their right, flowing between the willows. They arrived quickly at the Castle of the Maulne, only one wing of which remains standing. Having passed it, they found themselves just at the parting of two roads, one of which turned to the left, winding toward the wooded hillsides.

"Shall we go to the left, Raymonde?"

"No, father: let us not leave the river. We will go straight on."

Again they were off at a gallop. Suddenly Raymonde stopped her horse.

"See, see!" said she. "There, only a rod away, on that hill—"

"Well, what is it?" said Raoul. "I see a farm with a dovecote minus a roof."

"Look again, brother! What you take for a farm is a fifteenth-century manor, and the dovecote is a tower which seems to me to be much older. Papa, papa dear, I beg, let us go and investigate."

Without awaiting permission, she turned her horse into the narrow path which led to the old manor house.

II.—THE MANOR.

Raymonde, followed by her father and brother and M. Frederic Legrand, the son of M. Désormes' partner, soon found themselves before an old rusty gate, which opened into a paved courtyard, some stones of which were loose and many entirely wanting. Several

farm buildings, in a rather dilapidated condition, stood at the farther end of the yard.

On the left rose the manor house and tower, both in ruins. Only a portion of the balustrade which ran up to the front door was standing, and several of the stone steps were wanting; those that remained, weather-beaten and worn, seemed ready to totter and give way. Of the windows of the façade, some were stopped up, as though in haste, with ill-joined ashlar; others lacked their stone crossbars; and joists, cut short, were left alone to sustain the *augive voussure*. The moss like a green and yellow mold covered the stones of the corbelling of the rotten roof. On this mossy drapery the rain had traced damp streaks, so that the ruin seemed to weep. The wall between the house and the farm buildings was half destroyed, and two ancient nut trees, at least a century old, flung their shady arms above it pityingly.

When the gay cavalcade reached the courtyard, a ferocious barking was heard, and an immense dog came out from under the trees and rushed toward the unexpected visitors.

"Here, Clodion! I say, back, sir!"

Clodion, obedient but still growling, returned to the nut tree and lay down beside the young man who had called him, and who was seated on one of the moss-covered stones from the wall.

He rose, resting his right hand on a rough stick, gazed at those who were looking at him, and said nothing. His head was covered, or rather concealed, by an enormous coarse straw hat. A sort of hunting coat of dark velvet, a vest and pantaloons of the same material and color, and leather gaiters which came down over coarse, iron-tipped boots, completed his costume. His long hair fell over broad shoulders and framed the thin pale face, out of which gazed sadly a pair of blue eyes.

Such a costume and appearance seemed almost to make the young man a part of the ruins.

"It is the farmer, or the farmer's son probably," said Raymonde, in a low tone, to her father. "Let us go nearer, papa."

She guided her horse toward the stranger, and said lightly:

"Won't you do us a favor, my good fellow?"

At the words "my good fellow" the young man took off his hat, raised his head and fixed upon Raymonde so haughty a glance that she blushed and was disconcerted. She added:

"Pardon, sir! We are strangers in this part of the country. We saw, in passing, this tower and manor; we should like to examine them, and first to know their name."

"Sir," interposed M. Désormes, now advancing, "you must excuse my daughter's curiosity. She is something of an artist, and ruins like these tempt her to be indiscreet."

"One can never be indiscreet so long as one is polite," answered the young man, smiling a little.

The look which had flashed like lightning across his face had vanished, and there remained only the melancholy expression of countenance which was probably its habitual one.

"Then, sir," observed Raymonde, "the name of this castle is—?"

"La Lizardière."

"A pretty name for a lovely ruin. Can it be visited?"

It was now the young man who blushed. He seemed to reflect, and then said, with proud resolution:

"Well, yes; I know not why it may not be seen. Will you follow me?"

Raymonde, her father, brother, and M. Legrand left their horses in charge of the servants, and the young man proceeded toward the stone steps and the great front door. He opened it, drew back a little and by a gesture

invited his guests to enter. But he had reckoned without his dog, which, gliding between his master and the guests, began again to bark furiously, showing his teeth in a way which was not, to say the least, very hospitable.

"I am not in Clodion's good graces," said Raymonde, laughing. "If this manor were not of the Renaissance period, one might put across the door the antique inscription, *Cave Canem*."

"Clodion does not understand Latin, but he understands my orders. Go away, Clodion! Go and guard the goat!"

The dog at once rushed down the steps and dashed forward toward a small field on the other side of the old wall, which the nut trees partly shaded. Soon the bleating of a goat was heard, as though in recognition of his arrival.

Alas! what from without passed for a picturesque ruin, within became utter dilapidation and sombre misery. The whole ground-floor was bare and desolate. It was entirely unfurnished, and spider webs hung from the broken beams. The floor was without tiles, the windows without glass; saltpetre gnawed the cracked walls; black damp was everywhere. Bats and martins had formed beneath the ceiling a cornice of filth.

At the end of a passage opened in the old walls, a chapel still retained something of the wealth and elegance of the past. Frescoes in the style of Giotto had resisted the decay of time. The two stone angels, motionless guardians of the small altar, seemed still to be praying for the souls of the ancient seigneurs who lay there asleep in vaults respected by time and even by revolutions.

As she left the chapel, Raymonde could not refrain from saying:

"The chapel is in a better state of preservation than the rest of the house."

The young man colored slightly, and replied, with some embarrassment:

"The second story is less abandoned than the ground-floor, Mademoiselle. Will you follow my lead, please?"

He mounted before her the worn and unsteady steps of an oaken stairway, whose ancient carvings still showed through a heavy layer of dust. Raymonde found that the second story justified the remark he had made. It appeared to consist of one large hall, brightly lighted by two rows of windows, one above the other. It was not an architect's caprice; but the antique armory had lost its ceiling, and the windows of the story above it, showing from below, produced a singular and grand effect.

In that vast hall, the few pieces of furniture which remained seemed lost in the immense space. There was a bed curtained in reddish silk. In the centre stood an oaken table almost black with age; there were two old armchairs covered with tapestry, and woven copies of paintings of the chase, by Gaston Phébus. At the foot, opposite the bed, was a fireplace with a mantel supported by stone columns as smooth and shining as marble. Above the mantel, on an entablature of the same stone, was carved the third verse from the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. In spite of the dust of ages, it could be deciphered: "If I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

Above this Gothic inscription was to be seen in a stone cartouch, perfectly intact, a coat of arms.

"I can't read emblazonments well, papa. Suppose you help me a little?"

"I am afraid I don't know any more than you; and I am sure Raoul and Frederic could not help us."

M. Désormes' eye sought his guide, evidently; and the latter observed:

"Those are the arms of the Lizardières. Gules, a lizard, two annulets, the crown of a marquis. For supporters, two griffins. Device, *Tout droit*."

Raymonde listened to the blazoning of the shield with an indescribable mingling of would-be disdain and involuntary respect. She made no reply, however; and, perceiving some books and an album on the table, began to turn the leaves carelessly.

"Mademoiselle," said the young man, "I did not dare to invite you to look over old books of little interest, and drawings not worth examination."

Raymonde, not heeding the indirect reproof thus administered, answered, biting her lips:

"Oh, I am very proud of old books, and am somewhat of a connoisseur! Here is the '*Jardin Délicieux de la Touraine*,' by the Rev. Martin Marteau, edition of 1663; but it is only a reprint. The original edition, under the title of '*Paradis Délicieux*,' appeared in 1661. I have a copy of it which contains the autograph of Madame de Montespan."

She took up another volume.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "here is a gem for which I have hunted these two years! '*Histoire Agrégative des Annales et Chroniques d'Anjou et du Maine*.' The *imprimatur*—given to Galliot-Dupré, and signed Jean de la Barre—states that it is drawn from 'several historians ancient and modern.' See, father, the beautiful margins! And at the top of the title-page a hand which issues from a cloud and holds a double-clasped book! Oh, what a treasure! We must write at once to Paris and get one like it."

"I will write, daughter; but it Molière were alive, I am sure he would add to his gallery of women the bibliophile."

"Don't speak of Molière to me! They try to make a revolutionist of him now, but at heart he was an aristocrat,—or, as they say to-day, a reactionist. But

here is an album which is more modern than 'L'Histoire Agrégative,'—and she turned the pages of the album with her exquisitely gloved hand. "How well done that is! A lovely aquarelle! These are views of the surrounding hills. I recognize the Braye mill, on the Maulne. They are charming. Who did them?"

"I, Mademoiselle."

"Really? And that landscape in oil which I see on the wall?"

"It is mine, too."

"And that sketch of a head of Christ?"

"Also mine."

"But these are all very remarkable,—are they not, papa?—You ought to cultivate your talent, sir."

"I study not at all now."

"And why not?"

"Why should I?"

"It is a great pity not to do so."

Raymonde looked at the young man with a sort of astonishment which was more flattering than the most direct compliment could have been.

"Let us go down, father. I want to speak to you."

They soon reached the courtyard, where the horses were pawing restlessly; and Raymonde led her father toward the nut trees. The conversation was short but animated.

"I don't know how to refuse you, but it is a wild thing to do."

M. Désormes returned to their guide, followed by Raymonde.

"Sir, my daughter has taken it into her head to buy this old château. Would you kindly tell me who owns it and whatever else you happen to know about it?"

The young man turned deathly pale, but he replied firmly:

"La Lizardière is not for sale."

"Perhaps if it is not for sale it is because it is already sold. In that case I would offer double its value," hastily added Raymonde.

"Still less would it be sold."

"The proprietor, then, is an odd sort of a genius?"

"If he is odd I know not. I do know that he would not be willing to part with a ruin which bears his own family name."

"There is a Monsieur de Lizardière?"

"A Marquis de Lizardière—yes. And, to cut a long story short, I will tell you the history of the proprietor, which is to a certain extent that of the property. From time immemorial this château, with the fields and forests surrounding it, has belonged to the Lizardières. In 1792 the grandfather of the present Marquis emigrated. When he returned in 1814, he found the manor dismantled, and the greater part of the property sold by the government. He bought back the manor and what remained of meadow and woodland. He was poor, and during his exile he had married a young girl noble and poor like himself. They died, leaving a son, who served in the Royal Guards until 1830. This son married, like his parents, poor and in his own rank of life. He died, leaving one son, and a daughter who is a Sister of Charity."

"He must be still quite a young man," said M. Désormes.

"Sir, my name is John, Marquis of Lizardière."

"Excuse us for our ignorance. We have been only a few months in the neighborhood. I am M. Désormes."

"The Senator? Yes, I know. It is you who have established a model farm near the wood of Château-la-Vallière, on the road to Tours?"

"Exactly."

"Well, M. Senator, I know your history. You are enormously wealthy: you have mines in Auvergne, foundries in Indre, a palace in Paris. I do not envy you your millions, but I beg of you do not covet my poor old stones."

"But, sir, they will tumble about

your ears the first thing you know."

"Mademoiselle, I should be pleased to have them fall, if only they fall upon me."

"Decidedly, sir, you are more than eccentric: you are a little—what shall I say?"

"Quite wild, Mademoiselle,—a veritable savage; and I am going to prove it to you by a frankness which will not, I hope, pass the bounds of courtesy. I do not like your name: it recalls painful memories. Your father and mine fought each other in the streets of Paris in 1830. We are of those who never forget such things. One day, before I was born, my sister, who was about ten years old, was crying as she sat under those trees there. 'What is the matter?' inquired my father. 'I am thinking of the King,' was her gentle answer. I am like my sister. When you entered these grounds I was thinking of the King."

"I certainly can not blame you for it, and I only esteem you the more," said M. Désormes, gravely. "When we become better acquainted, we will talk politics. Only allow me to say that you should have lived a century earlier."

"In the time of the Duke of Saint-Simon and of the Count of Boulainvilliers?" added Raymonde, laughing.

"Have they the misfortune to excite your dislike, Mademoiselle?"

"Not at all," she replied, gently; "for I am sure they would plead my cause. Before the end of the year I would make of this the most ravishing Renaissance château that any one could imagine."

"And you would invite me to your social festivities?" continued Marquis John, with bitterness and an indignant *hauteur*. "No. What I like most about my ruin is that ruin it shall always be. I like it as it is, and I should hate it were it different thanks to another's money. I am poor,—poorer even than

my father. I live here alone with a servant—an old soldier whom he bequeathed me. I have scarcely enough wheat for his bread. My goat is better fed than we are; for it crops the grass on the roadside. My dog is more fortunate; because Clodion can shift for himself in the woods, while often I have not money enough to buy powder. But if I have not always bread, my father and mother, who rest in the chapel which you have seen, never fail to have flowers on their tomb. They are not rare exotics, but sweet, fragrant wild flowers which I gather on the moors. No one would care for all that if I left here."

"You are mistaken, sir. I would faithfully—"

"Mademoiselle, tombs are not to be bought. Those of my ancestors will remain under my care until they receive me within their walls."

"Let us say no more about it, daughter. The young man confesses his poverty in so noble a way that it becomes a duty to respect it by withdrawing our offers."

"But everyone may not be so forbearing," interposed M. Legrand, less courteously than M. Désormes. "Perhaps Monsieur le Marquis has creditors."

"Creditors, sir! I owe no one. I am the victim of poverty but not the slave of debt. I have not been willing to accept anything even from my relatives,—from my cousin the Count de Chazé, for instance. I have even refused to visit them, so that my shabby appearance may not mortify them in presence of their distinguished guests. Moreover, before I would sell La Lizardière, I should set fire to it with my own hands."

"Truly, sir, you are prouder than my father thought. Nevertheless, in spite of all, I feel convinced that the time will come when I shall own this manor."

"Never, Mademoiselle!" and John raised his arms as though to defend the old château. But, immediately perceiving that his attitude was too violent, the young Marquis smiled, and, bowing low before Raymonde, said with perfect courtesy and grace: "Pardon me, Mademoiselle! I spoke with more decision than was wise. But, since you have artistic tastes, it may not displease you to meet a sort of Druid in a province where cromlechs are found in the woods and fields. I have one very near here, in the only field which I still own. Permit me not to sell it but to give it to you."

"I will accept the cromlechs when I can call the castle mine."

"That shall be—never!"

"That shall be—*perhaps!*"

And the eyes of the young man and the young woman flashed and crossed as two swords might have done.

"Come, come, daughter! The matter is decided. Let us thank Monsieur de Lizardièrre for his politeness in showing us his picturesque home, and then we will remount."

"Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, bowing, "young ladies in the Middle Ages made use of the hand of their page as a stirrup. We are here quite in the Middle Ages, and here is my hand."

John lowered his hand almost to the ground. Raymonde put the tip of her foot in it, and John raised her until she was safe in the saddle. Their glance met again. Then she struck her horse sharply with her gold-mounted riding-whip, and the animal set off at a gallop.

Having reached the foot of the hill, she turned back a moment and said in a low tone:

"Aristocrat!"

At the same moment John de Lizardièrre followed the party with his eyes, and an exclamation of contempt and dumb rage escaped his lips:

"Mushrooms!"

(To be continued.)

Easter Lilies.

BY MARION MUIR.

STARRED with their white, triumphal bloom,
The gray old Earth puts forth a prayer;
Her endless message from the tomb,
Her conquest over Death's despair.
They are a prophecy of those
Whose mortal tenements we knew,
Who through their martyrdoms arose
Into the Light above our view.

The Great Battles of Christendom.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

I.—THE MILVIAN BRIDGE.

IT was scarcely three hundred years—
Or nine generations, as we sometimes count time—since the spokesman of a conquered people, living beneath the Roman yoke in far-away Syria, had cried out, in ignoble haste and dastard fearfulness, trembling before a knot of Roman soldiery who represented the supreme, far-off power, hated and feared of all: "We have no king but Cæsar!"

Three hundred years since, upon a barren hilltop without the city, the gibbet upon which only the lowest of slaves might legally be tortured, that cross on which none might bid a Roman die, was lifted up one Passover-tide (as, indeed, often before) to rid the city of its malefactors ere the pious Israelite sat down to his mystic supper, to slay and eat the symbolic lamb, and touch his doorposts with its blood, that so the angel of God's wrath might pass them by. And so that day guest chambers were swept and tables decked, and families gathered together; while without the city One hung on a cross, with a writing over His head: "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." He had come unto His own, and His own had received Him not.

Years passed, and by the world the cross was forgotten; nay, they had never known it. Here and there a struggling, moaning slave had sobbed his life out on some cross-shaped gibbet; some, too, of the followers of that crucified King—those who were *not* of Roman birth—had died the death of their Master; one head downward, it is said, outside the walls of Rome. But by the civilized world the cross was unknown; its very form far more unfamiliar than is the death instrument of some far-off country to us to-day. We must realize this, if possible, ere we can appreciate the following story,—realize that, save in catacomb or Christian family, and scarcely traced even in the utmost secrecy in visible outline, the form of the Christian cross was never seen of men.

And now, outside the very walls of Rome, two Roman armies, two rival Cæsars, prepared for battle. Let us look back for a moment. In 285 the Emperor Diocletian, finding his empire too vast for sole government, subject as it was to continual attacks and inroads from the barbarian nations on every side, created two new "Cæsars," or emperors, to rule the outlying portions of his vast kingdom. One was Galerius, appointed ruler of Pannonia; the other, Constantius Chlorus, or the Pale-Faced, sent to rule over Gaul, with seat of government at Treves. His third co-ruler was Maximian, who governed Rome, while he himself remained head of the province of Nicomedia.

"While his three colleagues gave themselves up to the most hideous debauches, and lived a life of mingled luxury and cruelty," writes a historian, "Constantius Chlorus presented to the world the astounding spectacle of a just and pure sovereign. He refused to persecute the Christians, and merely permitted some formal measures to be taken against them in order not to excite the anger of Diocletian." "His

virtues," says Eusebius, "were the admiration of the whole world. He accepted the doctrine of the Unity of God, and openly condemned polytheism. He looked upon the prayers of the Christians who inhabited his palace as the firmest support to his throne. His family, his spouse, his children, his servants, were to be faithful to God above all things. In fact, his palace was like a church; for while, without, the very name of Christian was prohibited, the ministers within the palace were praying daily for the prosperity of the prince, their protector. And God recompensed his virtues abundantly. He gave him, during life, the first place among all his colleagues; and when, after a peaceful old age, he quitted this world, God further allowed him to designate, unopposed, as his successor his eldest and favorite son."

Young Constantine, afterward to be known to the world as Constantine the Great, was a son of Constantius Chlorus by Helena, his first wife,—a British princess, whom the Emperor had been forced to divorce on his accession to that dignity, in order to marry Maximian's daughter Theodora. When his mother was divorced, and his father named Cæsar, Constantine, then eighteen years old, was sent as a hostage to the court of Nicomedia. He learned there somewhat of the art of government, took part in several military expeditions in Asia and Egypt, and thus became acquainted with some of the nations he was afterward to govern. Eusebius the historian, who saw him for the first time in 290, thus describes him: "He stood at the right hand of the sovereign, and one could not but remark his commanding stature, the vigor of his members, and the beauty of his face, together with I know not what air of royalty which surrounded him."

It was perhaps this very "air of

royalty" which roused the suspicious jealousy of the Emperor. At all events, we are told that Constantine's sojourn at the imperial court was by no means a pleasant or even a secure one; for attempt after attempt was made upon his life, with the cognizance, or even at the instigation, of his imperial host, and in the tortuous and unexpected ways peculiar to Eastern diplomacy. On one occasion he was sent to fight a lion single-handed; and on another, an almost equally dangerous Sarmatian gladiator; while his father, made aware of his danger, sent message after message urging him to fly the court and come to him.

At length, by a long and desperate ride, Constantine contrived to elude pursuit and escape into Gaul. When he arrived there he found his father on the point of embarking on an expedition into Britain, where he soon afterward died, in the imperial palace at York, exclaiming with his last breath: "I thank God for having given my beloved son back to me!" And while he blessed his younger children, the sons of Theodora, who stood round his bed weeping, it was Helena's son, his first-born, whom he commended to his faithful followers as his successor.

The legions at once proclaimed Constantine "Augustus"; and the Eastern Emperor, not daring to oppose their decision, confirmed him in the honor. So he ruled over Gaul and over the partly conquered Britain, with his mother at his side (she henceforth never left him), until the day came when the overtaxed, oppressed and outraged Roman people, weary of Maxentius and his excesses, appealed to Constantine to come and deliver them, and rule them also; and—he came.

So Constantine and his little army of trained men—about forty thousand, all told—were encamped before the walls of Rome, and before a four times

greater force than themselves. The legions of Maxentius, in fullest confidence of defeating and annihilating their foes with ease, had left the city and crossed the Tiber, taking up their position on its farther bank. A strange strategetical move surely, to be accounted for only by the extreme confidence of their imperial leader in the overwhelming power and superiority of his forces. In that confidence, he had even spanned the Tiber by a movable wooden bridge, so constructed that, were any to attempt a crossing by it, the two ends would come apart and its living burden be precipitated into the river; a device intended for the more speedy destruction of his enemy. Maxentius, however, remained within the city, having been warned by certain oracles not to leave it. So the invading and defending armies stood face to face awaiting the day of battle.

Constantine, at the head of his little army of "barbarians," felt by no means sure of victory. If he cared little for the sacrifice of his own life in the event of defeat, he could not but be aware that, should the issues of war be unfavorable, not one of those forty thousand men would see his beloved Gaul again. So while laughter and feasting and sounds of mirth and revelry filled the air from Roman camp and city, the young leader of "the solid squadrons of Gallic horse" called his chief officers round him, and together they climbed a little hill, below which their own camp and that of the enemy lay spread out like a map before them. His own camp, strongly fortified against sudden attacks, after the fashion of those times, was formed like a square, surrounded by a deep ditch and a rampart of wood; with the allied tribes behind, each in its own cluster of tents; the open spaces called *quæstorium* and *prætorium* between them and the main body of their army; the Emperor

and his officers in the midst, and the Frankish soldiers in the forefront of all.

Like many another general before and since, he stood long gazing over the vast expanse, noting each point which might serve for attack or defence. The sun was setting; and as its red globe sank slowly toward the west, suddenly a cry of surprise broke from the little group of officers who had been scanning the horizon. Hovering over the camp which lay at their feet, they beheld a large, luminous cross; and upon its transverse beam, clear and unmistakable, three Greek words, *ΕΝ ΤΟΥΤΩ ΝΙΚΑ*.

A cross! What was a cross? Few knew its Christian significance. The Emperor, indeed, should have known it; for he was already numbered among the Church's catechumens,—a postulant for Heaven's graces, so to speak, though as yet unbaptized. Still, as we are expressly told, he too marvelled, and understood not the meaning of the portent. Presently the legions below looked up, and they also saw the mystic apparition, and strove in vain to interpret its inscription.

That night, as the Emperor slept, a strange dream or vision came to him. He beheld One whom he knew to be the Son of God, bearing and showing to him the same wondrous cross and inscription which had hovered over his army that day; and directing him to uplift the cross as his badge and banner in battle, in which sign he should verily and indeed conquer. And Constantine awoke, and called for his goldsmiths and workmen, bidding them prepare in all haste a new imperial standard according to his directions.

That very morning the dawning light showed to an astounded army the Roman Eagles gone from their place, and a new, strange banner floating above the imperial headquarters. It was a long, glittering staff or spear;

at its apex shone the ancient Christian sign or monogram, composed of the Greek letters *X* and *P* (*Ch* and *R*, which stood for the word *Christ*), encircled with a crown; and beneath this a transverse beam forming a cross, from which hung a rich purple banner bedecked with jewels, fringed with gold, and adorned with a bust of Constantine. Soon each legion or section of the army had its banneret bearing a like device; and the very soldiers traced a cross upon their helmet or shield. So a Christian army had come into being,—the first!

We may well imagine the surprise and almost awe with which Christians within as well as without the city walls, the Pope St. Melchiades at their head, beheld their own sacred and secret symbol flashing high in air at the head of an army of "barbarians." There were Britons not a few and many stalwart Franks and Teutons in the ranks of Constantine's army that day; Druid worshipers of sun and moon, and Frankish votaries of the old Scandinavian deities, Woden and Thor; invokers of the Roman Jupiter and Mars; barbarian believers in strange demigods, *Thuisco* and *Hertha*; the Roman *Ceres*; as well as many and many a secret Christian, to whom the cross he bore in his heart seemed almost as the sign of an ever possible martyrdom. And in every heart of these courage leaped up tenfold greater as the golden-hued *labarum*, as it was called, unfurled itself before the morning breezes and the rising sun, and the Emperor summoned his men forth to face the enemy beneath the banner of an unknown God.

Not altogether or at first did they bear down everything before them, as they dashed forward in a mighty charge against the serried ranks of the army of *Maxentius*. Only their leaders found that here and there, wherever a line wavered or a battalion lost courage,

if the *labarum* went onward, they rallied and won.

Presently a murmur ran through the Roman ranks that Maxentius should be amongst them, and no longer linger supinely within the city, among the feasters and jesters who thronged the circus and applauded Olympian games, while their own warriors were fighting and dying without. So Maxentius, fearing popular resentment, sent again to consult the oracle, and received the ambiguous answer that "this day the enemy of Rome shall perish." At length he went forth and placed himself at the head of his army. And again and yet again, despite the terrible inferiority of their numbers, wherever the invaders fell back before the legions of Maxentius, it needed but for the *labarum* to be borne to that spot, and victory remained beneath its folds.

It is said, indeed, that "wherever, throughout the whole of that dreadful day, the Cross was borne, confusion and terror seized the troops of Maxentius." The veterans of his army made a furious attack upon it; and though many of the guards fell, the standard-bearer himself, the most furiously assaulted of all, remained unwounded. Arrows and lances flew off his armor just as hail-stones leap from a high church roof; in truth, some declared that they never touched it, but were "warded off by an unseen hand."

Finally the tried generalship of Constantine told him that the decisive moment had come. He gathered round him the most stalwart of his warriors, raised the *labarum* on high and dashed on the enemy at the spot where Maxentius himself was calling a rally. The Romans, seized with panic at the sight of the mysterious banner, turned and fled. Their Emperor, borne along in their midst, was swept by the panic-stricken multitude toward that very bridge which he had made to entrap the enemy; he essayed in vain to cross

it, and was precipitated into the river, where not many hours afterward his dead body was found among those of some hundreds of his soldiers.

Next day Constantine made his triumphant entry into the city of Rome, amid a rejoicing and grateful people. The banner of the Cross was planted upon the heathen Capitol, and Christianity was free.

(To be continued.)

The Easter Egg.

WHEN I was twenty years old, I was a teacher in a small college situated in a little old city, whose whitewashed houses stood in rows on the banks of the Rhone. Above them rose the steeples of the numerous churches of the town, each one surmounted by a weather-vane or a cross; the whole was encircled by false ramparts, notched like lacework and fluted like the crust of a pie.

Regarding the circumstances which led to my occupying so undesirable and unremunerative a position, permit me to be silent. The story would not be a new one; many of us remember the time when, though the heart was rich and the brain full, the pocket was light and the purse empty.

The college, like most of those in the south of France, was an old religious institution, indifferently adapted to its present use. The corridors were dark and winding; the classrooms had the atmosphere of cells; the court was surrounded by a high circular wall, and the sun seemed unwilling to shine down into it.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I found happiness in the grim, sunless old building. I even forgot to dread its principal—a large, bony man, with a scanty beard, whose blue spectacles and enormous bunch of keys always seemed to be just behind one's back.

I even forgot the pupils, an unkempt, disorderly set of youngsters. And all this because one morning I chanced to make a discovery from the window of my chamber.

It was on Tuesday; and while I was waiting for the hour to go down to the classroom I stood leaning on my windowsill looking out on the roofs and chimneys. In the distance I saw the fields, already green; and on my right the Rhone, over whose blue waves little boats skimmed along, their white sails outspread.

Suddenly, just opposite me, a window was opened and a hand pushed back a creaking blind; then a head appeared—a pretty, blonde head,—with hair tumbled about in a most picturesque fashion. Its owner did not see me. She fastened a small mirror to the window-casing, then, taking her long golden tresses in her hand, proceeded to finish her morning toilet.

I stood rooted to the spot, with mouth wide open, while my heart beat so violently that I could hear it. At the same time I listened to the clock. If I had had the power, I should have stopped its hands. Alas, it struck only too soon! The drum beat in the courtyard, and its notes resounded through the corridors of the old building. It was the call to duty. At the sound, my neighbor raised her head and saw me. I must have blushed—I should have done so; for her glance, at first severe, visibly softened; and as I regretfully turned away I fancied I heard a mocking laugh. I reached the classroom behind time. The principal said nothing, but his keys rattled in an ominous manner.

By noon I had found out who the charming unknown was. She was neither a duchess nor a marquise; but love has never had its titles of nobility. Her name was Mariette, and she was the niece of the old confectioner whose shop stood in front of our college,

and whose chief patronage came from our students.

Until now I had never paid any attention to his marble shelves, upon which were spread out in the most appetizing manner, almond candies, raisin cakes, and the most delicious cream-puffs. I had never been inside the shop. Now I ardently desired to go, and also to win the good-will of the uncle. It seemed to me that that was the key to the situation, so I began my attack that very day.

When I walked out with my pupils at two o'clock, I managed to have them pass close to the shop. The uncle was in the doorway, his double-breasted white vest buttoned closely over his portly figure. I bowed to him timidly. He looked at me in evident surprise, then returned my salutation stiffly. Worthy man! I could have embraced him.

That very evening, about six o'clock, I ventured into his shop. Surely a confectioner's shop was open to all. In a trembling voice I asked for some gumdrops. I coughed to give a serious aspect to my request. Mariette herself waited on me. She was bewitching in her fresh white apron, all perfumed with the odor of rich cake. She smiled graciously as she handed me the little paper bag and received my change. Then I went out, after bowing to the uncle, who sat reading his paper.

I ate gumdrops all the month, but I gained little ground, and I dared neither write nor speak. The uncle always greeted me when we met, and Mariette bowed too; still I was afraid of everything—of myself, the neighbors, the principal, and above all of my two colleagues, sarcastic old bachelors, who occasionally looked at me in anything but a reassuring manner.

Things went on in this way until Easter. I had before me at this season five days of vacation,—five days of liberty. "Are you a man?" I now said

to myself. "Yes? Well, then, prove it."

I awoke Easter morning with a light heart; a song and a smile were on my lips. I opened my window wide. Ah, how gay everything was! What rejoicing on all sides! Birds sang under the roofs. Bells rang in all the steeples; their chimes seeming to reply to one another at first, then all clanged together in swelling harmonies.

A rap at my door made me turn around quickly. I opened it, and on the threshold stood the porter, who handed me a package done up in white paper and tied with a pink ribbon. "For you, sir," he said, then turned away.

Astonished and trembling, without knowing why, I untied the ribbon; I unfolded the paper and a little box appeared. I opened it, and on a bed of snow-white cotton lay an Easter Egg—a pretty candy Easter Egg,—upon which was written in pink letters the magic word: "Hope."

I was amazed and stood staring at the ribbon, the box and the egg. There was nothing to indicate the sender of the gift and I knew no one in the city. Suddenly I uttered an exclamation of delight. It was she who had sent it! She had divined my secret then, and also my timidity, and had sent this gift with its message of hope.

My imagination travelled so fast and so far that an hour later I went out dressed in my best clothes. I did not know just what I was going to do, but certainly I would do something. To be sure, my coat shone a little in the sun and my silk hat was bare in spots; but I never thought of these minor details. I only remembered that it was Easter, that the sky was bright, and that the bells rang out as on a wedding-day. In my pocket, in its nest of cotton, lay the egg. On passing before the porter's lodge, I noticed my two colleagues. I saluted them with a

gesture, then smiled and hurried past. I could have told my happiness to everyone—even the principal, if I had met him.

The confectioner stood smiling in his doorway. He saw me and beckoned to me. I thought at first that I must be mistaken; but no: he was certainly calling me. I must confess I began to be anxious. I was entirely too lucky; my good fortune alarmed me. I have always been of a timid nature.

I approached the doorway.

"Where are you going so fast?" he asked, offering me his hand. "And all dressed up, too?" he added, laughing.

I blushed and did not know what to reply. Meanwhile I looked eagerly into the shop.

"If I could only let Mariette know I am here!" I thought. Suddenly an idea came to me. I coughed.

"That troublesome cold again, hey?" said the uncle.

"Yes," I replied, rather embarrassed; "and since I am here I might as well get some gumdrops."

"Certainly! Come in."

I went in. Mariette was not there. The uncle took down the jar and poured the gumdrops out into the scale-pan, shaking them when they stuck together. I kept looking around, expecting every moment to see the curtains at the rear of the shop part and Mariette appear. I was ready to take the egg from my pocket so that she could see it and know that I had understood.

"By the way," said the confectioner, abruptly, "did the trick succeed?"

I gazed at him in astonishment for a moment.

"I suppose you are not in the secret," he explained. "Two of your teachers came in here last night to buy an Easter Egg; they said they were going to send it to a young friend of theirs and make him believe it came from a lady for whom he has been sighing for the last two months."

Everything whirled around me; I became dizzy.

"They wanted a special motto, and Mariette found an old one left over from last year. But they can tell you about it better than I can. They laughed like a pair of idiots when they had it tied up with the pink ribbon. But, say, I must tell you the capital news. It would not be fair to keep it from an old customer like you. My niece will not weigh out your gumdrops any more. She is going to be married next week. Her future family came for her this morning."

He laughed and tapped me on the shoulder.

The shock was too great. I slipped down into a chair, without strength to reply. I felt something crack under me. It was the egg. I had sat on it! Fortunately, a customer entered, and I rose to go.

"You are forgetting your gumdrops!" called out the confectioner.

I went back, thanked him and hurried away.

On passing the porter's lodge, I saw my colleagues again. I looked unconscious, and went upstairs singing. When I was locked in my room, I took off my coat, put my hand in my pocket to see what was left of my Easter hope. Alas, it was completely crushed!

Easter came on the 1st of April that year. I had entirely forgotten it.

How carefully we should cherish the little virtues which spring up at the foot of the Cross: humility, patience, meekness, benignity, bearing one another's burdens, condescension, softness of heart, cheerfulness, cordiality, compassion, forgiving injuries, simplicity, candor! They, like violets, love the shade; like them, are sustained by dew; and though, like them, they make little show, they shed a sweet odor on all around.—*St. Francis of Sales.*

The Whitethorn of Marienstadt.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THOSE who are familiar with the beautiful scenery of the Rhine may perhaps have visited the picturesque ruins of the Abbey of Heisterbach, not far from the foot of the Drachenfels, the highest of the Siebengebirge. This Abbey owed its origin to Abbot Hermann, a scion of an ancient and illustrious family in the Rhine provinces. Distinguished alike by his talents and sanctity, he abandoned the world at an early age and entered the Cistercian Monastery of Himmerode. After filling the office of prior there for a series of years, he left that Abbey in 1188, in order to found the celebrated Monastery of Heisterbach, of which he was the first abbot.

Hermann was afterward recalled by the unanimous vote of his brethren to Himmerode, and elected Superior-General of the Cistercians; yet love of the Order and zeal for its extension led him to resign that post in order to found the Abbey of Marienstadt—*Locus Sanctæ Mariæ*, for so the new foundation was called. It was situated about two miles to the northwest of Kirburg. With him he took twelve of his brethren, whom he had learned to know thoroughly during his residence at Himmerode, and several of whom had received the white habit at his hands. The work of construction progressed rapidly under his able direction, so that in August, 1215, the monks could begin to say their Office in choir.

But they were not long permitted to enjoy their tranquil seclusion. Certain of the neighboring petty rulers sought to revoke the grants that had been made to the convent by their predecessors, and drive the religious from their new home. Abbot Hermann placed the house and its possessions under the

protection of the Holy See; but in spite of this his enemies persisted in their vexatious endeavors.

While the struggle with these nobles was still going on, the existence of the infant community was threatened by a yet more insidious foe. The unsuitable and unhealthy situation of the monastery, together with the rigorous climate, led the monks to resolve on quitting Marienstadt and returning to Heisterbach. External difficulties had doubtless much to do with this determination. The outlook was altogether a serious one, and caused Abbot Hermann no little anxiety. With the whole weight of his authority he opposed the projected change; yet, as his sole desire was to act in conformity to the will of God, he ordered a triduum to be made with a view to discover what that will really was.

During the night of the third day, as we learn from the chronicles of the Order, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, resplendent with heavenly glory, and bearing in her hand a branch of whitethorn covered with blossoms. She bade him make a fresh foundation on the spot where he should discover, on the following day, a whitethorn bush in full flower. It was in the month of February, during a winter of unusual severity, and the snow lay thick upon the ground.

Fortified and encouraged by this celestial consolation, he set out at daybreak in search of the place thus miraculously indicated to him. After protracted wanderings, he found in a lonely and retired situation, in a district which formed part of the territory of the Counts of Sayn, a whitethorn bush covered with blossoms, surrounded by ice and snow. There the new monastery was erected.

This bush, now seven hundred years old, stands on the eastern side of the monastery; and, carefully tended by pious hands, it has grown into a

stately tree. It is a favorite place of pilgrimage; for the inhabitants of the neighboring country have never suffered the memory of the marvellous story connected with it to die out, but have handed it down from generation to generation. Nor is the whitethorn tree the sole object of attraction to the pilgrims. In the beautiful abbey church attached to the monastery there is a miraculous Pietà, touching in its realism and grace-giving in its wonder-working powers. It was erected toward the close of the fifteenth century, and to it many hundreds of pilgrims journey every year in order to lay the tribute of their homage and their love before their Divine Saviour and His Sorrowful Mother.

The buildings and lands near Kirburg, which were called the "Old Cloister," remained in the possession of the Order; the land being cultivated and the services kept up by the monks of Marienstadt. This state of things continued until the disastrous Thirty-Years' War, when it was laid in ashes by the Protestants. And when, in 1693, the monks of Marienstadt wished to rebuild, they were prevented by the Count of Sayn, who had adopted the Lutheran heresy. A mill and a few ruins are all that remains of the Old Cloister.

The new foundation grew and prospered, under the shadow of the whitethorn tree. It was from the first the abode of elevated piety and eminent sanctity. Nor has the spirit of the illustrious St. Bernard, the founder of the Order, ever ceased to breathe within its precincts. The Monastery of Marienstadt is still the home of a numerous and flourishing community.

THE whole of life should be to us a Lent, to prepare us for the Sabbath of death and the Easter of Resurrection.

—St. Bernard.

Returning a Compliment.

ABOUT five o'clock one December evening in the year 1700 the young Duke of Anjou arrived in Châtres, on his way to Spain, where he was to reign under the name of Philip V. The youthful monarch was the guest of an ex-chamberlain of the French King for the night; and his numerous retinue found quarters elsewhere in the town. On the following morning all were to proceed to the parish church to hear Mass. The Duke would be received at the church door by the pastor, and the etiquette of the time demanded that the latter should make a speech.

Like a good many other eminent personages before and since his day, the Duke rather dreaded the ordeal of a continued succession of long harangues, however eulogistic in their nature; and he faced Father Le Gastellier with an air of resignation rather than overpowering joy. The priest, however, had probably heard of the Prince's opinion of lengthy addresses, and accordingly treated him to a surprise. "Sire," said he, "I have heard that long speeches are often a nuisance and a bore; so your Majesty will allow me to make a very short one." He then began to sing the first stanza of an old carol of the locality, adapting it to the occasion:

All the folk in Châtres who live,
And in fair Montlhéry too,
Haste their grateful thanks to give
For the joy of meeting you.
God go with you on your way,
Kindly Prince, and let you reign
Years a hundred and a day
O'er the lovely land of Spain!

The young King and his courtiers, delighted with the delicacy of the compliment that was sung with such gusto, cried out, *Bis!* (twice),—the early equivalent for the present *encore*. The priest complied with their request and repeated the stanza; whereupon

the Prince handed him ten pounds for his parish charities. Father Le Gastellier pocketed the money with a word of thanks; and then, a merry twinkle in his eye, he stretched out his hand again. "*Bis*, your Majesty!" said he in his turn; and, amid the laughter of the whole assembly, Spain's new King gave the quick-witted priest a second ten pounds.

Father Le Gastellier—it is due to his memory to state—was a most worthy priest, even more distinguished for charity, piety, and learning than for native wit and drollery, of which he possessed a considerable fund.

A Word with a Jewish Confrère.

THERE are good reasons, which we had supposed were known to everyone, why a Jew should be the last person in the world to inveigh against the Pope. Hence our surprise at a paragraph in an American Jewish organ, lately placed on our exchange list at the editor's request. It seems that Pius X. not long ago bestowed decorations on two Catholic gentlemen of Vienna "in recognition of their indefatigable activity in the cause of Christianity." Our Jewish confrère refers to them as rabid haters and persecutors of his race, and concludes that "the party in power at the Vatican is in sympathy with the anti-Semitic movement." No, brother. Activity in the cause of Christianity does not suppose persecution of the Jews. In so far as any Catholic hates and persecutes, he is a bad Catholic and an enemy of the Christian name, no matter what honors he may receive or from what source they may come. The two gentlemen in question were honored for the reason assigned. If the Holy Father had known that—as alleged—they were violent anti-Semites,

we feel certain they would have been rebuked, as they would deserve to be. It does not follow because they received decorations that the head of the Church is in sympathy with the anti-Semitic movement.

Notes and Remarks.

Herr Steiner, one of the leaders of the Zionist movement, was lately received in private audience by Pius X., after being treated with great kindness, as he will bear witness, by the Papal Secretary of State. The Popes have always been staunch defenders of the Jews when they were the victims of persecution and oppression, and many Jewish writers have borne witness to the fact. Another fact equally incontestable is that Jews are largely identified in most countries with the war which is being made on the Church; also with secret societies, which she condemns as inimical to her own interests and to those of civil society. Of this latter fact Cardinal Merry del Val took occasion gently to remind Herr Steiner, who admitted that the charge was not without some foundation.

The editor of the *Israelite* is requested to notice that we do not say 'the Jews' but 'Jews.' We make this qualification with the late Rabbi Wile of Laporte, Indiana, in mind—a true Israelite, who had almost as warm friends and sincere admirers among Catholics and the Catholic clergy as among his own people. We are mindful also that in the city where the *Israelite* is published, Jewish business men are said to be among the kindest and most generous benefactors of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

LET us be as travellers, journeying onward to Heaven, and ignorant of this world and its ways; let us look upon the world as something foreign to us, and use it as an inn at which to tarry for a night.

—Matthias Faber (A. D. 1620).

"Presbyter Anglicanus," known to us as the author of an edifying and scholarly work on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, has been led to make a public profession of his faith through the medium of the London *Catholic Times*. He believes in the Infallibility and headship of the Pope, the Immaculate Conception, and the invocation of saints and angels. His reasons for not submitting to the Church are his conviction of the validity of Anglican Orders—"I can not do anything that would appear as a public denial of my Orders,"—his belief that the Anglican Church only rejected the spiritual authority of the Pope *under compulsion*, and ought not therefore to be lumped with common heretics; and finally his conviction that he ought to stay where he is, the better to help his fellow-Anglicans to his present position. Moreover, there are, he assures us, "a body of Anglican priests whose views are precisely the same as mine"; and he is grieved because so many Catholic writers assume that he and his associates are lacking in "average intelligence or good faith" because, so believing, they do not enter the Church. We have certain knowledge that "Presbyter Anglicanus" has average intelligence and more; we have no reason whatever to doubt his plenary good faith. Yet neither of these excellent things makes it easier to understand how a man who believes in the Pope's right to command excuses himself from obedience on the ground that he holds a peculiar opinion about matters of human history. "Presbyter Anglicanus" has entirely too much intelligence to think that there were any footnotes, provisos or exceptions to the divine command, "Hear the Church." As for his solicitude for his fellow-Anglicans, when "Presbyter Anglicanus" ultimately

becomes a Catholic—our confidence has good grounds,—he will find that as mysterious and incomprehensible as it now appears to his Catholic critics.

Commenting on the recent extraordinary discoveries of the scientists, a Parisian contemporary declares that the world of savants is being set topsy-turvy. For instance, the isolation of *radium*—a radio-active body ceaselessly emitting luminous rays and a notable quantity of heat, without any weakening of its action or loss in its weight—would seem to be a complete reversal of the fundamental law of the conservation and transformation of energy,—a law thus far admitted by all scientists. It is not at all improbable that the scholars of the future will smile at the puffed-up ignorance of to-day; and the pedantic pseudo-scientists who rashly go outside of their proper field to attack faith, miracles, God, and the supernatural are possibly unacquainted with any more than the mere alphabet of physics or chemistry. True scientists suspect this, are humble, and go slowly; the rest, like other fools, rush in where angels fear to tread.

We have been wondering with what feelings a great many Protestants, the majority of Protestant preachers, and not a few Catholics in this country, read what Secretary Taft had to say about the Philippine friars in a speech at a recent gathering of Presbyterians in Philadelphia. Instead of confirming the evil reports given out by the press and echoed in thousands of pulpits, Secretary Taft referred to the friars as "heroes of Christianity," "valiant men of God." 'As a result of their labors, we found 6,000,000 of Malays who are Christians and who are receptive to our civilization.' "I will testify to the work and the usefulness of these men of God." "It was charged that

they obtained their lands unjustly: I did not find that there was truth in this allegation. That they were oppressive landlords was also charged: I could not find evidence to sustain this allegation." The only accusation Secretary Taft had to make against the friars was that they "opposed the revolution, thus earning the hatred of the people." Even this statement needs qualification. Before our war with Spain, the charge was that the friars had fomented rebellion in the islands; and the number of parishes that petitioned for their return shows that in either case the hatred could not have been a general sentiment.

The allusion lately made by the Holy Father to the influence of Rosmini on England naturally recalls memories of Father Lockhart, who, though a disciple of Newman, preceded him into the Church. The fervor of the young Scottish convert seems never to have cooled; and after his ordination, as we learn from a writer in the *London Tablet*, his fine figure became familiar as a street-preacher in the East End of London. At his solemn profession as a Rosminian he imbibed the spirit of a reformer, like his illustrious spiritual father. His zeal was especially directed against the vice of intemperance, and thousands of its victims were reclaimed through his indefatigable efforts. Says the *Tablet* writer: "In him had Cardinal Manning a true and devoted helpmate, and often they smiled together over the days when the Archdeacon of Chichester advised Mrs. Lockhart to shut her doors upon the son who had chosen to disturb the peace of the Anglican Israel."

Some of the non-Catholic women of England, it appears, are anxious to take a more active part in church government; and their claims are supported in quarters whence one might

reasonably expect to hear them scouted as preposterous. Says the *Rock*, an organ of the Establishment: "The women,' and particularly 'Mary the Mother of Jesus,' took part with the rest of the one hundred and twenty disciples in the first Church council, recorded in the Acts, in the election of an Apostle in the room of Judas." And it asks, "If they were allowed a voice in so solemn and momentous a deliberation, why should they be excluded from Church councils now?" A more pertinent inquiry would be: If, through nineteen hundred years of church polity—from the day of Peter to that of Pius X.—women have uniformly been excluded from the councils of the great historic Church of Christendom, why should the traditional attitude be radically changed or even modified at present? As a matter of concrete fact, do not women, in the person of the wives and daughters of Anglican bishops and parsons, have considerably more voice in practical church matters than was bargained for by the reformers who did away with clerical celibacy?

There is a familiar accent, as of a voice remembered out of the distant past, in these words from a recent essay by ex-President Cleveland: "No greater national fall from grace was ever known than that of the Government of the United States when, in the midst of high design, while still speaking words of sympathy with the weak who struggled against the strong, and while still professing to exemplify before the world a great Republic's love for self-government and its impulse to stay the bloody hand of oppression and conquest, it embraced an opportunity, offered by the exigencies of its beneficent undertaking, to possess itself of territory thousands of miles from our coast, and to conquer and govern, without pretence of their consent, millions

of resisting people — a heterogeneous population largely mixed with elements hardly within the light of civilization, and all far from the prospect of assimilation with anything American." It is hard, in the present temper of our people to speak out against "imperialism" without incurring the suspicion of partisanship; yet an honest citizen can not well keep silent while the elders and leaders of the people preach new and strange doctrines, and the nation seems to have apostatized from the creed of the founders. At a time when every large city affords proof of the difficulty — the impossibility — of assimilating immigrants as fast as they come to us, it behooves us to have "a middlin' tight grip" on the principles we hope to inculcate upon others.

An incident which took place recently in Chicago proves that the spirit of chivalry is still very much alive. A dinner was about to be served to several hundred poor children, who, eager and hungry, were waiting for the doors to be opened. The day was cold and many of the youngsters were without shoes and stockings. One little lass stood first upon one foot, then the other, striving in that way to avoid the bitter chill of the pavement. At last a boy, seeing her, said: "Here, Jenny, stand on my cap." And for the rest of the time of waiting the lad gladly remained bareheaded, while Jenny's feet were comfortable. What was Sir Walter Raleigh's courtly action compared with this?

Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, one of the British generals during the Boer War, seems to be strongly convinced of the need of providing Catholic chaplains for Catholic soldiers in the field. In a recent interview with a priest, he said:

I know how Catholics value the Last Sacraments. During the war in South Africa numerous

letters came before me. They were in many cases from humble folk in Ireland, asking me to give them details of the death of their son or husband or brother, who had been killed in action or who had died in the hospital. But there was always one question in the forefront, about which the greatest anxiety was shown: "Had he the priest with him when he died?" And I resolved that, as long as I had anything to do with it, Catholic soldiers should always have their priest with them in the field.

This was good of Sir Guy; also it was wise. A Catholic soldier has a far better stomach for fighting after he has made a good confession, and the wonder is that war officers have not long ago discovered the connection between conscience and courage. We recall that Cardinal Logue considered it his duty to say publicly a few years ago that if British warships were not better supplied with Catholic chaplains, he should feel obliged to discourage young men from enlisting.

The following was the result of an effort on the part of a religious inspector of a northern diocese in England to test the knowledge of some boys, whose ages are not mentioned, regarding the Litany of Loreto:

Inspector: "What is the meaning of 'Mystical Rose'?" Dead silence and then, Boy: "Please, Father!"—Inspector: "Yes, my little fellow; what does 'Mystical Rose' mean?"—Boy: "Please, Father, he lives in Newport Street."—Inspector: "What! Lives in Newport Street!"—Boy: "Please, Father, yes, Father; keeps a ham and egg shop."—Inspector: "Mystical Rose! Stop, boy; stop! Whose father?"—Boy: "Please, Father, Mister Kilroe's father."

The London *Tablet* probably thought this little incident worth relating as an illustration of the folly of trying to convey any idea to the minds of children by the employment of words not in their own vocabulary. Much of children's learning is mere parrot work. It is a thousand times better that they should "know by heart," as they express it, and fully understand the few necessary prayers than be able to

"rattle off" any number of devout formulas. In view of the fact that many of the "fallen away" are found to have forgotten their plain English prayers, it would seem to be the wiser plan to stick to the vernacular in teaching religion to children. Their minds are like their slates. Of all that is impressed upon them only what has been scratched in, so to speak, is likely to endure.

The progress of the Church during the last half century has nowhere, perhaps, been more steady than in little Holland. Upward of 500 new churches have been consecrated to divine worship, and as many as 156 new parishes created. The number of priests has almost doubled. Even more remarkable is the increase in religious Orders, particularly of women. Vocations to the conventual life are out of all proportion to the Catholic population, which is estimated at something less than 2,000,000. Religious associations of various kinds flourish among the laity. The admirable Society of St. Vincent de Paul, for instance, counts more than 200 conferences under 13 particular councils. A good augury for the continued prosperity of the Church in Holland is found in the fact that religious prejudice is disappearing on all sides. Gratifying evidence of the changed attitude of Protestants toward their Catholic brethren is afforded by the ever-increasing number of converts, many of whom are among the most influential classes of citizens.

The transfer from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Notre Dame, Ind., of the remains of the famous Father Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States, has given rise to some surprising blunders on the part of various Catholic editors. He is referred to as "the pioneer Indian missionary of the West," the founder of the University of Notre Dame; and is said

to have been a native of Louisiana, a victim of the French Revolution, etc. It is proposed to erect here a suitable monument to Father Badin and his saintly confrères—Father De Seille, a Belgian priest of noble family who lived and died among the Indians; and Father Petit, not less heroic, whose devotion to them entailed the sacrifice of his life.

A lesson that apparently needs reinforcing in this country is that the Commandment "Thou shalt not steal" is as applicable in large matters as in small; that God's law is not abrogated in the case of a financial magnate any more than in that of the petty sneak thief who picks a pocket. A member of the New York Senate not long ago publicly declared: "There has been such disgraceful financial manipulation upon the part of men whose financial integrity we had been led to respect as ought at least to lodge all of them in prison during the rest of their natural lives. The business of an ordinary highwayman who goes along and holds up his fellow-citizens at night is highly respectable as compared with that of some of the great financiers of our country." If these words are at all well-advised, and the speaker's prominence furnishes the presumption that they are not mere vapid vaporings, a new significance is given to Goldsmith's couplet:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

It is enough to provoke one to silence to hear an educated man refer to Spain as "a priest-ridden country," "a land where beggars abound and cruelty to animals is encouraged by the national sport," etc. There is something especially irritating in sweeping assertions like these. As a rule, they are better ignored. The man who employs such phrases as, "I have been there myself,"

is not one to argue with. Fortunately, the bigot is not the only one who goes abroad, and sooner or later prejudice and ignorance are sure to be adequately rebuked. 'A good word for Spain from a Protestant source is always gratifying, and it is opportunely spoken by Mr. Bart Kennedy. He has much to say in refutation of the above quoted assertions in his recently published "Tramp in Spain." He refers to the clergy of that much-maligned country as "most courteous and obliging," exercising "a civilizing influence over the people."

Spain is not the priest-ridden country it is alleged to be by people who know nothing whatever about it. It is a fine country, peopled by a fine people, whose ways and methods of living and thinking are, naturally enough, their own ways—Spanish ways.... The man of Spain is better off than the man of England. He has a better time, he has less work to do, he is better fed.

In reference to the beggars, at whom most travellers have a fling, Mr. Kennedy has this to say:

They are allowed to come out into the open and worry the society that has produced them. And this is both a just and a good thing. Why should beggars be shut up any more than the thieves who sweat and steal from and rob the poor under the reign of the law?... If you are destitute in England or America, you are a criminal who is liable to be put in prison. If you are destitute in Spain, you are as free to move about as the man who is rich. So let no more be said about the Spanish beggars. They are treated far more fairly and rationally than our workhouse beggars.

As regards cruelty to animals, another non-Catholic traveller declares that he can see more cruelty to dumb animals in London in one day than during a whole month in Madrid. Bull-fighting is not to our taste, but we feel that denunciation of it would come with better grace from another source. Those who have witnessed our great football games, in which ladies and even the reverend clergy themselves seem to take delight, will appreciate our reticence.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Paschal Songs.

BY S. M. R.

THE very heart of Earth is glad
And Alleluia sings,
For every note of love's glad scale
A fragrant flower springs.

A thousand happy birds take up
The Earth's glad Easter song,
And in a shower of melody
The ecstasy prolong.

But flower and bird songs do not reach
Beyond the arching skies,
While Easter songs of grateful hearts
To Heaven's portals rise;

Where, joining with the angels' songs,
Through heavenly choirs they ring,
And holy praise and grateful love
They offer to the King.

The Loaf of Easter Bread.

I.



LITTLE Peter sat by the window musing. From time to time he would tap thoughtfully on the pane. His mother, who was standing at the stove frying some pieces of hard bread, began to feel uneasy at his silence; for he was usually very lively and frolicsome.

"What is the matter, Peter?" she inquired. "Don't you feel well?"

"Yes, mamma. There is nothing the matter with me."

"Why are you so silent, then?"

"Because I was thinking."

"Will you tell me your thoughts?"

Little Peter hesitated, smiled, and finally answered:

"I was just sorry that we could not

have any Easter Bread this year. That was all."

"It is too bad!" said the mother, sadly. "If papa gets some work to-day, perhaps we can. But I am afraid not. We must first pay our debts to the baker; and by the time they are paid we shall probably be glad to get a few more loaves of the plain bread we have been eating lately."

Peter's father had been very ill. Now convalescent, he was eagerly seeking employment, but had not yet found it. By trade a mason, he had not followed this occupation for some years, owing to a difficulty he had had with the Union. He was rather a stubborn man. To the Union he would not submit, and a "scab" he would not be.

As Peter and his mother were talking he came into the room, with Mary, the youngest child, clinging to his hand.

"Papa didn't get any work," said Mary. "Now we surely *can't* have any Easter Bread."

"You children are crazy about Easter Bread this year," said the mother, a little impatiently, as she put the frugal dinner on the table. "We ought to be thankful to have these good crusts, fried in dripping."

"So we are, mother," said the father cheerily, though his heart was heavy. "But they have been so accustomed to Easter Bread that they are disappointed."

"*Maybe* we can get a loaf yet," said the persistent Peter, resolved not to relinquish his hope till the very last moment.

Toward the end of the afternoon—it was Holy Saturday—the father and mother went to confession. The two children were looking at an old picture-book when Peter said:

"Mary, let's go up to the baker's and look in the window? We can see the Easter Bread even if we can't buy it."

Peter was eight years old and Mary six, but in some respects the girl was older than her brother.

"I b'lieve I'd rather not see it, if I can't have any," she answered, slowly.

"I wouldn't," said Peter. "It makes me feel good just to see and smell the cakes and buns."

"It makes *me* feel hungry."

Mary began to remonstrate, but Peter seized her hand.

"Come!" he said. "Let's go and look in at the window."

Mary accompanied him reluctantly. But Peter, once having set his heart upon a thing, was always slow to relinquish it.

The baker's window was filled with good things. Cakes, frosted and plain; pies, tartlets and macaroons were there arrayed in tempting profusion. But Peter's eyes travelled beyond and above these to the top shelf of the window, where loaves upon loaves of the most delicious-looking Easter Bread were piled, golden brown on the outside, and, Peter knew, filled to bursting with raisins and currants within.

The children sighed as they gazed.

"I don't believe it ever looked so nice before," said Peter.

"That's because we can't have any of it," answered Mary, resolutely turning her head away.

"And why can you not have any of it?" asked a voice behind them.

The children turned to see the bright, rotund face of Mr. French, the baker. He looked at them with kindly though sharp and quizzical eyes.

"Because," said little Peter promptly, "we owe so much already, and father hasn't found work yet."

"Oh, hasn't he? That is a pity. But he will soon. The spring is opening now, and he is such a superior work-

man that he will have no trouble. But by that time the Easter Bread will be all gone, won't it?"

"Yes, sir," answered the children in one breath.

"Come in, come in!" resumed Mr. French. "I am going to make you a present of a loaf to take home to your good mother. I'm sure she'll give you each a piece of it."

The poor children did not dream of refusing. They were too simple and unconscious for that. They followed the baker into the shop; from which they soon issued, after a shy, thankful speech from Peter, carrying one of the largest loaves of Easter Bread. Their parents, simple and grateful as themselves, shared in their childish joy.

II.

The little family were at breakfast Easter morning, each with a generous slice of Easter Bread, when little Peter felt his teeth close sharply on something hard. The next moment he was holding a bright five dollar gold piece in his hand.

"Mother," he cried, "see what I have found in my bread!"

"Praise be to God!" answered the mother. "How lucky you are Peter! Many and many a loaf of bread will that buy. I hope it is not counterfeit."

The gold piece was passed from hand to hand until it reached the father, who struck it on the table.

"It is genuine," he said. "There is no doubt of it. But we must not forget, wife and chicks, that this gold does not belong to us. It is Mr. French's, and Peter must take it back to him as soon as we have finished breakfast."

"But, father, it may have been in the flour," pleaded the wife. "It must have been so. Mr. French surely does not carry gold about his working clothes."

"Still, it may belong to him. He is an honest man and will tell the truth about it. It is our duty to discover the owner."

To this no one could demur.

After breakfast Peter put on his cap and went directly to the baker shop. Mr. French was standing behind the counter.

"Well, Peter, what is it this morning?" asked the baker.

The boy reached his small hand over the counter.

"Here is a gold piece I found in the Easter Bread," said he. "Father thinks it must be yours, though mother said it might have been in the flour."

"It is *yours*, Peter," said the baker, laughingly pressing it into the boy's hand. "Haven't you heard about the prize flour?"

"No, sir," replied the child in wonder. "How can it be mine?"

"The Fielding Mills are advertising a good deal, competing with others, you know. They put a five dollar gold piece in every hundredth sack of flour, so that people may buy. Didn't you know it?"

"No, sir," replied Peter, still amazed.

"Well, you have won it all right this time. It was in the flour of which your Easter Bread was made, and happened to fall into that very loaf. Ninety-nine out of a hundred persons would have kept it. You have a good father, my boy. Run home and tell him that the money is yours, and ask him to come round early to-morrow morning. I want him to build my new bake oven. I have been undecided about it, but this has settled it. I am sure he is as good a workman as he is an honest man."

And little Peter went on his homeward way rejoicing.

It is a singular fact that a dog is the only animal to which men speak in their own language, and this is accounted for by the fact that the dog is the only animal that prefers the society of mankind to animals like itself.

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

PART IV.

III.—A MOST AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

Camille realized that he was in his field. Although he could see nothing, he could hear suppressed laughter, whispering, and a confused murmur, as if several people were walking stealthily about. Soon he felt the floor of his cabin under his feet, and then the bandage was removed.

He looked around, and his surprise at what he saw can be better imagined than described. The bare, uneven walls of the room were covered with pretty yellow and blue paper; it was no longer a great, empty space, but a cosy chamber, containing all that was needed for comfort.

On one side was an iron bed, made up ready for occupancy; on the other stood a wardrobe, through whose half-open door one could see clothing on the shelves. At the foot of the bed was a small buffet, from which escaped an odor that proved that this piece of furniture was not the least useful. Besides these, there were two cane-seated chairs and a pine table. One can readily understand Camille's astonishment at sight of this transformation; the poor child did not know whether he was awake or asleep.

A burst of boisterous laughter, and a pinch slyly given him by Marie to rouse him from his stupor, proved that he was not dreaming. Then for the first time he saw that there was quite a crowd of people present. There were the masons, the blind man and his daughter, and others whom he did not know; and among them he saw his patron, the printer.

"Well, what do you think of all this?" said this last named gentleman, going up to Camille. "Do you think that the ten francs given to the blind

man have brought you enough profit? Everything here belongs to you. This bed, wardrobe, buffet, table and chairs were given you by these gentlemen. You do not recognize them, I see. They are the Guards who came to your rescue last night. You will find, too, a basket of good wine to drink with the men who built the house for you; and I took it upon myself to invite them and the blind man and his daughter to take supper with you. You will find some refreshments in that buffet. Now good-bye, my boy! Be at work to-morrow."

The printer and his friends took their leave; and Marie, who had been anxious to open the buffet, now did so. Inside she found a large meat-pie, a roast fowl, two loaves of bread, and several other things.

Camille watched her and called out cheerily:

"There's enough for all of us! Let's have our supper at once."

"But there are only two chairs," remarked one of the masons. "How is that?"

"One for the blind man and one for Marie," said Camille.

"The evening is pleasant, so let us set the table outside," suggested Marie. "We can put some of those boards across the large stones for seats."

"Oh, good!—good!" exclaimed the masons, hastening to execute the girl's orders.

At ten o'clock the guests departed. Camille went alone into his little room; and, after putting things in order, he fell on his knees at his bedside and thanked God from the depths of his heart for all the blessings he had received. For the first time since he had come to Paris, the poor child had a bed to sleep on.

"How comfortable it feels!" he kept saying to himself. "After one has been without a bed as long as I have, he appreciates the luxury."

Soon, the soft bed aiding, the boy was fast asleep.

We shall now pass on in our narrative to the month of February, 1838, when an event took place which was greatly to affect the fortunes of our little Robinson Crusoe.

IV.—THE DISAPPEARANCE OF FOX.

It was Sunday, the day of rest at the printing-office. Camille went out early to buy some wood; afterward he went to Mass at St. Roch's. The service over, he lingered on the steps of the church, watching the carriages drive up for their owners.

Fox did not content himself with merely watching them: he ran out among them, sniffing about and getting under the feet of the horses. He received more than one blow from the coachmen, which sent him back in shame to his master.

"That's good enough for you," said Camille. "What do you want to go out there for?"

The dog did not heed his master's reproofs nor the harsh treatment he received: he kept on running out. He had evidently a large curiosity to satisfy.

Nearly everyone had now left the church, and Camille decided to go home and read a History of France which M. Germain had lent him. Suddenly he heard some one call:

"Fox! Fox!"

The boy looked around just in time to see his dog jump into a carriage in which a lady was seated. The door was closed at once and the horses started off on a brisk trot.

Camille's first impulse was to follow the vehicle, but it soon disappeared from view.

"I've lost my dog!—I've lost my dog!" he cried out in such genuine distress that everyone turned around to look at him. "Fox, Fox, come back!" he called.

But he cried and sought in vain. Fox had disappeared, perhaps forever.

Sorrowfully, the poor boy turned his steps homeward. He kept a careful watch as he walked slowly along; and every time he saw a black dog in the distance, his heart leaped within his breast. Perhaps it was his own. When he discovered that it was not, his grief became all the more poignant.

On reaching his enclosure, everything seemed lonely and deserted; his well-filled room even looked bare and cold. What was to become of him without his dog?

"Oh, Fox was more than a dog to me!" he exclaimed, sobbing. "He was my companion, my friend, my brother, my whole family."

The next morning the boy's grief was still more bitter. What had become of his affectionate dog, who at the least movement on the part of his master would bark and leap about with joy?

He rose from his bed and tears filled his eyes. He ate his solitary breakfast, fed his birds, and started off for the printing-office. As he passed before the fruit-store where Marie was employed, instead of the cheerful greeting he was wont to give the girl, he stopped and, putting out his hands, exclaimed:

"I've lost my dog, Marie!"

"What a misfortune!" said the girl, and her tears began to flow.

On reaching the office, Camille replied to all who greeted him with the words, "I've lost my dog!"

"Don't think too much of your trouble now," said M. Germain. "Work comes first, my boy."

Alas, it must be confessed that Camille was not very attentive that day! Never were proofs more badly read.

"I'll have to find you another dog, I think," said his kind patron.

"Oh, no, no!" answered Camille. "I should only have to lose him again."

(To be continued.)

The Witness of Creation.

The Emperor Napoleon, in the days of his prosperity and earthly glory, thought little of God or of the practice of his religious duties. He was not, however, without faith; and afterward, in the solitude of his captivity at St. Helena, became convinced of the vanity of the world, and returned to the practice of his religion. It happened one day that one of his officers asked him, in a jesting way, how he could believe that there was a God since he had never seen Him.

"Listen, and I will tell you," said Napoleon. "You say that I have a talent for war. When we used to go to battle, if there was any important movement to be made, you were the first to come and look for me, and everyone cried out, 'Where is the Emperor?' And why so? It was because you trusted in my talent, yet you had never seen it. Did you, then, doubt its existence? No. My victories proved that it existed, and hence no one called it in question. But which of my victories could be compared to any of the wonders of creation, which all bear testimony to the existence of God? What military movement can bear any comparison with the movements of the heavenly bodies? My victories made you believe in me: the universe makes *me* believe in God."

The Rose of Jericho.

The Resurrection is typified among the plants by the Rose of Jericho. This is a cruciform plant which grows in the arid wastes of Palestine and Arabia. It possesses the curious property of recovering its original form, however dry it may be, upon immersion in water. From this circumstance the Rose of Jericho has been taken to signify the Resurrection.

With Authors and Publishers.

— Publishers' announcements include "The Poems of Crashaw," edited by A. R. Waller; and a new edition of More's "Utopia," with introduction and notes by Mr. Churton Collins. Among the latest publications, we note "Some Letters of St. Bernard," selected by Abbot Gasquet; and "Ireland in the New Century," by Sir Horace Plunkett.

—Recent publications of the Alcuin Club include "The Booklet of the Mass" (Dat Bæxken Vander Missen), by Brother Gherit Vander Goude (1507). The thirty-four plates are described, and the explanatory text of the Flemish original translated, with illustrative excerpts from contemporary missals and tracts, by Percy Dearmer, M. A. The price is somewhat prohibitive—\$6.00, *net*.

—The death is announced of Mr. Thompson Cooper, F. S. A., a prominent English journalist and the author of an excellent biographical dictionary. He was also on the editorial staff of the "Dictionary of National Biography," and in this position rendered valuable service to the cause of Catholic historical truth. Mr. Cooper was born at Cambridge about the year 1833. His father, Mr. Charles Henry Cooper, was the author of the well-known work "Athenæ Cantabrigienses." *R. I. P.*

—"Marquis John," the serial story begun in our present number, is from the pen of a distinguished French dramatist, poet and novelist, M. Henri de Bornier. It is the first of his writings to appear in English, so far as we can learn. Our readers, we feel sure, will greet this story with an enthusiastic welcome. The charm of "A Cardinal's Snuff-Box" and "The Lady Paramount," with an ingenuity of plot-construction and a strength of dramatic situations not found in Mr. Harland's books, is felt in many chapters of "Marquis John." The translation, we may add, is by a practised hand.

—We have already noticed and recommended "Back to Rome!" by Scrutator (Sands & Co., B. Herder); but after a more thorough examination of this "series of private letters, etc., addressed to an Anglican clergyman," we feel obliged to call attention to the work again as one of exceptional value. In the first place, it is written in an admirable spirit; it presents fresh considerations; and, though it touches upon many subjects, contains nothing superfluous. The quotations from contemporary writers, none of which are commonplace and most of which will be new to the majority of readers, are excellently chosen. Other

good features might be mentioned. With a better title and a good alphabetical index, we feel sure that "Back to Rome!" would win an abundant share of the popularity to which its merits entitle it.

—A new edition of Shakespeare is under preparation, to be published by the American Book Co. The notes are by Dr. William J. Rolfe, whose skill as a commentator is known wherever Shakespeare is studied. Size, type, illustrations and binding, all commend it for school use.

—It is not often nowadays that dramatic writing has so much of the literary quality as is to be found in "Sixteen-Ninety," a series of historical tableaux by Francis W. Grey. The theme is a good one, and the *dramatis personæ* include Frontenac, Mgr. de Laval, and other Canadian celebrities. The proceeds of the sale of "Sixteen-Ninety" will go to the Fire Fund of Ottawa University, in which Mr. Grey is a professor.

—A handsome and interesting volume, creditable in many ways to the Rev. J. L. J. Kirlin and to all who had part in its production, is the Life of Archbishop Ryan and the record of the celebration of his sacerdotal Golden Jubilee. The biography is appropriately brief: the beneficent labors of the beloved Archbishop of Philadelphia still continue; the account of the celebration is complete, even detailed, as it should be. The occasion was indeed a red-letter day in the history of the Church in America, worthy of fitting commemoration. Besides being carefully edited, Father Kirlin's book is excellently printed and bound, and filled with illustrations, some of which are of permanent value, all of which are of present interest.

—The announcement of a reproduction of the unique Grimani Breviary will cause general rejoicing among librarians, book-lovers, art students, collectors, etc. This precious work, which was executed toward the close of the fifteenth century, is among the most beautiful illuminated manuscripts in existence. It is preserved in the library of San Marco, in Venice; and is so closely guarded by its custodians that it may be examined only by special permission of the Italian government. Mr. A. W. Sijthoff, of Leyden, has been allowed to reproduce the entire work. It will be issued in twelve parts, at \$50 per part; and only subscriptions for the whole set will be received. It is expected that the undertaking will require four or five years for completion. We are indebted to Mr. Mar-

tinus Nijhoff, of The Hague, for a most interesting account of "Il Breviario Grimani," which is thus described:

The volume consists of 831 leaves of the finest vellum imaginable, of 28x22 centimeter. After a frontispiece, representing a prince at dinner, probably a Flemish count, the calendar occupies 24 leaves, who can not be surpassed in beauty. The whole manuscript contains 300 large miniatures, and every page of the text is surrounded by borders of flowers, fruits, birds, etc., etc., who defy every praise.

Mr. Nijhoff assigns two good reasons—too good not to be quoted—why every person of taste should appreciate an exact facsimile of this priceless art treasure:

The first is, that the original is so jealously kept at Venice that only two pages are exhibited, and that a special permission is wanted to see it from the beginning to the end, and then even watched by one of the keepers. Now, by this facsimile the book may be studied at ease, and will be a new subject to the study of mediæval art. The second reason of appreciation is one only recently taught by circumstances. Everybody who goes in for art, every man of taste mourns over the loss suffered by the fire at the Turin-Library, where one of the finest manuscripts, the "Belles heures du Duc de Berry," was entirely destroyed. What, on this moment—but too late—would Europe, what America pay for a facsimile copy of this monument of art?—But, alas! it is lost forever; and its memory is only kept by a few bad photo's. That is why every library is obliged to buy the Breviary Grimani. Venice is not a very safe place; and, as the Campanile past year, the Library may fall and the Grimani-manuscript be lost. The soil of Venice is weak, and the Lagoons are treacherous.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading. 11

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1.50, net.

The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Rev. W. J. Kelly* \$1.60 net

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. *Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J.* \$1.50, net

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HBB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Louis M. Fink, Bishop of Leavenworth; Rev. Edward Hart, diocese of Louisville; Rev. Thomas O'Rourke, diocese of Detroit; and Rev. John Morris, diocese of Newark.

Sister M. of Bon Secour, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Agnes, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Alacoeque, Sisters of Charity, I. W.; and Sister M. Francesca, Community of St. Joseph.

Mr. Samuel Voltz, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. J. R. Embert, Queenstown, Md.; Mr. George O'Neill, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. Peter Portman, Carnegie, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Portman, Homestead, Pa.; Mr. W. S. Dunn and William R. Grace, Esq., New York; Mr. William Fitzgerald, S. Boston, Mass.; Mr. Thompson Cooper, London, England; Mrs. Sarah Carlin, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Thomas Noonan, Winsted, Conn.; Mrs. Emma Shaw, Fort Worth, Texas; Miss Bridget Power, Mrs. Jane Agnew, and Mrs. Catherine Keirans, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Charles Harris, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Patrick Kelly and Mrs. Dorothy Kelly, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Charles Johnson and Mr. James Raleigh, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Charles Linehan, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Agnes Smith, Mr. W. D. Callan, and Mr. J. McDonald, Vallejo, Cal.; Mr. J. F. Hunt, Mr. Patrick Hunt, and Mrs. Mary Murphy, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. J. A. Houser, Fort Wayne, Ind.; and Mr. Henry Meeting, Massillon, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For St. Mary's Mission, Omak, Washington:

A Friend, \$1; a Priest, \$100; L. M. C., \$1; W. F. P., \$3; S. C. F., \$1; Mr. and Mrs. R. C., \$5; J. B., \$2; D. D., Cuba, \$1; M. and B. G., \$1.

The Cause of the Curé d'Ars:

Mrs. A. R., \$1; a Priest, \$10.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 9, 1904.

NO. 15.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Wayside Song.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

O MORNING Hope, lift thou my soul on wings
One moment to the infinite afar,
To be the comrade of the lark that swings
Around the fireside of the dying star!

O thought of Beauty, in my mind uncloset
Soft leaves of loveliness and fragrant breath,
To be the fellow of the purple rose
Whose hundred charms no wind can spill to
death!

O thrill of Peace, within my troubled heart
Spring like a stainless lily from the mire,
To paint upon its darkness with sweet art
The starry glory of a pure desire!

O dream of Heaven, at my friendless side
Walk thou with me down valley and through lea,
To be my tireless angel and my guide
On the long road to immortality!

The Greatest of the Gregories.

BY W. F. DENNEHY.



IBBON, the English historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in his celebrated although somewhat anti-Christian work is compelled to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the glorious Pontiff whom God raised up to rule His Church at the very close of the sixth century—at a time of peril and confusion; at a moment when, both from within and without, the sacred repositories of truth

were assailed by dangers,—but who lived to secure for the ark of faith a period of prosperity and peace; to extend the sway of the successors of St. Peter to peoples who were destined to be, through untold centuries, amongst the foremost champions of the Cross; and whose noble personal character, great intellectual power, and wondrous sanctity secured the admiration and the friendship even of the olden enemies of the Church. Gibbon says:*

"The Pontificate of Gregory the Great, which lasted thirteen years, six months, and ten days, is one of the most edifying periods of the history of the Church.... He interposed to prevent the abuses of popular elections; his jealous care maintained the purity of faith and discipline; and the apostolic shepherd assiduously watched over the faith and discipline of the subordinate pastors. Under his reign the Arians of Italy and Spain were reconciled to the Church, and the conquest of Britain reflects less glory on the name of Cæsar than on that of Gregory. Instead of six legions, forty monks were embarked for that distant island; and the Pontiff lamented the austere duties which forbade him to partake in the perils of their spiritual warfare. In less than two years he could announce to the Archbishop of Alexandria that they had baptized the King of Kent with ten thousand of his Anglo-Saxons; and that the Roman missionaries, like

* London edition of 1825, vol. iii, pp. 228, 229.

those of the primitive Church, were armed only with spiritual and supernatural powers."

The historian had more to say, however. He continues thus:

"The Church of Rome was endowed with ample possessions in Italy, Sicily, and the more distant provinces.... The successor of St. Peter administered his patrimony with the temper of a vigilant and moderate landlord.... The rent or the produce of these estates was transported to the mouth of the Tiber, at the risk and expense of the Pope; in the use of wealth he acted like a faithful steward of the Church and the poor, and liberally applied to their wants the inexhaustible resources of abstinence and order. On the four great festivals he divided their quarterly allowance to the clergy, to his domestics, to the monasteries, the churches, the places of burial, the almshouses and the hospitals of Rome, and the rest of the diocese. On the first day of every month he distributed to the poor, according to the season, their stated portion of corn, wine, cheese, vegetables, oil, fish, fresh provisions, clothes and money; and his treasures were continually summoned to satisfy, in his name, the extraordinary demands of indigence and merit. The instant distress of the sick and helpless, of strangers and pilgrims, was relieved by the bounty of each day and of every hour; nor would the Pontiff indulge himself in a frugal repast till he had sent the dishes from his own table to some objects deserving of his compassion.... Gregory might justly be styled the father of his country."

Italy was in a deplorable condition at the moment when Gregory ascended the steps of the Papal throne. The old civilization and the organization of ancient Rome had been rent asunder, and modern Europe was being painfully constituted in the midst of a violent social and racial tumult. The ancient order of things had been, or was being,

set aside throughout every portion of the once vast Empire; a wave of sanguinary barbarism had swept over its face, destroying all which stopped its ruthless course even for a little space. Ever and anon, as in the case of some great natural tempest, succeeding waves, equally destructive but less far-reaching than the first, swept up to the very battlements of civilization, often to surge over, carrying ruin and misery to those within. Barbarism seemed to have triumphed; the once fertile soil lay untilled; the people of the sunny land were sunk in slavery; chaos had followed in the train of ferocity and armed licentiousness. But yet, in the midst of all these scenes of horror, like some giant rock rising from the midst of an angry ocean and seeming to reign unmoved above the wild surgings and convulsions of contending waters, the Papacy alone, unmoved and immovable, presented an aspect of calmness and order; while the outstretched hands of the Pontiff more than once drove back the reeking ranks of the barbarians, and stilled the storm which threatened the destruction of his people.

St. Gregory himself, writing to the Emperor Maurice, says:

"Behold everything in these parts is given over to the mercy of the barbarians. The cities are destroyed, the fortresses dismantled; the open country, stripped of its inhabitants, is become a wilderness for want of cultivation; and the servants of Christ are the daily victims immolated by the sanguinary superstition of these idolaters."

An able and accomplished writer* observes:

"It would not be possible to imagine anything more wretched and utterly hopeless than the condition of Rome at the juncture when St. Gregory was compelled by the voice of Heaven,

* The Rev. Dr. Miley, "History of the Papal States." London, 1850; vol. i, pp. 210, 211.

expressed through the united and impassioned entreaties both of the clergy and the people, to abandon the cloister where he had consecrated his life to study, austerity, and prayer, in order to undertake the labors and solicitude of the Pontificate; and along with them the still more intolerable burden of watching over the temporal affairs, not only of Rome but of Italy. A pestilence, brought on by the stagnant waters which a dreadful inundation of the Tiber had left behind, was raging at the time of his accession to the Chair of St. Peter; and such was the mortality that, according to the testimony of an eyewitness (an envoy of St. Gregory of Tours), no less than eighty persons fell dead on one occasion during the procession of the Litanies. 'The sword has reached the very soul!' exclaims the afflicted pastor, addressing himself to the miserable remnant of the once lordly and innumerable people, during this visitation. 'Behold the falchion of divine chastisement is unsheathed against us; and wide-wasting and so terribly sudden are its strokes that Death, as if impatient of delay, no longer waits till languor and the ravages of disease have prepared the way for him; but, as your eyes, alas! bear witness, springs as if with a bound upon his victims. Parents behold their offspring hurried before them to the tomb. The moribund and the decrepit survive the blooming and the ambitious. Nor is it merely here and there the people fall: they are struck down in multitudes, and whole houses are made desolate on a sudden.'

St. Gregory had sought by every possible means to avoid election to the Pontifical throne. To one of his sanctified elevation of mind, the humble service of the cloister was the sweetest work; and he endeavored by flight from Rome to avoid the great burthen which he was called upon to assume. God, however, had need of him, and the

Church secured one of the greatest of that long line of pastors which links the Tiber with the Hill of Olivet. The Rev. Alban Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," says:

"Soon after his exaltation he wrote his incomparable book 'On the Pastoral Care,' setting forth the dangers, duties, and obligations of that charge, which he calls, from St. Gregory Nazianzen, the 'art of arts and science of sciences.' So great was the reputation of this performance, as soon as it appeared, that the Emperor Mauritius sent to Rome for a copy; and Anastasius, the holy Patriarch of Antioch, translated it into Greek. Many Popes and councils have exhorted and commanded pastors of souls frequently to read it, and in it, as in a looking-glass, to behold themselves. Our English saints made it always their rule, and King Alfred translated it into the Saxon tongue. In this book we read a transcript of the sentiments and conduct of our excellent pastor. His zeal for the glory of God and the angelical function of paying Him the constant tribute of praise in the Church, moved him, in the beginning of his Pontificate, to reform the Church music. Preaching he regarded as the principal and most indispensable function of every pastor of souls, as it is called by St. Thomas, and was most solicitous to feed his flocks with the word of God. His forty homilies on the Gospels, which are still extant, show that he spoke in plain and familiar style, and without any pomp of words, but with a surprising eloquence of the heart. The same may be said of his twenty-two homilies on Ezekiel, which he preached whilst Rome was besieged by the Lombards in 592. In the nineteenth he, with profound humility and with tears, applies to himself whatever the prophet spoke against slothful, mercenary pastors. Paul the Deacon relates that after the saint's death, Peter

the Deacon, his most intimate friend, testified that he had seen in a vision, as an emblem of the Holy Ghost, a dove appear on his head, applying its bill to his ear whilst he was writing on the latter part of Ezekiel."

The learned Butler further says:

"Besides his Comments or Morals on the Book of Job, which he wrote at Constantinople about the year 582, in which we are not to look for an exposition of the text, but an excellent compilation of the main principles of morality and an interior life, we have his exposition of Ezekiel in twenty-two homilies. These were taken in shorthand as he pronounced them, and were preached by him at Rome in 592, when Agilulph the Lombard was laying waste the whole territory of Rome."

At the period to which Dr. Butler refers, when the great Pontiff was delivering his expositions of the text of Ezekiel, and the foe was clamoring almost at the gates of Rome, we have the following words of his reported:

"Let me not be blamed if after this lecture I cease from these expositions; for the public tribulations are hourly increasing, as, alas! you are too well aware. The ravages of the sword hem us in on every side, and momentarily threaten us with destruction. Some of our wretched people return with their hands chopped off, to tell us of others who are groaning in captivity, or who have already suffered some cruel species of death. Oh, wonder not if my tongue falter and refuse to proceed further with these sacred expositions; for my very soul is weary of existence!"

Again, in 603, St. Gregory wrote to Phocas the Emperor, declaring that "it is not possible for human language to suggest any adequate idea of what we have had to suffer daily, and without intermission, from the Lombard incursions during the last five and thirty years."

While yet again in the following

year, 604, a short time previous to his death, in one of his expositions of Ezekiel he said:

"Scenes of misery meet our eyes, and our ears are assailed with the cries of lamentation and suffering, no matter to what side we turn. The country is reduced to a wilderness, strewn with the ruins of towns and cities; while it is our doom to see the trifling residue of the population that is still left incessantly subjected to the horrors of mutilation, or slaughtered or dragged into captivity. As for this city, once the queen of the world, judge, ye who are spectators of the immensity and variety of her disasters, how she is crushed and humbled to the earth by incessant shocks of invasion, by the carnage of her citizens, and the dread of dangers incessantly impending over her."

The great Pope did not, however, confine his exertions to mere descriptions of, and lamentations over, the cruel sufferings of his people. If it had not been for his constant and untiring efforts, the tide of barbarism, in all human probability, would in his days have rolled over the Capitoline Hill, and the waters of destruction have carried away the last vestiges of order in Italian society. Says Gibbon:

"The misfortunes of Rome involved the apostolic pastor in the business of peace and war; he sends governors to the towns and cities, issues orders to the generals, relieves the public distress, treats of peace and of the ransom of captives with the enemy."

Little wonder if, with the countless toils appertaining to his sacred and important office, the heart of the great Pontiff was often sad unto death and wellnigh crushed beneath the heavy burthens of his office. He himself has left a record of the duties which daily pressed upon him. Writing to a bishop of the Church, he observes:

"To superintend the hierarchy of the

Church and the various orders of the clergy; to provide for the temporal and spiritual necessities of the monasteries and of the poor, and at the same time to be ever on the alert against the stratagems of the Lombard foe; and, what is still more harassing and difficult, to frustrate the treachery and plots of the military leaders,—the torment and toil of all this will be estimated by you to be great, even as that brotherly affection is, with which we are confident your fraternity regards us."

The paternal benevolence of the Holy Father shone in every action. He was clement in the exercise of the prerogatives of justice, sparing no sacrifice for the good of his people, and pre-eminent by virtue of his strict regard for the material interests and rights of those of different creed, who had come to live beneath his sway. Butler says further of him:

"He entertained great numbers of strangers both at Rome and in other countries; and had every day twelve at his own table, whom his sacristan invited. He was most liberal in redeeming captives taken by the Lombards, for which he permitted the Bishop of Fano to break and sell the sacred vessels, and ordered the Bishop of Messina to do the same. He extended his charity to the heretics, whom he sought to gain by mildness. He wrote to the Bishop of Naples to receive and reconcile readily those who desired it, taking upon his own soul the danger, lest he should be charged with their perdition if they perished by too great severity. Yet he was careful not to give them an occasion of triumphing by any unreasonable condescension, and much more not to relax the severity of the law of God in the least tittle. He showed great moderation to the schismatics of Istria and to the Jews. When Peter, Bishop of Terracina, had taken from the latter their synagogue,

St. Gregory ordered it to be restored to them, saying they were not to be compelled, but converted by meekness and charity. He repeated the same orders for the Jews of Sardinia and for those of Sicily. In his letters to his vicar in Sicily, and to the stewards of the patrimony of the Church in Africa, Italy, and other places, he recommends mildness and liberality toward the vassals and farmers; orders money to be advanced to those who were in distress, and rigorously forbids any to be oppressed."

Butler truly adds: "Notwithstanding his meekness and condescension, his courage was undaunted, and his confidence in the divine assistance unshaken amidst the greatest difficulties. 'You know me,' says he, 'and that I tolerate a long while; but when I have once determined to bear no longer, I go with joy against all dangers.'"

Here spoke the lion heart which undauntedly faced the Arian conqueror, drunk with the wine of victory, and which brought him captive where he had meant to rule. Dr. Miley says:

"Had Rome fallen under Lombard sway (and it must have fallen but for St. Gregory), the hope of Christendom was obviously undone. But with incomparable virtue and magnanimity, he repelled invasion without sullyng his Christian meekness; and in saving his country, he preserved the only seminary for the new race of apostles who, in little less than a century from his demise, had succeeded, to an extent which may well be called miraculous, in converting and humanizing the entire West."

Pope Gregory the First died on the 12th of March, A. D. 604. His mortal remains rest within the sacred portals of the Vatican, but the memory of his life and works is one of the richest treasures of that universal episcopacy whose history is jewelled with so many noble names from Peter down to Pius.

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

III.—PIEYRARD'S RETURN.

WHEN M. Désormes and his family had disappeared in the direction of the Maulne, and when John could no longer catch a glimpse through the willows of Raymonde's riding-habit, he went back and sat down under the trees, and whistled to his dog. Clodion came bounding toward him.

Clodion was no longer young, but he was still handsome. He was named in honor of the long-haired Merovingian because of his silky coat. It was a habit with the Marquis to run his hand through the dog's royal coat of fur. He would often fall into a reverie, and sometimes even into a soliloquy.

John began thus to caress the noble animal, who looked up at him with his great, loving eyes, so full of intelligence.

"Do you know what they wanted, Clodion? Yes, that tall, fair young lady on the black horse,"—and the Marquis pointed in the direction which Raymonde had taken.

Clodion seemed to understand; for he began to whine and to show his sharp white teeth.

"Yes, Clodion, she wanted to take away from us the Lizardière, the nut trees, and the goat."

Clodion gave a sharp bark, which John stopped in the midst by a caress.

"She wanted to take the goat, and perhaps you too, Clodion."

The dog looked at his master with an air of astonishment.

"Clodion my boy, you would be better off with her. You would have a nice, warm bed in a fine kennel; you would have a new collar, some good soup three times a day, and you could hunt in the woods all the time, if you wished. Do you want to go with that beautiful young lady? Yes? Go quick,

then!"—and John pointed to the gate.

Clodion took a few steps, but soon turned and came and laid his great head down on his master's knees.

"You won't go, Clodion? You would rather have your meagre pittance with your companion in misery? It is well that you are faithful. Fidelity is a virtue which men leave to dogs. And, then, you see there is another side to the story. Do you know that dogs come to a sad end in the houses of the rich? When they are no longer able to hunt, they are killed. And Pieyrard? Pieyrard would be taken from me too. But no: he would be faithful like you,—more so than you. I say, Clodion, don't you think it time for Pieyrard to be back? He is gone to Lude, to old Mother Honoré's, to get some money that is owed me—three hundred francs that I need. We have nothing else, Clodion my dear; and that is not much for two men and a dog."

For a few moments Clodion had been looking down the road, and now he got up and ran toward the gate. A tall old man met him there. He walked erect and firm in spite of his age; but he seemed to be cast down by grief.

"Well, Pieyrard,—well?"

"Bad news, sir,—bad news! Mother Honoré can not pay you this year, and perhaps not next year either. You know that her husband died, and she had to spend a great deal to prove the will. Moreover, her oldest son, who was a woodcutter, fell from the top of an oak tree in the forest and broke his leg. She needs help from others, poor woman, instead of trying to pay us. If you had only seen her sorrow! 'Not to pay the Marquis, whose father was so good to us, and who lent us, twenty years ago, those six thousand francs to buy our farm! If he wants me to sell it, I will.'"

"No, Pieyrard: I am too unhappy to make others unhappy on my

account. But what will become of us? I counted on that money to pay our taxes, for we are already in arrears."

"Ah, my master, three hundred francs for a domain which does not produce a hundred! It is an injustice."

"What can be done? It is the tariff on doors and windows which ruins us."

"Yes, without counting the others, Monsieur le Marquis: the tax on our persons—yours and mine,—and the tax for Clodion; for dogs are taxed now."

"We should have been so well off this winter, my good Pieyrard! We have plenty of wheat, two great sacks of potatoes, and a barrel of cider, not to mention the nuts which we have in abundance."

"There is no happiness for virtuous people in this world, Monsieur. God is not just."

"You do wrong, Pieyrard, when you speak so. The good God is just; and even men are better than they are commonly reputed to be. Only there are fatalities."

"I don't know how it is, sir; but with those cursed three hundred francs which have failed us we could more than have paid our taxes. I wanted to give you a surprise, and I was going to bring you a leg of mutton, which you need so much."

"I, Pieyrard?"

"Yes, you, sir. It strikes to my very heart to see you so pale and thin. A little meat is necessary at your age. When one gets old like me, potatoes will do: one lives on the meat of the past. But at twenty-five it is killing!"

"There are other things that kill, Pieyrard."

"What, Master?"

"Memories—but where is Clodion?"

"I saw him a few moments ago going in the direction of the chestnut tree."

"It is the hour when the jack-hares come out for exercise. Clodion will have a better dinner than we shall have."

Presently there came the sound of

prolonged barking from the direction of Bois-Renard. Two moments later Clodion appeared bearing in his jaws a large jack-hare, which, like an unselfish beast, he deposited at his master's feet.

"This will take the place of your mutton, Pieyrard."

Pieyrard was not long in preparing supper; and half an hour later the roasted hare was smoking on the table of the great hall, flanked by a bottle of cider. John had not yet arrived at the age when sorrow chases the appetite away. However, he did not wish to begin so great a feast with an act of ingratitude. He gave the first piece to Clodion, who accepted it without ceremony. The second went to the cook, who at first refused, but, upon receiving John's strict orders, he sat down opposite him at the table. The dessert was not very elegant—a few nuts and a drink of foaming cider.

As Pieyrard carried off the remains of the roast, John could not help murmuring below his breath:

"I haven't smoked for six months. If ever I get rich—"

He stopped, seeing that his old servant had just re-entered the room. His face was very grave. He slowly approached the Marquis and placed on the table before him a plate on which the arms of the Lizardières were emblazoned,—one of the few relics of ancient splendor. On the plate were two large Havana cigars tied up with ribbon.

The Marquis, amazed, looked first at them and then at Pieyrard.

"Where did you get those?"

"At Lude, of course, Master."

"How did you buy them?"

"Listen," said Pieyrard, somewhat embarrassed. "You know that in my youth I was a carpenter. As I left Mother Honoré I perceived Louis the woodseller at work before his door. Contrary to his usual custom, he did not stop for a bit of a chat with me.

'You must be very busy, to neglect an old friend in this way,' I said.—'No,' he replied, 'I don't slight my old friends; but I have more than I can do, on account of the fair next week.'—'Well,' said I, 'I suppose you can get help without paying a thousand francs for it.—'At it, then! Take this pole and trim it a little.' So I worked a couple of hours, and that was what made me so late. As he is a very honest man, he offered me a two-franc piece. I ought not to have touched it; but as I went by the tobacconist's I could not avoid speaking to the proprietor; for he had recognized me and called out: 'You don't patronize the trade any more, friend Pieyrard?'—'In truth, yes, Monsieur Dubour; and in proof of it I want three things of you: a packet of Corporal, a clay pipe, and two cigars of the very best quality.' And now, my master, you know how you find two cigars on your plate. It is a surprise that I had prepared for you, and I said nothing about it till the right moment came—after the dessert."

John gave his hand to his old friend, took one of the cigars and offered him the other.

"No, Master John: cigars are too weak for me. But, if you are willing, I will go outside the door and smoke a little of the Corporal in the new pipe."

"Not outside the door, Pieyrard: there, near me. And not in the new pipe: it is not good. Wait a moment."

The young Marquis arose. At the head of his bed were trophies—horse-pistols, sabres, two swords, a Cross of St. Louis, a Cross of the Legion of Honor, and a great china pipe which hung from the knot of a sabre. John took the pipe down and handed it to Pieyrard, saying:

"Here!—this is better."

"The pipe of the late Marquis?"

"Yes. I give it to you."

Pieyrard took the pipe silently, and began slowly to fill it.

Clodion, who until then had digested his share of the jack-hare in silence, began to howl and whine, turning his head toward the empty fireplace.

"Clodion is cold," said John. "Let us be wildly extravagant this evening. Go and get a fagot."

A few moments later a bright fire flamed in the enormous chimney. John sat down beside the hearth in one of the great oak chairs; he motioned to Pieyrard to sit in the other; while Clodion stretched himself out between master and servant, with his nose to the bright firelight. The smoke from John's cigar and Pieyrard's pipe ascended in front of the immense chimney-piece, and hid from view the arms of the Lizardières.

Pieyrard seemed absorbed in his memories of the past, and began to talk as though to himself:

"I have seen the late Marquis weep as he smoked this pipe. He was captain in the squadron which accompanied King Charles X. to Cherbourg, and I was his orderly. When the vessel disappeared bearing the King into exile, I saw the Marquis bite his lip and grow pale; then he drew his sword, broke the blade and tossed it into the sea. You would have thought him nailed to the ground; but with a great effort he took a few steps, sat down on a stone on the wharf, drew his pipe from his knapsack, began to smoke, and as he gazed at the waves two tears rolled down his cheeks."

Pieyrard, his pipe finished, stood at attention. The Marquis shook him by the hand; after which the two entered the chapel, Pieyrard carrying a lantern, and both prostrated themselves before the altar. In the stillness of the night, out of the darkness came the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; the old retainer responding in the firm, ringing tone of a soldier replying to the roll-call. Then John went to sleep in the bed of his ancestors; while Clodion slept

on the hearthrug by the dying embers.

John's sleep was for a long time tranquil. But he waked suddenly with a cry. He was dreaming of a fair young girl who was carrying off Clodion, howling with despair. John, looking about him, could not refrain from smiling as he saw Clodion still stretched at full length on the hearth, dreaming, without doubt, of the jack-hares in the forest of Bois-Renard.

(To be continued.)

The Glorious Mysteries.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

I.

BY that Easter miracle,
Slaughtered Death and conquered Hell;
By the everlasting day
Of the Life that is for aye;
By the hearts no more afraid,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

II.

By the hour that saw Thee given
Back again to highest Heaven;
By Thy seat at God's right hand;
When before Thy throne we stand,
Bid us then be undismayed,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

III.

By the cloven tongues of flame;
By the Holy Ghost who came;
By His gifts to each and each—
Memory, courage, judgment, speech,—
Even as God the Son had prayed,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

IV.

By that yearning ecstasy
Setting soul from body free;
By that hour that saw Him come,
Lift her, body and spirit, home;
By the homage angels paid,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

V.

By the twelve-starred crown that girt
Brows that knew His thorns' sharp hurt;
By the Queendom's power to give
Help to die, as grace to live;
By the light that knows no shade,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

The Great Battles of Christendom.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

II.—TOLBIAC.

ALTHOUGH Constantine may undoubtedly be called the first Christian Emperor, and his early edicts freed the Church from peril of persecution and gave it an honored place in the world, he himself remained a catechumen until toward the end of his life, when he received the sacrament of baptism. A strangely misplaced sentiment of reverence for this first of Christian sacraments, joined, perhaps, to an unwillingness to incur the graver obligations of Christian life, not infrequently led the early catechumens to defer their entrance into the Church of God.

Queen Helena, however, whom her devoted son proclaimed "Augusta," or Empress, upon his own accession to the Roman throne, and who was his constant companion and counsellor, embraced the Christian Faith almost immediately after the miraculous apparition of Ponte Milvio, and devoted herself to the practice of holiness and good works; undertaking, as we all know, a pilgrimage to Jerusalem when advanced in years, and there having the felicity of discovering the great relic of the True Cross.

After the death of Constantine, a lamentable series of heretical emperors succeeded him, and the Church was torn by dissension, schisms, and strife. "The repentance of Theodosius is the last scene in the downward career of the Cæsars which can call forth a feeling of admiration and respect." So—the end came. From far away northward, "God made a sign, and the forests of Germania, the steppes of the Volga, the plains of Tartary, opened out like cataracts in time of deluge, and sent forth an innumerable multitude of men,

clothed in the skin of beasts, armed with hatchets and arrows, strong of limb and ferocious of countenance."

Moving on they knew not whither, like some fearful cloud of locusts or destroying wind, they swept resistlessly westward; burning, slaying, destroying everything before them. "The grass grows no more where the horse of Attila has passed," was one grim saying of their leaders; and, "Let the scourge of God pass on!" murmured another. Goths, Visigoths, Vandals, Huns, the entire Western Empire was filled with their legions. Rome itself was sacked again and again, as Kingsley has so graphically pictured for us:

"Down through Italy Alaric passed, almost without striking a blow. Ravenna — infamous, according to Sidonius, for its profligacy,—where the Emperor's court was, he passed disdainfully, and sat down before the walls of Rome. He did not try to storm it. Probably he could not. He had no such machines as those with which the Romans battered walls. Quietly he sat, he and his Goths, 'as wolves wait round the dying buffalo,'—waiting for the Romans within to starve and die. They did starve and die; men murdered each other for food; mothers ate their own babies. But they sent out embassies, boasting of their strength and numbers. Alaric laughed. 'The thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed.'—'What terms will you take?'—'All your gold, all your silver, the best of your precious things. All your barbarian slaves.'—'What, then, will you leave us?'—'Your lives.'"

While empires and nations were being submerged under this terrible tide of barbarism, a young man—a boy we should rather call him, for his years numbered but fifteen,—was elected king of a small tribe, the Salic Franks of Gaul. The people who had called him to reign over them were comparatively few in number, but

renowned for their courage and daring; and their young ruler was worthy of their choice. With marvellous prudence, he first asked of the Eastern Emperor the title of Roman Patrician and master or commander of the imperial forces in Gaul; and having obtained this dignity, he called upon the neighboring chiefs to do him homage as the Emperor's representative.

Although a pagan, young Clovis seems to have been not only friendly but almost deferential toward the representatives of Christianity in his little kingdom. There is extant a touching letter from the great St. Remy, Bishop of Rheims, to young Clovis on the occasion of his obtaining the desired title of "Patrician" from the Eastern Emperor. St. Remy writes:

"Great news has reached us—that you are placed at the head of the Frankish army. It is needful, therefore, that you correspond to the designs of Providence, who recompenses your merit by elevating you to this honor. Take as counsellors wise and learned men. Be prudent, chaste, moderate. Give honor to the bishops and disdain not their counsels. Raise the souls of your people. Console the widows, nourish the orphans, and they in their turn will serve you. Let justice be in your heart and on your lips, and let your seat of justice be free to all. Remember that when you give an audience, no one should feel himself to be a stranger. To your games call, if you will, the youths of your own age; but in matters of graver moment take counsel with the aged, and you will reign gloriously."

That young Clovis, a pagan, should have accepted such counsels from a Christian bishop speaks well both for adviser and advised; and the tact and wisdom of the one, with the manly frankness and humility of the other, bespeak two noble souls fitly matched. Nor was this all. St. Remy followed

with pious and paternal interest the opening career of the young Frankish chief, toward whom many among the oppressed neighboring peoples were already beginning to turn for help, as St. Gregory of Tours wrote: "Although the fear of the Franks was widespread, everyone wished for their rule." The Bishop of Rheims had also the happy inspiration to propose to the young chieftain a Christian marriage. The niece of a neighboring King, Gondebald, was already renowned for her piety and goodness among the Catholics of that day; and no wiser step could have been taken than the introduction of this saintly and salutary influence into the court and home of Clovis.

"To speak of St. Clotilde," writes Monseigneur Freppel, "is to recall alike the origin of the Kingdom and of the Church of France; it is to recall the immortal alliance of religion and country. Clovis, Remi, Geneviève, the battlefield of Tolbiac, the baptismal font of Rheims, Christian royalty, the Christian episcopate, Christian virginity,—all these names, all these facts, all these institutions, shine and are grouped round the one noble figure which stands out as the supreme type of spouse, mother, and Christian queen."

When Gondebald, King of Burgundy, put his brothers to death, together with the wife of one of them, Chilperic, he took the two infant daughters of the latter to his court; and while one became a nun, the other, Clotilde—who, strangely enough, had been educated in the Catholic Faith, although Gondebald and his people were Arians,—was now proposed by St. Remy as a bride to Clovis. Says Alban Butler:

"She was adorned with the assemblage of all virtues; and the reputation of her wit, beauty, modesty, and piety made her the admiration of all the neighboring kingdoms, when Clovis I., surnamed the Great, the victorious King of the Franks, demanded and

obtained her of her uncle in marriage, granting her all the conditions she could desire for the free and secure exercise of her religion. The marriage was solemnized at Soissons in 493.... Her devotion was tempered with discretion, so that she attended all her business at court, was watchful over her maids, and did everything with a dignity, order and piety which edified and charmed the King and his whole court. Her charity to the poor seemed a sea which could never be drained.

"She honored her royal husband, studied to sweeten his warlike temper by Christian meekness; conformed herself to his humor in things that were indifferent; and, the better to gain his affections, made those things the subject of her discourse and praises in which she saw him to take the greatest delight. When she found herself mistress of his heart, she did not defer the great work of endeavoring to win him to God, and often spoke to him on the vanity of his idols and on the excellency of the true religion. The King always heard her with pleasure, but the moment of his conversion was not yet come. It was first to cost her many tears, severe trials, and earnest perseverance." Years passed, in fact, during which Clovis and his people continued to worship 'the gods of their forefathers.'

A son was born to Clovis and Clotilde, and baptized shortly after his birth, in deference to the young mother's urgent entreaties. But, alas! while still, according to the custom of that time, wearing his baptismal robes for the eight days following the ceremony, the babe succumbed to some infantine malady; and there were not wanting those who whispered to the King that his heir had perished through, or on account of, some mysterious Christian magic. When a second son was born to them, Clotilde's prayers again prevailed, and this babe also received the

waters of baptism; and great indeed was the mother's need of courage and faith when this second infant also fell sick and was at the point of death. But the supreme trial was spared her; and the babe, Clodomir, lived to succeed his father in due course upon the Frankish throne.

It was the special note and pride of the Frankish people to abide by the traditions of their ancestors, including the worship of the old Scandinavian heroes—Odin, or Wodin, god of war; Freya, his wife, "the Venus of the North"; and Thor, ruler of the seasons and elements,—whose names have left their traces upon our mother-tongue of to-day. Clovis, though devoted to his Christian wife, and most amiably disposed toward St. Remy and other representatives of her Faith, shrank from doing aught which might mar the harmony of his relations with his well-beloved warriors, or offend the spirit of his ancestors. One remembers that old chief of the same race who, standing beside the baptismal font, had taken one step down into it, when he turned to the bishop who stood ready to perform the ceremony. "Where are the souls of my ancestors now, Lord Bishop?" he asked, with one foot in the water. "In hell," was the incautious reply. "Then I go with them!" cried the warrior, stepping back; and a great convert was lost to Christianity.

Time passed, and Clovis and his warriors fought on: now expelling the Romans from Soissons, then compelling the Thuringians to pay tribute; to-day waging war against some semi-savage horde, to-morrow facing the still disciplined Roman legions. At last there came a day when Clovis found himself, at the head of his not very numerous army, face to face with a considerable body of men, the tribe of the Alemanni. Historians differ as to the exact locality of this far-famed day, whether in the environs of Cologne or of Strasburg,

or, as most say, on the plains of Zülrich. Certain it is, however, that he was opposed by a formidable foe, and that the little Frankish army was repulsed in great disorder, and was on the point of final defeat and an ignominious flight. At this moment Clovis looked up to heaven and cried with a loud voice:

"O Jesus Christ, Thou whom Clotilde calleth the Son of the Living God, if it be true that Thou protectest those who invoke Thee, and givest the victory to Thy servants, I implore Thy help. If Thou makest me to triumph over my enemies, if Thou extendest over me Thy power (the efficacy of which Thy people proclaim), I swear to believe in Thee and to be baptized in Thy name. I have prayed to my gods and they have not heard me: now I come to Thee to deliver me from peril."

No sooner had the King thus prayed than the whole aspect of things changed. The Frankish soldiers threw themselves upon the enemy with renewed courage, and with so overwhelming an impetus that the ranks of the Alemanni swerved and broke before their charge. A general attack followed, and the battlefield was strewn with the slain, among whom lay the chief of the Germanic tribes; while the remainder of his army were in full flight, pursued by the victorious Franks, until they begged for quarter and promised to become faithful subjects to Clovis.

We may well imagine the joy of Queen Clotilde when her royal spouse returned to her with the news not only of his victory but of his vow, which, as we are told, he accomplished immediately after recalling his troops to camp. As Clovis, at the head of his army, rode back to his own kingdom, amid the acclamations of his faithful followers, he called to his side a certain hermit, Vedastus by name, whom he had encountered as

they marched homeward, and from him he sought instruction in some of the truths of his new Faith; while St. Remy, to whom the glad tidings had already been brought, awaited him at Rheims, where he was to make his triumphal entry.

St. Gregory of Tours, who wrote the history of these times some eighty years after the battle of Tolbiac, and who in all probability gathered his information from eyewitnesses or their immediate descendants, thus recounts the story:

"Remi, learning through Clotilde the exact dispositions of the King, instructed him in the truths of Christianity, and then urged him to declare his conversion openly. 'Holy Father,' answered Clovis, 'I am ready. Nevertheless, one consideration holds me back. My people do not wish to forsake their ancestral faith. I will, therefore, convoke a meeting of my Franks and speak to them on the matter.' Then the people were gathered together before the King. And his royal intention was, doubtless, already known; for before he had so much as opened his lips one unanimous cry rent the air: 'Pious King, we abjure the worship of mortal deities, and we will serve the immortal God whom Remi worships.'"

So a number of Christian bishops and priests were summoned to assist in the instruction of this multitude of catechumens; and King and people together learned in all humility those great truths which are the birthright of every Christian child to-day.

At length the great day approached that had been chosen for the ceremonies which should convert a pagan nation into a Christian people,—the Christian nation of the Ages of Faith. On Christmas Eve, 496, the holy Bishop of Rheims passed many hours in prayer alone before the altar; while Clotilde, the Christian Queen, prayed likewise

in her own private oratory within the palace. Then—whether by sudden inspiration or prearrangement we are not told—St. Remy went to the palace, to "profit by the silence of night for a last instruction." Here all were watching, in awed expectation of the morrow. The lord chamberlain of the palace conducted the Bishop to the presence chamber, where Clovis himself advanced to meet him, embraced him and led him to the Queen's oratory, which was dedicated to St. Peter. Here Clovis, Clotilde, a few priests who had accompanied the Bishop, and certain of the palace officials, took their seats; and St. Remy, standing at the foot of the altar, gave a last discourse on the eternal truths of the Christian Faith.

The pious chronicler who relates the event tells us that, as St. Remy was yet speaking, suddenly a bright light shone out in their midst, "so that the altar lights were as it were extinguished," and a voice was heard saying, "Peace be with you! It is I: fear not! Persevere in My love." And then the light faded, and a marvellously sweet perfume filled the air; while Clovis and Clotilde fell on their knees, shedding tears of joy. And St. Remy, moved by uncontrollable emotion, cried out with prophetic fervor in these words: "Your posterity shall govern this kingdom. It shall give glory to the Church and shall inherit the Empire of Rome. It shall prosper so long as it follows the way of truth and virtue. But its downfall will come from the inroads of vice and evil living."

When the emotion evoked by this prophecy had died away, the illustrious personages went forth from their oratory, and, passing through the wondering, awe-stricken multitude, proceeded to the church. The road from palace to baptistery was hung with rich tapestries and garlanded with flowers; a thousand lights blazed within, and rich perfumes filled the air;

so that Clovis, walking hand in hand with the Bishop through the still, starry night, paused at its threshold and exclaimed:

"Holy Father, is this, then, that Kingdom of Heaven which you have promised to me?"

"Nay, Sire," replied the Bishop: "It is but the entrance to that road which shall lead you thither."

Then, as the King drew near the baptismal font, he added the well-known words: "Bow thy head, O proud Sicamber! Adore henceforth what thou hast burned, and burn that which thou hast adored!"

One of his sisters followed him to the font; another made solemn abjuration of the Arian heresy in which she had been brought up; and then three thousand Frankish warriors bowed their heads beneath the waters of baptism, and became a Christian nation.

What Could It Be?*

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

I.

THE facts I am about to relate are as clear in my memory as if they happened yesterday. Bismarck had just lit a match in Spain, to set France on fire; Napoleon had thrown down the glove between his Chassepot rifles, and the old Emperor at Ems had caught it up with a glad cry of "War! war!" I was thinking of this one morning, making my bed according to the rules of the Order, with as much exactness and care as Von Moltke was expending on the plan of campaign which was to end at Sedan. All my interest for the moment was centred upon my glowing counterpane, worn thin as muslin by constant use,—more concerned in smoothing out its wrinkles

and straightening the edges than with the state of Europe and the loss of its equilibrium. And while I was at the most difficult point of my work, the porter came in to announce a visitor.

It was a wild March morning, and the hour so early that I thought only of some pious person come for confession before an early Mass. As I entered the large parlor, darkened by the rain outside the long, narrow windows, I remember how sombre the room looked, and how vague the form of a woman sitting on a sofa in the corner. She appeared strangely agitated, sighing loudly, moving convulsively, blessing herself and striking her breast, while passing the beads of a rosary through her fingers. As soon as she heard my footsteps, she rushed toward me, crossing herself still more fervently and weeping aloud. I saw that she was evidently a confidential servant from some great house, and under the influence of violent excitement. She covered her face with both hands as she stopped before me, and in a voice full of grief and terror cried out:

"Father! Father! the devil appeared to my mistress!"

For some cause or other, instead of concern or sympathy, a wild impulse to laugh seized me. I stopped for a moment to control my rebellious face; and the poor woman, who had probably never before considered that a Jesuit might be a risible animal, stopped too, visibly troubled. But the next moment with redoubled energy came the tears and the sobbing.

"Yes, indeed, Father, the devil appeared to her,—or perhaps a soul from purgatory; and she sent me running to beg that you would come quickly."

"But who is your mistress?"

"Doña Adela."

"Doña Adela what?"

She gave a name connected with so many noble houses that I could find

* From the Spanish of Padre Luis Coloma, S.J.

no clue, and I was obliged to say: "I do not know her."

"But she is the Señora Doña Adela, Countess of M." And, leaning toward me, she added in a half whisper: "The Buddhist!"

"The Buddhist!" I repeated, every temptation to laugh overpowered by a sinister memory. For, according to rumor, the devil was supposed to hold the lady in question, body and soul; so that the apparition could be in no way remarkable.

"And you say that the Buddh—that Doña Adela wishes to see me?"

"Yes, Father; she begs you to come at once. And she asks you to bring holy water."

"But what has happened? What is it all about?" I persisted, trying to get some light upon a circumstance which was becoming strangely interesting from its connection with the name of the lady in question.

The woman raised both arms above her head, took a step backward, and lifted her eyes to heaven. The action was so tragic that I was startled, as if she might repeat like Lady Macbeth, "A deed without a name." She sobbed hysterically:

"*Dios mio! Dios mio!* An awful thing, Father! Nothing like it was ever known before. I was in the cabinet folding the clothes, and my mistress at her desk writing. Suddenly I heard a noise of breaking glass, and there was the Señora at the door, pale as death, struggling for breath and gasping, 'My sister! my sister! Concha! Concha!' I thought I should die, Father; and I fell into a chair, shivering all over as if an army of rats were scurrying across me."

And, as if even the recollection were too much for her, she fell again to weeping loudly, and wandered about the room, wringing her hands.

"But, my good woman," said I, trying to calm her agitation, "what

was there so strange in Doña Adela's calling for her sister?"

"Father!—when her sister is six months dead! And when she appeared to her,—or if not she, then the devil! And it must have been the devil; for her sister was a saint,—a saint of God, if there ever was one."

"But what more did your mistress say about it? What did she tell you?"

"How could she tell me anything when she could not speak, and I trembling like a leaf, until suddenly she began to shriek again and again, flinging herself on the floor, covering her head with the curtains as if she were trying to hide? Her maid ran in, and the porter and servants from below,—for it is a very quiet house and my lady keeps a large retinue. When she saw her people about her, she recovered somewhat and spoke quite firmly. 'Mariana,' she said, 'go at once for a priest.' I ran to the parish church, but the pastor was saying a High Mass. I met Juanita Gutierrez in the vestry, and she told me that there were many Fathers in this house; so I ran—I ran—" and she broke off again, weeping.

I stopped for a moment, trying to discover some trace of sense in the incoherent story. But still the strangest part remained—stranger than the apparition of the devil or the resurrection of a dead woman,—that "The Buddhist," Doña Adela, had desired to have a priest brought to her. Before anything else I must make sure of this point.

"Are you sure your lady asked you to go for the priest?"

"Absolutely, Father, with her own lips."

I hesitated no longer, but prepared at once to follow the old woman, who was to be my guide through what promised to be a strange experience. She hurried on before, jostling against the passers in her excitement, and

looking back now and then to make sure that I was following.

Meantime I cudgelled my brain to recall what public rumor or private information had ever told me of the person we were about to see. Because of the seclusion in which she lived, and my own busy life, I had never even met any one who had known her. But I remembered an evening long ago, when returning from a sick call at one of the hospitals, that a very old and richly emblazoned carriage had passed me, drawn by a team of six fat, lazy mules. I saw vaguely the dark shadow of some one reclining on the cushions, and the face of an exceedingly ugly old woman peering through the glass. My companion, who knew something of everyone in Madrid, told me that the shadow was "The Buddhist," and the face at the window her attendant. Then in a flash I realized that the person hurrying before was the same.

Doña Adela de M., known throughout Madrid by the pseudonym of "The Buddhist," or "The Devil," must have been at this time quite seventy years old. Her father, who was the younger son of a noble house, was very wealthy and a member of the Cortes of Cadiz. During the revolutions of 1823 he had emigrated to France. They lived in Paris, and here his daughter was educated, at a time when the "Brains of Europe," as it was called, had gone mad over Victor Hugo and his contemporaries. In the literary heaven of the time, two stars of equal magnitude blazed in the zenith—the so-called "Muse," Delfina Gay, afterward Madame de Girardin; and the Baroness Dudevant, already celebrated in misfortune under the name of George Sand. An uncommon love of literature drew them closely together, and both were intimate friends of Doña Adela. In the salons and literary circles of the city, they were familiarly known as the "Three Graces." They had been known

to improvise on the same evening in the parlors of a Russian princess,—one dressed in Greek draperies, one in medieval costume, and one in boots and trousers. The affection of Doña Adela and George Sand in particular had been very close and constant. Years after, on the fly-leaf of a copy of "*La Mare au Diable*," which the celebrated novelist had sent her friend, I found this concise and epigrammatic inscription: "*Alteri Ego. George.*"

No one knew the reasons which caused "The Buddhist" suddenly to abandon Paris fifteen years later, and seclude herself in the old mansion of her ancestors, with an elder sister. This widow of a naval officer was an excellent and simple woman, who spent her life knitting stockings for the poor, and relating the extraordinary voyages she had made with her husband to the ports of South America. She was the Señora Concha, who, according to the account of the maid, had died six months before.

"The Buddhist" never received visitors, and never went out save to breathe the air in long carriage drives. She never entered a church nor approached the sacraments; and the only time her parish priest had called, he was respectfully but firmly denied admission. The common people, with their strange instinct for divining character and solving mysteries, had named her "The Buddhist" and "The Devil," on account of this want of piety, added to her literary fame. There was a popular rumor that in the first convention of women called in New York to demand the right of voting, one of the first to send in her adhesion to the resolutions adopted was the Doña Adela. She was also supposed to employ her abundant leisure in writing books relating to the emancipation of her sex.

At the same time that these half-forgotten scraps of gossip floated

through my mind, there came another remembrance. "The Buddhist" had never married; but, in spite of her many eccentricities, her lack of religious belief, and the open corruption of the society in which she had passed her youth, there had not been the slightest hint of irregularity where honor was concerned, or anything upon which detraction could feed. This was an anomaly; as if an onion had produced a rose, or a turnip blossomed into lilies. I am ashamed to confess that it had occurred to me earlier that perhaps an ugly face had been the guardian of virtue. All this confusion of thought, of which I was vaguely conscious, left a certain uneasiness as we approached the house; so that instead of being master of the situation, I was like a schoolboy entering on his examination.

The mansion we at last stopped before was old, with a splendid escutcheon carved above the arch of the vestibule. The great oaken portal, which opened as if we had been expected, ushered us into a magnificent courtyard, with a spacious marble stairway leading to the galleries above. Not a servant was visible, and the place looked neglected and unfurnished, as if the palace were unoccupied. Three black cats, seated gravely on an upper landing, blinked as we approached, and fled, moaning piteously. As they disappeared behind a heavy red portière at the end of the gallery, my guide—still heaving deep sighs, although she had stopped weeping—drew it aside and invited me to enter.

"Wait, if you please, Father," she said, "while I tell my lady."

There was a sudden change in the character of the room within. I found myself in a small parlor which might have belonged to a Parisienne of the time of the Directory. It lacked only a Merveilleuse, seated on the small sofa of ebony and brass; but the portrait of

a very beautiful woman hanging upon the wall above took the place of the missing chatelaine. I recognized it at once, even without the legend written below: "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" Opposite hung another picture, more recently and poorly painted, of a pale young man with a lofty forehead, very thick black hair, a high cravat reaching nearly to the ears, and a closely-buttoned coat. It was Victor Hugo at the time when he was writing his romantic dramas. A third portrait, in the best style of David, represented two figures; one, a lady in white satin under the trees of a garden, reading or declaiming to another from a book she held in her hand. In gold letters on the open page was the word "Lélia."

"Lélia!" I murmured to myself; "the romance which Chateaubriand could not bring himself to read, although he was a man of few literary scruples!"

At the feet of the French novelist—for it was indeed she—a slender youth reclined upon the grass, his head resting upon her knees as if listening to the reading, and the mouthpiece of an Eastern pipe in his lips. I could not recognize the face; but in the regular and delicate features, I saw at once the likeness of the woman of seventy to whom I was at the next moment presented. The duenna, agitated as ever, had just appeared at the open door and whispered:

"Father, the Countess is expecting you."

II.

I entered the room at once, and stopped, astonished, at the portal; for this woman was not the caricature of beauty which so many of her time had been: far from it. She still retained signs of a proud and exquisite loveliness, much more striking than the ethereal Delphina Gay, or the coarse fascination of Madame Sand, the third of the Graces. She was cowering in a

great *fauteuil* of red damask, drawn closely to the hearth, on which a huge fire was blazing. As I came in, she arose with difficulty; and I could not but admire the slender, majestic height, which the weight of seventy years had scarcely bent. Her hair, white as snow, was worn in *bandeaux*, after the fashion of her youth, and formed a striking contrast to the clear olive of her skin and the dark eyebrows that almost met above a delicate, straight nose.

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Father. Mariana misunderstood my message, and went to you instead of calling the parish priest."

Never had I heard a voice more sweet or exquisitely cadenced. But my admiration did not prevent me from understanding that the lady was politely informing me that I was not the person she desired to see; and I rose, bowing, to leave the room.

"You have not troubled me in the least, Madame; but since there has been a mistake—"

"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed quickly. "It is all the same to me—perhaps even better as it is. You may be better able to resolve my doubts."

I took the chair she indicated, and for a moment an embarrassed silence followed, as is usual before a conversation which one scarce knows how to begin. I broke it first:

"Your maid tells me that you received a great fright this morning."

"Fright?" she repeated, as if she did not understand the word. "Fright? No," she went on, trembling slightly as she spoke; "but surprise, annoyance, no doubt. I should never have believed that what happened was possible. I knew Alan Kardie very well in Paris; and he often spoke to me of his theories, but I laughed at them. And yet—"

"We are progressing a little," I thought. "The visit of the devil has changed the unbeliever into a

Spiritualist." And, folding my hands, I prepared to listen to her story. She hesitated a moment and resumed:

"You are not perhaps aware that I lost my only sister six months ago,—my poor Concha?"

I made an affirmative sign.

"She was a good woman—gentle, kindly, but—"

It appeared as if she were about to say "fanatical." I looked at her steadfastly.

"Devout," she continued, "and not very clever. She left her estate to a nephew of her deceased husband, and appointed me executor, leaving to me also the duty of having Masses said for the repose of her soul" (this with an almost imperceptible smile). "I troubled very little about that part of it, and I confess now that this was wrong. Although our opinions differed utterly, I should have respected her wishes. In the end I recognized this, and wrote to the parish priest a fortnight ago, asking him to say a daily Mass for my sister until further notice. To-day I got up early, as is my custom, and sat down to write to the Father, saying that the Masses might cease." (She threw aside the shawl in which she was wrapped, as if it had suddenly become too warm.) "I was writing in the next room, which is my boudoir. I had finished the note—a very short one,—and was about to add my signature, when I became suddenly conscious of a disagreeable impression. It was a feeling that I was no longer alone,—that my sister was close by, at my right hand. I had heard of people who imagined something similar in the dark; and resolved not to yield to the impulse to look up, but to finish my work, as I did. But I could not help glancing aside as I lifted the pen from the paper, and—this is the awful thing, Father, which I wish to explain but can not."

She flung herself forward, almost out of her chair, trembling like a leaf. Then in a lower tone, as if afraid of the sound of her own voice:

"It seems impossible, but it is certain—absolutely certain, without the shadow of a doubt. At my shoulder, leaning on my chair, I saw something that I can not describe in words, for it was out of the natural order. But I saw it clearly, as I see you this minute. It was an immaterial presence, like a column of smoke fashioned into a vague substance; it was like shape without form or color, or words without a voice; and in the midst something I knew to be my sister. Two eyes that were hers—her sad eyes imploring a favor,—and two tears of fire that glowed as they fell. I sprang from my chair so quickly that it struck against the window behind me, breaking the glass. Then the shadow moved nearer the table, stooped down and with a point of that—obscurity—touched the paper and blotted out my name."

The lady stopped with a sort of groan, and, falling back in the great armchair, wrapped herself in the cashmere again, shivering with cold or terror.

I had not yet recovered from the impression her story and excitement had produced in me.

"This must have been an illusion," I said at last. "Did not you yourself blot the signature in rising so hurriedly, with the fringe of your mantle or the lace of your sleeve?"

"No, no!" cried the Countess. "I was not wearing the mantle; and the sleeve—look!"

She stretched out both arms and showed me the tight sleeves of a gray taffeta bodice, with white cuffs, on which was no slightest stain of ink.

"That is what shocks me," she went on, no longer seeking to hide her emotion. "That is what I want you to explain. Do you think it possible that

a soul could come from some other world to prevent me from depriving it of a few prayers?"

"Yes, Madame," I answered, "I believe it possible, but I do not think it at all probable. I think it possible, because God can accomplish anything. If you allow that God exists, you can not deny this attribute; and if you allow His attributes, you can not deny His power of exercising them. But I do not think it probable, because God ordinarily attains His ends by natural means; because the supernatural is rare, and often confounded with natural results, the working of which happens to be unknown to us or hidden. Besides, were you suffering from insomnia? Had you slept well the night before?"

"Seven hours uninterruptedly, as if I were fifteen years old."

"Did the death of your sister disturb you greatly? Were you nervous, perhaps, recalling it?"

"No, Father. My sister was an ordinary woman. We were not congenial, and her death troubled me very little. If I was not moved by it at the time, was I likely to be six months after?"

"But when you began to write the note, had you no compunction at not carrying out the wishes of the dead?"

"Compunction!" almost shrieked the Countess, rising in her chair. "None. All that I felt was annoyance at having thrown away for Masses money that might have been better employed in giving alms to the poor, or—flinging it out of the window."

It is impossible to describe the accent of angry conviction with which the woman before me pronounced this phrase, "flinging it out of the window."

"But at least," I said, "you were thinking of your sister. It must have weighed upon you that her wishes had not been carried out."

"No, Father, I was thinking nothing of the kind. I had already written an

important letter to Paris, and was so much preoccupied with its contents that I made three mistakes in the four lines I was sending the pastor. I was not in any sense under a stress of feeling in regard to my sister."

"Then if the illusion could not have been caused in this way, it must have been by some other physical phenomenon. How does the light fall in your boudoir? Might there not have been some optical effect, some arrangement of mirrors?"

"I do not believe it. And even if it were so, how could any arrangement of mirrors blot out a name? Come in with me; examine the place for yourself. Let us see whether there is any explanation to be arrived at."

And the Countess rose haughtily, almost defiantly, preceding me to the inner room. The rôles were changed: I seemed to be the incredulous one, and she the believer struggling to convince me of the prodigy.

"Then you have not examined the letter since?"

"No. I have not had the courage to look at it."

At this point it would have been almost the truth to say that I was in the same position. But, hurried on by the force of circumstance, I passed through the door of the room. We were both silent, perturbed, like neophytes before the Sphinx. The little room was sumptuously furnished and very elegant, but in the same old-fashioned style as the salon outside,—as if its mistress had preserved all the fashions of a certain epoch. At the farther end was the desk, covered with papers. A beautiful writing case in ivory and gold was upon it; and a sheet of note paper on which one could see a few lines of writing and a long, wide horizontal stain, where the signature should be.

The Countess lifted the paper, making a great physical effort, as if she were

touching a snake, and placed it in my hand. The name was indeed blotted out. I examined it carefully in front, at the back, held it between me and the light, touched it. "The Buddhist" was quite right: this was no ink stain; it had not been blotted out by the fringe of a mantle or the drapery of a sleeve. It was dark, like a deep shade of leather; identical in color and effect with the imprint left upon paper by passing something burning over it.

I looked at my companion. She was leaning against the frame of the door, pale as one already dead. The paper trembled in my hand. We came out of the boudoir, and talked long and earnestly.

Three years afterward, in a far-away land I received the conventional announcement of a death. It was that of Doña Adela, Countess of M., who died in Seville on the 24th of April, "after having received all the sacraments of the Church." The card made no mention of relatives or friends; her spiritual director had taken charge of the obsequies. I hastened to recommend the soul of the departed to the Throne of Grace, but there was more than ordinary charity inspiring my intercessions. I awoke three times during the night, and not once dared open my eyes. I felt that before me I should see in the darkness two sad eyes which seemed to implore a favor, and two tears of fire that flowed silently over a pale, shadowy form as of smoke vaguely gathered into a semblance of Something.

LET everyone be fully persuaded that if his piety toward the Blessed Virgin does not hinder him from sinning, or does not move his will to amend an evil life, it is a piety deceptive and lying, being lacking in proper effect and in natural fruit.—*Pope Pius X.*

Early Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

WHILE devotion to the Mother of God is as old as Christianity itself, there is no doubt that it received a great impetus at the time of the Nestorian heresy. It would be difficult to maintain that there is the same *amount* of devotion to Our Lady on the surface of the earliest ecclesiastical history as there is in our own time,—at least in the technical sense in which the term is generally used. In other words, though the faith of the Church on the subject could not vary, other objects seemed at first to call forth a greater share of the attention and sensible affection of Christians.

It is beyond doubt that this devotion existed in certain parts of the Church. St. Irenæus, so closely connected with the Beloved Disciple, brought it to France, and in his works calls Mary by the name of patroness. Tertullian has written that "by her faith she destroyed the fault which Eve had committed by her credulity." Open St. Ephrem: you will imagine you have made a mistake, and have lighted on St. Bernard instead of an Oriental monk of the fifth century. All the glow of an Eastern imagination is called forth to sing the praises of the Queen of Heaven; and poetry is pressed into her service, just as eloquence became her handmaid on the lips of the sainted Abbot of Clairvaux.

Still, the writings of the saints alone do not suffice to prove the existence of, any more than to create, a popular devotion. While doctrine in the shape of a dogma issues from the high ranks of the Church, in the shape of devotion, on the contrary, it starts from below: it must influence the mass before it is worthy of the name. As an illustration, place yourself in imagination in a vast city of the East in the fifth century.

Ephesus, the capital of Asia Minor, is all in commotion. A council is to be held there, and bishops are flocking in from all parts of the world. There is anxiety painted on every face, so that you may easily see that the council is one of general interest. Most unwarrantably have the Nestorians taken the matter out of the terms of theology, and asked not only whether Our Lord had a double personality, but whether Mary was the Mother of God. Most injudiciously have they allowed the council to be held at Ephesus, the old See of Mary's adopted son—the Beloved Disciple St. John.

But perhaps they did not know the love of the people for her, of whose sojourn there, real or supposed, many a tradition still lingered; nay, perhaps the Ephesians themselves were not conscious how well they loved her. But now the fact is plain. Ask the very children in the streets what is going on; they will tell you that wicked men are coming to try to prove that their own Mother Mary was not also the Mother of God. And so during a livelong day of June they crowd around the old cathedral of St. Mary, and watch with anxious faces each bishop as he goes in.

Well might they be anxious; for it is a fact that Nestorius has won the court over to his side. It was only the other day that he entered the town, with banner displayed and trumpets sounding, surrounded by the glittering files of the Emperor's bodyguard, with Count Candidianus, their general and his own partisan, at their head. Besides which, it is known for certain that many bishops are disposed to vote with him. He himself is the Patriarch of Constantinople—the rival of Rome, the imperial city of the East. John of Antioch is also expected hourly with his quota of votes; and he, the patriarch of the See next in influence to that of Nestorius, is, if not a heretic,

at least of that wretched party which, in ecclesiastical disputes, ever hovers between the camp of the devil and the camp of God.

The day wears on, and still nothing issues from the church. It proves at least that there is a difference of opinion; and, as the shades of evening close around them, the weary watchers grow more anxious still. At length the great gates of the basilica are thrown open, and, oh, what a cry of joy bursts from the assembled crowd as it is announced that Mary has been proclaimed to be, what everyone with a Catholic heart knew that she was before, the Mother of God.

As the news greeted their ears, men, women, and children, the nobly and lowly born,—all crowded around the bishops with loud acclamations. They would not leave them: they accompanied them to their homes with a long procession of lighted torches; they burned incense before them, after the Eastern fashion, to do them honor.

There was but little sleep in Ephesus that night; for very joy all remained awake. The whole town was one blaze of light; for every window was illuminated. During many days after, the most celebrated prelates of Christendom preached on Mary's praises in her own cathedral; and the people flocked especially to hear St. Cyril of Alexandria deliver, in his majestic Greek, a sermon such as one might now hear in Rome on some high festal day.

Here we have the exemplification of a devotion still and deep until now; yet perhaps not loudly exploited until circumstances have caused it to seize a sensible hold upon the minds and hearts of men. A life-and-death struggle with heresy has brought it out. Henceforward it will be outwardly manifested by all peoples as a living, burning flame, never to be extinguished, but always growing in fervor while the world shall last.

Two Ways.

An excellent piece of work is Dr. Henry Van Dyke's book, "The Story of the Psalms," a new edition of which has just appeared. It abounds in fine and true sentiment, and is written in a style distinguished by pellucid simplicity. The point of view throughout is that of a sound moralist, keen in analysis but always kindly and gentle; as for example:

There are two ways of showing attachment to the past. One is by sneering at the present, finding fault with every new effort, holding back from every new enterprise, and making odious comparisons an excuse for inaction. There have always been some people of this kind in the world. If there were very many of them, the world would probably cease to revolve. They are the old men of the sea, the heavy weights whom the workers have to carry along with them.

But the other way of honoring the past is kind and generous and beautiful. It pays grateful tribute to the beauty that has faded and the glory that lives only in remembrance. It preserves the good things of former days from oblivion, and praises the excellent of the earth by keeping their memory green. It is faithful and true, willing to learn but not willing to forget. It drops a tear for the departed splendor of the first house, and at the same time it lends a hand in the building of the new house. Fortunate is the community and complete the festival in which this spirit prevails; for there the old and the young are in harmony, though not in unison; and the bright hopes of the future are mellowed and chastened by contact with the loyal memories of the past.

There are other good things in "The Story of the Psalms" which we may have occasion to quote.

OUR Heavenly Father knows what we stand in need of before we bend the knee or lift the heart. But He wishes us to pray—He has made us so that it is our duty to pray,—because it is more essential that our being should be kept in touch with Him and His kingdom than that we should obtain what we seem to want.—*Bishop Hedley.*

Notes and Remarks.

We note with regret that those of our separated brethren, who regard St. Gregory the Great as the founder of the Papacy are allowing the thirteenth centenary of his death to pass without due attention. Surely the man who could create a world-wide empire and set up an enduring dynasty deserves at least the tribute of a magazine essay. Catholics, who revere him merely as one of the greatest of the Popes, have not been behindhand in doing him honor. The Holy Father has officiated at commemorative exercises this week in Rome, and a large congress of Catholic savants will meet to discuss the ecclesiastical chant with which his name is associated. The Gregorian Chant, which the present Pope has so courageously essayed to exalt to its ancient pre-eminence, was not the only thing, however, that Gregory the Great reformed. The missionary spirit, orthodox doctrine, church discipline and liturgy,—all found in him a great exponent and apostle. His name is one of the glories of that long line of Pontiffs to which he allowed himself to be added so unwillingly; and his enduring influence upon the world, in matters of discipline and morals, has probably never been equalled by that of any other Pope.

The Rev. Dr. Starbuck's essays in the *Sacred Heart Review* have already extended through two hundred and ninety-five issues of that excellent journal. The feat, we believe, is unprecedented; but we have no fear that the contributions of this scholarly and fair-minded Protestant clergyman are drawing near their term: he still writes as weightily and as wittily as he did in his first instalment. Here is a characteristic bit apropos of the suggestion of an obscure Bostonian that Newman

and the Oxford converts were influential because they were acute and well-bred scholars—only that and nothing more: "Certainly it is not mere acuteness which has given to Cardinal Newman that wonderful perfection of style of which everybody speaks. Still less is it mere acuteness which enabled him, as Justin McCarthy says with truth, to check the progress of Protestantism in England,—a check from which we can not well say that it has yet recovered. At all events, the older Protestantism, negative and bitterly polemical, founded on the assumption that Rome is the Mystery of Iniquity, while it may still have life in German scholarship, has very little left in English. Its present representatives are such men as the late Mr. Kensit; and its literary organs, such sheets as the *Rock* and the *English Churchman*, which it would provoke a smile to describe as having anything to do with the world of thought."

It will be remembered that, not content with securing the withdrawal of the government subsidy from the Catholic Indian schools, the sectarian agitators prevailed upon Secretary Hitchcock to rule that government rations should also be denied to Indian children who are being educated by the Church at her own expense. It seemed to the remarkable men who pay Protestant chaplains for praying before Congress, who pay all sorts of chaplains for praying before soldiers and sailors, and who find no difficulty in granting subsidies to numerous educational and charitable institutions having an unmistakable complexion of sectarianism,—it seemed to these sapient legislators a hideous wrong that "money appropriated for fulfilling treaty stipulations" (in other words, money belonging to the Indians by right) should be used to feed Indian children who chose to attend a

Catholic rather than a government school. For the government to support Protestant chaplains or to appoint Protestant missionaries as consuls in foreign lands is broad, enlightened policy: for the government to fill the stomachs of Indian children with bread that belongs to them by right is rank sectarianism—if the children happen to be Catholics. Repeated efforts to secure the repeal of Secretary Hitchcock's ruling have hitherto been unavailing; but Chairman Boutell, of the House Committee, has now decided that, without any change of legislation, a limitation clause may be admitted into the annual appropriation bill to enable Indian children in Catholic schools to share in the treaty rations. The relief, however, is for this year only, and will have to be provided for in each succeeding appropriation bill until the existing legislation is changed.

By the death of Mr. Peter Paul Pugin, a great exponent of the revival of Gothic architecture has passed away. He was the youngest son of Augustus Welby Pugin, and his work (numerous churches and other ecclesiastical buildings) affords evidence of the talent which he inherited. For a hundred years Pugin and Gothic have been synonymous. The elder Pugin, grandfather of the deceased, inaugurated the Gothic revival in England, so ably promoted by son and grandson. All three have left splendid memorials of their genius and enthusiasm, and of the strong faith and tender piety which seem to have been traditional in the Pugin family.

The complete necrology of the world's Catholic missionaries in 1902 (published by *Les Missions Catholiques*) furnishes material for instructive comparisons and interesting reflections. Of the one hundred and eighty-nine missionaries who fell on the most

glorious of earth's battlefields, eighty-nine were Frenchmen, while eleven others hailed from Alsace-Lorraine. We sometimes see France's ancient title, "the Eldest Daughter of the Church," used as a sarcasm apropos of modern France; but the conspicuous fact remains that even modern France is the particular daughter of the Church that is by long odds the most prolific in heroic sons, in valiant standard-bearers for Christ's army of evangelists. Italy, with thirty-three million Catholics, gives to the list of deaths twenty-seven names; Germany, with twenty-seven millions, gives only nine; and "Catholic Spain" gives thirteen. They habitually do, and are actually doing, strange things in the Gallic republic; but, with her army of missionaries fighting God's battles all over Christendom—and heathendom,—and with Our Lady of Lourdes visibly holding above her the ægis of the Immaculate Conception, we refuse to believe that such insects of the hour as M. Combes and his colleagues will ultimately triumph over Catholic France.

Some important changes have been made in the administration of the Roman Curia. The Congregation of Briefs has seen its staff of employees cut down fully one-third, and a considerable diminution has been made in the salaries of those retained. The other Congregations, it is said, are to be subjected to the same reforms. The number of the Swiss Guards has also been reduced. The Pontifical gendarmes alone appear to have been benefited by these recent measures: their daily service has been reduced from twelve to eight hours, while their number has been increased from seventy to a hundred. Another reform, of minor importance, has brought considerable relief to the Canons of St. Peter's. Hitherto, if they entered the Basilica without being robed in their choir

habit, they incurred the penalty of excommunication; that ordinance, a relic of a day that is gone, has now been abrogated. These are, of course, trifling details; but they are perhaps worth citing as a proof of the great activity of the Holy Father in the interior affairs of the Vatican.

We expect to "live to see the day" which shall be one long pleasurable blush at the flattering things said by preachers, editors and government officials about the Church and the friars in the Philippines. The Secretary of War, more familiarly known to our readers as Judge Taft, recently spoke in highest praise of "those men of God," thanks to whose Christian teaching and virtuous living six millions of Filipinos are so admirably prepared to be our colonists. And only the other day Bishop Brent, the Episcopalian personage in the Philippines, told of the tenacity with which the Filipinos hold to the teaching of the friars. "Places," he says, "in which no priest had been for years, have weekly services under the direction of some layman."

Cordial congratulations from far and near have been showered upon Manuel Garcia, the world-famed teacher of singing and the inventor of the laryngoscope, who on the 17th ult. entered upon his hundredth year. Madame Malibran, whose name is now wellnigh forgotten, though she was a celebrity sixty or seventy years ago, was Señor Garcia's sister; and Jenny Lind was among his pupils.

To us it is a fact of pleasant significance that Father Cusack, the new Auxiliary Bishop of New York, is a priest who has been devoted almost exclusively to missionary work among both Catholics and non-Catholics. So far as we know, he has never attracted attention as an author, an adminis-

trator, an official or a church-builder; but, as Father Lavelle observed, "he was one of the first priests in this country to advance the cause of non-Catholic missions, and his life has been given up to this work." Father Cusack himself is probably the only priest of the great Archdiocese who was surprised at the appointment. "This news has come to me like a bolt from the blue," he said. "Why, I am not even a pastor! I haven't any church. Will I discontinue my work in the apostolate? My new duties will necessitate this; but my heart, and more than my heart, will still be in it."

As Bishop of Mantua and as Patriarch of Venice, Pius X. personally distributed thousands of copies of the Bible among his flock; he was also a leading spirit in the Society of St. Jerome, which has for its object the distribution of the Holy Scriptures. It is easy to believe that he is a providential man, raised up by God to defend the Bible in a day when it may need a stout defender. After the Reformation we had the theological battles to fight—questions of grace and election, predestination, free-will, etc. During the last half century we have had the scientific battles to fight—the question of the existence of God and the reality of divine revelation, etc. A look around the world shows us critics—Christian and non-Christian—assailing the Holy Scriptures, and leads us to the conclusion that the Bible is to be the great battle-ground of the future.

One of the first important acts of Pius X. was to condemn the errors of the Abbé Loisy; and hot upon that follows a *Motu Proprio*, in which the bishops of the world are admonished to aid "those among the clergy whom they shall find endowed by nature and suited for special Biblical studies" in the pursuit of this essential branch of sacred learning. His Holiness has

reserved to the Biblical Commission appointed by his predecessor the exclusive right of bestowing the new degrees of Licentiate and Doctor in Holy Scripture. And wisely—most wisely—he has decreed that no candidate shall be eligible for these degrees until he shall have first obtained the doctorate in Theology in an approved Catholic university. The gentlemen who have promulgated original theories about Holy Scripture recently have not, as a rule, been expert theologians. A six-years' course in dogmatic theology is a great steadier.

Last week the Combes ministry advanced another step in its anti-Christian campaign. On the 28th ult. the Chamber of Deputies, by a decisive vote of 316 to 269, passed the government bill for the suppression of all forms of teaching by the religious Orders, whether authorized or unauthorized. It only remains for the bill to pass the Senate, from which no serious opposition is anticipated; and then the hollowness of all M. Combes' promises to the authorized communities will be formally, as it has long been virtually, acknowledged. The new bill provides for the suppression in less than ten years of all Orders actually holding an authorization to teach within the territory of France proper. It does not apply to the French colonies, though the Premier made it evident in the debate that that development is expected to come later. All novitiates are officially suppressed, and the recruiting of new members forbidden under heavy penalties, except in the case of communities which labor exclusively in the colonies; for the present these are permitted to continue their course of enhancing the prestige and enlarging the boundaries of France abroad. They will work on undismayed, serving God more devotedly than ever and loving their country not less. They have

read in their Church history of other skyrocket statesmen,—comets that for a little hour made great commotion, and then suddenly and completely disappeared.

A missionary in China writes: "Walking by the market the other day, I noticed an edict of the Prefect posted up, and had the curiosity to read it. It ran: 'For the good of the people confided to us, we recommend most heartily concord and mutual good-will among all our subjects, especially husbands and wives. In this connection we denounce the criminal and detestable custom, unfortunately far too prevalent, of committing suicide because of the most trifling household disputes.'" As a matter of fact, suicide, in some parts of China, seems to be the common specific for any family quarrel, grave or slight. The recklessness with which men and women, boys and girls, merely to spite those with whom they have fallen out, give up the precious boon of life is a sad commentary on the vaunted philosophy of Confucius.

The resolutions against "the practice of burning a human being for any crime whatsoever," adopted by the Mississippi Confederate Veterans, are creditable to the humanity of those old soldiers. But is it not astonishing that in this twentieth century after Christ, and in this the country of the newest development of Christian civilization, it should be necessary for anybody to proclaim and emphasize that sentiment?—*New York Sun*.

Astonishing, indeed, and quite as humiliating.

The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland is rejoicing over the acquisition of a harp which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. It was bought at a recent sale for 850 guineas, with a grant in aid from the Treasury of £400. Interest in the unfortunate Queen is nowhere greater at present than in Scotland itself, thanks to the writings of the late Dr. Law.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

April Days.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

A DAPPLED sky of tender hue,
With filmy threads across the blue;
A dainty fragrance in the air,
A wealth of blossoms ev'rywhere;
And lo! beside the laughing rill,
The stately yellow daffodil!

A drowsy hum of droning bees,
The wild birds nesting in the trees;
The noisy voices of the brooks
Seem calling small boys from their books;
There willows droop and catbirds call,—
Oh, April days are best of all!

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

PART IV.

V.—THE BEGGAR OF THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.

IT was seven o'clock in the evening. The moon shone bright, and its light served to make the snow covering the ground seem colder still. Camille was walking sadly homeward; and on passing the Café des Ambassadeurs, he noticed a pale, emaciated young man, without a hat, shivering under his old coat. The strange part of it was that this youth strongly resembled his cousin Gustave.

Camille was interested at once; in spite of the nipping cold, he stood perfectly still and stared at this almost perfect image of his cousin. Just then a man crossed the street in front of them. Camille saw the youth go up to the passer-by and put out his hand.

"I have nothing for you," said the man sharply.

"I must have some money! I'm dying

of starvation!" answered the beggar.

Encouraged, doubtless, by the desertion of the street, the youth boldly seized the man's arm and held it fast.

Camille had at once recognized the voice as that of his cousin. There was no longer any doubt in his mind; so, rushing up to the unfortunate young man, he grasped his arm, exclaiming:

"Gustave! what are you going to do?"

"Who told you my name?" cried the beggar, trembling with fear. "Where did you know me?"

In his agitation he dropped the man's arm; and the latter hastened away, glad to escape with a mere fright.

"What are you going to do, Gustave?" repeated Camille, in a tone of sorrow and reproach, looking at his cousin with an expression of surprise and fear.

Recovering himself, the young evil-doer stared hard at the boy,—without recognizing him, however.

"Who are you? What do you want with me?" he asked harshly.

"Don't you know me, Gustave?"

"No: I never saw you before," replied the youth, turning to go away.

"I am Camille."

"Camille!"

"Yes: the nephew of M. Thomas,—Camille, your cousin,—the boy you abandoned in the gardens of the Tuileries. But do you live in Paris? What are you doing here?"

Gustave—for it was indeed he—remained silent; shame kept him from replying.

"It's too cold here to talk," said Camille. "Let us go to your house, or to mine, if you prefer; then we can be more comfortable."

"To my house! I have none," said

Gustave, in a choking voice. "If I had a shelter, do you think I should be prowling around here at this time on such a cold night? Do you think I would beg if I had had anything to eat to-day?"

"Don't talk so loud, Gustave," said Camille. Then, with gentle words, the generous boy persuaded his cousin to go home with him.

The latter followed in silence; but when he was inside the cabin, he could not restrain a cry of surprise at the neatness he saw on every side.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"In my home," was the reply.

The boy now hastened to do the honors of his house with a generosity worthy of him, although his guest was so undeserving of his pity.

"I'll make a fire in my little stove and you can warm yourself," he said, bustling about. "Since you're so hungry, open that cupboard. You won't find a great deal in it—only the supper and breakfast of a poor apprentice: some bread and jam and a swallow of wine. Eat all you want of it, for I'm not hungry. I'm too sorry to eat."

"Whose house is this?" inquired Gustave again, eating with avidity.

"Mine, or the same as mine."

"How's that? Does this land belong to you, and the house and furniture?" asked Gustave, in surprise.

"The land does not. I am only the guardian of it; the house was built for me by some friends. I suppose it is not really mine either; though the furniture is my property. But, cousin, how does it happen that you who were so rich—"

"Oh, it's a sorry enough story!"

"It isn't late: tell it to me," said Camille, sympathetically.

"Well, I will."

Gustave sat down close to the stove after finishing his supper, and he and Camille held the following conversation.

PART V.

I.—GOOD FORTUNE AND BAD FORTUNE.

"My story is not a long one," began Gustave, affecting a careless demeanor. "I've been unfortunate, that's all."

"And I've been fortunate," answered Camille. "But as there was a reason for my good fortune, there must have been one for your misfortune."

"How did so much good luck happen to come to you?" asked Gustave.

Camille then related, in the simplest and most modest way, what our readers already know.

"Now it's your turn to tell me about your misfortunes," added the boy.

"Well, after leaving you asleep at the Tuileries, I went back to Bordeaux. I began operations by discharging all the old servants."

"What, Gustave! Do you mean to say that you dismissed Jacques and his family, and Jeanneton and old Bouilé and little Lignac, every one of whom was born in my uncle's house?"

Gustave continued without paying any attention to this remark:

"You must not be astonished at hearing that a man can waste a fortune in six months, for nothing is easier. I hired new servants and they robbed me; friends borrowed my money; I gave parties and dinners; I bought carriages and horses; I made bad investments, and one fine day I found myself with no property and with only ten thousand francs in my purse."

"Ten thousand francs!" exclaimed his listener. "Why, if I had that much I'd think I was rich. So you have ten thousand francs left?"

"Listen to all of my story. I knew that the gaming-houses of Paris were closed; but I had often heard my father say that there were places called stock exchanges where one could win enormous sums. So I came up to Paris, risked my ten thousand francs, and lost the whole. Being now reduced

to poverty, I sold off my belongings, piece by piece. Finally, yesterday, as I wasn't able to pay the rent for a little furnished room I occupied, my landlord turned me into the street, keeping what was left of my wardrobe. When you met me, I had had nothing to eat for fourteen hours."

"What a good thing it was that I met you!" said Camille.

"Don't you bear me any ill-will?" asked Gustave, in surprise.

"I did, so long as I thought you were rich; now that you are destitute, I pity you and hold no grudge against you. Remember what your father used to say, Gustave: 'Whoever does evil, finds evil; who does good, finds good.' You will have to acknowledge that each of us has found his just reward."

"Have you any place for me to sleep here?" asked Gustave, trying to conceal under a yawn the annoyance Camille's last remark caused him.

"I have only one bed," said Camille. "You may have half of that."

"I'll try to content myself with it," returned Gustave, beginning at once to get ready to retire for the night.

Camille followed his example; he had just begun his prayer when he heard a well-known bark.

"Gustave! Gustave!" he cried, his voice choked with emotion. "Never deny the justice of God. I prayed to Him, and now He has sent my dog back to me."

Camille rose from his knees and ran to open the door for Fox. A moment later he came back, crying with joy, carrying his dog in his arms. He fell on his knees again, not to implore God this time, but to thank Him.

(To be continued.)

About St. Gregory the Great.

Nearly a hundred years after Cæsar conquered Britain, Claudius, another Roman Emperor, took a party of soldiers and went to look at the far-away island of which they had heard so much but really knew so little. For four hundred long years the Romans stayed in the country, taming the wild hordes of people and teaching them many useful things. Finally, the Romans got into trouble at home, and recalled all their legions. When the field was clear, and the fierce Roman Eagle well out of sight, other wild men came across the German Ocean, and drove all Britons whom they did not kill outright into the mountains of the North and West. The newcomers called themselves Angles, and the country was afterward named for them Angleland, or England. The marauders were fair, with blue eyes and golden locks; and they were heathens and worshiped their own false gods, among them Thor, for whom our Thursday is named.

In Rome there lived at that time a gentle member of the Benedictine Order, afterward to be called Gregory the Great and eventually St. Gregory. The Church is now celebrating the thirteenth centenary of his departure for heaven. The exact date was March 12, 604. He was the child of a distinguished father, and while still a young man was Governor of Rome. But on his father's death he gave his fortune to the Church and devoted himself to religion. The Pope made him one of the seven deacons of Rome, and he was also nuncio to the court of Constantinople. God was preparing him to become Pope himself.

While yet a simple monk, Gregory was walking one day through the slave-market at Rome, and saw some fairhaired children offered for sale. We can imagine how beautiful they must

THE most remarkable echo known is on the north side of a church in Sussex, England. It is capable of repeating twenty-one syllables in the clearest manner.

have seemed to eyes that were accustomed only to the sight of the dark skin and hair of the Southern countries. He asked who they were. "Angles," was the answer.—"Not Angles but angels!" said the future Pope.

This is one of the sweet old stories of which we never tire. The Venerable Bede has recorded it for us in his famous history. It is said that from that moment Gregory never lost the desire to carry the Gospel to that fair, beautiful race who dwelt on the island of Britain. And he had afterward troubles enough of his own, this quiet monk. He saw his friends dragged off, with ropes about their necks, to be sold in the slave-markets of Gaul; he saw cities that he loved ruined, and monasteries depopulated. Yet he pursued his peaceful way, always with an aching heart, but finding time to prepare the learned volumes which gained for him the title of Doctor, and never forgetting the golden-haired Angle children.

At last there came a propitious hour, and Gregory—now Pope Gregory—sent a zealous band of religious on the English mission, and at their head was St. Augustine. There were at that time several kings of England, and one of them was called Ethelbert. He was a heathen like his people, but he had wedded a fair young Christian, Bertha, daughter of the King of Paris. Perhaps Pope Gregory thought that there could be no better time to touch the heart of Ethelbert than this, when Queen Bertha had so lately brought the gentle foreign manners and loving heart of a Christian to his rough island home.

At any rate, St. Augustine was received most cordially by the King. The meeting took place at Canterbury, where the saint, standing under a great tree, told of the true God and His Son, Jesus Christ. The King listened courteously, and finally was baptized, and many of his people with him.

But St. Gregory did not send a missionary to them and call his task done: he founded among them numerous schools, lighting the torch of learning everywhere. He, great Pontiff as he was, did not disdain to be tutor to barbarians, even with all his bodily sufferings and pressing duties as head of the Church.

St. Gregory's love of the poor, to whom he gave all his wealth on the death of his father, is proverbial; and a beautiful story is told of the early years of his Pontificate. It was his custom to entertain daily at supper twelve poor men. Once he was surprised to notice that there were thirteen seated at the table. He called to the steward and said he had given orders that there should be twelve only. The steward, having counted them over, replied: "Holy Father, there are surely twelve only." Gregory said nothing more, but at the end of the meal he asked the thirteenth unbidden guest: "Who art thou?" The answer was: "My name is the Wonderful. Through me thou shalt obtain whatever thou shalt ask of Almighty God." Then the holy Pope knew that he had entertained an angel, or, as some say, Our Lord Himself.

Long ago, when England was Catholic, her schoolboys had St. Gregory for one of their patron saints, and these queer lines survive:

St. Gregory looks to little boyes to teach them
A, B, C,
And make them for to love their bookes, and
schollars good to be.

The day of his feast was made a great occasion; songs were sung in his honor, and one of their number was chosen boy-bishop, after a quaint custom of that time.

Although England grew afterward to be a mighty country, with hosts of learned and great men, she never forgot what she owed to St. Gregory and his pity for the beautiful slave children.

With Authors and Publishers.

—New volumes of the "Literary Lives Series" will be Coventry Patmore, by E. Gosse, and William Hazlitt, by L. I. Guiney.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. announce the "Voyages" of Jacques Cartier, Sieur de Limonlieu, the French discoverer who first sailed up the St. Lawrence. The work is a translation of original manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale and the British Museum. It is edited by Dr. Baxter, President of the New England Historical Society, who also contributes a memoir of the celebrated Canadian pioneer.

—Our English exchanges announce the death, after a long and painful illness, of Mr. Thomas Graves Law, the learned librarian of Edinburgh, and the author and editor of numerous historical works of great importance. His scholarship was held in high esteem, and he was a corresponding member of many learned societies. Dr. Law was at one time a priest of the Oratory at Brompton. His sad defection was foretold by Father Faber.

—The new Life of Father Damien, apostle of the lepers of Molokai, just published by the Art and Book Co., though not an ideal biography, will be welcomed for the interesting account it gives of his life and character as a boy and as a young man. It is of value also on account of the early letters which are quoted, and because it corrects certain misstatements concerning Father Damien which have been widely circulated by careless and irresponsible writers. The author is the Rev. Philibert Tauvel, S.S. C.C. A short introduction is contributed by the Rev. Pamphile De Veuster, of the same Congregation. Any profits accruing from the sale of the book will be devoted to the training of missionaries who are to follow in Father Damien's footsteps.

—Very enjoyable reading indeed is a brochure entitled "The Real St. Francis of Assisi," by Father Paschal Robinson, O. F. M. In the universal eulogy of St. Francis by non-Catholic writers Father Paschal fears that the true character of the *Poverello* may be obscured. We think he is quite right. There is too marked a tendency to acclaim St. Francis as a rare spirit canonized by the emotions of humanity—a poet, an idealist, a social reformer,—and too little disposition to study him in his true character as a Catholic saint. There are many, indeed, who set out to show that St. Francis was not a Catholic at all,—men like Sabatier, for example, whose interest in the Poor Man of Assisi has been too kindly appreciated, as it now appears, by Catholic writers. Father Paschal's

essay will prove an effective reply to such as these. It shows close acquaintance with modern Franciscan literature, and it is written in an engaging style and in a truly Franciscan spirit. Reprinted from "The Catholic Mind."

—A new enlarged edition of Father Schmitt's "Manual of Confirmation," containing instructions and devotions for Confirmation classes, has just been issued by Mr. Joseph Schaefer. Pastors and catechists will find good things in this little volume. Its literary style should be improved.

—It is a pleasure to hear that a monument is to be erected to the memory of Gerald Griffin in Limerick. It will take the form of a school, "established," says the *Casket*, "on the site of the court-house in which Griffin reported for a newspaper the trial of the case whose incidents furnished him with the idea of his greatest work."

—A Catholic newspaper having announced that the learned Canon Mackey, O. S. B., was engaged upon a history of Douai, he so far corrects the announcement as to say that, though commissioned by his superiors to produce the history, he can do no more than make remote preparations for it for some time to come. "I must, however, first compose that Life of St. Francis de Sales for which I have been preparing during the last twenty years and which is now my chief occupation." Twenty years may seem a long time to work upon a single book, but one can not help thinking that it would be better for both publishers and readers if Canon Mackey's methods came to be generally adopted by authors. If one may judge by results, twenty days seem to be enough for most makers of books.

—The late Cardinal Vaughan, in whose veins flowed Spanish blood, had the happy thought of leaving the erection of the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, in his splendid Cathedral at Westminster, to the Spanish nations, among whom the Blessed Sacrament has ever been honored by a singular and special devotion. Accordingly, he sent his brother, Father Kenelm Vaughan, to Spain and South America to collect the necessary funds. In a most interesting volume ("Viajes en España y Sud-América"), published by the Christian Press Association, Father Vaughan gives us a very entertaining account of his travels, relating many beautiful and touching incidents of the strong faith of the Spanish-Americans. His work is especially valuable as showing how vigorous the Old Faith still is among the South American Republics. It is needless to say that

his appeal was responded to with unbounded generosity. We are surprised, however, that Father Vaughan did not include the beautiful land of María Santísima in the account of his quest. In devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament, Mexico is not surpassed by any nation in the world.

—A notable feature of the celebration of the Immaculate Conception Jubilee in Mexico and Argentina will be the awarding of prizes for the best productions in prose and verse and the most creditable musical compositions in honor of the Jubilee. In Mexico the competition calls for theological disquisitions in Latin on the Immaculate Conception; philosophical essays in Spanish on the importance of the dogma; poetical productions in Latin on Pope Pius IX., and in Spanish on the subject of the celebration; also hymns and canticles in honor of the Jubilee, the latter to have Latin words. The prizes offered in Argentina are for the best productions on the following themes: The Republic of Mary, The Pope of the Immaculate Conception, Mary and the Arts, Woman Rehabilitated through Mary, The Serpent at the Feet of Mary (satire), Mary the Master Work of God (ode), To Mary on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Definition of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception (hymn). How thoroughly Catholic all this is!

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1.50, net.

The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist.

Very Rev. W. J. Kelly \$1.60, net

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. *Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

Sketches for Sermons. *Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S.* \$1.25.

On the Priesthood. A Treatise by St. John Chrysostom. 85 cts., net.

London Catholic Missions. *Johanna H. Harting.* \$2, net.

The Dream of Gerontius. 30 cts.

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury. *Bernard Ward.* \$1.60, net.

The Daughter of a Magnate. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.

The Ship of State, by those at the Helm. 75 cts., net.

The Beginnings of Christianity. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D.* \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Elcock, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. M. J. Minehan, diocese of Alton; and Very Rev. A. Andries, diocese of Natchitoches.

Mr. Joseph Saendker, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Charles Fette, Ansonia, Conn.; Mrs. Manus McFadden, Beaver Meadows, Pa.; Mrs. Paul Bouvia, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Joseph O'Toole, Denison, Texas; Mr. W. C. Hand, Baraga, Mich.; Mr. Peter Paul Pugin, London, England; Mrs. Mary Farry, Santa Clara, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine Welch, San José, Cal.; Mrs. Margaret White and Mr. Daniel Lynch, Geneva, N. Y.; Mr. W. J. Crosson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Charles Dougherty, Mr. David Viancourt, and Mr. Francis Miller, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. M. B. Byrne, Camden, N. J.; Mr. James Calahan, Wyandotte, Mich.; Mr. W. V. Obringer and Mr. Frank Leish, Canton, Ohio; Mr. Michael Connolly, Fort Worth, Texas; Mrs. Mary Gaffney, Los Gatos, Cal.; Mrs. Charles Powell, E. Liverpool, Ohio; Mrs. William White, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Bridget Buckley, Batavia, N. Y.; and Mr. Richard Irwin, Waterbury, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 16, 1904.

NO. 16.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

To Mary, Our Mediatrix.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

THY Son, O Mary, is the Sun in Heaven—
Can human eyes withstand His radiance bright?
But thou, O Mary, as the moon art given
To cheer our souls with thy reflected light!

Thy Son, O Mary, is the Prince of Splendor—
How shall we dare to stand before His face?
But thou, O Mary, art His Mother tender:
Gain thou for us His mercy and His grace!

Thy Son, O Mary, slain for our transgression—
How can we ask for aught who used Him thus?
But thou, whose sinlessness exceeds expression,—
Take thou our prayers, and offer them for us!

A Voice from the Russian Camp.



UST now the desirable quality of timeliness characterizes any topic that has to do with Russia; therefore, our readers may be interested in some account of a recent publication dealing with religious matters in the land of the Czar.

A chaplain of Russia's imperial embassy to Berlin, the Archpriest Alexis von Maltzew, has brought out his cycle of liturgical calendars begun in 1890. The work is well worth the attentive consideration of all who are interested in the religious situation of the Orient, and more particularly of Russia. The *Etudes*, the scholarly organ of the Jesuits of France, discusses these

volumes and speaks appreciatively of their importance. As it stands, the work is calculated to render valuable service, and will no doubt contribute much toward the *rapprochement* between the growing group of Russian theologians and the theologians of the Church Catholic.

In these calendars are to be found the liturgies of St. Basil and St. John Chrysostom, as well as a series of very devout prayers for Holy Communion, and other prayers for divers necessities; many of this latter series corresponding to those used in the votive Masses of the Roman ritual. The article in the *Etudes* reproduces a number of these prayers and dwells upon their piety and unction. It discusses, especially, everything relative to the seven sacraments; and insists on the dogmatic interest inherent in the rite of ordination to the three higher orders of deacon, priest, and bishop. The last two volumes of the work contain the "proper" of the saints.

The following paragraph from the French review will be found of exceptional interest to readers of Our Lady's magazine:

"What finally gives to the Russian calendar its peculiar physiognomy is the great number of festivals established in honor of miraculous images of the Blessed Virgin. There are as many as three hundred and twenty-eight in the course of the year, most of them proper to Russian countries, and some of them dating only from the last century. In

the list we discern some titles cherished in the West: Our Lady of Loreto (Sept. 14) for instance; and the Dolorous Virgin (Aug. 13), better known to us as Our Lady of Perpetual Help. In this cult, shown with such affectionate fondness and such liberality to the Mother of God, we recognize with joy one of the traits that bring the Russian Church closest to us, and a persistent souvenir, too, of the oldtime communion of souls. We remark, moreover, that, far from remaining stationary, the devotion to Mary, in the East as in the West, has been considerably developed even down to our own times."

The reviewer commends Archpriest Alexis for the great care bestowed on his account of the usages of the Catholic Church, and for the broad-mindedness visible throughout his work.

"Two merits especially should, we think, receive here due prominence: the resolute fidelity of the author to the traditional and truly Catholic doctrines of the Greek Church, and his sympathy for Latin Catholicism. Who has not sometimes heard of tendencies to doctrinal attenuation and of 'Protestant infiltrations' in the bosom of the Greek Church? We do not know how well or ill founded this reproach may be as regards individual members of the orthodox clergy; although it has always seemed to us that such rumors came chiefly from those Anglicans or Old Catholics who were interested in asking from the Orient some compromise of doctrine. What we do know is that the Russian Church, as a church, has opposed to these overtures the firm and intransigent attitude of the seventeenth-century Greek patriarchs. And we note with lively satisfaction that this attitude is uniformly that of the distinguished chaplain of Berlin."

The Russian author deals with another question in which the recent pronouncements of our American Dr. Briggs have reawakened some transient

interest in this country — Anglican orders, to wit. Archpriest von Maltzew declares that the decision of Leo XIII. as to their nullity was based on facts, and is in perfect accord with the view of the Orthodox Church of the Orient. He adds:

"So long as the Anglican Church does not officially reject the thirty-nine articles, she preserves the Calvinistic character that belonged to the authors of her constitution. . . . The thesis in accordance with which the Anglican bishops could, by means of the Apostolic succession, trace their powers back to our Lord Jesus and the Apostles is, therefore, in direct contradiction to the fundamental principles of their own church. Besides, the consecrating Anglican bishops can not have the intention of transmitting to their successors that which the Orthodox Church regards as the essence of the sovereign priesthood: the power to administer all the seven sacraments, only two of which are retained by Anglicanism; and the power to work the miracle of transubstantiation, in which the Anglican Church does not believe. This intention would be clearly contradictory to the doctrine of their church, which doctrine they have affirmed by oath."

It remains to be said that the Russian chaplain maintains the Oriental opinion as to the different doctrinal points that separate the Greek and Latin Churches. One feels, however, that he would willingly lessen their number; and, in any case, his attempted reconciliation of some of the matters in dispute shows good-will and an attitude of rare impartiality. He looks upon the restoration of the oldtime ecclesiastical unity as the ideal end which every true Christian should desire, and should so far as he is able endeavor to bring about. No Occidental believer in Christ need hesitate to repeat the prayer:

"May God hasten the day when the

venerable and ancient churches of the Orient and Occident, which once of common accord offered their children as martyrs to God, and which, despite their centuried separation, have faithfully preserved the ancient faith and the ancient rites, shall reunite in their first love, so that the intimate desire of the Redeemer in His last hour may be consummated: 'That they may be one!'"

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

IV.—A GOOD BAILIFF.

WHEN the Marquis awoke it was late in the day, and he heard the sound of a strange voice in the courtyard. He made haste to descend, and found a young man talking with Pieyrard. The stranger approached him and made a deep obeisance.

"You do not recognize me, Monsieur le Marquis? I am Francis Deschamel, bailiff of Noyant. I was begging Pieyrard to let you sleep: one always wakes too soon to learn unpleasant things. But first, to reassure you somewhat, I will tell you who I am. My mother was a work-woman on the Ducoudray Farm. I was eight years old when she died. As for my father—(Francis made a gesture of sorrow and shame.) In short, Monsieur, everyone jeered at me, and the neighboring children used to beat me. The late Marchioness, your mother, alone took pity on me, and sent me to school. I learned a little Latin, so that I was pretty well educated for one of my age and condition."

The man hesitated a moment, and John murmured:

"My dear mother was a saint, God rest her soul!"

"One day," continued the stranger,

"I saw a terrible incident that took place in the village. Some peasants were evicted because they could not pay their debts. The bailiff treated them so brutally that I would have whipped him had I been able. The scene remained in my memory, and when I was old enough to choose a calling, I said to myself: 'I will be a bailiff. Why? So that I may do just the opposite of what that hard-hearted brute did.' When I was twenty I went to Tours in order to qualify myself for the position; and a year ago I received the appointment of bailiff at Noyant. If I do not do all the good that I might, I at least hinder some evil. I gain time for the unfortunate whom I am compelled to sue and pursue. I shame the rich who show themselves merciless. When the eviction can not be avoided, I wink at a great deal; and if the poor fellow that is tipped out of his home carries off a sack of wheat or a few bottles of cider, my legs are too short to go after him."

"You are a good fellow, Monsieur Francis. If there were more bailiffs like you—"

"Alas, my Lord, there is a creditor whom I can neither soften nor cajole, and that is why I am here."

"I can guess. I have not yet paid my taxes."

"You have been notified twice. The third time there will be an execution on property, real and personal."

"And the third summons?"

"The taxgatherer of Noyant has obliged me to bring it to you. Here it is."

"I can not possibly pay it."

"So I thought. I have begged the collector to give you time. He is not a bad sort of man, and I think he would have consented, only he is pushed to the wall by the special receiver of the district, who in turn is pushed by the general receiver. To be brief, no further delay can be hoped for.

The treasury is like a mill-wheel which grinds all that comes in its way."

"Then, Monsieur Francis, what will happen?"

"Alas, my Lord, the Lizardière will be sold by order of the court, before the tribunal of executions at Baugé, the chief town in the district."

"I will set fire to it first!"

"You can not do it. The Lizardière is pledged to the government. You would be presented as an incendiary at the assizes. Besides, the state is just as much a creditor as any other creditor, and a debt contracted against it must be paid like any other debt."

"It is true," said John, lowering his head. "I am vanquished."

"Not yet, my Lord. There is one resource left."

"And what is it, Francis?"

Francis made no reply for a moment or so, and seemed to be much embarrassed. At length he began:

"Monsieur le Marquis, I came not to render but to ask a favor. I know a good girl in Noyant, named Madeleine, a dressmaker. I am going to marry her when I am rich enough. I am laying by some money for that. But I am a little afraid,—you know we young men are so rash: I am afraid I may squander it all. Will you relieve my anxiety by accepting the two or three hundred francs which I have at command? You can pay the taxes, and at the end of a year, or two or three years, you can repay me, principal and interest. This is the favor that I ask of you."

"You are a good soul, Francis," said John, deeply touched. "But I can not accept your offer. I could never refund the money."

"But—"

"Do not insist. You would only pain me. And now, when must the Lizardière be sold?"

"In five or six days, at Baugé."

"Very well."

"Good-bye, Monsieur! Do think of it again and see—"

"Good-bye, my dear fellow! My reflections are all made. I thank you again from the bottom of my heart; but I can not accept. Good-bye!"

The Marquis pressed the young bailiff's hand; and, turning suddenly—perhaps to conceal his emotion,—he went back into the house. As for Francis, he went down the stony lane; and having reached the fork of the Lude and Marcilly roads, he turned to the right, taking the one which led to Marcilly. A little farther on he hesitated between the route to Chalonnes and that to Noyant.

"But no," he murmured, "all hope is not gone."

And, instead of going to Noyant, he continued his course toward Marcilly by the same road the Désormes had taken the day before.

V.—THE COUNTESS DE CHAZÉ.

John went to the little chapel, entered, and left the door open behind him. He remained on his knees for a long time before the tomb of his father and mother; then, blessing himself devoutly, he rose gently, as though fearing to disturb their repose, and seated himself on the oaken bench where his mother used to spend many hours of the day in communion with God and the Blessed Virgin. Here lay her prayer-book, ivory-bound and bearing the family arms; here also lay "The Following of Christ," a chapter of which she had read daily.

John opened the wondrous book and began to read. Soon he fell into a reverie, and his thoughts, led heavenward, caused him to forget all earthly worry; and he realized how insignificant are the ills with which adverse fortune can afflict us, if we but buckle on that impenetrable armor which ever lies in readiness for the good and faithful follower of Christ.

For more than two hours the young Marquis continued his meditations, which were suddenly interrupted by the entrance into the chapel of a tall, dark, elegant-looking woman of about forty, whose magnificent eyes contained an expression of purity and goodness such as one sees in the Madonnas of the ancient masters. After she had offered up a prayer at the foot of the altar, she approached John and, laying her hand gently upon his shoulder, said:

"Come with me, my cousin."

John raised his eyes, recognized her, and followed her upstairs.

"Sit down, cousin," she said, "and listen to me, without interrupting. Francis, the bailiff of Noyant, has just been to Marcilly, and has told us—my husband and myself—everything. This is what we have decided upon, and what I have come to propose. But first let us go back a little. When I married your cousin, the Count de Chazé, you were still a child. I found you good and intelligent, and I became interested in you at once. I undertook to educate you. I taught you to write and to draw, and all that I knew of arithmetic. Unfortunately, you were not only intelligent and good: you were also careless and a dreamer. For that I often used to punish you, and make you go without dessert at dinner. You used to say, angrily: 'You hateful cousin!'

"Well, it is just that hateful cousin that comes to-day to scold you. The life you are leading is not worthy of a man of courage and ability. I understand your attachment to the things of the past, and I sympathize with your sadness. The bitterness of your memories I understand. But I blame your want of courage and your want of confidence in yourself. When the Count and I both urged you to choose a profession, you answered only with anger and disdain; and when we offered to come to your assistance, you

wounded us by the haughtiness of your refusal. We do not treasure it against you: one treasures nothing against those who suffer. But we quietly awaited this hour, which we knew must come. That is why, as near relatives, we ought to help you, and we will. You have two great faults, my boy: pride and laziness; but they may both be corrected by one remedy—work. There!—you frown as of old, and you are going to cry: 'You hateful cousin!'

"No, my cousin Christiana," said John, smiling.

"Very well then. Your cousin Christiana orders you to do as follows. The Lizardière will be sold in five days. The price will be three hundred francs, the amount of the debt; and the bids will not exceed fifteen thousand francs at the most. Although our fortune is tied up in real estate, the Count has some loose money, and he will buy the Lizardière. He is much beloved in the county and no one will bid against him. The estate will remain in trust in his hands until you shall have earned sufficient to buy it back."

"But how earn, my cousin?"

"In this way. You are an artist—at least you were before you gave up all occupation. The Count was thinking of having the armory, the large parlor, and the dining-room of the castle painted. You will come to Marcilly, and establish yourself there, with Pieyard and Clodion, in the Petit Château at the foot of the avenue. You will work every day at the restoration of our old nest; and when the work is finished the price can be settled by experts, to save your pride from being ruffled."

"You wish me to ornament the walls, cousin?"

"No: I mean for you to paint them in fresco. Moreover, as the sum realized by the sale of the Lizardière will come almost entirely to you, and as you owe so little to the treasury, that sum added to the price of your work will

amount to quite a small fortune. If you take my advice, you will use it in prosecuting your studies and in perfecting your talent. Go to Paris and study with Corot. Soon your pictures will command a large price; you will be wealthy. Then you can come back to the Lizardière, which your cousin will have kept for you. You can transform and beautify it; and then you can marry one of Walter Scott's heroines, as befits the master of this Caleb, otherwise called Pieyrard."

"Ah, what a hateful cousin! But I must take the goat too."

"Certainly. Your little cousin Madeleine will tie some pink ribbons on him. By the way, you have not inquired for my daughter."

"That is *your* fault. I could not get in a word during your lecture."

"Very well. Shall we go now?"

"What! Immediately?"

"Yes, now, before you change your mind. Only do me the favor to don a costume a little less picturesque; for in case visitors happened to arrive at the castle, I should look as though I were bringing home a Robinson Crusoe."

"Cousin, it is not generous in you to mock me in that way!" cried the young man, turning white.

"You are right, John. Forgive me! That is a fault of *mine*—teasing. But you know how well I love you. Now I leave you, and I am going to talk to Pieyrard while you make your toilet."

And she went out, laughing her full, deep laugh.

When John went down he found the Countess conferring with Pieyrard.

"There," she said to the Marquis,—
"this is what I have arranged with your Caleb. He will come this evening with the goat and take up his abode at the Petit Château. He will serve you there as here. More than that, he will do us another service: he will come every day to the Lizardière. I know that you want the flowers in

the chapel renewed, and I loved your mother too well to permit her tomb to suffer from the absence of her son. Pieyrard has promised to attend to it."

"How kind of my cousin!"

"Oh, no flattery, or I shall begin to tease you some more! Come, then: I left the victoria outside the gate; for, saving your presence, I found the avenue rather Alpine. And Clodion? Where is that Merovingian? Ah, here he is!"

And Christiana stooped to pat the dog, which, very much flattered, stood upon his hind legs and put his fore paws on her shoulders.

"And here is one more savage to be civilized," she said, laughing, as she tried hard to escape from his exuberant caresses.

A few minutes later the carriage, followed by Clodion, carried off Marquis John and the Countess Christiana, in the golden light of the sunset.

(To be continued.)

Graves Old and New.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

ONE sombre day a year ago—

A little year so quickly sped,—

Two knelt by graves of kindred dead
And told their beads in accents low.

Then, rising, dwelt on life's short span,

On Death's approaching unawares

So many wrapt in worldly cares,

The tomb unthought-of in their plan.

Of former friends for years at rest,

Of others recently laid low

By illness long or sudden blow,

They spoke, and owned God's will is best.

Then wondered what might be that will

As to their own careers on earth,

How soon or late should come new birth,

What time for penance left them still.

Within the year, to one the end

Has come of strife his soul to save;

And, kneeling here beside his grave,

The other prays: "God rest my friend!"

Scotland after the Reformation.

 BY MARY CROSS.

THE Reformation in Scotland was scarcely that simple, spontaneous and popular thing a certain school of historians would have us believe. As in England, legislation had much to do with the establishment of Protestantism; though how Parliament had power over soul and conscience, and whence it derived such power, is difficult even to imagine. There were enacted and enforced in Scotland penal laws against adherents to the ancient Faith similar to those in England, except where they exceeded in severity; and the Scottish nobles took to heart the lesson of the appropriation of church property by Henry VIII., and also by the English nobles during the minority of Edward VI.,—the minority of their own sovereign and the confusion and disorder of the realm affording a favorable opportunity for “gripping” the church lands, of which they were not slow to take advantage.

The leaders of the Reformation formed themselves into a league, which they called the Congregation of the Lord, for the maintenance and extension of their tenets; and bound themselves to apply their “whole power and substance and very lives” to those purposes, and to “wage their lives” against all who troubled the aforesaid Congregation. In 1560 the ancient Church of Scotland was overthrown by the act of a Parliament not possessed of any lawful authority, as the sovereign had not assented to its assembling and was not represented thereat. To this illegal convention the friends of “Reform” presented a petition demanding the abolition of Papal authority and of Catholic doctrines, and the employment of the church patrimony in the sustentation of the ministry, the estab-

lishment of schools, and the relief of the poor.

From the pulpits the ministers urged the nobles to slay every Catholic priest and prelate who stood out against a change of religion. A Confession of Faith was drawn up and adopted by Parliament. It is doubtful whether the Catholics present were allowed to speak; some were ejected from the House, and we know of one at least who was threatened with death by his own brother if he offered any opposition. Archbishop Hamilton issued a protest in the name of the whole clergy of Scotland, to no purpose. An act was passed abolishing the authority of the Pope, and forbidding the celebration of Mass under pain of scourging and forfeiture of entire property for the first offence, of perpetual banishment for the second, and of death for the third.

Thus was swept away that Holy Sacrifice to whose efficacy Knox bore unconscious testimony when he said that he would rather see ten thousand Frenchmen in Scotland than a single Mass; that Holy Sacrifice which Ninian and Kentigern and Columba had offered; which Margaret had heard daily; at which Bruce and his gallant army had assisted on the morning of Bannockburn. How little the patriot-king of Scotland thought when he built a chapel on the spot where his friend Seton fell, wherein Masses were to be offered for the repose of his soul, that Mass should be abolished and the dear-bought independence of his country be surrendered by a later generation of so-called champions of civil and religious liberty!

No attention was paid to that portion of the Reformers' petition which touched the pockets of the nobles by demanding the restoration of the church patrimony to its original purposes. Knox himself tells us that some of those who had profited by the spoliation were more rigorous in their exaction of

tithes and other duties "than ever the Papists were." As the preachers were, from their own accounts, in danger of being starved out, the amount of support they received must have been small indeed, as the number to be supported was not large. Seven years after the passing of the act, when the Kirk Assembly met, it numbered 267 readers and 100 ministers; not a great amount of success, as a Protestant writer observes, at the first blush of the Reformation, and at a time when we are told that ail were eager for the change.

Innumerable religious edifices, including the Cathedral of St. Andrews, and the Abbey of Scone, the scene from time immemorial of the coronation of the Scottish kings, had been either irreparably damaged or levelled with the ground at the first declaration of war against the religious houses. However, numbers still remained. But "what had escaped in the first tumult did now undergo the common calamity." In 1561 an act was passed for the suppression of "all remaining monuments of superstition"; to which barbaric edict Lord James Stuart, the Earls of Arran, Argyll, Glencairn and others, gave effect. Altars, images, and missals were destroyed throughout the kingdom.

No graven image might worshiped be,
Excepting always the currency.

Cathedrals, abbeys, and churches, stripped of their roofs and doors and windows, were left to fall to ruin. Neither the libraries nor the ancient records nor the tombs of the dead were spared. "All that was valuable in art and venerable in architecture was deliberately destroyed." At a later date the Privy Council appointed the sheriff of Aberdeen and Elgin, with others, to take the lead from the cathedrals of those cities, and sell the same for the maintenance of Regent Murray's soldiers. But the vessel with the lead had barely left Aberdeen harbor

for Holland, where the metal was to be disposed of, than she sunk with her sacrilegious cargo.

In 1563 proceedings were taken against a number of priests, including the Archbishop of St. Andrews, for celebrating Mass; and, as Hosack writes, the wilds of Ayrshire became the resort of persecuted Catholics, who, on the bleak moorland or behind a sheltering rock, secretly worshiped God as He had been worshiped for fifteen hundred years. The more zealous Reformers, impatient of the law's delay, would attack and disperse the "idolaters" when they found them so engaged,—proceedings which were applauded by Knox, who asserted that private individuals might slay with their own hands those who differed from them in religion. In 1569 four priests were condemned to death at Stirling for having offered Mass. The extreme penalty was not carried out; but the victims of the Calvinistic conception of liberty of conscience were bound to the market-cross, with their chalices and vestments, and exposed to every species of insult, spat upon and reviled as their Master was. The vestments and sacred vessels were afterward burned.

For many years after the passing of the penal laws, all the northern counties were either entirely or for the most part commanded by noblemen who, with a large proportion of the people, adhered to the Catholic Faith. Seventeen years after the supposed consummation of the Reformation, a Corpus Christi procession marched in broad daylight through the streets of Perth, to the consternation of the Kirk session. That stern body expressed its regret that "certain inhabitants of this town, against the express command of the civil magistrate and the prohibition delivered by the minister from the pulpit, have played Corpus Christi play upon the sixth day of June last, which day was wont to be called Corpus Christi Day, whereby

they have offended the Church and dishonoured the hallow town"; and the offenders were deprived of certain privileges "until they showed evidence of repentance."

In course of time the penal enactments and the ensuing persecutions did their work, and were responsible for many perversions. The only legal permission to a Catholic even to live in Scotland was conditional on his signing the "Confession of Faith,"—that creed which is to-day condemned by many of the very ministers who have subscribed to it. Thus Principal Story, addressing the General Assembly in Edinburgh this year, declared that he would rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn than bend his knee before such a monstrous travesty of Divinity and Omnipotence.

King James VI. revived the rack and torture. As in England, they who harbored a priest were thereby guilty of high treason and condemned to death, loss of goods, and outlawry. The Royal Order required everyone to apprehend or slay a priest wherever found. All the journeyings of the priests had to be undertaken on foot, and, for secrecy and safety, along mountain paths and through loneliest glens, in the garb of peasants; their food, when they obtained any, of the coarsest and scantiest description; in constant danger of a cruel death preceded by a more cruel torture; "ministers of God, in much patience, in tribulation, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in prisons, in seditions, in labors, in watchings, in fastings"; * consoling and encouraging the scattered remnant of the faithful.

James Wood of Boniton died a martyr. Father John Hamilton died whilst a prisoner in the Tower of London. Father Anderson suffered the torture of the boots, in which his limbs were so crushed that "blood and marrow

started from the compressed parts." Gilbert Brown, the last Abbot of Sweetheart Abbey, near Dumfries, was captured and banished. He died in Paris at the age of eighty-four. The Reformers described him as "the famous excommunicated perverting Papist, who ever since the Reformation had continued in ignorance and idolatry, and had been continually occupied in the practising of heresy."

Venerable John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow, was betrayed and taken prisoner to the house of the Protestant dignitary, Spottiswoode, who struck him on the face and asked him how he dared say Mass in a "Reformed" city. Spottiswoode wrote to King James that the examination of the priest should be conducted with great secrecy; and if he would not confess, torture should be employed. Father Ogilvie himself records: "I am ordered to be examined with the torture of the boots, that I may betray the places and persons of Catholics. The King's commissioners arrive, and condemn to death fourteen Catholics who were in prison with me,—some to the wheel, some to the gallows." For eight days and nine nights relays of executioners forced the priest to keep awake by wrenching his limbs, thrusting needles or pins under his nails; all the while threatening extraordinary tortures, or promising great rewards for apostasy. In prison he was fastened by two rings to a piece of iron weighing two hundred pounds; and, remaining constant in spite of all, was condemned to death for the crime of being a Catholic.

On the 10th of March, 1615, crowds flocked to the Tolbooth to see how the Popish priest could die for his religion. On the scaffold he was promised life and liberty and riches if he would apostatize, but he refused to betray his Master for all that was offered him. He stood firm before both torture and

* II Cor., vi, 4, 5.

temptation. But a few more earthly pangs, and the heroic priest had heard the great "Well done!" and entered into the joy of his Lord.

In the watching crowd there stood a young foreign Protestant, Baron Johan of Eckersdorf. Father Ogilvie, when bidding farewell to the Catholics present, threw his rosary to them. It struck the young Baron on the chest, but was instantly snatched away by Catholic hands. "Religion was the last thing I was thinking about then," says Eckersdorf; "it was not in my mind at all. Yet from that moment I had no rest. Those rosary beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would, I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic,"—conscience, and, let us add, the prayers of Her in whose honor that rosary had been so often told.

A suggestive picture of the state of Scotland a century after the Reformation has been left us by Dr. John Forbes of Corse. Many parishes lacked "reader and schoolmaster," nor were there schools for teaching country boys and girls at least to read. "So long as these things are neglected, so long shall we continue to see by far the greatest part of our people absolutely illiterate, grovelling in wretched, hopeless ignorance.... Thousands of these wretched creatures seem to have actually dedicated themselves to the service of Satan. The universities and public schools languish in squalor and are almost deserted.... Lads of promise, hampered by poverty, are led into poaching and theft and other lawless methods of making a livelihood; or finally, disgusted with the mother country, fare forth across the sea to rude military service abroad, or servitude. The insatiable greed of the sacrilegious devourers of the old funds has brought it about that the flower of Scottish manhood is perishing in neglect, or fading away in idle obscurity.

Where, I ask, are our 'orphans' and children's homes, our houses of refuge for the old and poor, our hospitals, our houses of reception for strangers, our quiet hermitages for men who are by nature better fitted for writing than for leading the people? Where are the colleges that used to be given over to pious uses? All these things are demanded by the law of God, *by the example of the old Church*, and, I may say, by human reason too.... Nor should the sacred places of worship be allowed to suffer by comparison with private dwellings, actually seeming more like pigsties and dirty hovels."

In 1643 the General Assembly and Convention of Estates sanctioned a solemn Covenant for "the Reformation and Defence of Religion"; and the Commissioners of the Assembly enjoined the Presbyteries to take account of the signing of that bond within their several jurisdictions; to proceed with the censures of the Kirk against all who refused to subscribe to it, and to report them to the Commissioners. Those so denounced to ecclesiastical authority were ordained "to have their goods and rents confiscate for the use of the publick," and were not permitted to "enjoy any benefite, place, nor office within this kingdome."

The Covenant itself was an oath whereby each individual bound himself to use his utmost endeavor for the preservation of the Reformed religion; for the extirpation, without respect of persons, of Popery, prelacy, superstition, heresy, schism, and whatsoever else should be found contrary to sound doctrine and the power of godliness; and for the discovery of all such as had been malignants or evil instruments by hindering the reformation of religion, or making any factions amongst the people, in order that they might be brought to trial and receive condign punishment as the degree of their offences should deserve, or the judica-

tories of both kingdoms respectively, or others having power from them for that effect, should judge convenient. Such, in the language of the Covenant itself, was the religious liberty the Solemn League purposed to secure for Scotland.

Until early in the nineteenth century, a burgess of Glasgow on taking the oath was called upon to "confess and allow the true religion presently professed within this realm, and authorized by the laws thereof, and to defend the same to my life's end, renouncing the Roman religion called Papistry."

To-day the powerlessness of the Kirk over the people is evident from "the widespread and deep-rooted prevalence of immorality" deplored by various Presbyteries, the spread of unbelief and materialism, the laments over "lapsed masses" and empty churches; whilst ministers themselves preach rationalism and attack the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. But there are other signs of the times. In non-Catholic journals, misrepresentations of things Catholic are corrected and bigots sharply rebuked. Thinking men recognize the necessity of a spiritual guide other than individual interpretation of Holy Writ; and if they are not prepared to accept the authority of the Catholic Church, they see in her the one Church that is at least consistent and sincere, unmoved by fluctuating human opinions, untouched by "the arrows shot from infidel platforms." "Rome is gaining in many ways," confessed a member of the Scottish Protestant Alliance; and "Protestantism is powerless to resist the progress of Rome," declared another.

Is there not some reason to hope that "glimmering beyond the hilltops of time" is the dawn of a brighter day for Scotland, when her people will return to that Faith to which belong the most glorious pages of their country's history?

A Lesson in Resignation.

"YOU are not only unreasonable, my dear André," said the priest; "but I have no hesitation in declaring that you do not act like a Christian. Why thus absorb yourself in your grief until you seem to be oblivious of the world and all it contains? You are neglecting your duties to yourself, to society, and even to your own family. Your son has been dead almost a year, and in all that time, until to-day, I have seen you only twice. Ten times, by actual count, I have gone to visit you, and during all that time I have not been admitted. You ought not to close the door against your pastor, your true friend, André. Now, to-day, since you have done me the honor to pay me a visit, I am going to keep you to lunch. What do you say?"

The good priest laid both hands on the shoulders of his melancholy friend and looked earnestly into his face.

"If you wish it, Father," answered André, with a sigh.

"I do wish it very much; but I want you to be pleased also. Come now, lunch is ready! I will send John to the cellar for a bottle of Château-Piquette. Don't you remember how in old times, on your way home from hunting, you generally reached here about lunch time, and always asked for the Château-Piquette? And now that it is older it is a good deal better."

"Yes, Father," replied André, quite indifferently; "I well remember."

He scarcely spoke during the repast. The priest made no further effort to rouse him.

When his friend was about to go, the pastor remarked:

"I have my sick people to visit, or I would go with you as far as the gate of your own grounds. Oh, by the bye, will you do me a little favor? Yes?

Thank you! Very well. At the edge of the wood, not far from the swamp, you will see an old man working in his field. He is always either there or in the little garden. It is old Père Chevaud. You know him, don't you? Kindly tell him that I have half a dozen bottles of wine for his daughter; that if he will come over either to-night or to-morrow he shall have them. Thanks! *Au revoir!*"

André—or Le Sieur Duval, as he was known to the simple people who were his tenants—sauntered dreamily toward home. For the first time since the death of his son he had been lifted out of himself: a melancholy which was not altogether sadness had taken possession of his soul. The road was familiar to him: he had traversed it in many different moods. To-day he seemed really to enjoy the sweet stillness of the autumn season. A caressing breeze played across his uncovered head, as he walked with his cap in his hand. His feet made no sound on the thick carpet of decaying leaves—red, gold, brown, with intermittent patches of dark green.

He kept close to the edge of the wood, and presently came upon a little brook dancing over the white stones beneath,—a pleasant stream, bordered by cresses and yellow wild flowers. A wooden bridge crossed it at some distance farther on. At the other side, not far from this bridge, an old man was working in a field, his back bent with years and labor. He did not look up from his occupation till André had crossed the bridge and accosted him:

"Are you not Père Chevaud?"

"Yes, Monsieur," replied the old man. "I am glad to see you about again. They said you were ill."

"Not very well," observed André, languidly. "I have a message for you from the pastor. He told me to say that he has six bottles of wine for your daughter, which you may have if you

will call for them this evening or to-morrow morning."

"Monsieur le Curé is very good. The poor child! wine gives her so much strength. I do not think my Marie would be alive now were it not for Monsieur le Curé."

"Has she been long ill?"

"About three months, Monsieur."

"And she is getting better?"

"She will never be better, Monsieur," said the old man sadly.

"What is her complaint?"

"It is here, Monsieur,"—touching his breast. "She will go like her mother and brothers, and then—oh, then I shall be alone."

"All alone?"

"All alone, Monsieur."

"How many children did you have?"

"Seven, Monsieur. She is the last, and I shall not have her long."

"Do not despair, Père Chevaud," replied André, trying to comfort the old man in a sorrow which seemed to him to be almost impossible to bear.

"O Monsieur, I do not despair! God forbid!" said the other, with an air of surprise. "But I know very well what is going to happen. Monsieur le Curé knows it also. He has seen them all go. They were all alike—strong and hearty until they reached the age of seventeen or eighteen; then a sudden cold, a falling away, and very soon all was over. They generally last three or four months, Monsieur. I had hoped to keep the girl,—the only girl. It seemed to me because of that she might be different from the rest; but God has willed otherwise."

"And you are ready?"

"I must be, Monsieur, when the Lord bids me."

"And resigned?"

"That must follow, Monsieur."

"But you grieve? And you will be lonely?"

"Grieve, Monsieur? Although you too have suffered not so long since—

as I have heard,—you can hardly realize how I must grieve; for I believe all the rest of yours are well and strong? Pardon!—but so I have heard, Monsieur.”

André inclined his head.

“I have been lonely for each of them; but what will it be, Monsieur, when I shall return night after night from my work to find the house desolate,—I an old man of sixty-five? But what am I saying? I do not think I have ever complained before like this. It is a terrible thing, Monsieur, to complain of the holy will of God.”

André did not speak.

The old man wiped his eyes with the back of his hand.

André turned his head away.

“Where do you live?” he inquired, after a pause.

“Near the inn of the White Cross, Monsieur,—close to the railway station. I was formerly station-keeper, but now I have only this field and my garden.”

“Yes, I know,” said André. “My wife and I will come to see your sick daughter. Adieu, Père Chevaud!”

“‘It is a terrible thing, Monsieur, to complain of the holy will of God,’” André repeated to himself as he turned his steps toward home. “Miserable creature that I am to have to learn from the lips of a poor old peasant the meaning of the word resignation!”

CHRISTIANITY recognizes the great brotherhood of men, and teaches that all are equal. It teaches this when it commands us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. This command can be legitimated only on the ground that man is everywhere equal to man. Man being everywhere equal to man, it follows that whatever it is proper for one man to do by another, it is proper that other should do by him.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Francesca's Flowers.

IN the heart of the merchant-prince Solari there was wrath and consternation. A young artist, poor in fame as well as in ducats, had dared to ask for the hand of his daughter.

“You can not have her!” thundered Solari. “If you were successful in your paltry painting, it would not be so bad; but who buys your pictures? She shall not marry you, now nor ever. I have nothing more to say.”

With these words the merchant turned away, and a servant opened the door for the rejected suitor.

The next day, by one of those coincidences which happen on purpose, the artist met the lady of his love as, in charge of a duenna, she was going on an errand of mercy. Her attendant kindly walked behind while he told her the result of the interview with her father.

“There must be some way,” she said. “Let me think!” Then after a moment: “I will take our trouble to the Mother of Sorrows, who never yet has failed me.”

That afternoon she prayed long and earnestly at Our Lady's altar, to which, as was her habit, she had brought an armful of flowers. At night she sought her father.

“I love Andrea,” she began, “and yet I must obey you. But will you not ask some test of him? Give him the chance to win me, and if he fails I will say no more of marrying him.”

“Let him perform the impossible,” sneered the father, “and you shall be his reward. Let him paint from nature some brown lilies and blue roses, and he may marry you, and then you can starve together, so far as I am concerned.”

Brown lilies and blue roses! To paint such would be an easy thing; but to paint them “from nature,”—ah, that

was different! In the whole world there was not a brown lily or a blue rose to serve for a model.

"But there must be some way," again she said; and again at sunset she sought the Blessed Mother, and in front of her altar laid bunches of white roses and long stalks of Annunciation lilies. "Help us, dear Mother Mary!" she prayed earnestly.

Then, as if by a miracle, the roses began to turn to a heavenly blue, and over the fair petals of the lilies a brown shadow crept.

"She hears!" cried Francesca. "She hears and helps!"

Hurrying from the church and disregarding all convention, the happy maiden went to the studio of her lover, which was not far away.

"O Andrea, come!" she exclaimed. "Bring your brushes, and paint from nature blue roses and brown lilies!"

Thinking that her perplexities had disordered her mind, he tried to calm her, and begged her to think of other things. But she became only the more vehement.

"Come! come!" she said.

Then, seeing there was no use to oppose her, he followed where she led—to Our Lady's altar, before which lay roses the color of the sky, and lilies of nut-brown.

Seeking no explanation, he began to paint; and as the last flower grew beneath his brush, behold! once more were the roses and lilies as white as the marble face above them.

Solari would not believe.

"It is a clever trick," he declared. "I myself will go at sunset and see if this miracle, as you call it, will be done for me."

So the next evening, as the Angelus rang, all three gathered in the church, and again the flowers changed their hue.

The father was won over.

"Take her!" he said, as they went out into the street. "Our Lady and

my daughter's patron saint have done this; for I saw what you did not,—that it was the sun shining through the brown robe of St. Francis and the blue mantle of Our Lady in the window near by that wrought the transformation in the flowers."

So, as the old storybooks say, they were married and lived happy ever after.

The Death of Balzac.

WHEN Honoré de Balzac was attacked by what proved to be his last illness, he thought it best to consult his physician as to the probable duration of his life, in which he still proposed to accomplish a great deal of work.

"My dear doctor," said he, with his usual confident egotism, "I am not an ordinary man. I should not wish to be surprised by death. I have still much to do before my work is finished. I desire to know how much time yet remains to me. You are a king of science, and I am certain you hold me in sufficient regard to tell me the truth. I feel that I am losing ground. But I have so much to do! Tell me, I beg of you, about how much longer I may expect to live."

The doctor did not reply.

"Come, come, doctor! Do you take me for a child? I tell you again that I am not a man like other men, and I can not die like other men. A man such as I am owes a bequest, a testament, to the public; and I must set about beginning it. How long now do you suppose I shall live? Six years?"

"Six years!" repeated the doctor. "No, my dear sir, I fear you have not nearly so long a time as that."

Balzac was dismayed: the expression on the face of the medical man was even more significant than his words had been.

"Ah, doctor," he cried, "I see that you will not grant me even that much!

You will give me six *months* at least? Six *weeks* with such a fever as this will be an eternity. The hours are like days; and the nights—oh, the nights! Six months, then, is it?"

The doctor was again silent.

"What!" exclaimed Balzac. "I am already a dying man, then! Thank God, I have the courage of submission. I am ready, doctor. You will grant me six *days*?"

The doctor could not answer him and still remained silent; while Balzac, surprised and overwhelmed, seemed to have aged ten years since the beginning of the interview.

"Six *hours*, then!" murmured the sick man, in a voice scarcely distinguishable from emotion. "I shall devote every moment of them to my last work, which must be worthy of me."

"I can not promise them," said the doctor at length. "You are a very sick man, and your strength is rapidly diminishing. You have another testament to make, it seems to me,—one more important. Be about it quickly, my friend; for six hours is not mine to accord you."

Balzac looked at him.

"Not even six hours?" he exclaimed. "And I have so much to do,—so much to do! My God, I can not even count up a short six hours of life!"

He fell back on his pillow, silent and motionless. Honoré de Balzac was dead.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement: we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which could have no hold on us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—*Arthur Helps*.

HEAVEN knows we need never be ashamed of our tears; for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth, overlying our hard hearts.—*Dickens*.

Religion in Japan.

FIRST-HAND knowledge of a subject so interesting at present as the religious disposition of the Japanese entitles Père Halbout, a missionary in Japan, to a respectful hearing. He says:

"As a rule our islanders [of Nagasaki] recognize the necessity of a religion, but many of them go no further. They find that Sabbath rest interferes with work. The obligation of attending Sunday Mass and of renouncing their offerings to their ancestors is a notable obstacle to the conversion of a large number. As for the rest of Japan, the conditions are even less promising, and accordingly conversions are relatively far more difficult. Politics and the war with Russia form the chief occupation and preoccupation of the people. The newspapers excite the crowd, and the government has been obliged to suspend a number of journals that had become too chauvinistic. How are people to think of their soul's salvation in such a state of mind as that?"

Father Halbout says further: "It is unfortunately true that the Japanese of to-day do not resemble the Japanese of St. Francis Xavier's time. Rendered proud and conceited by a civilization too rapidly acquired; instructed in the schools of the Americans, English, and Germans, from whom they have learned the rationalism of Kant,—the Japanese are for the most part indifferentists and sceptics as to religion. From this viewpoint they present a striking contrast to the Russians, who are fervent Christians, although, unfortunately, separated from the true Church."

So it would appear that the Christian onlooker at the present war may have fairly good reason for divided sympathy, and that he will be able to discover compensations no matter on which side victory shall ultimately declare itself.

Notes and Remarks.

The report having been spread that Mr. Cleveland was about to become a Freemason, the vigorous ex-President put an end to all rumors in this characteristic way: "I certainly am not. The nearest the report comes to any truth is that a long time ago I was delicately approached on the subject, but I have never had any intention of applying for membership." Passing over the fact that it is one of the Masonic boasts that the brethren never approach any one, delicately or otherwise, for the purpose of soliciting him to join them, we may observe that ambitious young Catholics who feel the Church's prohibition of Masonry as a great hardship are overestimating the advantage of belonging to the lodge. An aspirant to high political office ought to appreciate such value as Masonry may have as a "booster"; yet Mr. Cleveland, who has twice been elected President of the United States, has been content to jog along outside the fraternity.

It has already been observed in these columns that one of the reasons why there is so much ready writing about conditions in France is that there is so little understanding of those conditions among the men who write. Mr. J. E. C. Bodley is the only foreigner who has ever been honored by the French Institute for publishing a study of France, and Mr. Bodley said recently to a newspaper man: "It is impossible to sum up the situation in a few sentences; and, having profoundly studied the subject, I am averse to all generalizations upon it." He does, however, deplore "the anti-liberal policy toward the Church"—Mr. Bodley is not a Catholic,—and is surprised at the apathy of the masses of the French people and the failure of the upper classes to exert any

measurable influence in favor of religion. "The latter phenomenon is probably an important cause of the former," says Mr. Bodley. "If the Catholic upper classes could in the present crisis have produced a hundred or even twenty powerful orators, and if the bulk of that class were by its life and example to display the benefit of religious education, the situation could not be the same."

He also believes "the Dreyfus Affair" to be one of the contributory causes of the present crisis. "Although the clergy were not more anti-Dreyfusard than the bulk of the nation, the clerical organs went out of their way to take a very violent side in the controversy, and the consequence is that the Church is now made the scapegoat for a mistake of which practically the whole of the nation was an accomplice." In justice to the clerical organs we may add that, whether rightly or wrongly, they believed the Dreyfus agitation to be an attempt of Jews and anti-Catholics to put disgrace upon the army, which is strongly Catholic. Their error, if it were an error, lay in mistaking a detail of policy for an important principle.

A plea for decency in advertising appearing in a journal of newspaper publishing and advertising, and written by one of its editors, is as gratifying as it is noteworthy. It was high time that some one should protest against indecency in advertisements, and it is well that the protest should come from one so prominent in the newspaper world as Mr. John M. Forbes, and appear in a journal so influential as *Newspaperdom*. He says in part:

The reader of a newspaper may overlook such news as does not suit his or her taste; but from the indecent, glaring, staring advertisement there is no escape. You open your paper, and there is the nasty, suggestive matter looking you square in the eye. If the paper be laid on a table, the ads look up shamelessly, and there is no evading

the indecency they embody. . . . Does any ad rate, however high, justify your sending forth filth into clean homes? Would you countenance it if some concern placed literature of such a character in your own homes? Certainly not. The first action you would take would be in the form of a warm editorial condemning the firm. How beautifully inconsistent does an attack on indecent literature look in a newspaper which each day carries column after column of vile advertising! . . . How absurd it is for a newspaper to have a lengthy editorial on some topic in which the morality of a question is profoundly discussed, and then carry on another page the advertising of a dozen doctors who are known to be simon-pure bunco men? Is it not incongruous for a paper carrying such advertising, and in this way aiding cheats, to condemn any other form of fraud whatever?

Lest ethical considerations should fail to influence his readers, Mr. Forbes takes care to point out that, from purely selfish motives, publishers would do well to refuse objectionable advertisements.

There can be no doubt that advertisers are becoming more and more careful as to the company their advertisements keep, and many advertisers positively refuse to place their advertising in mediums in which is found any unsavory advertising. The clean advertisers are getting worked up over this subject, and before long there will, no doubt, be some concerted action taken in opposition to the acceptance of all kinds of advertising that is paid for. With readers objecting to being served filth, and with advertisers refusing to be in company with it, it seems the advisable way for you, Mr. Publisher, is to consider well whether it is profitable to carry questionable or objectionable advertising at any rate.

This is the best news we have heard in a long time—that reputable advertisers are beginning to assert their respectability.

François Coppée, invited recently to discuss "the eternal feminine," was led to speak of woman's rôle in contemporary society, of her rights and duties, as well as the divers situations in which she may be called upon to exert her legitimate share of influence on social life.

"In a general way," said the distinguished author, "the best wish to

form for the immense majority of women, not only of modern times but of all time, is, I think, that they may be virtuous wives and loving mothers. In the matter of a social rôle for them, I know none more useful or more beautiful. If, however, some feminine souls, admirable among all, accept a still higher mission, they are the Sisters,—teaching nuns, hospital nuns, . . . and finally the contemplatives who offer to God their prayers and their voluntary sufferings for the salvation of the impious, the wicked, or simply old sinners like myself. Their rôle, however, partakes of the sublime. . . . Now, in our age of progress and of light, the sublime has become detestable and scandalous; our world will have no more of it. You are not ignorant of the fact that, thanks to our Republic of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' the scandal given by the virtues of the Sisters is diminishing in France day by day and will soon disappear altogether."

Now that San Angel, a suburban town at the base of the foothills three-quarters of an hour by tramway from the city of Mexico, is fast becoming a popular summer resort, we may expect the religious and historic features of that beautiful spot to become fairly familiar to Americans. The most interesting architectural monument in San Angel is the old church of Nuestra Señora del Carmen (Our Lady of Carmel), of which an interesting description is given in a late issue of *Modern Mexico*. We quote a paragraph that will interest the ecclesiologist, the historian, and the patriot, as well as the "gentle reader":

Its triple domes, with their tiles shining brightly in the sunlight, are the first objects that arrest the attention of strangers approaching the town. Its Carmelite bell-tower, or campanario, is distinctive, and the edifice is one of the handsomest ecclesiastical monuments in all Mexico. It was dedicated to the worship of God in 1617, or three

years before the Pilgrim Fathers of New England landed on Plymouth Rock. The interior is handsomely decorated, and contains some notable paintings by the famous Mexican artist, Cabrera. Pious women have adorned the chapel of Our Lady, which is one of the features of this ancient church; and the magnificent Churrigueresque ornamentation of the northern transept is a splendid specimen of this most distinctive Spanish mode of decoration. Beneath this transept rest in their eternal sleep forty-five American soldiers who were killed or died of disease during the war of the North American invasion, when the adjoining monastery of the Carmelite Fathers was converted into a military hospital and barracks; the good Fathers nursing the wounded Americans with such Christian devotion and good-will that when the troops evacuated San Angel, monks and soldiers fell on one another's necks and wept.

"A fascinating place" is what that accomplished man of letters, Mr. Thomas A. Janvier, calls the church and the adjoining monastery; and the magnificent pile of buildings shown in the illustrations justify the phrase. The architect was a lay-brother of the community, Fray Andrés de San Miguel, "at that time held to be the first architect of New Spain." But what a subject for a picture, those monks killing with kindness the soldiers who came as the invaders of their country!

More and more the need of the religious education of our young people is being urged by leading Protestants. There, at least, they follow the lead of the Church. Last week, at a conference of the Southern Methodist society at Alexandria, Virginia, the local paper reports that the Rev. Dr. Hammond urged upon the conference the importance of religious education. "Leave religion out of education," he declared, "and education affords no basis of life."

Apropos of an article on the Russian Church published elsewhere in this issue, we note that a very distinguished audience recently attended a lecture

delivered in the Consistory Hall of the Vatican by the Abbot of the Greek (Basilian) Monastery at Grottoferata. The Pope, ten cardinals, many ambassadors, and other notabilities to the number of three hundred in all, listened to an eloquent exposition by Father Pellegrini of the relation between his abbey and the union of the Eastern and Western Churches. The lecturer claimed that there was a providential design in the foundation, at the gates of Rome, of a Greek abbey and in its preservation throughout nine centuries. The presence of the Holy Father at this solemn commemoration of the ninth centenary of the Basilian monastery's establishment shows the importance which he, like Leo XIII., attaches to the great work of effecting the return of the Greek Church to unity.

We like the Rev. Dr. Huntington's plea for anti-polygamy legislation all the better because he couples divorce with polygamy as a peril to American family life. Utah is remote from New York, and President Smith's brand of polygamy is a safe subject to handle roughly in a fashionable congregation in Gotham. But the Rector of Grace Church is "getting personal" when he argues against divorce, and we honor him for his courage. It is true that his discourse has a more tolerant tone than is pleasing to the uncompromising Catholic temper on this subject; but we can not, of course, expect Dr. Huntington to speak about divorce in precisely the same terms as Monsig. Mooney would employ. The fact that the Doctor's sermon was "published by request" of his hearers is a gratifying circumstance, however, and ought to encourage him.

It is quite true, as a clever magazinist has lately written, that "any particular sign of the times as noticed in a newspaper is apt to be ambiguous, or, at

most, a sign of the day of the month"; yet we believe the *Chicago Tribune* has ample justification for selecting "Boston has Changed" as the title of this short editorial:

The Puritan Fathers would have been horrified if they had been told that the day was to come when an attempt to ascertain the religious preferences of the people of Boston would show that out of 241,651 questioned—being nearly half the total population,—109,400 would say they were Roman Catholics, and only 20,319 that they were Congregationalists. A canvass has been made by the Massachusetts Sunday-School Association, and that is what it shows of those who were asked as to their preferences,—45.27 per cent are Roman Catholics. Next come the Baptists with 8.74 per cent. There were 8,996 persons who had "no preference." (They would not have dared to give such an answer in Boston three centuries ago.)

The Roman Catholics of Boston are better church-goers than the Protestants. Their percentage of regular church attendance is 73.01; and of occasional attendance, 4.71. The Presbyterians make the next best showing, with a percentage of 47.32 for regular and 23.59 for occasional attendance.

Another phase of the conditions in the churches has been brought out. It relates to the proportion of males to females in the religious denominations. Here, too, the Roman Catholic Church is in marked contrast with others. Its attendance shows 49,767 males to 58,613 females. In almost every other denomination, save in the Jewish church, the women outnumber the men in the proportion of almost 2 to 1. Those who said they have no preference for any denomination number 3,805 women to 5,167 men.

Yes, Boston has changed,—and, for that matter, so has Chicago. Without in the least desiring to seem ungracious, we may suggest that the *Tribune*, too, has changed; and that in all these cases the change, from our point of view, has been an improvement.

The life of the late Meinrad Rumely, of Laporte, Indiana, is replete with lessons for both the laborer and the capitalist. Coming to America a poor boy more than fifty years ago, he joined no socialist society, took up no "get-rich-quick" schemes, and hearkened to the siren voice of no walking delegate.

He promptly embraced the opportunity for honorable and profitable labor which America has always held out to the poorest. He established a little shop for repairing machinery, and by his industry, prudence and integrity developed it imperceptibly until at his death he was the owner of one of the largest machine factories in America. And when he himself had conquered fortune, he showed that he could practise the virtues of an employer as well as of an employee. So generous was his treatment of his workmen that during the last half century he never had a serious disagreement with them. A strike at the Rumely works is still an untried experiment; and the policy there pursued with such happy results is a triumphant vindication of the principles laid down by Leo XIII. in his famous Encyclical on Labor.

Mr. Rumely was throughout life a model Catholic. In the pioneer days his house was always the home of the itinerant missionary, and often the only church in which the scattered Christian flock could meet for Mass and instruction. His was a beautiful Christian character, and his personal piety was remarkable. He never missed Vespers and Benediction on Sundays; and it was his custom, whenever possible, to hear Mass daily. On holydays of obligation his factory was closed as rigorously as on Sundays; and non-Catholic workmen who complained of the lay-off were offered their full wages on those days as if they had been working. God grant many such capitalists to America, and many such Catholics to the Church! *R. I. P.*

"Are we to be the only people on the earth," asks Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, "who give their sons and daughters no higher motive in life than expediency? Even the cannibal on the Kongo believes that an unseen something, bigger and better than himself, is

hidden in a certain tree, and he will not hack at that tree nor burn it down. But the American boy is to be taught to believe in nothing bigger nor better than himself,—nothing which he can not hack down or burn at will." There, as in a nutshell, is the ultimate danger fronting the American people. We need no longer fear the enemy from without; but with two out of every three Americans already disassociated from any form of Christian faith, with the home and the sects almost as hopelessly secularized as the public schools, there is grave danger that America may become another France, dechristianized, paganized. And that is a situation which not only no Christian but no humanist can contemplate with composure.

The religious catechism is rigorously banished from the lay schools of France. To tell French boys and girls where they come from and whither they are going is equivalent to high treason to the mighty Republic. There is a catechism, however—a Republican one,—used in these lay schools; and it teaches the young folk "things useful to life." A French "review of primary instruction" recently devoted most of its space to a consideration of this book; and, as one of the things supremely "useful to life," we quote this extract: "Man descends from the monkey, or from a certain monkey? Yes, but this much is still nothing. Man descends in reality from all the essential vertebrates of the series. This is still nothing. Man descends from the cell, from the protoplasm, from force-matter, from the atom, from ether." Surely nothing could be more crystallly clear. Who gave life to protoplasm, or how this first principle could communicate a life that it did not possess are points quite unworthy the attention of the little scholars of God-hating French rulers or of the bigger children who are feeding them with the veriest husks.

A Notable Book.*

More than fifty years ago Lady Wilde wrote:

Ireland rests mid the rush of progression,
As a frozen ship in a frozen sea.

In that description there might be something of the traditional "poetic license," but not a great deal. Compared with all the nations of Europe, especially with Belgium—lesser in size, and at that time lesser in population,—it was as if Ireland stood still, "a frozen ship in a frozen sea," while the rest of the nations hurried forward with eagerness and with rejoicing in their march of progress.

That is half a century gone by. In the life of an individual, half a century is a very large portion of the allotted threescore and ten; but even in the life of a country, half a century is a large item. If some one had fallen asleep after reading the words of the spirited poetess of the "Young Ireland" movement, and awakened in the "New Century," such a one would surely deem that a change for the better must have come over the land.

Alas, no! It is very hard to write these sad words, but they must be written. Population—expressing the command of God, "Increase and multiply," as well as the nature of man, common even with animals and vegetables, of "producing their like,"—population alone would belie the man who would venture to say that the land had fared better. Eight millions and more in the time when "Speranza" wrote: about half that number now; and the half dwindling year by year! Oh, it is sad!

That is the state of the patient. In various ways, a country is indeed like the human organization. It is a complex entity. If a human being is suffering from some disease so that he loses weight, doctors will prescribe. And there is a saying, we know, that "doctors differ"; which saying is not always untrue. And doctors will take diverse views of a patient's ailments; and each doctor may be a certified practitioner, and none a quack; and yet they may not agree, and the disease baffles them.

There have been no end of doctors for the patient, Erin. They themselves may sometimes call one another hard names; and, though their ways of treating the patient may not always recommend themselves to us, I think we should do the great bulk of them an injustice if we did not give them credit for earnestness and sincere conviction in their advice and in their treatment.

There has come an original man upon the scene within the last dozen years or so, and he prescribes his treatment. In the course of years

* "Ireland in the New Century." By the Right Honorable Sir Horace Plunkett, K. C. V. O., F. R. S.

I have met many men, but the hardest-working man I ever met was undoubtedly Sir Horace Plunkett. One evening about fifteen years ago he came into an hospitable home by the Shannon where he and I were staying for the night. It was the first time I had seen him. He arrived just at dark. It was a short February day, drizzling, showery, and cold. After attending meetings and organizing a district, he had driven on an outside car, through fog and rain, almost from one side of County Limerick to the other. He was so exhausted that during the evening he lay on a sofa, and the light dinner forced upon him he took so lying. Next morning I had to catch a very early train, and to my surprise I found he was coming with me; all the time talking of rural Ireland from every point of view. He seemed so full of the whole question that if you led him away from it a dozen times, he was sure to drift back to it again.

He was a man of family and education; but neither of these stood forward any way prominently. Lord Louth's branch of the Plunketts are his relatives; Lord Dunsany's, his own family. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and either at Oxford or Cambridge. But it did not matter. You never thought of these: you merely thought of the man's earnestness; and he himself never thought of college or family at all. He was too intent on one thing. That one thing was Ireland's revivale. It was rare, even as late as fifteen years ago, to see one of the Irish gentry step out from the ranks of his class and show an earnest, almost an absorbing interest, in the lot of the Irish peasant. Now, thank God! it is not so rare; and therein lies one of the hopeful signs of the times.

What, then, did the Honorable Horace Plunkett see before him fifteen years ago? What was the problem to which he was setting his mind, and how much of it still remains? Town and country are the two elements—the body and soul, it might be said—of which a nation is composed. Country is the first of these. If a country be sterile and devoid of mines, there can not be towns,—excluding commerce for the moment. There can not be in it the means of supporting towns; there are not towns on icebergs. The land of Ireland is rich. Sir Robert Kane, in his "Industrial Resources of Ireland," following earlier economists, adopts the proposition that Ireland could support eight millions of people, even if a wall of brass were raised all round it. Giving an occupying peasant proprietary, a century or even half a century ago it might have been possible for Ireland to support its eight millions.

I am not going to dwell on the Land Laws further than this. They were made solely by the landlord class, naturally in the landlord interest;

and until you get a body of angels down from heaven to legislate in their own favor, you can not have a class that will make unbiassed and unexceptionable laws for the members of another class. If the mine-owners of the United States were to make laws for the mine hands, and that in an old, effete country where public opinion counted absolutely for nothing, and where it was certain no retaliation could be exercised against them, is it to be supposed that they would make strictly just and evenly-balanced laws?

It is impossible for an Irishman of to-day to realize the deplorable state of the Irish tenant-farmer up to, or even during, the last generation. Nothing could bring it home to the mind but the crisp saying of John Mitchell to the Orange farmer in the north: "The Pope issues no writs." And the indefensible but intelligible blunderbuss and bullet of the maddened Tipperary peasant in the north and south were alike racked, evicted, and oppressed. It made, and necessarily should make, the Irish peasantry dead. And of a dead peasantry can you expect living sons? Nothing flourished in Ireland save that for which the landlord class, the sole legislators, could not make laws and could not tax. Thus was the productibility of the land sterilized by bad class-laws; and not alone was the productibility frost-bitten by those withering laws, but everything that in a healthy country springs up side by side with the natural productiveness was alike nipped in the bud. Every revolution that arose in Ireland, arose out of those evil and one-sided class-laws. And it was undoubtedly owing to the last—the Rising in '67—that the first great radical change was made in them.

But at the same time that this withering, frosty atmosphere was hanging over Ireland, other countries under national and sympathetic laws were basking in sunshine; and those countries, like home-lands, brought forth not alone all the necessary articles of life, but its comforts and luxuries as well; besides corn and meat and wine, they brought forth fruit and flower, neatness, comfort, contentment, and the Sabbath joy of life. Man is an imitative animal, and learns the taste and comforts that make a home happy, by what he has been accustomed to see from his early days. Therefore was Ireland slovenly, sluggish, heartless, dead. Over fifty years ago the lady poet wrote: "Ireland rests mid the rush of progression." Like an unprepared horse in a race, we lagged behind. We are whipped now to get us up, but we are not answering the whip: we are fagged out.

You say: "Why don't you have industries?" For the reason that as soon as our industries are grown large enough to endanger the industries of the capitalists of England, they

"dump" over here as much of their produce as will swamp our young industry; and will continue to do so, even at a loss for the time being to themselves, until they smother and kill it. We have not the money as capitalists to compete with them; and it is only now that our country—which had been Anglicized by the National System of Education, introduced in the Thirties of the last century by the Protestant Archbishop Whately of Dublin, and poisoning us for seventy years—is waking up to see that it is its duty to lay aside English fashions and English goods, and to wear its own goods, and thereby foster its own manufactures. But it will take a good deal of teaching from Gaelic inspiration before the mind of the country is fully converted; for, in the matter of wearables and usables, we were heretical sinners far and away beyond what any of us conceived. Manufactures and industries, started late and in a poor country, have to compete with wealthy and established ones in a rich neighboring island, and are therefore seriously handicapped. I am here minded of shipbuilding, flax culture, and the linen industry of the north; but of that later on.

"If, then, factories be proscribed, why not turn to the produce of the soil?" you say. Now, the produce of the soil is mainly confined to these exports: beef, butter, corn, bacon, poultry, and eggs. The eastern seaboard counties, because of their proximity to the English markets, have an advantage in these products. If Ireland had towns and cities affording markets like those, the problem would be near solution. But it has not; nor is the greater portion of the country within easy reach of those markets. And, as far as beef is concerned, we thank God that the fertile soil of Ireland is not the "fruitful mother of flocks and herds," to use a well-known phrase of a whilom Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. We wish to see Irish men and women in Ireland and not fattening cattle.

Then all the other products are most seriously handicapped by railway carriage. Butter, eggs, poultry,—all have to be carried by rail because of the necessity of being put fresh on the market. The railway companies are the dictators of the situation. Directors will not lower rates; the government will not subsidize; and the producer and his products are left helpless and hopeless in the depth of the country. Land can not be made to bring forth its full powers because of the Land Laws. Manufactures can not be established because of overpowering competition. Home products can not be put on the market at a profit because of railway rates. Mechanism and trades are dwindling because of a dwindling population and foreign machinery. Nothing rich or blessed but God's blessed sun,

the sweet climate, the rich vales, the green hills, and the golden hearts of the people.

To remedy this state of things, agitations have been set on foot from O'Connell's day to the present; and economists have written and suggested, from Sir Robert Kane and Thomas Davis to Sir Horace Plunkett and Michael Davitt. In his book "Ireland in the New Century," Sir Horace Plunkett has divided Ireland's advisers mainly into three classes or systems. Two divisions of the three are politicians, known in Ireland as Unionists, or those who believe that Ireland's prosperity is to be found in a continuance of the Act of Union with England of 1800; and Nationalists, who believe that Ireland would be better off under laws made by a legislature of her own in College Green, Dublin. The third set of advisers is the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland. These three sets Sir Horace criticises, and then himself prescribes for the patient. We turn now to what he has to say of each of these, and then what of himself.

It certainly required no little courage to write a book on Ireland. It were a simple thing to write on the Land Laws or in defence of Unionism or a plea for Home Rule; for then one might stand against the wall and fight straight before one. But in writing on Ireland, one had necessarily to mention Unionism and Nationalism and the Roman Catholic clergy, and so forth; and then one had to go out in the open and fight all round.

Before he wrote his book, Horace Plunkett had personal experience of this. He was candidate at the last general election for the Southern Division of County Dublin. Two rival candidates, one from the Unionist wing and one from the Nationalist, were set up against him; and, as he himself observes in his book, he was treated as a dog in a tennis ground. He was beaten: the Nationalist won.

But in that very election Mr. Plunkett did what, perhaps, no man before him had ventured to do in Ireland: he offered to speak before a special anti-Catholic gathering on the justice of giving University education to Catholics in Ireland. It is, unhappily, no libel to say that the most bigoted anti-Catholics in Ireland, England, and Scotland are to be met with in and about Dublin. In their houses may be found every book written by a non-practical Catholic that asperses the Mother Church. Before such an audience, bigoted to the finger-tips, Sir Horace Plunkett, a Protestant, spoke in solemn silence for something over an hour. It was agreed that during the delivery of the address there should be given no sign of assent or dissent, and there was not; but that address lost him his seat in Parliament.

Sir Horace Plunkett is a Unionist,—that is, he thinks Ireland would be injured financially if an Irish Parliament were to be set up in Dublin. The question of finance is, I believe, the only point on which he has objection to Home Rule. He is a modified Unionist; but, as the two political parties stand in Ireland, a Unionist. Of Unionism as a political remedy for Ireland's wrong, he has some things to say in favor, and some things in disfavor.

Of the ability and honesty of the Nationalist party, he speaks highly. "In many respects," he says (p. 91), "no one could desire a better instrument for the achievement of great reforms than the Irish Party. They are far beyond any similar group of English Members, in rhetorical skill and quickness of intelligence and decision.... They have been faithful to the interests of their country as they understood them, and have proved themselves notably superior to sordid motives." One sentence more to which I wish to call attention: "With all their brilliancy, they have thrown but little helpful light on any Irish problem."

There is what any Catholic Irishman would point to as a proof of the necessity of University education for Catholics in Ireland. Let me take the three representatives of Limerick county and city,—three of the most useful and most untiring Irish Members of Parliament in the House. One, Mr. Lundon, Member for East Limerick, is an elderly man, who had spent all his years teaching classics in a small country town. Economic problems never came in his way. He received no University training to help him to grasp the central principle in economic problems. He had nothing to guide him but mother-wit.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy, for West Limerick, is, on the other hand, one of the youngest men in the House. He was only a law student in his father's office in a country town; and yet, on Temperance and other questions, he has made speeches that have drawn on him the admiration of the House. There was no Catholic University for him either; and West Limerick, by a free democratic delegate convention, chose him as its Member and elected him. In economic problems he also had no guide save industry and mother-wit.

So, too, with Mr. Joyce, the Member for the city of Limerick. He was in the Pilot system on the river Shannon; and so in the House everyone recognizes his candor, his frank and genial manner, "as the odor of brine from the ocean." But what could he know of economic problems except what native intelligence taught him? And I wonder that a man of Sir Horace Plunkett's good sense should write in such a vein. A landsman might as well be condemned for not being able to steer a battleship and bombard a

fort. Everyone knows that Ireland is, in the political line, selecting those she believes will serve her best. There was a time when she had as her representatives men educated in Trinity College and other universities; and they were not always "superior to sordid motives," thinking it were better to serve themselves than to serve her. Now she has fallen back on those who are "notably superior to sordid motives."

But the two subjects in the book that will be the most closely read and will remain longest in the memory are "The Roman Catholic Clergy" and Sir Horace's own "Co-operative System in Ireland." He is of opinion, in the first place, that "the defect in the industrial character of Roman Catholics is intensified by their religion." Aware of the sincerity and good faith of Sir Horace, and of his customary endeavor to know a thing correctly before stating it publicly, I was astonished when I read this. There is no handicap put on a Catholic in industry or commerce beyond his observing simple justice. That assuredly is laid on Protestants equally as on Catholics.

In defence of his strange statement, he adduces an argument which, coming from him, is still more puzzling. He says: "The reliance of that religion on authority,... and the complete shifting of what I may call its centre of gravity to a future existence, seem to check the qualities necessary for industrial activity." Yet Jesus Christ says: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." (St. Luke, xii, 31.) And the Protestant without doubt believes equally with the Catholic that there is "a future existence" for punishments and rewards,—punishments, if in industry or commerce, as well as in bearing false testimony or in injuring the life or limb of the neighbor, he does wrong; rewards, if in these as in all else he does unto others as he would have others do unto him.

Sir Horace Plunkett is usually so circumspect and so entirely devoid of prejudice that any one who knows him is at a loss what to think of his declaration, especially when he goes on to say that, as a necessary effect of Catholic teaching, "it is not surprising that we do not find Roman Catholic countries in the van of economic progress." What in the world has religion to do with a man's action in industry? Has pope or bishop, or council forbidden any man to adventure as much as he likes in the paths of industry or commerce, provided he observes strict justice? If such a prohibition has been made, where is it? It is true Our Lord said: "What doth it profit a man to gain the world and suffer the loss of his own soul [by acting unjustly]?" That is all that pope or bishop or council or priest, so far as I know, has ever said. And if Sir Horace

wishes to condemn the saying of Our Lord, well and good; that is for his own conscience.

Economically even, and not to speak evangelically at all, do we not all see that, as with the tides, there is a rise as well as a fall in families, which possibly may be following some hidden law, but which to us is unaccountable, though certain as the tides? The same, as we know from history, prevails in nations. Nineveh and Babylon were neither Catholic nor Protestant; but they were great and flourishing, and they are gone. Egypt and Persia were great, powerful, wealthy and unapproachable in their day, as Protestant England in this; the Catholic Church had nothing to do with them, and they are gone. Greece and Rome in like manner. And Sir Horace knows Lord Macaulay's famous prophecy of the New Zealander on the broken arch of London Bridge.

But the most inexplicable and most indefensible passage in the whole book is to be found on page 103: "In the interests of religion itself, principles first expounded to a Syrian community with the most elementary needs, have to be taught in their application to the conditions of the most complex social organization and economic life." I am afraid to discuss the passage, lest I should do the author the injustice of misunderstanding and misinterpreting him. It is impossible to think that one who believes in the divinity of Christ could mean that the Redeemer did not foresee, and therefore did not legislate in its full necessity for, "every complex social organization." And yet what can the opening words of the proposition mean, "In the interests of religion itself"?

It is greatly to be regretted that a book which is bound to be widely read, and whose statements are sure to be readily accepted because of the transparent candor of the work and the well-known sincerity of the writer, should contain suggestions and statements—suggestions rather than statements—so invidious, if not so unjust, to a Church toward which, at heart, the author is so respectful, and on numerous occasions has been so fair. It is a matter, to be sure, that touches Protestant as well as Catholic; but the author, a Protestant, has linked the statement with the Catholic and not with the Protestant Church. No one, I feel certain, would less desire to do or say a hurtful thing than Sir Horace; and therein lies the pity of the avowal in the preface: "I write on my own responsibility, with the full knowledge that there is much in the book with which many of those with whom I work do not agree."

Two of those working with him are Catholics, men of vast ability—Father Finlay, S. J., and Mr. T. P. Gill,—who could at once have set him right. And yet, to show what manner of

man Mr. Plunkett is, he chose these two as his confidants and co-workers,—Father Finlay, because of his high collegiate standing and great eloquence; and Mr. Gill, because of his literary attainments, his linguistic powers, and his almost superhuman industry. And he held by them all through that trying election in Dublin, when the Pharisees and Sadducees were crying out, "He is a friend of publicans and sinners!" (Jesuits and Catholics); and has held by them still.

The author says of the Catholic clergy: "From such study as I have been able to give, I have come to the conclusion that the immense power of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy has been singularly little abused." On temperance reform, he observes: "Among temperance advocates, the Roman Catholic clergy, the most earnest of all reformers, have an honorable record; but," he adds, "I attribute their failure to deal with a moral evil, of which they are fully cognizant, to the fact that they do not recognize the chief defect in the character of the people."

Perhaps Sir Horace is aware that in Cardinal Moran's *Life of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett* (Sir Horace's own relative) there is given a diocesan law, made by the Archbishop of Armagh several hundred years ago on this very question of drink. In imagination, I hurriedly looked down along the line of clerics—archbishops, bishops, priests—from Dr. Plunkett's time to my own; and, granting that not one of them "recognized the chief defect in the character of the people," I was glad a good layman had done so. Being deeply interested in temperance questions, I eagerly read the page for the "open sesame"; read and reread it—but not one hint was given as to "the chief defect"! I did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

To be sure, the author praises the Anti-treating League, and I thought this was the cure Sir Horace had meant for the national defect. But he discounts it in these words: "Even this League makes no direct appeal to character." In any case, it is a dozen years and more since the bishops of Leinster, in a provincial synod, under the presidency of the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, approved of the Anti-treating League, and ordered it to be "preached" in their dioceses.

In the chaste moral life of the Irish people, "the success of the Irish priesthood is," Sir Horace says, "absolutely unique. No one can deny that almost the entire credit of this moral achievement belongs to the Roman Catholic clergy." But somebody has been telling him that the people are leaving Ireland and going to America because the priests will not allow dancing. He is not the only one of his class who is full of that belief. Overstepping national legislation on the subject, one fact will perhaps give an answer.

I know a city where an inquest had to be held because of a case of drowning. At the inquest it appeared that night dancing was carried on very irregularly. The bishop of that city prohibited night dances most strictly, unless some married women were present to see that things were conducted properly. That is all that the Roman Catholic clergy insist on; and Protestant or Catholic, I think, could make no objection here.

Politics and industry, or co-operation, are two other points on which Sir Horace directs his search-light on the Catholic clergy of Ireland. The two can be put together in one—the priest outside of his profession. Every profession has a primary end as its *raison d'être*. Now, every man that has an axe to grind in Ireland will cast around him and naturally seek what help he can; and the Roman Catholic clergy are the most organized body, if they are not the most willing also. Politicians expect their help, and complain if they do not receive it. Every movement looks to them; and the originator of every movement, industrial, political, or educational, is himself so fully convinced of the advantage of the movement he advocates, that he rather warmly resents the hesitation of men who are meant for other work and are not up to boiling point on this particular departure.

Sir Horace looks upon the relations of priest to temperance and morality as far more important subjects (and all will agree with him) than "the evil commonly described as the priest in politics. That evil is in my opinion," he remarks (p. 117), "greatly misrepresented. . . . I have in my mind the question of how we should have fared if the control of the different Irish agitations had been confined to laymen." He deprecates the priest in politics in the future. The wisest things that were ever said on this subject were said by Dr. O'Reilly, S. J., in his papers on "The Church in Relation to Society," which appeared in the *Irish Monthly*, and can now be had in book form. (Gill & Son, Dublin.) Sir Horace will let us say, with a smile, that from this time forward he has a decided objection for the priest to go into politics, but none to have him go into creameries. Some will agree with him and some will not. It would take a long time to argue the pros and cons, and at the end nothing conclusive could be asserted. Both cases depend on circumstances.

The brightest and best portion of the book is where the author speaks of the Irish Organization Society, of the Recess Committee, and of the newly established department of agriculture, of which Sir Horace is the permanent head. It is greatly to his credit that when he was introducing co-operation in the south and east and west of Ireland he had the good sense to take the industries he found there and foster them, and not endeavor to introduce the great

flax industry of the north, highly flourishing as it was and is. The linen-weaving rather than the shipbuilding is the industry of Ulster. Historical reasons served to establish northern industries. The undertakers of the north were to the government what, in a restricted way, the palatines of the south were to the landlords. Both were pets. The government brought the undertakers from Scotland; the landlords brought the palatines from Germany. If the palatines had been as numerous as the undertakers, and the patrons of the one as powerful as the patrons of the other, the apple and fruit culture of the south might have rivalled the flax industry of the north.

Many things have happened in Ireland since Lady Wilde wrote. In '70 the tenant-farmer had his legal status recognized in his home, so that if a landlord wished to evict him he had to pay for it. At that time vote by ballot came in. The next step was that every householder in Ireland got a vote, which immensely increased the Nationalist representation. Then came the conviction that peasant proprietary was the best for Ireland, and facilities were offered for its establishment. And from that reconciliation of thought came the Local Government Act. The Ballot Act and the Local Government Act were, in politics, the two most far-reaching and beneficent laws that were passed during the second half of the nineteenth century. The former was introduced and carried by Mr. Gladstone, a Liberal; the latter, by Mr. Gerald Balfour, a Conservative.

Socially and industrially, the great events were: the introduction of co-operation by Sir Horace Plunkett; the Recess Committee, mainly due to his exertions; the Land Conference, the blessed spirit of which, alas! stayed with us only too short; and last of all, and best of all, though not in a pecuniary way, the establishment of the Gaelic League.

We have, then, four great personalities in Ireland to-day: Mr. John Redmond, with eighty Irish Members behind him; Mr. T. W. Russell, with Presbyterian Ulster at his back; Sir Horace Plunkett, with a great department financed with almost two hundred thousand pounds a year; and Dr. Douglas Hyde, with the glory and pride of Erin winning him on. These are men in the prime of life, with splendid natural gifts and far more splendid character; and each man working as if all Ireland and its fortunes depended on him alone. And every man of those, and of the department he represents, is necessary for the future home-life of Ireland. Mr. Redmond and Mr. Russell have to clear away legislative rubbish; Sir Horace Plunkett has to look to the building materials; but Douglas Hyde is the architect of the New Home in the Old Land.

R. O'K.



An Hereditary Privilege.



F all the numerous peers of Great Britain, one, and one only, is permitted to wear his hat in the presence of his sovereign. Lord Kingsale, Premier Baron of Ireland, is allowed, after he has made a bow to his King, to put his hat on his head and take a seat. The reason for this hereditary privilege involves a pretty story.

A certain Sir John de Courcy was, under King Henry II., made Earl of Ulster and given high honors. He was a man of great size as well as of much bravery; and when King John ascended the throne there were not wanting jealous rivals of puny stature who put forth lies concerning the stalwart Earl. Unfortunately, the King believed them; and one day when the Earl was bare-footed and unarmed, doing penance in the churchyard of Downpatrick, he was set upon and taken to the Tower of London, with a life sentence upon his head.

In about a year King John became involved in a dispute with the King of France concerning the duchy of Normandy, and it was agreed to settle the matter by an appeal to arms, each monarch to furnish a champion to do battle in his name. The French King had no difficulty in securing a nobleman who would fight for him; but King John, being very unpopular, was not so fortunate. Finally, however, he thought of Sir John de Courcy. Would he, so the messenger asked him, undertake the combat for his King if promised his freedom and estates? "Most certainly I will," was the reply.

The day came and the champions

appeared; but as soon as the French nobleman caught sight of the Irish giant he got away as fast as he could, leaving the victory with the English.

"You have a wonderful fellow here," said the French King. "What can he do?"

Thereupon King John, now beginning to realize what a treasure he had been keeping under lock and key, ordered a massive steel helmet to be brought; and, at a sign from him, De Courcy cleft it with one blow of his sword. At that King John was delighted, and said to his champion:

"Ask any favor of me."

De Courcy bowed until his tall plume swept the ground.

"I need nothing," he answered; "but you have commanded me to make a request. What I desire is this. Permit me and my descendants, our first obeisance made, to sit down, wearing our hats, in the presence of our King."

"Granted!" replied King John.

All kings have not been made aware of this peculiar privilege. In 1692, when King William was on the throne, the twenty-third Lord Kingsale appeared in the royal presence with his head covered; and, upon being reprimanded, gave a history of his hereditary right, much to the King's surprise.

The De Courcys have usually been poor; one of them, in 1762, being unable to afford a new hat suitable for going to court, and so was not able to claim his prerogative.

The Honorable Michael de Courcy, son of the present Lord Kingsale, has just attained his majority, which would be a matter of little moment except for the fact that when he inherits his father's title he will receive his unique privilege along with it.

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

PART V.

II.—DOG LOST. FIFTY FRANCS' REWARD.

The following morning Camille invited his cousin to go with him to the printing-office. When they reached the Place de la Concorde, they noticed a fresh poster opposite them, before which several persons were standing. They went up to it, and Gustave read the following advertisement:

"Dog lost. Fifty Francs' Reward.—A small black spaniel, with long, drooping ears, marked with tan spots on his face and paws, was lost in the garden of the Tuileries two years ago. Last Sunday this spaniel was found on the steps of Saint Roch's Church, but he disappeared again last night. He answers to the name of Fox. The finder is requested to bring him to the residence of Madame Marbœuf, No. 37 Rue Lafitte, and receive reward."

"Madame Marbœuf!" ejaculated Gustave mentally. "That's strange!"

"It's *you* they want, my poor dog!" said Camille. "But they shall not have you," he continued, looking at the animal affectionately.

Much preoccupied, Gustave asked to be excused from accompanying his cousin farther, promising to meet him again in the evening.

On reaching the office, Camille at once told M. Germain of the advertisement for the lost dog and asked his advice.

"My advice is this, my boy," was the answer "Since this dog doesn't belong to you, you must give him up."

"I shall never give him up," said Camille, determinedly.

"But—but—you might be accused of stealing him."

"Stealing him!" exclaimed Camille, blushing.—"stealing him!"

"But it would be the same as theft to keep anything that doesn't belong to you when you know the owner."

"Then, I'll have to give him up," sighed Camille, disconsolately.

Camille picked up his dog and was about to start off with him at once. Before going, however, he turned to the workmen, who were watching him with sympathetic faces, and said:

"Do you think I might ask the lady to sell me her dog?"

"You have the right to do so," answered one of the men.

"Just as the lady has the right of refusing you," said M. Germain.

Camille set out, his heart full of sorrow. The poor animal kept his eyes fixed on his young master, as if begging not to be abandoned.

III.—MADAME MARBŒUF.

"O dear, O dear! what shall I do without my dog?" Camille kept saying to himself, looking fondly at Fox, who had never seemed so dear to him before.

At last he reached the street named in the advertisement. As he approached the house, he saw his cousin about to enter it. He quickened his pace so as to overtake him.

"What brings you here?" asked the boy.

"And you?" asked Gustave in his turn, his face showing the greatest annoyance.

"You can see for yourself," replied Camille, looking down at Fox.

"So you have come to claim the promised reward?" sneered Gustave.

The look Camille cast on his cousin at this suggestion could not be described.

"Say, Camille," said Gustave, turning to go, "don't mention my name to Madame Marbœuf, will you?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"You'll know later," was the reply.

Camille rang and inquired for the mistress of the house.

"On the first floor to the left," explained the portress. "So you're bringing back Madame's dog? You're fortunate to find him, the reward's

such a big one. I'd never have such good luck."

Camille replied with a mere bow; he was upstairs while the woman was still talking. He rang a bell, and a lackey in a green and gold livery appeared. As soon as he saw Fox, he exclaimed:

"So it's Madame's dog you have there! How glad she'll be! She lost him two years ago—the day she took the coach to go to see a dead relative. The dog disappeared at the Tuileries while she was waiting for the coach to start,—at least, that's what the maid who went with her told me."

As he was talking, the servant conducted Camille through several richly furnished apartments. Finally they reached a little boudoir, where an old lady sat in an easy-chair before the fire, embroidering. The servant opened the door and said:

"Madame, here's Fox."

"Fox! Fox!" cried the lady, dropping her work and stretching out her arms. "Fox! So you don't recognize your mistress, you ungrateful dog!"

Fox, like his young master, stood on the threshold, as if unwilling to enter.

"Fox," said Madame Marbœuf in a coaxing tone, "don't you care for your kind mistress? Here is a sweet biscuit, and you like them so well!"

Fox wagged his tail by way of thanks, but that was all.

Madame Marbœuf was a woman about sixty years old. Her face, which was unmarked by any lines of sorrow, still bore traces of great beauty.

"You see, Madame," Camille ventured to remark, "Fox is as sorry as I am that we are going to be separated."

Then, for the first time, Madame Marbœuf glanced at the boy.

"It's all right. I thank you!" she said to him; then, turning to a servant, she continued: "Pierre, give this boy fifty francs. You may go now, child."

Seeing that Camille did not stir, she added kindly:

"Don't you think the reward large enough? Do you want more?"

"I would like to make a proposition to you, Madame," said Camille, struggling to keep back his tears.

"There is nothing to prevent you from doing so. What is it?"

"Let me keep Fox," said the boy, timidly. "He's my friend, my companion; for I am a poor, abandoned boy, without any relatives. Oh, I beg of you let me keep Fox!"

"What a strange boy!" thought the lady, without being moved in the least. Then, smiling kindly, she said: "I'm very sorry for you, my child; but this dog is mine and I shall keep him. Go with Pierre and ask any reward you choose."

"I don't want anything except Fox. He's all I ask," answered Camille, sorrowfully. "Don't refuse me. You are rich: you have houses, servants, children perhaps; and I have only Fox. See how the poor dog looks at me! If he could speak, I am sure he would say: 'Please, Madame, do not separate us; have pity on both of us!'"

Without heeding this touching appeal, Madame Marbœuf again addressed her servant:

"Pierre, take this child away and give him a hundred francs.—Go now," she said to Camille. "A hundred francs is a good price for a dog."

"For you to give, perhaps," replied the boy, made bolder by the manner in which he was treated. "Sell me Fox, please, since you think money can replace a friend. Please sell him to me. How much do you want for him? I haven't the money now, but I'll earn it and bring it to you. How much will you take for him, Madame?"

"Take the boy away, I say!" insisted Madame Marbœuf; and as Camille was about to speak she added curtly: "Enough!—enough!"

Camille hung his head and followed Pierre, without daring to cast a last

look at his friend, whom Madame Marbœuf held back. The poor animal gave a prolonged howl as the door closed on his beloved young master.

Camille was going away without stopping, when the servant called out: "Wait! Here's your reward! I'll count it out."

"I should have earned it badly," replied Camille, with his hand on the door-knob; "for before night your mistress' dog will be at my house."

As he spoke, the boy bowed politely and went out of the house. Instead of taking the street leading to the office, he went a short distance in the opposite direction, then sat down on the curbstone and began to whistle.

"Aren't you going back to work?" asked Gustave, coming suddenly upon his cousin on his way back to Madame Marbœuf's.

"No: I'm going to spend the day here," was the reply.

"The fool!" said Gustave under his breath, hastening away in another direction.

IV.—THE SUBSCRIPTION.

Exactly what Camille had foreseen happened. Fox, who had escaped from his mistress once before, was not long in doing so again. As soon as he was outside he heard his master's whistle and came running up to him, out of breath.

"So here you are at last!" said the boy, caressing the dog. "Come, Fox!"

The two now hastened off together, each showing his joy in his own way.

When the proof-reader saw Camille reappear with Fox, he shook his head.

"So you weren't able to make up your mind to return him?" he said. "That isn't right, Camille."

The boy then related what had happened, excusing himself as best he could. The printers, who were listening, chimed in with various comments:

"I would do the same."

"And I, too."

"I would keep the dog."

"I would have taken the hundred francs and treated my friends."

"No, I wouldn't have taken the money; but I would have told the old lady what I thought of her."

"You think it would be easy to talk to a lady with such haughty manners and a decided tone that did not permit any reply!" observed Camille. "Well, I could only cry and beg her to let me keep Fox."

"What did she say to that?"

"She doubled the reward, claiming that a hundred francs ought to console me for the loss of the dog."

"You should have offered her the money, when you asked her to sell you the dog," said one of the men.

"She would have laughed in my face," replied Camille.

"She may have thought you didn't have it; but if you had showed it to her, then—"

"I couldn't do that, you know very well; but I told her I would earn it."

"That wasn't the same: to promise money is not to show it. One does not hesitate long at sight of twenty fine five-franc pieces."

The eyes of the men told plainly enough that they could not pass through any such ordeal.

"Perhaps you would not, Gaspard; but with rich people it is different," answered Camille, sadly.

"But I hold to my opinion," maintained Gaspard, pounding his case with his fist to emphasize his statement.

"And I agree with you!" was heard on all sides.

"We'll have to try the experiment; shall we, comrades?"

"But I haven't the hundred francs," remonstrated Camille, with a forlorn expression. "I have only fifteen."

"Would you be willing to give that much to have your dog back?" asked Gaspard.

"Yes; I'd give my fifteen francs, and my savings for next week, and the next and the next," replied the boy.

"Well, we'll do the rest, comrades," said Gaspard.

Then, mounting the stone table used for forms, he called out in a loud voice to gain the attention of all.

"A comrade is threatened with the loss of his dog—no, I'm wrong,—of his friend, the only thing he has to call his own. This comrade needs a hundred francs. Are we good for this sum?"

"Yes! yes!"

Gaspard placed his cap at his feet and said with gravity: "Let me set the example." He then dropped a piece of silver into the cap.

"I follow," added M. Germain, as he dropped in a five-franc piece.

The others filed up, each one putting in something.

"Oh, how very kind you all are to me!" exclaimed Camille, with emotion. "How can I thank you enough!"

"Well, aren't you the best of us all, though you're the smallest?" said one.

Although the boy was not very hopeful as to the outcome of all this, he was none the less moved to tears at the proofs of so much good-will.

As soon as the required sum was made up, Gaspard rolled the money in a piece of paper, asked for Madame Marbœuf's address, took off his blouse and started on his errand.

(To be continued.)

The Christian Countersign.

What the watchword, or countersign, is for soldiers, the Creed was for the first Christians, especially during the time of persecution. It was everywhere a means of recognition among themselves. If a stranger wished to attend their services, at which the Apostles' Creed was always recited, the sentinel stopped him at the door, saying:

"Give the countersign,—repeat the watchword."

If the would-be visitor was able to recite the articles of the Creed, he was admitted; if not, he was refused. Prior to the Council of Nicæa (325) the Creed was never committed to writing, but only confided by word of mouth.

The Alleluia Victory.

In 430 Saints German and Lupus were in Britain preaching to the Britons; and the Saxons joined the Picts in attacking the former in Flintshire, near Mold. A deputation went from the Britons to German and Lupus to ask them for help. The saints promised their prayers, and were made leaders of the British forces. Every day they preached to the soldiers, and on Easter Day many were in course of being baptized when the approach of the enemy was suddenly announced.

St. German saw that the enemy would come through a valley surrounded with high hills. He posted the army on these hills. As soon as the enemy entered the valley, a loud shout of "Alleluia!" resounded in the mountains, and passed from hill to hill, gathering sound as it re-echoed. Consternation filled the enemy; and, as if the rocks were ready to fall and crush them, seized with a general panic, they immediately took to flight, leaving their arms and baggage behind them. A large number perished in the river Alen. The Britons, who had remained motionless, now came forth to collect the spoils of a victory which all acknowledged to be the gift of Heaven.

Thus did Faith obtain a triumph without slaughter, with two bishops as leaders. The place of this battle is known to this day as the Field of German, and is about a mile from Mold.

•With Authors and Publishers.

—There are two good reasons why one of the new Scribner books should be widely read. One reason is that it is a "literary life" of Cardinal Newman; the other is that it is from the pen of William Barry, D. D. Dr. Barry says of the great convert that "he was a man of letters equal to the greatest writers of prose his native country has brought forth."

—The "Catholic Sermons" of Canon Bagshawe, first completely published six years ago, have been reprinted in two generous volumes. They contain upward of eighty sermons on subjects that the author arranged under the heads of the Creed, the Commandments and the Sacraments. Cardinal Manning warmly commended Canon Bagshawe's sermons when the publication of them was begun in 1881. B. Herder, publisher.

—"The Divine Armory of Holy Scripture," by the Rev. Kenelm Vaughan, is a book of the very highest value—a manual of meditation, devotion and spiritual reading to which we know of nothing comparable. We strongly recommend it as calculated to increase the knowledge and love of the Sacred Volume from which it is compiled. The second revised American edition of "The Divine Armory," just issued by B. Herder, deserves to be specially mentioned. Type, paper and binding leave little to be desired, while the price of the book is moderate.

—"The Virgin Mary in the Christian Orient" is the translation of the French title which the scholarly and pious Canon Joseph Lémann has given to his latest contribution to Marian literature. It is published on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, and incidentally the Golden Jubilee of the conversion of the reverend author and his brother from Judaism to Catholicism. Alluding in his preface to that fact, Canon Lémann says: "Yes, in the white year 1854, the Virgin proclaimed without stain deigned with her merciful hand to efface from our foreheads the original stain, the stain of deicide, and our own personal stains."

—Mr. J. E. C. Bodley is at work upon a continuation of his famous study of France, one of the most useful books produced in our generation. The new volume will probably be ready for the press within the present year. According to the *Dublin Freeman*, Mr. Bodley was the person selected by Cardinal Manning to write his biography. It was the Cardinal, too, who indirectly turned Mr. Bodley into the particular line of work in which he has been so successful. At Manning's suggestion, Mr. Bodley

prepared an analytical article on the Church in the United States; and it was this article which led a London publisher in 1890 to arrange for the volume on "France," which ranks with De Tocqueville's "America."

—The American Book Company have added to their supplementary readers a new series of French books. Among them we note a collection, La Fontaine's Fables, with notes, explanations and vocabulary; Chateaubriand's "Les Aventures du Dernier Abencerage," interesting in matter and satisfactory as to notes; and a First French Reader compiled by L. C. Syms from the works of Octave Feuillet, Labarlaye, Felix Gras, and others.

—"A Princess of Meath," arranged by the Ursulines of St. Teresa, New York, and published by W. H. Young & Co., is religious and historical, and withal entertaining. There is action from the beginning, and the stage setting gives color and variety all through. The musical element introduced adds not a little to the general effect. The play is written for girls and includes a number of speaking characters. Full directions for costumes and stage presentation are given.

—Not all the books that bear apparently Catholic titles are either really Catholic in spirit or even proper to be recommended to the average Catholic reader. We confess to a feeling of disappointment in connection with one such volume recently brought out and sent to us for review. The title was promising, the publisher reputable; and, if we had never heard of the author before, the presumption was, perhaps, in his favor. It is so no longer, however. We have read the book; and as it has left a disagreeable taste in our mouth, we shall refrain from doing our readers the ill turn of bringing it to their notice.

—To us the publication of Lord Acton's letters to the Gladstones without adequate explanation seems an offence against both conscience and sound scholarship. The tenor of many passages will surprise readers who thought they fully understood Lord Acton's feelings at the time of the Vatican Council; and, while the publication of such passages was altogether justifiable and even praiseworthy in the circumstances, fair play demanded that they be properly annotated. No man who said, "I do not know of a religious and educated Catholic who really believes that the See of Rome is a safe guide to salvation," could have continued to receive the Sacraments as Acton did without a change of heart, or without abjuring at leisure what was petulantly written in haste.

As for the ponderous pleasantries of the *Nation* in suggesting that the soul of Lord Acton may, in consequence of the publication of these letters, "lose the benefit of any Masses that have been purchased for it, and the payment for which may be still standing to its credit," it reminds us of an elephant which we once observed in the act of attempting to waltz. It wasn't much of a waltz.

—When Masson, the biographer of Napoleon, was elected to the French Academy a few months ago, he was received by Brunetière with an address of welcome that fairly scintillated with good-natured chaff at the extreme scientific manner of writing history. We quote a sample:

You have followed him [Napoleon] not only in his battles and marches across Europe, in the soirées at Malmaison and the official receptions at the Tuileries, but also in his intimacy, in his private apartments, bedrooms and dressing-rooms. You have counted his wash: thirty-six flannel undershirts, nine dozen white shirts, bosoms of holland at 48 francs a piece,—but sixty francs when they were all hollands; twelve dozen pocket-handkerchiefs; three dozen folded towels, about which you 'regret that you have not gained any further information'; three dozen merino foot-warmers,—but perhaps, as you say, "these were socks."

M. Brunetière once wrote an essay on "The Bankruptcy of Science," so it is quite possible that his valuation of the assets is not altogether impartial. The pedant has his usefulness as well as the poet.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1.50, net.

The Veiled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly.* \$1.60, net.

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. *Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

Sketches for Sermons. *Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S.* \$1.25.

On the Priesthood. A Treatise by St. John Chrysostom. 85 cts., net.

London Catholic Missions. *Johanna H. Harting.* \$2, net.

The Dream of Gerontius. 30 cts.

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury. *Bernard Ward.* \$1.60, net.

The Daughter of a Magnate. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.

The Ship of State, by those at the Helm. 75 cts., net.

The Beginnings of Christianity. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D.* \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—*HBB.*, xiii, 3.

Rev. Wimar Mueller, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Edmond Fitzmaurice, diocese of Scranton; and Rev. Austin O'Grady, diocese of Springfield. Sister M. Monica, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Catherine, Order of Charity.

Mr. Henry Passey, of Providence, R. I.; Mr. Thomas O'Reilly, Bedford Station, N. Y.; Mrs. James Hart, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Charles Maguire, New York; Mrs. John Ritz, Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Magdalene Henner, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. William Coady and Miss Margaret Coady, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Louis Feisner, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. Margaret Hanning, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mr. Eubin Slaig, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. J. F. Kelly and Mr. J. D. O'Bryan, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Albert Tailor and Mr. John Smith, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Daniel Quigg, Mr. John McLaughlin, and Mary B. Gaston, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. A. Sharpe, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Sarah Hopkins, Ansonia, Conn.; Mr. Martin Bergin, Miss Margaret Tobin, Mr. William Cassidy, and Miss Annie O'Connell, Waterbury, Conn.; also Mr. Ralph Heller, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 46.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 23, 1904.

NO. 17.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Springtime.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

OLD springtimes came to a stringing of lutes,
To a ripple of pipes and Arcadian dance;
Pan and his tribe were the call of the flutes,
While blossom and star wooed the scent and the glance.

Old springtimes came to a measure as rare
When troubadours wove the sweet language of love,
And forth from their gates came the brave and the fair,
With the green at their feet and the clear sky above.

Ah, sweet sang the birds and the meadows were gay!

But sweeter nor, gladder nor aught, than to-day
When the springtime appears through our forests of pine .

With eyes of the pansy, white laughter of spray
And blue of the mountains for raiment divine—
Youth, beauty and strength, in a madcap sway!

But, ah, my heart! art thou still the same
That the swallows woke in the long ago?
Is old Arcadia but a name

And blithe Provence but a dream also?

Oh, answer, heart! for thou must know
If spring can come as old springtimes came.

It is the mark of true greatness to reverence the sacred relics of the past. It is the mark of sublime genius to seize upon a great religious idea and hold it up before the people, so that all the scattered forces of national love and hope may centre upon it.

—Dr. Van Dyke.

Pilgrimages of Our Forefathers.

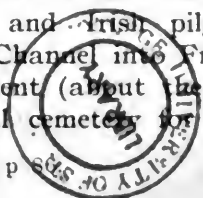
BY MARIAN NESBITT.

BEFORE giving a few sketches of some ancient though less widely known shrines of the Blessed Virgin, it is interesting, from an historical as well as from a devotional point of view, to revert for a moment to pilgrimages as a form, and a favorite form, of pious exercise undertaken with zealous frequency by our Catholic forefathers.

Even a superficial glance into the annals of the past shows us that a great and constant stream of pilgrims to the Holy Places and other venerated spots "commenced almost with the dawn of Christianity." The Irish were singularly noted for their love of pilgrimages; and old chronicles tell us that, from very early times, "wandering pilgrimages on sea" were not unusual in Ireland, where the law "protected from distress a member of a tribe who had gone on pilgrimage."

That pilgrims were held in reverence is sufficiently evident from the fact that Charlemagne wrote to Offa, King of the Mercians, freeing English pilgrims from all tolls and customs;* and we find a pathetic proof of the multitude both of British and Irish pilgrims who crossed the Channel into France, in the establishment (about the year 1130) of a special cemetery for them

* Gretzer, t. iv, pt. ii, p 366.



at Wissant, not far from Cape Gris-Nez.

Roughly speaking, pilgrimages may be divided into three classes: 1. Devotional pilgrimages,—greater ones, to sanctuaries in other and perhaps far-distant countries; and lesser ones, to shrines nearer home,—these latter being common to persons in every grade of society. 2. Vicarious pilgrimages, made, as their name implies, by deputy, to sanctuaries both at home and abroad, in accordance with a wish expressed by will or otherwise. 3. Penitential pilgrimages, which again may be divided into two classes: (1) those undertaken in a spirit of penance, or as an act of reparation for grievous wrong done; and (2) pilgrimages made by order of a judicial sentence.

It not unfrequently happened that the latter class were imposed in commutation of some heavier punishment; and, as a reliable authority tells us, might also be performed by deputy "for a fixed sum of money." It is interesting to note that this practice constituted a part of the penal law in France for the lay tribunals as well as for ecclesiastical justice.

The study of ancient documents places beyond question the fact that, during the Middle Ages, pilgrimages to different shrines of Our Lady, such as Boulogne, Vauvert, Chartres, Rocamadour, and so forth, were often imposed by the Inquisition in France; whilst it is worthy of record that the prices for deputy judicial pilgrimages from Ghent to the English sanctuaries of the Blessed Mother of God were as follows: Our Ladye at Salisbury, £5; Our Ladye at Walsingham, £4; Our Ladye in the Church of St. Katherine at Lincoln, £5; Our Ladye of Lincoln, £5.

It was decreed in the Council of Calne, A. D. 978, that it should be lawful for the people to make pilgrimages to St. Marye of Abingdon, where a church in honor of Our Lady, together with a monastery for twelve Benedictine

monks, had been founded by Cyssa in the year 675. This church soon became richly endowed; for our Catholic forefathers—to use their own quaint but devotional phraseology—loved right well "to make God and Our Lady their heirs."

These charters of donations in land were not sent by messengers; such a mode of procedure, natural though it would seem, did not satisfy the pious benefactors of those days, who wished to demonstrate their faith by every means in their power. Not content, therefore, with munificent gifts, they would themselves go to the church, attended by their friends, relatives, and retainers; as in the case of one Lullan, a noble Saxon, who, having received a gift of the Vil of Estun from Brightric, King of Wessex (704–800), desired "to make God his heir, and gave Estun to Him and Our Ladye," laying the charter upon the altar, and saying: "All mine richte that ic [I] haedde in Estun ic gife to Saeinte Marie in Abbedun."*

Cardinal Wolsey ordered a yearly pilgrimage to be made to Our Lady of Grace, at Ipswich. There were, as was usual in those days, several other churches in the town dedicated to the Blessed Mother of God; but this "celebrated and miraculous image" stood in St. Marye's Chapel, which was situated at the northwest corner of the lane without the West Gate, opposite to the George Inn; and the lane goes by the name of Lady Lane to this day.

Sir Thomas More† writes of a cure wrought at this once famous shrine upon one of the daughters of "a right worshipful knight, Syr Roger Wentworth." This maiden, "a very faire younge gentlewoman of twelve years of age," was grievously "vexed and

* "Chron. Monast. de Abingdon," pp. 15–27.

† See "A Dialogue Concerning Heresy and Matters of Religion Made in the Year of Our Lorde MDXXVIIJ. by Sir T. More."

tormented by our ghostly enemy, the devil." "Monished by the will of God," she went on a pilgrimage to "Our Ladye of Ippiswitche"; and there having been completely cured, she was "so moved in her mind with the miracle that she forsoke the world and professed religion in a very good and godly company." In the thirtieth year of the reign of Henry VIII. the Image of Our Lady of Ipswich was carried up to Chelsea and burned; whilst the rich offerings and jewels went, it need scarcely be said, to the King's treasury.

It was no unusual thing to make a vow of pilgrimage for the recovery of a sick friend or relative. For example, we find Mrs. Margaret Parton writing on the 28th of September, 1443, to her husband, John Parton, in the following words: "I have behested to go on pilgrimage to Walsingham and St. Leonard's for you." By St. Leonard's is understood Our Lady in the Priory of St. Leonard's, on Mousehold Hill, Norwich, commonly called St. Leonard's Without, to which large offerings and numerous pilgrimages were made. Again, history tells us that when Henry VI. of England was lying ill, the chief members of his court asked permission to go on pilgrimage to foreign shrines, in order to pray there for his recovery.

According to the constitutions of Hereford Cathedral, drawn up, it is supposed, about A. D. 1250, no canon was allowed to make more than *one* pilgrimage across the sea in his life; but by the same constitutions he was permitted three weeks of absence *every* year to go on pilgrimage in England.

In respect of "vicarious" pilgrimages, we read that in 1310 "Marguerite de Dampierre, wife of Gaucher the Fourth, of Châtillon, by will dated the 16th of January, left ten livres for the pilgrimages which she owed to Our Lady of Boulogne, and other sanctuaries which she named; and desired that a pilgrim

should be sent to each of them for her." William Ecopp, rector of Hellerton, leaves instructions (1472) that immediately after his death one or more pilgrims be "sent for him to Our Ladye of Walsingham, Our Ladye of Lincoln, and five more shrines of Our Ladye, and at each to offer fourpence." Again we read of a certain William Ponte (1471) who makes a bequest in the following terms: "To any one who will pilgrimage for me to Our Ladye of Walsingham," etc. We find numerous entries in the household book of Elizabeth of York recording offerings made for her, by deputy, to different sanctuaries of Our Lady, such as Windsor, Worcester, Woolpit (in Suffolk,—"*an image much frequented by pilgrims*"), Willeden, and others.

It is not always easy, at this distance of time, to discover the primary cause why certain small shrines became eventually so famous; we simply have evidence of the fact from the records in existing documents, proving the pilgrimages made and the gifts offered. For instance, the image of Our Lady of the Oak, which was placed in a large oak tree that grew in the churchyard of St. Martin's, at Norwich, commonly called on this account St. Martin's at Oak, was, "at the coming of Edward VI. to the crown," rich in vestments and plate, which were sold and the money used "to mend and fye the river." Blomefield says: "It seems that this oak and statue began to be of remark about the time of Edward II.; for there I find it first called *atte the oke*." But the reason of its fame is now lost in the mists of ages.

It may appear strange, according to our present ideas of ease and comfort, to learn that in the Ages of Faith it was no unusual thing for pilgrims to go barefoot and sometimes even clad in the thinnest of garments. We are told that in representations of the principal miracles wrought by Our

Blessed Lady of the Potterie, at Bruges (the oldest sanctuary of Our Lady in Belgium), which are depicted on ancient tapestry, there is represented the cure of Victor Carr, of Ypres, "who vowed a pilgrimage in his shirt." Certainly to be so lightly clothed must have added considerably to the penitential character of these devotional journeys, if they happened to be performed in the winter.

With regard to judicial pilgrimages, Boulogne was one of the celebrated sanctuaries of Our Lady to which this kind of pilgrimage was directed to be made. The earliest instance on record is that of a citizen of Ypres who, because he had stabbed another with a knife was condemned by Margaret, Countess of Flanders, about the year 1273, to go on pilgrimage to Our Lady of Boulogne. "The condemned was to receive publicly in the church the pilgrim staff and belt; and on his return he was to bring an attestation, under seal, that he had fulfilled his sentence."

So much for pilgrimages and their nature. In the sketches which follow we shall endeavor to give a brief account of a few ancient and interesting shrines to which such pilgrimages were made.

OUR LADYE OF PEWE.

It has been said by one who has made a very complete and exhaustive study of the subject, that Our Lady of Pity—that is, an image of Our Lady seated, having the body of her Divine Son dead upon her knees—"was pre-eminently the favorite Old English representation of the Blessed Mother of God." Certain it is that such statues were to be found in every part of the kingdom; not the least notable amongst them being that in the "renowned chapel" of Our Lady of Pewe, on the south side of St. Stephen's, Westminster. This famous chapel, to which so many pilgrimages and costly offerings were constantly made, is

described in a variety of ways, from the year 1369 to 1525. Amongst other forms too numerous to mention, we find Our Lady de Pewa, Capella de la Pewe, Our Lady of Pue, and so forth.

The meaning—or, to speak more correctly, the endeavor to prove the exact meaning—of this curious name has given rise to many conjectures, but its origin is exceedingly difficult to determine. Some authorities hold that the chapel was so called from the four wells, or "puits," which were in close proximity to it—viz., one in the Speaker's courtyard, another at the eastern extremity of New Palace Yard, a third in Cotton Garden, and the fourth in the south cloister of St. Stephen's Chapel, near the entrance of a room which in former times was the chapel of St. Marye in the vaults directly under the House of Commons.* Others again believe the word "Pewe" had some connection with the Guild of Our Lady of Puy, in London. Another writer on this subject does not consider either of these explanations or derivations sufficiently well-founded, judging from the fact that in old English historical documents a quaint combination of English, French and Latin in one sentence is frequently met with. For example, William of Worcester, describing the length of the chapter-house of St. Edmundsbury, gives it as, "longitude de le chapter-house." Hence it seems more than probable that *de Pewa*, *de la Pewe*, and so on, are merely variations of Pue, which itself may be a corruption or contraction of the words *qui s'appuye*, seeing that in some images of Our Lady of Pity the Blessed Virgin is represented as *leaning* over and embracing her dead Son.

Again, it has been suggested that the name had reference to the seated attitude of Our Lady. The Latin word *podium*, whence the old French *puy*,

* Smith's "Antiquities of Westminster."

and the English "pue," or "pew," are derived, originally * meant anything on which we lean; and later it was used to designate an enclosed seat or pew. It might also be that St. Marye de la Pewe once formed what would now be called the royal tribune, or pew, communicating with the Royal Chapel of St. Stephen's, and thus the image would come to be known as Our Lady of the King's Pue, and, more briefly, Our Lady of the Pue. Lastly, we have the not unreasonable deduction that as "pity" or *pitié*, contracted, becomes in Old English "pitie," it required only a careless scribe, or the omission of the cross stroke of the *t* to convert *pitié* into "pue."

No date of the building of this chapel, or the name of its founder, has been recorded. That of St. Stephen's was built by Stephen, Earl of Blois, afterward King of England, and rebuilt by Edward III. "The exact position of Our Lady of Pue," says a trustworthy historian, "has not been ascertained; but it was not far from the Chapel of St. Stephen, if indeed it did not join it." It appears, moreover, practically certain that the Chapel of Our Lady (de la Pewe) was on the *south* side of that called St. Stephen's; for we learn that in 1394 the Knights of the Bath then to be created took their way "secretly by Our Lady of Piew," through St. Stephen's Chapel, "on to the steyr-foote of the Star Chamber end." Newcourt tells us that on the 29th of September, 1369, King Edward III. gave to John Bulwick out of his exchequer ten marks yearly to say Mass everyday before the image of Our Ladye, the Blessed Virgin Marye, in this chapel of Our Ladye, near to the King's Chapel of St. Stephen's, Westminster.

It must be remembered that, from the eighth century, it was customary to cover venerated images made of wood with a sheathing of gold or silver,

and to adorn them with gems. That this was the case with Our Lady of Pue we have ample proof; for we find that "on the night of the 7th of February, 1393, some enemies of God, members of the devil and thieves, broke into the Chapel of Blessed Marye de la Pew, at Westminster, and carried off many jewels and treasures from it." And Stow observes: "Amongst other things of this chapel, I have read that on February 17, 1452, by the negligence of a scholar appointed by his schoolmaster to put forth the lights of this chapel, the image of Our Lady, richly decked with jewels, precious stones, pearls, and rings—more than any jeweller could judge the price for—was, with all this apparel, ornaments and the chapel itself, burnt but since re-edified."

As evidence of the high esteem in which this ancient shrine was held, we give one instance out of many. "In 1381, before setting out to meet the rebels under Wat Tyler at Smithfield, the Kyng" (Richard II.), says the old chronicle, "departed fro the Wardrobe in the Royall, and went to Westmynster and harde Masse in the churche there, and all his lordes with him; and besyde the churche there was a lytel chapell, with an image of Our Ladye which did great miracles, and in whom the Kynges of England had ever great trust and confydence. The Kyng made his orisons before this image, and dyd there his offeryng; and then he lepte on his horse, and all his lordes, and so the Kyng rode towarde London."

We have seen from Stow's account, that the chapel was destroyed by fire in 1452; but it is quite evident that some years must have elapsed ere it was rebuilt by Antony Widville; for at the time of its burning this same Antony Widville, Earl Rivers and Lord Scales, was only a boy of ten. He is said to have obtained the pardon of the "Scala Coeli" at Rome for the chapel,

and in 1480 we find it designated Our Lady of Pue, or Scala.

It will be remembered that Antony Widville was arrested on a false charge of high treason by the Duke of Gloucester (afterward Richard III.), and imprisoned in Pontefract Castle, where he was eventually beheaded. Earl Rivers was one, to quote Sir Thomas More, "of whom it would be hard to say whether he was more prompt in counsel or in act." He was also a devout man, and when awaiting his cruel death he bequeathed his heart to the shrine he loved so well. Dugdale gives an abstract of the will, dated June 23, 1483, in which the Earl says: "I will that my heart be carried to Our Ladye of Pue, adjoining to St. Stephen's College at Westminster. . . . And in case I die south of the Trent, then I will that my body be also buried before Our Ladye of Pue."

The heart was considered the noblest portion of the whole body; and, abroad, it was frequently left as a votive offering to some sanctuary beloved of the donor. Richard I. of England gave his heart to Our Lady of Rouen; and in 1387 John, the First Count of Auvergne and Boulogne, left his to Our Lady of Boulogne. These bequests may have been prompted by gratitude for some spiritual or temporal favor, or merely to show that those who made them had given their hearts to her whom St. Bonaventure calls *Raptrix Cordium*. They are touching proofs of the chivalrous devotion felt for the Virgin Mother of Christ.

This devotion has been quaintly and charmingly expressed by Chaucer, "the Morning Star of Song," in a ballad addressed to Our Lady. He says:

Mine hart I give you, Lady, in this entent,
That ye shall holly* thereof have governaunce,
Taking my leave with hart's obeisaunce,
Salve Regina singing last of all
To be our helpe when we to thee call.

* Wholly.

To return, however, to the famous sanctuary of Our Lady of Pue. We find in the will of Antony Widville, the Earl Rivers previously mentioned, that they who succeeded to the lands of his first wife should devote five hundred marks for sundry purposes, one of which was to find a priest for one year at Our Lady of Pue, to pray for the souls of his brothers and all Christian souls.* It is interesting, moreover, to note that this same chapel was a favorite one "for the celebration of Masses of Requiem," as may be seen from a glance at ancient deeds. One of these, dated July 28, 1480—for the foundation of an anniversary for Richard Green and his parents and relatives—distinctly states that the motive for selecting this particular sanctuary is because it was a place of great devotion, abounding in indulgences for the living and also for the dead, besides the special indulgence of the "Scala Cœli."

Again, Elizabeth Uvedale, in her will (October 14, 1487) leaves the following legacy: "Item. To a devoute prieste x. l. to sing Seint Gregorie's trentalle at Our Ladye of Pewe, or Scala; which if it be not doone by my life, then I charge you, my said executors, that it be doone as soon as I am deceased, as ye will answer afore God."† And on the 9th of May, 1494, Henry VII. offered £2 at Our Ladye of the Pewe; while on the 14th of July we find this entry: "To my Ladye, the Kinge's moder, for the wages of Sir John Bracy singing before Our Ladye of the Pewe, for a quarter's wages, £2."‡ In 1498 Anne, Lady Scrope, widow of John, Lord Scrope of Bolton, left one decade of her great beads of gold to Our Ladye of Pewe.

There are many records of Masses to be said or sung at Our Lady of Pewe,

* See "Testamenta Vetusta," p. 379.

† See "Surrey Archæol. Collections," v, iii, pp. 169, 170.

‡ "Excerpt. Historica," pp. 98, 99.

and frequent entries such as the following, "To Dr. Rawson, for 42 priests singing at Our Ladye of Pewe on All Souls' Day, eight pence each"; as well as entries of offerings made. For instance, on the 5th of July, 1508, the Duke of Buckingham offered three shillings and fourpence to Our Ladye of Pewe. On the 31st of January, 1519, Henry Courtenay, Earl of Devon, offered fourpence; and amongst the expenses of the Earl of Cumberland is mentioned one shilling and eight pence to Our Ladye of Pewe.

Such examples might indeed be almost indefinitely multiplied, but the few given are sufficient to prove the reverence in which this ancient and famous shrine was held. One fact more, however, in connection with it is worthy of notice. We refer to the visit to the Chapel of Our Ladye of Pewe, which formed one of the ceremonies attendant on the creation of serjeants-at-law. To quote Dugdale's words: "The said new serjeants, . . . with the said Warden of the Flete and the Marchall, and other officers affore them, and their servants after them in their liveries, . . . goo through Westminster Hall onto ower Ladye of Pewe." Even in the first year of the reign of Edward VI., though Our Lady's statue had been destroyed, this visit to her chapel was still continued. Now, alas! this shrine, once so dear to king and courtier, prince and peasant, is utterly forgotten.

—♦—

If truth do anywhere manifest itself, seek not to cover it with glossing delusions: acknowledge the greatness thereof; and think it your best victory when the same doth prevail over you.

—Richard Hooker.


It is not too much to say that devout prayer actually transforms us—not so much by obtaining what we ask for as by our very contact with God.

—Bishop Hedley.

Marquis John.

—
BY HENRY DE BORNIER.
—

VI.—M. DE CHAZÉ GROWS IMPATIENT.

 T was five o'clock. The lovely valley and village of Marcilly seemed to slumber in the last rays of the autumn sun. A filmy vapor rose from the chimneys of the cottages, and wreathed about the tower of the picturesque church like the smoke from a swinging censer. All was peace, calm, and holiness.

Suddenly a loud cry broke upon the stillness.

"Ha, ha, Plumeau my boy!"

The whole village started as though a battery had opened upon it. Women, children, old men leaped to their feet, exclaiming:

"That's the Count de Chazé!"

It was indeed M. de Chazé who troubled thus the silence of the village. The Countess had not been half an hour on the road to Lizardière when he began to fidget at her absence. He knew perfectly well that it would take his horses at least one hour to reach the old manor-house, and another to return to Marcilly. But he was a man of a most impatient temperament,—a nature that demanded action, action, action.

He had taken up his position on the broad steps of the château, and from thence could see the hamlet, the road winding down the valley and the meadows of the Maulne. He had the bearing of a soldier; his martial figure was drawn up to its full height and stood in relief against the sky, while he enjoyed the evening breeze. On his dark velvet jacket the ribbon of the Legion of Honor glowed like a flame. From time to time he tugged at his mustache, or took off his felt hat and ran his hand through his hair.

"I am sure Christiana will succeed!" he exclaimed.

Having reflected, for a few moments, he added:

"What if she *doesn't* succeed? What if she should fail?"

Great annoyance was displayed on his features, and he began to ponder again. It was in the midst of these reflections that he uttered the cry which was heard all over the little village: "Ha, ha, Plumeau my boy!"

Plumeau was a child of about fifteen, who had just crawled into a field of potatoes belonging to the castle property, a few hundred yards off. Thinking himself concealed by the tall chestnuts of the avenue, he was boldly making his provision for the winter. But M. de Chazé had the eyes of a lynx as well as the voice of a lion, and he perceived the delinquent.

The boy Plumeau crouched down, thinking that the Count, three hundred yards off, would lose sight of him. He then crawled along toward the hedge which encloses the park. But the Count detected his tactics.

"Stop, boy!"

Plumeau, disconcerted, stood quite motionless.

"Now, advance!" and he motioned to the culprit to come to him.

When Plumeau was about a hundred steps from the castle, the Count's voice was heard again, in such fashion as to nail him to the ground where he stood.

"Ha, ha, my lad! So that's the way you harvest the property of others! What have you to say? Nothing?... Ah, it is for your mother and your sister that you steal! Well, you should have asked me for the potatoes. Go and fill your sack, and don't come here again without permission, I say."

Plumeau did not wait to be told twice. He went down the long avenue, filled his sack, and entered the village with the righteous sense of duty accomplished.

As for M. de Chazé, he returned to his reflections, then looked at his watch, tapping the stone steps with his foot, and using interjections of several hundred horse-power.

"Is it possible he can have refused to come? They are so proud, those Lizardières, from father to son! Not that I blame them, in a sense; but to be proud one must be rich. Poverty isn't a sin, nevertheless. That obstinate John, if he had been willing, might have gone to Algeria with me. He would have been lieutenant of my regiment. But he would fight only for the King! I understand him; but, confound it, I could not bring the King back all by myself! But here I have been waiting an hour and they don't come—ah, I hear the sound of the carriage! But is John with Christiana? Poor fellow, he has had a hard time of it, after all. Madeleine, Madeleine!"

At the sound of the Count's voice, a little girl of about ten years came bounding out of the house. She had the dark, lustrous hair of the Countess, and the blue eyes of the Count; her manner was both grave and joyous. She held in her arms an enormous doll, and seemed very proud of her burden.

"Come here, Madeleine, and listen to me. Your cousin John, who has not been to Marcilly for an age, is going to live with us. You must be very good to him. If he seems sad, you must amuse him; and you must never say to him, 'Your coat doesn't fit you!' as you said to Monsieur Raoul Désormes one day. With Monsieur Désormes, who is wealthy, it does not much matter; but with John, who is poor, it would be horrible. Do you understand?"

"Yes, papa. I will say to him: 'Cousin John, how nice your coat looks!'"

"No: you must exaggerate nothing. Speak to him affectionately, as your

mother will. As for me, I shall do otherwise. If I were softer to him than to another, he would fancy that I acted thus on account of his poverty, and this would only humiliate him. But a woman and a child have always the right to be charming. You comprehend all this, my darling?"

"Yes, papa,—oh, yes!"

M. de Chazé took Madeleine in his arms. The carriage came up at a fast trot, and soon it was near enough for the Count to call out:

"So there you are, old fellow! I began to think the victoria had broken down on the road. Do you think I am an angel of patience? Get down at once and let me look at you. Now you may kiss Madeleine, if you like."

Madeleine submitted gravely; then, laughing and pulling John's mustache, she said:

"What a nice mustache you have, cousin!"

"Now, my boy, take Madeleine by the hand and lead the way to the dining room; for I have won the appetite of a wolf in waiting for you."

Dinner was eaten at first in silence. John did his best to conceal his sadness, but without much success. Christiana was pensive, though smiling; and the child watched her cousin stealthily.

As for M. de Chazé, he was engaged in a more serious occupation. Out of respect for his wife and daughter, he permitted certain light and dainty dishes to be placed on the table; but he added enormous slices of mutton, farm bread, and other strange dishes. It took him some time to dispose of his specialties; but finally he stopped, and, fixing his eager eyes on John, said:

"Have you news of your sister?"

"Yes, cousin. She is still in the smallpox ward of the naval hospital at Brest."

"Under fire?"

"She with two other Sisters took the horrible disease. The other two died—"

"Flew straight up to heaven," chimed in Madeleine.

"And your noble sister stands to her guns!" cried the Count. "She is a saint. Let us drink to her health! A little Madeira, John."

The young man could scarcely refrain from smiling.

"Cousin," said Madeleine, who had long sought an opportunity to say something, "I want to be a Sister of Charity, too."

"And why, little girl?"

"So as to have a white coif with two great wings that shake in the wind."

"And for what else?"

"To please my cousin John."

And, leaving her chair abruptly, Madeleine ran to her cousin and began to pull his mustache.

The ice was broken. The rest of the meal was gay and animated. Christiana introduced the subject of painting apropos of the exhibition at Mans. John opposed her views, but he was vanquished. M. de Chazé, always proud of his wife's superior mind, could not keep silent.

"There you are, beaten out and out! Christiana is stronger than you are."

"Oh, theoretically, perhaps," said the Countess; "but John, when he resolves upon it, can prove himself a landscape painter of the first rank."

"Then, sir, you must paint me four great panels in the armory: a wolf hunt, a fox hunt, a stag hunt, and a boar hunt. I will tell you how I want them."

"It is all arranged, cousin," said John, not without a last great effort over himself.

"I recall to mind how your grandfather, the Marquis Gontrau, earned his living during his exile at Nuremberg by painting children's playthings. All the Lizardières are artists. John, a glass of old Burgundy to the health of Marquis Gontrau!"

After dinner they passed into the

parlor. The Count, overflowing with good-humor, began by installing himself in a large armchair.

"Friend John, this is the hour when, like a feudal lord, I compel my wife and daughter to wait on me. You shall be my page. Christiana, condescend to pour the coffee for your sovereign master. Madeleine, you shall have the honor of presenting the sugar. Now the brandy of the Middle Ages!"

When the Count had finished his cup, he turned toward John.

"Your turn, my trusty page. Go and get that stool and put it under my feet. Be loyal, noble youth, and reckon on a just reward. I shall serve thee on the day of thy nuptials."

This was the Count's standing joke, and he never omitted it.

When he had extended his feet on the stool placed beneath them by John, he settled himself for his daily little nap.

"Christiana and Madeleine, sit down and play something. Wake me in half an hour, and we will escort Monsieur de Lizardière to his castle."

Christiana and Madeleine placed themselves at the piano. But the child did not interest herself in the music: soon there were tears, and finally an obstinate refusal on the part of Miss Madeleine to repeat a certain number.

John interposed.

"Little cousin, if you play that air over again as your mother wishes you, and if you are very good, I will paint a picture of you and your doll."

"For sure?—for sure? Then, mamma, I will be very good."

Christiana thanked John with a smile, and said:

"My children have caused me some annoyance to-day; but since they correct each other things will go better."

Madeleine conquered the difficulty, and the music went on very well; the Countess humming in a low tone, and occasionally passing her delicate hand through the tresses of her beloved

daughter, or kissing the snow-white forehead.

John looked at mother and child, who in turn sometimes glanced amicably at him, and nodded toward M. de Chazé asleep in his great chair. And the Marquis felt an ineffable joy descending into his heart,—the joy of loving those who love us.

"Boot and saddle, lazy troop! Shame to let me sleep so long! Come, come, John! Will you accompany us as far as the Petit Château, Christiana?"

"Yes, dear; and Madeleine, too. I want to see if the servants have carried out my orders, and if John has all he requires in his new domicile."

All four went down, and stopped a moment on reaching the stone steps. It was a beautiful night, and the moon shone clear from a sky which was still almost blue. On the left, the tall trees of the warren cast their shadows across a large field; on the right was a wood of acacias, maples, and poplars, the tops of which gently rustled in the breeze. In front, the wide lawn, silvered by the moonlight, reached down to the village. A little nearer than the village stood the Petit Château, whose two sharp towers cleft in twain the serene brightness of the night.

The Count took John's arm and walked on in front. Behind them Madeleine's little steps were heard; and her mother walked beside her. In a few moments they were at the château.

The Petit Château was not, after all, so very small. A main building flanked by two towers of the fifteenth century; one quite large room and one smaller, on the ground-floor; and two sleeping rooms above,—that was all. But, with some slight alterations, there was space enough to have accommodated a whole family.

In front of the porch stood Pieyard, at his feet Clodion, and near by the famous goat. Clodion bounded with rapture on beholding his master; even

the goat sent forth a joyous bleat of recognition; while Pieyrard hastened to open the door for the Countess.

Walking around, Christiana saw that everything was properly arranged in the apartments. The library was full of choice books, principally works on art; the furniture was plain but comfortable; and everywhere neatness and order prevailed, which made Christiana smile as she thought of the Lizardière. Perhaps John thought of the Lizardière too; for he colored but did not smile.

The Countess then went upstairs, with John and her husband, to inspect the sleeping rooms; while Madeleine remained below and made the acquaintance of Clodion and the goat. Christiana was satisfied: nothing was lacking in John's sleeping apartment: it was a veritable nest for a poet or an artist.

They came down again, and John stood at the door to bid his host "Good-night." His heart was touched by so much kindness, and he only said: "You are very good to me!"

"Good to you! Oh, no! You deserve better than this. And I am thinking of my panels. A painter would ask me a fortune for them; but with you I can do as I choose. You won't get any more than your work is worth; do you hear? And, what is more, I expect you to begin at once—to-morrow morning, mind you,—or I shall be angry. And you don't know what that means. Now kiss Madeleine, don't forget your prayers, and God bless you!"

Shaking the young man's hand as though he would break it, the Count, followed by Madeleine and Christiana, walked away by the path which led to the castle.

As for John, in spite of the day's emotions, he slept more peacefully than on the previous night.

(To be continued.)

On the Persecution in France.

COME forth, O Lord, and smite them in Thy wrath,

The puny renegades who dare revile
Thy sacred name! Oh, sweep them from Thy path,

And let not innocence be prey to guile!

How long, O Lord of Righteousness! (I prayed)—

How long wilt Thou in patient calm endure
Betrayal base from what Thyself hast made?

Shall they in blasphemy still live secure?

Behold! Thy faithful ones are sorely pressed;

Banished the shepherds and dispersed the flock.
Aloft who railed at Thee, downfallen who blessed:

The virtuous mourning, while the evil mock.

But Thou art Lord of Justice and of Hosts,

The mighty mountains tremble at Thy breath;
Oh, lift Thy vengeful arm and quell their boasts!

Art Thou not Giver of all life and death?

Homeless to-day who fed and housed Thy poor,

How can they serve Thee, Lord, or spread Thy name?

The vicious now will unmolested lure

Their needy victims to sure death and shame.

O Ruler of the tempest, come to save!

Come with the bolts of Thy dread might unhurled.

At last the answer came, serene and grave:

"Be still! My kingdom is not of this world.

"Forget the vile, and lift thy gaze above

These lesser instruments of My design,

Who purify the faithful souls I love

And teach them still to say, 'Thy will, not mine!'

"Seek not for vengeance; rather watch and pray.

Look that thou humbly dost fulfil thy part.

Fret not. I am the Lord. I will repay!

Vengeance is mine! Purify thou thy heart."

B. C.

IN our dealings with the souls of other men we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or narrow caution, efforts which might otherwise lead to a noble issue; and, still more, how we withhold our admiration from great excellences because they are mingled with rough faults.

—*Ruskin.*

"Mammy Pleasant."

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

IT was a balmy May morning in Detroit. Tom Bagley, having walked down town from his boarding-house, sat in his law office in one of the imposing buildings on Griswold Street. The office was very small; and the carpet on the floor, the desk, the chairs, all wore an air of newness. Less than a year before, Tom was graduated from the Law School. In the autumn he took this room, laid out most of his available "cash" in furnishing it, and spent the greater part of the winter in reading up celebrated cases, and waiting for clients, whose visits were still "few and far between."

In this respect he was not so fortunate as his college chum, George Lawton; for George had stepped right into the law firm of his father, and was already assured of a good income. The elder Lawton was willing to take Tom also, if the latter would pay one thousand dollars for the privilege of gaining his knowledge of practice there. But he might as well have said ten thousand; for, after the expenses of the long college course, Tom's capital consisted chiefly of his brains and health; and his earnings only meagrely sufficed to keep the machinery running.

In the business world, it did not seem to matter much now that a counterfeit presentment of Tom's great-uncle occupied a prominent position in one of the public squares, he having in the long ago served the State as Governor; or that much of Tom's boyhood had been spent in the Governor's old red brick mansion that looks forth upon the greensward, the fountains, and the lofty chestnut and elm trees of the Grand Circus Park. In its day it was the finest house in the city; and, still

stately and imposing, when seen from across the Park it suggests a well-kept French château. A nearer view reveals above its wide entrance the gilt lettered sign of a noted conservatory of music.

But if Tom's good lineage could not be turned into dollars and cents on Griswold Street, it served him socially. The most exclusive houses on Jefferson Avenue and at Grosse Point were open to him; young women who traced their ancestry back to the time of the Seigneur de Cadillac, or at least to the early American, English and Scottish settlers, smiled upon him and welcomed his attentions. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that Tom was already in love.

The girl who had caught his fancy was none other than Marian Durand, daughter of a rich manufacturer; and, to do the young man justice, he was more infatuated by her pretty face and lively manners than by the fact that she was an heiress. He was thinking of her now, on this particular morning, while ostensibly poring over a law book. And he reflected, rather moodily, that at the present rate of the increase in his practice, it would be several years before he might venture to ask her to be his wife.

The office door was ajar, as a hospitable invitation to Fortune to enter; and just as he reached the salient point of his meditations, a creaking of the hinges announced that it was being pushed wide open. Tom looked up hastily and pulled himself together.

Instead of the hoped-for client, however, there stood before him a little mulatto boy about nine years of age. The lad was poorly clad, and presented a grotesque appearance as, cap in hand, he waited in the middle of the room, rolling his eyes around that they might not miss anything it contained.

"Well, boy, who are you?" inquired Bagley, a hint of impatience in his tone.

"I, suh—oh, I's Delicious Jackson!"

haltingly answered the child, as he awkwardly wriggled first on one foot and then on the other.

Tom burst into a laugh.

"Delicious Jackson," he repeated. "That is a rare name. Where in the world did you get it?"

"My ma done call me Delicious S. Grant Jackson," said the boy, sullenly.

"Ah, I see! You mean Ulysses?"

"Yes, sir; but we uns pronunciate it de other way: it's easier."

"All right, Delicious. What can I do for you?"

"Is you Mistah Bagley—Mistah Tom Bagley?"

"I am."

"You 'member Mammy Pleasant, don' you?"

Bagley looked puzzled.

"She done say as how she knowed you when she lived wiff ole Miss Bagley in de big house near de Park."

"Oh, Mammy, dear black Mammy! Of course I remember her. Where is she?"

"She done sent me to ask you to come an' see her. Mammy Pleasant, she done hire a room in our house on Beaubien Street. She hab a heap to say 'bout de Bagleys; an' one day I tole her I knew you, 'caws you buy papers o' me sometimes."

"I do?"

"Yes, suh. She says she like to see you once more 'fore she dies."

"Poor Mammy! Tell her I'll go this very afternoon. Where is it she lives?"

He wrote down the address; and, calling the boy nearer, put a silver coin into his hand.

"Oh, thank you, suh!" cried the dusky mercury, scampering off as if he really had wings to his feet.

A few hours later Bagley made his way to the number on Beaubien Street to which he had been directed. It was a small wooden house, painted brown; and as the door was opened by a good-looking colored woman, Tom thought whimsically that in hue the building

nearly matched the complexion of its occupants, except that Mammy was, he recollected, of a darker tint.

"O suh, Mammy Pleasant, she lives round in de yard! You dar, Delicious, you show de gem'man," said the woman.

Thereupon Delicious, who was playing with the cat in a corner, came out, led the visitor through the gate and across a space littered with rubbish, to a one-story addition in the rear, where, shut away from the rest of the house as distinctly as if under another roof, lived the old creature he had come to see.

Without the formality of announcing his approach, Delicious walked in, expecting the "gem'man" to follow.

As Bagley paused on the threshold, he saw Mammy seated in her armchair, which occupied a place halfway between the window and the stove. The weather being mild, there was no fire in the latter; and through the open sash came the fragrance of the white blooms of the cherry and pear trees in the orchards of the more prosperous neighborhood, two blocks away.

With a cry of delight, the old woman rose and hobbled to greet him.

"It's Massah Tom, shuah 'nough!" she exclaimed. "Come in, Massah Tom! Delicious, you good-for-nothin' niggah, set a chair for de gem'man! Now be off! Quality don' come to see de likes o' you."

The boy disappeared; and Mammy, laying her trembling hands caressingly on Bagley's shoulders, forced him into a chair, and then limped back to her own.

"Massah Tom, I was pow'rful sartain you'd come," she said. "My, but you've grown! You're de livin' image o' your dead father, an' o' de ole Gov'nor too. It is goin' on seben years, I reckon, sense I last saw you."

"I think it must be, Mammy. I have been away to college and have lost track of many old friends," he replied, apologetically.

"Dat's all right, honey, so long's I see you now," continued Mammy, with supreme content. "I's gettin' long past three-score an' ten, honey, de 'lotted years o' man,—an' woman too; though de Good Book don' say nothin' about dat, 'caws de Lawd knows a woman'll make a fight to live just as long as she possibly can. But I's found de Lawd, honey,—I's found de Lawd in de Catholic Church. When de White Fathers o' de Holy Ghost was here dey drew in a lot ob de colored folks. So I's ready when de Lawd calls."

Mammy's surroundings showed only too plainly that she was wretchedly poor, and Tom's heart smote him because he had not sought her out before. He could ill afford to be generous, nevertheless now he slipped a five dollar bill into her hand.

"O Massah Tom chile, I didn't mean to ask charity ob you! I didn't indeedy," she protested with a sob in her voice.

"Nonsense, Mammy! It is only a little present," he said.

Mammy smiled, and pinned the money under the small shawl that she wore about her shoulders. Notwithstanding her hesitation in accepting his gift, Tom saw she was glad to have it.

"Massah Tom, I 'spects I's growin' foolish, but I do jest want to go down to Woodward Avenue once more an' see de sights," she went on. "I ain't got a livin' soul in dis world belongin' to me to take me, an' de folks round here ain't got no time to bother wiff an ole woman. 'But shuah,' I said to myself, 'Massah Tom'll take me.' Don' you recollect, when you an' Massah Gaorge Lawton were little fellows, how I used to take you bof down to Cadillac Square on Christmas Eve to see de Germans an' de Poles buying Christmas-trees, an' de Indians from Walpole's Island sellin' baskets, an' de French-Canadians laughin' an' singin'

an' barterin'? Wasn't it *great*, Massah Tom?"

The young man had heard with dismay the proposition that he should be the cavalier and guide of this childish old woman through the fashionable thoroughfares of the city. But as he listened to her reminiscences his reluctance vanished.

"Yes, Mammy, George and I certainly owe many good times to you," he admitted. "I'll take you down town with pleasure. Shall we say Saturday afternoon?"

"The Lawd bless you, honey! That'll do superexcellently well," she answered, happy as a child.

II.

On Saturdays Thomas Bagley, Esq., was wont to close his office early. Accordingly, on the appointed day he promptly appeared at the little house on Beaubien Street, prepared to take in charge the privileged old servant of his family, as he had promised.

He found Mammy dressed in her best, neat as a pin, and in high good-humor.

"My sakes, Massah Tom, after you'd gone I felt ashamed o' myself—'deed I did—for havin' asked you to take me out," she said, abashed. "I's so ole an' shabby I jest hate to have folks see you wiff me. I hadn't ought to go, sartain shuah."

"You are all right, Mammy. Folks will not notice us; and if they should, what do we care?" responded Tom, entering into the spirit of the occasion.

In spite of her age, Mammy was more active than he had supposed. With the aid of his supporting hand and her walking-stick, she reached the street car with no great difficulty. Evidently she had never been on a trolley car before, and she expressed her delight so volubly that the passengers stared at her and her good-looking escort in a manner rather annoying to his *amour propre*.

At Mammy's request, Tom took her

to the market, where she proposed to spend her five dollars. But he would not let her, and recklessly ordered a supply of provisions to be sent to her home, paying for them out of the somewhat slender sum that represented his week's earnings.

Then nothing would satisfy her but to go shopping. So Tom piloted her to one of the large department stores, where she wanted to buy a pair of cotton gloves. Already Bagley had met a number of his acquaintances, and while these nodded to him they glanced in amusement at his companion. As he and Mammy entered the store two young women were coming out. One was Marian Durand; her friend he also knew.

Involuntarily, his hand went to his hat. Mammy noticed the gesture, and darted a look at the handsomely attired ladies. Marian's eyes lit up; but when she caught sight of the grotesque figure beside her handsome admirer, and saw Tom leading the old colored woman through the crowd, her face hardened, and, staring blankly ahead, she brushed by him without a sign of recognition. Her friend, taking the cue, also ignored him; but immediately after they had passed he heard them giggle like school-girls. Tom's countenance flushed and he raised his head higher.

Stupid old Mammy, oblivious of the little drama enacted then and there, and apparently intent only on her purchase, at last succeeded in selecting the gloves.

"Now, Massah Tom, I'd jest like to see where you work," she pleaded.

Accordingly he took her down to Griswold Street, and showed her his name on the signboard at the entrance to the N— Building. This seemed to satisfy her, and she declined to go up to his office, even relinquishing the joy of riding in the elevator.

"And Massah George Lawton, he done make his livin' out o' de law too?"

"Yes; he is in this building also," the young man explained, and pointed out George's sign.

"But Massah George ain't nohow so good at de law as you are, Massah Tom," she argued confidently.

He laughed.

"Oh, yes, Mammy: George is even better at it than I am!"

"I don' believe no sich thing," replied the old woman, unconvinced.

As they came up Congress Street and turned into Woodward Avenue, Tom saw another "society girl" coming toward them. This time he stared ahead, resolving not to be "cut" again. But the girl, Lucy Allison, not being able to catch his eye, smiled in a friendly way at Mammy. And then what did awkward Mammy do but drop one of the new gloves which she had carried in her hand! Tom did not notice her loss; but, as naturally as though Mammy was "white folks," Lucy picked up the glove and restored it. Thus the three personages in this little comedy momentarily came to a halt.

"Thank you, honey!" stammered Mammy.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Bagley!" Lucy said unconcernedly, and passed on.

"That dar's a sweet, purty girl an' a real lady," commented the old woman. "Somehow, Massah Tom, she makes me think o' your ma when your pa brought her, after de weddin', to visit at de Gov'nor's house."

"Why, Mammy, mother's eyes and hair were black, while that lady's hair is light, and her eyes are probably blue," he objected, to tease her.

"Dat makes no difference, Massah Tom! It's de nature shinin' t'rough it dat makes de purtiest face," persisted Mammy. "An' it's 'caws she's sweet at heart she's like your ma, chile. Now please, Massah Tom, take me home."

But Tom would not. With the face of Lucy Allison before his mind's eye, his spirits rose.

"Mammy, wouldn't you like to go to the show?" said he.

"My sakes, Massah Tom," she faintly protested, "you're treatin' me as if I was your sweetheart!"

"There is nothing too good for you, Mammy," he answered. "In sickness and in health, you often looked out for me when I was a boy."

So he took her to the vaudeville, and bought candy and fruit for her; and finally, laden with packages, accompanied her to her own door, where he left her one of the happiest women on earth.

During the summer and autumn Tom Bagley went occasionally to see Mammy; and what he had been wont to spare from his earnings for flowers and bonbons for Marian Durand, now contributed to the maintenance of the old colored woman who had been so kind to him when he was a boy.

He had no time that winter for evening parties; but since the day when he and Mammy met Lucy Allison in the 'street, he often found himself thinking of the girl, and once in a while he called on her.

Content with the experiences of the great day when he took her to "see de sights," Mammy did not ask to go down town again. While the sunny weather lasted she was, as she said, "spry 'nough"; but when winter came she grew feeble. Until now she had earned a trifle by caring for the pickaninnies of the neighborhood while the mothers were working out by the day.

Tom now smoked cheaper cigars, and economized on theatre tickets and car fares, in order to supply her with little luxuries. To look after Mammy had become a pleasure to him as well as, in a way, a duty. She was always delighted to see him, and had many stories to recall of the old times in the great brick house beyond the Park.

One day, as he sat at his desk,

Delicious again appeared before him.

"Massah Bagley, suh," he exclaimed abruptly, "Mammy Pleasant's dead. My ma done found ole Mammy dead on her knees beside de bed dis mawnin', wiff her prayer-beads in her hand."

Tom felt a genuine sorrow for the old woman who during so many years had been a faithful servant in his family. He assumed the funeral expenses, though he could not well afford it; but there seemed nothing else to be done. Mammy was laid to rest as she would have wished, and the young man settled down to hard work.

It was several weeks later that one day George Lawton called in at Tom's office, after hours; and as the two friends chatted in a desultory manner over their cigars, Lawton chanced to say:

"By the way, Tom, one morning last summer I talked with black Mammy, the old servant of your great-uncle. Keep on the right side of her, my boy. She's mightily fond of you. Have you seen her lately?"

"Have I seen her?" echoed Bagley, staring at him. "Why, she's dead!"

George whistled softly.

"Dead?" he repeated. "Then who furnished the money to bury her?"

Tom looked embarrassed, as though caught in a surreptitious act.

"Why, I did," he admitted. "The poor old creature was destitute, and it was simply my duty."

George whistled again, and then laughed.

"Destitute!"

Starting from his chair, he crossed the room and clapped his chum on the shoulder.

"My dear fellow," he said, "Mammy came down here to me last summer, under the escort of that black imp Delicious. While the boy was out selling papers, I made her will, at her request; and she placed her bank-books in my keeping, pledging me to secrecy. They

are in my safe now. I'll get them and offer the will for probate in the morning. She has left everything to you, and it will give you a fine start, being a matter of about eight thousand dollars—the savings of a lifetime."

George hastened to produce the document and books. The will was duly admitted to probate, and Tom Bagley entered upon the enjoyment of his little fortune, as it seemed to him. With it he bought his partnership in the firm of Lawton & Son. Moreover, not long afterward, encouraged by his improved prospects, he asked the girl he loved to be his wife. That girl, however, was not Marian Durand: it was Lucy Allison. But it was not so much old Mammy's legacy as old Mammy's praise of Lucy that "made Massah Tom's match for him."

A Christian of Other Days.

IN the large family of De Grammont (related to the De Mérodes and the De Montalemberts), over which the Marquis de Grammont presided with extraordinary grace and nobility, there have been several characters of powerful originality.

Among them all, that of Madame de Grammont attracts particular attention; not by her exterior—for she was small and somewhat plain,—but through the energy and austerity which were her principal traits. But the depth of her Christianity was not to be sounded. From the day when she saw her grandmother, the Marchioness de Noailles; her mother, the Duchesse d'Ayen; and her sister, the Vicomtesse de Noailles, ascend the scaffold together, the thought of heaven never quitted her valiant soul.

Her time was divided among her children, her grandchildren, and the poor. To the first she had given a vigorous education, a robust faith,

an instinctive horror of self-indulgence.

"What, my child!" she exclaimed on one occasion to one of her granddaughters, who, the day being very warm, had asked for a drink of water. "You will be nothing but a failure in life if you acquire such habits."

"But, grandmamma," pleaded the child, "I am so thirsty, and it is so warm!"

"Think, little one, of the gall they gave our Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be able to wait till dinner-time."

The results attained by this austerity were great. One day she stood at the bedside of her daughter, dying at the age of seventeen, in the midst of terrible sufferings.

"O my child," she exclaimed, "how dreadful,—what a calamity to see you thus suffering!"

"Mother," answered the girl, "have you not told me that calamity and blessing are synonymous terms for a Christian?"

It was thus she formed the character of her grandson, Xavier de Mérode, the future Minister of Pius IX.: inspiring him with a disgust for the world; showing him Jesus Christ concealed in the miseries of the unfortunate; teaching him the spirit of prayer; taking him with her in her visits to the poor; familiarizing him with all kinds of human woes,—“all of which,” she was wont to say, “should be sacred, because they recall to us the sufferings of our Saviour.”

"Through her," writes Montalembert, "I have seen with my own eyes marvels of charity even as great as those I have related in the Life of St. Elizabeth. I have seen Madame de Grammont put water in the soup in the houses of the poor, and when they came to eat it they found it more nourishing and abundant than when there were ample materials for making it. I have seen her conduct diseased persons, scrofulous and disgusting, a

distance of twenty miles in her own carriage, that they might receive the benefit of the waters which were supposed to be efficacious in their complaints."

As the years passed over her venerable head, she became entirely deaf to the noises of this world; while her eyes, which were once so bright and beautiful, could no longer see the light of the sun.

"Grandmother," said one of her little granddaughters to her one day, "if I were in your place, I should be very impatient not to be able either to see or hear."

"*Mon petit cœur!*" replied the saintly old woman, "I am very content; for I hope to see life eternal."

It was of eternity and those who there awaited her that she constantly thought and spoke.

"If some one should come to tell you, grandmother," asked another, "that the scaffold was erected in the square of Villersexel, and that you were going to be executed, what would you do?"

After a moment's reflection she answered, simply:

"*Mon cœur!*" (her usual expression), "I declare to you that the manner of my death is not of great importance: the essential thing is to be prepared to meet the good God."

After she had received the Last Sacraments, and death was slow in coming, Madame de Grammont asked for the knitting she was doing for her poor. This was the only work she was able to do with her hands. "But Madame la Marquise has just received the Viaticum: she is going to die!" observed the *femme de chambre*, in her abrupt sincerity.

"My dear, that is no reason for losing one's time," replied her mistress.

Thus she departed, at the age of seventy-three, consecrating to the poor of Christ the last moments of her self-sacrificing life.

The Curé of Ars to a Protestant.

THE venerable Curé of Ars one day received a visit from a distinguished non-Catholic. Ignoring the fact that the man to whom he had just been speaking of the things of God belonged to a dissenting sect, the holy priest placed a medal in his visitor's hand at parting.

"Monsieur le Curé," said the man, "you are giving a medal to a heretic,—at least, a heretic from your point of view. Still, in spite of our differences of belief, I hope that some day we shall be in heaven together."

The Curé took the man's hand in his, and, fixing upon him a look in which were expressed the firmness of his faith and the warmth of his charity, he replied with an accent of profound tenderness:

"Alas, we shall not be united above unless we have been so on earth! Death will change nothing. 'In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.'"

"But, Monsieur le Curé, I trust myself to the Christ who said: 'Whosoever believeth in Me shall have everlasting life.'"

"Our Lord also said that he who did not listen to the teaching of the Church should be considered a heathen. He said that there was but one flock and one shepherd, and He made St. Peter the shepherd of the flock." Then, in a gentler tone, the servant of God continued: "My friend, there are no two ways of serving God; there is only one true way: that is, to serve Him as He wishes to be served."

Thereupon the priest withdrew, leaving his visitor in a troubled state of mind, a forerunner of divine grace, to which he yielded later, and was received into the bosom of the one true Church.

THE sense of the flesh fashioneth the conscience,—St. Francis.

Honor and the Duel.

A TELLING BLOW TO A SENSELESS CUSTOM.

WHILE duelling is a species of homicide or murder that is now considerably less prevalent in this country, as in England, than it was a century ago, the practice has not even yet completely died out in either land. Dispatches from some of our Southern cities occasionally remind us that there are still in America people sufficiently behind the age to believe in the exploded sophistries of the miscalled "code of honor," and to accept the privilege of exchanging revolver shots or crossing swords with an insulter as a complete reparation of the insult.

The duel in America or England, however, enjoys none of the prestige with which it is dowered in France, where it appears to be a common enough occurrence for, not merely army and navy officers, but publicists, legislators, "able editors," and even tradesmen, to indulge in the homicidal pastime. It is eminently proper, therefore, that the strongest denunciation of the practice should come from a Frenchman. In point of fact, a French priest, Abbé Coubé, has recently dealt the practice so telling a blow that we feel inclined to let our readers know all about it. Father Coubé was delivering, in "Geography Hall," Paris, a series of lectures on Honor. In one of these discourses he said:

"Almost everybody nowadays condemns and deplores the mania for duelling. Almost everybody longs for a time when the progress of public morals shall have made the duel impossible. As often as a catastrophe occurs there is a concert of regrets or anathemas from the press of all parties. It should, then, be a task worthy of true men to oppose an abuse always bad in itself, and too often fatal in its consequences.

"Public opinion alone can completely abolish the duel. The laws of the Church have not sufficed therefor. The actual laws of the State in this country are perfectly illogical and null in this respect. New and more effective laws should be passed. But a government will legislate against duelling only when it is forced to do so by public opinion. It is on that opinion, then, that we must act. Accordingly, I should like, by this conference, not to reverse public opinion—I have no such pretension,—but to contribute my share toward enlightening it a little and veering it toward a juster conception of honor. With this end in view, I purpose establishing the truth of these three propositions: the duel is never prescribed by honor; the duel is a crime; and the duel can be and ought to be effectively repressed.

"Whenever a man is insulted, it may be said that, alongside of the principal and explicit injury—'You lie!' for instance—there is another injury, accessory and implicit, but far more irritating to one's self-love: 'You are a coward!' When a man insults me, as a matter of fact he treats me as if I were a base being incapable of parrying and doing myself justice; or at least he puts my courage practically to the test, so that an onlooker may ask himself, 'Is that fellow afraid to fight?' If I don't fight, people will be led to believe and even to say that I am a poltroon. Now, such a suspicion is intolerable to a great many people. They are afraid of appearing to be afraid: that's their nightmare. To prove that they are not afraid is all they desire. And this is what may be called the point of honor.

"Let us go further. Why is it that, in a defamatory accusation, men consider in the main only the implicit injury mentioned above,—that which puts their courage in question? Why is it that, if this is repaired, the others are forgotten—and they are forgotten,

since nothing is done to prove their falsity,—and why is the conclusion that honor is satisfied arrived at? It can be only in virtue of the notion that one can not be brave without being a man of honor. Courage is so fine, so splendid that it covers a man's life and reputation as with a brilliant mantle; he who by fighting proves he has it is thought incapable of a mean action, such as lying or stealing. I can see no other philosophical reason for this idea that reduces all honor to the question of courage, and that suspends a man's whole reputation on the point of a sword.

"Now, it is all very well to exalt courage, which is, as I have elsewhere shown, one of the characteristics or constituent virtues of honor; but it must not be done to the detriment of other virtues which are equally essential. That would be to form a very false conception of both courage and honor. To make honor entirely a matter of courage would be to restrict and debase it.

"A man has lied, stolen, violated the confidence of his friends, broken his word; and because he has deftly handled a sword, you acquit him of everything else and declare him to be a man of honor! Then probity counts for nothing with you; loyalty counts for nothing, nor does truth, modesty or delicacy. You absolve a rascal because he is a skilful fencer or a good shot!

"For my part, were I to witness a duel, I should testify to what I had seen, but to nothing further. I would testify that such a one fought well, parried and thrust well, cleft well, that he showed coolness: I would testify that he was brave. But I should never testify that he was in consequence a man of honor, and that honor was satisfied by the elegance and bravery of his sword-play. And I would break my pen before testifying to that; for it would be a lie.

"And if, instead of being a witness, I had the weakness to be a participant in a duel, I should say to my adversary: 'Sir, I called you a liar because I sincerely believed you to be one; and, more than that, had indisputable proofs of the fact. You have just shown me that you are brave: I admit it willingly. For that matter, I never doubted and never questioned your bravery. But you have not proved to me that you are not a liar; and so I shall continue to believe that you are one, and to say so openly.'

"If I spoke thus I might be accounted an incorrigible Alceste, but I should be acting in a perfectly reasonable manner. And what could my adversary answer? Logically, he should challenge me to a second duel; for the same affront that caused the first would still endure. We might thus recommence indefinitely without honor's being any more satisfied after the thousandth combat than after the first. For he would prove a thousand times his bravery, of which there was never any question; and would not once prove his veracity, the only thing that was questioned."

In the second part of his conference, Father Coubé showed that duelling—considered not in its relation to honor, but in itself—is a crime. It is clearly so for a Catholic, because the Church forbids it under pain of excommunication. It is a crime for any man, because it is condemned by natural religion, which forbids homicide. In the third portion of his lecture he indicated the means of effectively combating the practice, insisting particularly on the Anti-Duelling League founded in France two years ago by M. Joseph du Bourg. His peroration was a direct appeal to the society ladies, numbers of whom were present at this conference, as they had been at his previous lectures.

"Another reason," said he, "for the continuance of duelling in France is the

favor accorded to it in certain salons. And here, ladies—you will permit me to address you with all respect but with perfect frankness,—you especially are the guilty parties. I have heard you say, with a flippancy that pained me, that you could not esteem a man who would not fight to wipe out an injury. So in order to win your esteem, this man must trample his conscience under foot and deny his religion! And it is you, who have hearts, you who have faith,—you, women and Christians, that speak thus! Assuredly you have given the subject no thought. Reflect upon it, and you will see that your proper rôle in this matter is a nobler, more intelligent one. Show yourselves to be on the side of true, genuine honor, not on that of an inept and odious prejudice. Lend your influence to the cause of humanity, of conscience, and the law of God. Facilitate for men the accomplishment of a duty already difficult enough, instead of making it still harder by your sarcasm and your smiles.

"There are men with whom no one will fight, because, according to the code of the world, they are disqualified. If you wish, you can declare that every man who challenges another is disqualified in your eyes, and that to accept his defiance is to lower and debase one's self. This verdict would quickly change the face of things, and your salons would become the most charming and the most respected of the tribunals of honor."

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On the whole, an excellent discourse, and a forcible arraignment of a practice that was never based on principles of good sense. Particularly appropriate in France, Father Coubé's points merit consideration in other countries as well. Serious reflection thereon should help materially to making duelling as obsolete as are the drawing and quartering that used to follow hanging.

Notes and Remarks.

"The civil and sanitary policeman of the Western world" is the rôle which a Philadelphia paper says that the United States, "without any desire to acquire territory" (perish so mercenary a thought!), has had forced upon it by the very nature of things. The statement is made in the course of an article defending American interference in Santo Domingo. The crude principle upon which such interference is proclaimed to be justifiable is thus formulated: "This little human hell has no right to be protected from the rule of order and civilization simply because it calls itself a 'republic.'" The principle, it will be seen, is rather a departure from the hitherto recognized doctrine of international rights, duties, privileges, and offences; and is one in the practical application of which there is abundant room for the unwarranted assumption of a right of eminent domain that does not exist. Before the United States constitutes itself "the civil and sanitary policeman"—or, to call the thing by its true name, the lord paramount—of the Western world, it will perhaps be as well to await its unanimous election to that office by the Powers of both hemispheres.

It used to be thought that whoever pointed out the shortcomings of our public schools, especially on the side of moral and religious training, was the enemy of the schools, the friend of darkness, and the apostle of all sorts of mysterious disaster; but one of the things that strike the most careless observer nowadays is the frequency with which school-teachers and lecturers before teachers' conventions deplore the manifest unfitness of the secular school to prepare young people for the duties of life. Mr. A. Hardy

Penn, discoursing before the Milonian Society at the Brooklyn Teachers' Club, said: "The great Roman Catholic Church steadily maintains that our State system is so defective on the moral side that the Church ought not to submit its children to such educative processes. It is unquestionably right in the contention that the whole public school system is morally a negation.... The great company of educators needs to be warned that morality must be specifically taught in the public schools. Righteousness is essential to a people's very existence. Righteousness does not come by nature, any more than reading or writing does. Somebody must teach it." Mr. Penn seems to be of opinion that ethics without dogma is an available remedy; but, "if it should prove otherwise, ethics *with* dogma will be taught to children in schools supported by parents independent of public schools. For moral teaching stronger and more effective than the influence of a single home will be soon demanded by the bulk of the people."

It is not our fault that we smiled several times while reading a very serious article, not a long one either, on "Devout Remembering" in a recent number of the *Outlook*. The writer's views on the devotional value of sacred art was what caused our amusement. After pointing out the danger "lest the soul shall substitute the image for the reality, the crucifix for the Christ"—a real danger in his opinion,—this Protestant person adds: "I may remind my Roman Catholic readers that their own Church... bids them use the image never as a substitute for the living Person but only to recall Him." How astounded this writer must have been on discovering that the Church really does forbid the worship of graven things! The fact is so extraordinary that we think reference should have been made to the Pope or Council that

enacted the prohibition. And it would have been well to warn the Catholic readers of the *Outlook* of the penalties they incur by worshiping graven images; also, in view of a total eclipse of the sun next year, to remind them that those who observe such things are excommunicated *ipso facto*. The uncompromising attitude of the Pope toward comets and other obstinate heretics is well known, but many persons are unaware that total eclipses have long been on the Index. So strict is ecclesiastical discipline on this point that Catholics are forbidden to view solar eclipses even by the aid of smoked glass.

The Rev. Spencer Jones (Anglican), whose book entitled "England and the Holy See" has been a great aid to the removal of prejudices against the Church, has published a lecture on "Rome and Reunion" which breathes the same conciliatory and Christian spirit. "It is allowed," he says, "that the question before us is the question of jurisdiction; and one aspect of that question manifestly is the relation of national churches to the Church Universal. That being so, some of us in England turn our faces more particularly toward the Holy See; and at once the cry goes up that while it is right, of course, to be Catholics, we must remember to be Catholics in the widest sense; which on closer consideration comes to signify—any sense but the Roman sense; and this I think we must allow is—nonsense."

"Through the Lands of the Serb," by M. E. Durham, is almost a classic of travel; but this remarkable book is of supreme interest on account of the author's intimate knowledge of people of whom most persons know next to nothing. Her experiences are delightfully described. For instance, she tells of meeting, after her first journey, a Catholic Albanian who had been a

Turkish irregular and who had settled in London, and compared the relative advantages of the English metropolis and of Turkish Albania:

London: it big bad place. Five million peoples in London. My God, what a lot of criminals! In my country no man starve. He knock at door. "What you want?"—"I hungry."—"Olrigh: you come in." He give him bread, he give him wine. In London you say: "You git 'long, or I call a p'leece!"

In an out-of-the-way district of the Servian countries Miss Durham was entertained by a venerable Archimandrite, who in the course of conversation with her observed:

"Your Church is not unlike our own." Feeling quite unequal to discussing theology in Servian, I did not rise to this remark. "At any rate," he said cheerfully, "we both dislike the Pope."

The sense of humor is said to be rare among women and Anglicans; if so, the author of "Through the Lands of the Serb" is a double-exception.

Neither the conscientiousness nor the competence of Mr. William Winter in the field of dramatic criticism—in which he stands supreme in America—has ever been seriously questioned. For this reason these words of honest indignation inspired by the condition of the modern stage will receive, let us hope, the wide and careful consideration they so thoroughly merit:

Only those persons whose duty it is to write about the stage can quite appreciate the melancholy fact that most of the contemporary things that are praised are praised only because they used to be fine and because it is hard and painful to admit that they are fine no longer. There are more than forty theatres in and about New York, and there is scarcely one of them in which anybody is doing anything that is interesting or important. They are open as wood-yards are open, and scores of persons are sawing wood in them. Veterans who might have played before Noah when he landed from the Ark, wander about the flats and totter and mumble. Persons who were "supers" yesterday are "stars" to-day. Three-cornered girls, proclaimed as "actresses," rasp the welkin with voices that rival the screech of the peacock. The slimy muck of Mr. Ibsen and the lunacy of Mr. Maeterlinck are made to

trickle into the public mind and turn the public stomach. Degenerates from foreign lands, provided with rancid plays about libertines and wantons, fix a steadfast gaze on the coast of Greenland and whisper to the scenery in the third groove, and are vaunted as prodigies of "genius" and "intensity." Historical demireps of England and France are theatrically celebrated for social delectation. Women whom scandalous divorce has made notorious diffuse upon the theatre the effluvia of their foul repute. . . . The plays of the hour are mostly furnished by writers who manifest the brain of the rabbit combined with the dignity of the wet hen. It seems only necessary to open a hole in the wall and call it a theatre, and a multitude rushes into it, to sweat and snigger. There has not been a time in fifty years when the theatre was at so low a level as it has reached to-day—when the impulse is vanity, the motive is greed, the method is sordid engrossment, the aim is exclusive "business," and the result is a barren traffic and an arid waste.

A veritable blast of Winter, so to speak. The confirmed rounder and the matinée-girl have often read similar expressions in the Catholic press—if rounders and matinée-girls ever read the Catholic press,—but without being duly impressed, it would seem. There is no better friend of dramatic art in America than Mr. Winter; and precisely because he is its friend he can not see it suffer without uttering a protest. Catholics and decent people in general ought to remember that those who so persistently cry up degenerate tendencies in fiction or the drama are usually persons who have no culture to save and no morals to lose.

Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown—especially the crown of Russia. According to a writer in the *Fortnightly*—it is just as well to remember that the statements emanate from an English source,—Nicholas II. is by no means the fire-eater popular imagination would make him appear, but a physically weak man, with shattered nerves and feeble will; a person of the utmost delicacy of character, but without force. He is also the saddest

man in Europe. "The atmosphere of suspicion and gloom produced by the constant sense of impalpable danger overshadows the spirits of everyone at the Russian court.... The extraordinary thing about Nihilism in Russia is the extent to which the upper classes sympathize with the efforts of the intellectual proletariat to bring the present system to an end. The Tsar never knows who are his friends and who his enemies.... He is a kindly, saddened, overworked and unhappy man. His desire to do his duty compels him to engage in an unceasing struggle with details which are never overtaken." It is a delusion to think that the Autocrat of All the Russias is any sort of autocrat at all. He is very much of a figurehead, and is at the mercy of a powerful bureaucracy—scheming ministers and conflicting schools of polity.

A check for \$50,000, to found a chair of American history in the Catholic University of America, was delivered to the trustees last week by the Knights of Columbus. The public presentation was made in Washington by Mr. Edward L. Hearn, Supreme Knight of the Order, at a large gathering of prelates, priests and layfolk, including numerous Knights from various parts of the United States. The gift was gratefully and graciously accepted by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Mr. John Delany, a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus, delivered an earnest address, in which he declared that the gift was made thus publicly in order to set an example to others. The Knights of Columbus are therefore to be congratulated, not only on their gift but on the spirit in which it was presented.

We have already begun to cherish the hope that a still larger check for a still more important object will some day be forthcoming from the same source. "It is a sacred duty," said Cardinal

Gibbons, "to repel false charges brought against our religion, and to vindicate the claims of our Church before the tribunal of the American people." When a first-class daily newspaper under the control of some loyal Catholic is established in the United States, there will be none to question its importance over almost any other vehicle for the vindication of truth and the extirpation of error.

Prof. John Pollock, of Harvard University, in a letter to the most judicious of English literary journals, dealing with a criticism of his recently published work, "The Popish Plot," is fair enough to say: "I am very far from thinking that designs of treason were officially conceived by the Society of Jesus in England. So far as the evidence I was able to obtain is conclusive, it shows that there was plotting by the Jesuit leaders and partisans; but there is no evidence that there was—and, as I pointed out, good reason for thinking that there was not—in the year 1678 a full-blown plot (that is to say, a concerted, approved and definite scheme of action) for the re-establishment of Roman Catholic influence in the State."

The minutes of the Jesuit Congregation of April 24, 1678, which have been published in a translation, are of an entirely harmless and official character.

The unreliable character of fully nine-tenths of the alleged news from the seat of the Far Eastern war became apparent very shortly after the opening of hostilities. A detailed account of an engagement appeared in one day's paper, only to be supplemented the following day by an equally detailed contradiction. The truth seems to be that both Russians and Japanese, but more especially the latter, have been keeping their projected movements somewhat secret, and have manifested

so little sympathy with the directors of yellow journalism that these latter potentates are forced to "excogitate their facts." Even under this pressure, however, there ought to be some regard for probability. To transform a Chinese port such as Shan-hai-kwan into "the Chinese commander, Shan Hai Kwan," who "telegraphs this afternoon" to a New York daily, is to take undue liberties with both the Chinese port and the intelligence of the New York and other readers. What is the use of getting early news of battles, if people have been taught to wait four or five days before accepting the news as true?

It was Carlyle who said: "Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe: it is a seed-grain that can not die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove after a thousand years." It is less than twelve years since two converts in Philadelphia planted the seed-grain from which sprung St. Gabriel's Society, and it has already done a world of good,—in so quiet a way, however, as almost to escape public notice. The regulations of this admirable association are so wisely elastic that the members are free to adopt any means calculated to promote its object, which is to minister to the spiritual needs of "shut ins"—invalids, prisoners, Catholics far removed from the influence of the Church, isolated converts, inquiring Protestants who have no Catholic acquaintances, etc. By means of letters, books, periodicals, and leaflets of various sorts, sweet charity and kindly light are diffused in all directions.

Although the members of St. Gabriel's Confraternity must often hear of the blessed results which attend their efforts, its influence is more far-reaching than they dream of. The number of conversions, and reclamations, of lives

rendered more helpful and deaths more happy—the amount of good done and of evil prevented—by the prayers of this excellent association, to say nothing of its works, is not to be estimated. St. Gabriel's Confraternity needs no approbation: it recommends itself; its members need no encouragement: their motto, *Sursum Corda*, is itself an incentive.

A good many months ago we quoted in these columns the opinion of a missionary priest in South Africa as to one probable outcome of the Boer War—the introduction into the country of Chinese labor. His predictions have been verified; and the recent action of the British Parliament in connection with the Transvaal Coolie Ordinance has evoked considerable comment, both on the constructive slavery to which the ordinance in question gives countenance, and the home government's practical confession that the Boer War was not a struggle to create a white man's Africa, as was contended at the time, but a mere holding up of the hands of the gold mining syndicate. One provision of the ordinance mentioned above is that any person harboring a deserting Chinaman is to be treated and punished as a receiver of stolen goods. "If this," said one of the debaters in London, "does not spell slavery, the difference between the condition and actual slavery is indistinguishable." England reaped but little, if any, glory from the actual suppression of the Boers; and her toleration of this new condition of affairs will assuredly add no new laurels to her wreath of renown.

A fresco of great beauty representing the Blessed Virgin and four saints was discovered last month in the Roman catacombs. Though dating from the fifth or sixth century, it is said to be in an excellent state of preservation.



The Blue Flower.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

A FAIR little girl of seven died at the dawn of a beautiful summer day, and her guardian angel descended to conduct the innocent soul to paradise.

Already they had left behind them the magnificent city where, plunged in despairing grief, dwelt the parents of the dead child; already they had lost sight of the broad fields of grain where the meadow lark sang gaily, the forests from which resounded the merriment of the woodcutters, the gardens filled with flowers and fruits; and the guardian angel had not looked at any of them.

But when, in their flight, the angel and the soul of the child were about to pass over a poor village, he paused above a lonely lane, on either side of which stood several miserable cabins. So deserted and solitary the place that the grass was growing between the stones of the pathway, strewn with ashes from the poor hearths of the hovels beside it, and covered with pieces of broken earthenware.

The angel gazed long and sadly at this abandoned spot; but suddenly his heavenly glance rested upon a little blue flower which, under a solitary ray of sunlight, had burst smilingly from the arid ground. At sight of it he uttered a cry of joy, lowered his flight and stooped to pluck it from its lonely bed.

Then the soul of the innocent child asked of the angel:

"Why didst thou pass by without regarding the grandeur and glory of

the earth? Why thus indifferent to all those beauties of Nature, to pause in admiration above this little flower, without loveliness or fragrance?"

"Look, my little friend, toward the end of this miserable lane!" responded the angel. "You will see a cabin, the roof of which has crumbled beneath the snow and rain, while its walls are covered with mold. Look well at that sorrowful place, my child."

"Oh," exclaimed the soul of the child, "what a poor dwelling, ravaged and destroyed by the storms of summer and the winter snows!"

"It was not much better than it is now," observed the angel, "when what I am about to tell you happened there: only a miserable cabin, where dwelt a poor but honest family, consisting of a man, his wife and two children. The elder, a girl, was ten years of age, and all day long she herded cows in the fields. The younger, a boy, weak and infirm since his birth, was just your own age—seven,—and his feeble body needed every care it is possible to lavish on illness and weakness in order to strengthen its natural delicacy. But poverty oppressed the poor family! The parents worked all day, that they might earn for themselves and their children enough to buy a little bread and milk with which to support their miserable existence."

"Ah, I did not know that any one in the world was so poor!" exclaimed the innocent soul. "My room in the palace of my father was draped in rose-colored silk; it had curtains and mirrors; there were ornaments of silver and gold; and servants waited upon me with heads uncovered. If I had known there was so much poverty and misery in the world, my mother would

have given to the poor the money which was spent for those beautiful trifles."

"There are many sorrows, my innocent friend, which cause the angels in heaven to weep when they look down upon the earth. When thou art with us thou wilt pray for those who suffer here below."

"Yes,—oh, yes, I shall pray much for them!" answered the soul.

"The poor child who lived in this cabin," continued the angel, "grew up in the darkness of the hovel, never seeing the sun except through the small window of the one room which constituted the habitation of his parents. All day he was alone. His mother worked in the house of a rich citizen; his father tilled the earth; his sister took the cows of a neighbor to pasture.

"When, with great difficulty, the poor child succeeded in leaving his pallet of straw, leaning on two small crutches which his father had made him, he would go to the entrance of the alley where they lived. But there he could never get a glimpse of the sun: the lane was too dark and too narrow. And, notwithstanding this, he would call those days fine when it was neither cold nor windy, or when the air was neither damp nor disagreeable.

"His parents could not spare one hour to take him into the country: they were slaves to the labor which occupied every instant of their lives. And the only education they could give to their children was to teach them to love God above all things, because He is the Father of the unfortunate and the sorrowful.

"When the summer came to enfold the earth with its warmth and beauty, the poor little fellow would bask in the reflection which shone through the doorway, trying to clasp the light in his delicate hands, as with a sad smile he murmured: 'I am better already;

before winter comes again I shall be well.' He firmly believed what he said, because in the hearts of children as well as in those of men the seed of hope has been planted by the Creator.

"The unfortunate child had never seen the green of the fields nor the foliage of the woods: he was entirely ignorant of the beauty of Nature. Once in a while the children of the neighborhood brought him some poplar branches, which he carefully arranged on the covers of the bed on which he lay. Then, while he slept, he would dream he was in a beautiful valley, under the shade of spreading trees, through whose foliage the sun shone brightly, and amid whose verdant boughs the birds sang sweetly, flitting from branch to branch to comfort and amuse him.

"One Sunday his sister, who loved him tenderly, obtained permission from her master to visit the sick boy; taking him a little blue flower she had gathered in the field as she went along,—a flower which had sprung up accidentally, as it were, and to which, as she plucked it, still adhered a portion of the root.

"The boy received the humble gift with the greatest joy, and the two children replanted it in an old flower-pot. God prospered the little waif, which in a few days began to put forth new leaves. It was carefully tended by the feeble hand of the delicate child, to whom it was not only a garden but the entire universe of delight and beauty. The tiny flower represented for him the fields, the woods, the gardens,—the pleasure-places of all creation.

"While the child lived the plant never lacked care; it had all the air and light which entered by the narrow window; he watered it every evening, bending over it with sweet and tender words as though it were a dear friend. And, as though wishing to reward his devotion, it grew and flourished, and

soon became full of leaves,—the joy and treasure of him who had planted it.

“One day God called the innocent martyr to eternal happiness. At the close of a beautiful afternoon he felt himself attacked by a slight fever; the next day he was worse. When the children of the village, his friends, learned of his illness, they came on Sunday evening with green boughs and flowers, which they laid all about him on his hard and narrow bed. His father and mother were constantly weeping; and his sister, having been informed of this new affliction, hastened to his side. Taking the flowerpot from the window, she placed it where the sick boy could gaze upon it,—the first and only beautiful object on which his eyes had rested from the moment of his birth until they were closed in death. The blossom seemed to expand as the soul of the child took its flight to the bosom of God.

“The desolate mother, unable to endure the sight of the place any longer, removed to another hamlet. The cabin was left to ruin, together with all that the departing family considered useless and not worth taking away. The little blue flower, broken and withered in its frail and beautiful bloom, having lost its only protector, was thrown, in its old flowerpot, with all the rest of the rubbish. But, once more making an effort to preserve its fragile life, it took root between these stones, where I have just recognized it.”

“And how dost thou know all this, dear angel?” queried the soul of the innocent child.

“Because I was the poor invalid who went about on crutches, born but to suffer, to whom death was a joyous relief. God wished me to endure those afflictions while on earth, that I might live forever with Him in paradise. But I say to you, my dear, that I have never forgotten my lovely little azure blossom, for which I would give the

brightest star in the beautiful land where I dwell, and which I am now about to transplant to the gardens of immortality.”

The angel gently gathered the flower from between the stones where it lifted its bright head, placed it among the feathers of his beautiful wings, and then, gathering in his soft embrace the soul of the dead child, once more took flight to the regions where the sun no longer shines, but whose light and joy are eternal.

The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

PART V.

V.—A NEW PLAN. A CORRESPONDENCE.

By the end of an hour Gaspard was back. Tossing down his cap, he exclaimed angrily:

“An image of stone, sure enough! The boy was right,—indeed, he was. She laughed in my face! ‘What do you want me to do with your hundred francs?’ she asked in a biting tone, pushing the money away as if she were afraid it would burn her hand. ‘I have my dog and I’m going to keep him.’ It seems that the lady does not know of her pet’s disappearance. I was very careful not to tell her that he was in our possession. ‘As for the hundred francs,’ she went on, ‘it is I who owe them; and since you have come on the part of the boy, I will give them to you if you will take them to him.’—‘Thank you!’ I said, and without waiting to hear more I left in a hurry. That’s all of it. Here’s your money back, comrades.”

“I’m grateful to you for your trouble, just the same,” said Camille, pressing Gaspard’s hand. “I have still another plan to submit to you; you can tell me what you think of it—”

“I wonder if there’s to be any work done here to-day?” interposed the foreman.

"We haven't begun yet," answered Gaspard. "But don't worry: we shall be ready in a few minutes. Now, what's your plan, Robinson Crusoe?"

"It's this," said Camille. "Madame Marbœuf loves animals, it seems,—especially dogs. For this reason she would be more sensitive to their caresses than to my tears. Now, what if some one of us were to write to her in Fox's name?"

"A capital idea!—a capital idea!"

After many comments, and many rough drafts of a letter which were torn up, begun again only to be again destroyed, the following was finally decided upon:

"MY DEAR MISTRESS:—Lost in the Tuileries two years ago, chased about by everyone, tracked like a mad wolf by the men in charge of the grounds, wounded and covered with blood, I was about to perish—for no one cared to save a poor dog,—when a little boy, lost like myself, took pity on me. He bathed my wounds and bound them up with his handkerchief. He had only one sou, but he spent that for a morsel of bread, which he shared with me. You see, Madame, such things can not be forgotten; and, although I am only a dog, I have gratitude.

"Since that time the boy and I have been inseparable friends; he would have refused any employment where I was shut out. With us, neither is master: we are simply friends; we confide to each other our joys and sorrows, and we understand each other perfectly.

"I know, Madame, that you have the right to have me advertised all over the city, to take possession of me when you find me, and to carry me to your house by force; but you can not make me stay there against my will.

"If you tie me up, I will break my rope; if you shut me up, I will jump out of the window—even if it is a hundred feet high,—at the risk of killing myself; and if I can not escape from

you in any other way, I will refuse food and die of starvation.

"You will doubtless say that I am ungrateful. Here is my reply to that charge. You are rich, Madame, and you bought me for a large sum, perhaps. Camille did not buy me, but he saved my life. Then, too, let me tell you confidentially that I prefer the life I lead now to the one I led with you. It is very tiresome to be a fine lady's dog. In your house I was petted, stuffed with sweets, and when I took the air I lay on a cushion. I was fat and clumsy, and my limbs were stiff and unwieldy. With my friend Camille, my food is simple but healthful; we romp together, and see which one can run the faster and jump the higher. I am happy here; and contentment is better than riches, as you must have heard.

"Do an act of justice, Madame, and leave me with my new master. You will gain nothing by forcing me to return to your house. On the other hand, by leaving me here you will win two friends; and I promise you, on my honor as a spaniel, that I will come to pay my respects to you every Sunday and do my most graceful tricks for your amusement.

"Awaiting your reply, permit me to assure you of my deep respect and sincerest attachment. Not knowing how to sign my name, I place my paw at the end of this letter.

"P. S. Address your reply to Fox, General Delivery."

This document was addressed to Madame Marbœuf and dropped in the letter-box. That lady immediately replied as follows:

MY DEAR FOX:—As it is impossible to write all that I have to say to you, do me the favor, on the receipt of this, to make me a visit, and bring your little protector with you.

Your former mistress,

ANTOINETTE MARBŒUF.

This letter was read in the presence of all the men employed in the office.

"What shall I do about it?" asked Camille, looking around at his friends.

"I'd go," said one.

"I wouldn't," said another; and so on, until nearly all had expressed an opinion.

"Well, I think I'd better go and see what the lady wants of Fox and me," concluded Camille.

So, taking his dog under his arm, he immediately started off.

PART VI.

I.—THE COUSIN AGAIN.

On reaching No. 37 Rue Lafitte, Camille walked right past the porter's lodge and ascended to the first story. He was about to ring, but, seeing the door ajar, he hesitated. As he stood there, undecided what to do, he heard voices in angry conversation.

"I tell you to leave my house and never set foot in it again!" exclaimed Madame Marbœuf.

"But what if I find him and bring him back to you," answered another person.

"I would receive him, as he has nothing to reproach himself with; but as for you, I drive you away like the scoundrel you are. Go!"

"But, Madame—"

"You are henceforth a stranger to me. Go, I say!"

As her command was not immediately obeyed, she continued in a louder, more imperative tone:

"If you don't go, I'll have my servants put you out."

Then the door swung wide open, and a young man with a haggard countenance rushed out. It was Gustave.

"What are you here for?" he said, in an irritated tone, on seeing Camille.

"I want to see Madame Marbœuf," replied Camille, calmly.

"Come away at once! That woman is a fiend!" exclaimed Gustave; and

before Camille had time to collect himself, his cousin seized his arm and dragged him away with him.

On reaching the last step, the two boys jostled against a stout man who was just starting up the stairs.

"Wait a moment," said the gentleman, laying his hand on Camille's shoulder.

The boy looked up and there was a mutual recognition.

"Is that you, Monsieur Raimond?" he asked, with beaming countenance.

"And is it you, my little watchman? Who is this young man?"

"My cousin."

"What are you doing here?"

"Come on!—come on!" interrupted Gustave, urging Camille along, to prevent him from replying.

As soon as they were in the street, Camille began to ask questions. These Gustave refused to answer, parting from him with the words:

"You'll know all soon enough. Good-bye!"

(Conclusion next week.)

How Words Become Objectionable.

Many words are proper enough in their own language, but become slang when adopted into ours. Thus *vamos* used by the Mexicans for "let us go," becomes the slang *vamoose* when used by Americans. The Spanish *sabe* is twisted into *savvy* and employed for every variety of the word "comprehension." Thus, "I savvy," "Do you savvy?"

Louis of Poissy.

St. Louis of France used often to sign himself as "Louis of Poissy," because that was the place where he was baptized, and it was, therefore, dearer to him than any other town in the whole of France.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Brook Farm, where Brownson, Hecker and so many other transcendental spirits made their famous experiment sixty years ago, is now the Martin Luther Orphans' Home.

—The London *Tablet* chronicles the conversion of Constance, Lady de la Warr, to whom we are indebted for the translation of "The Mirror of Perfection," the old work so dear to lovers of St. Francis.

—An interesting and informing letter, hitherto unpublished, by Cardinal Newman to Canon Flanagan in 1857, enhances the value of the new, Popular Edition of "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," just issued by Longmans, Green & Co. On the other hand the worth of this reprint is lessened by the omission of the valuable notes. The price is moderate—25 cents.

—A recent issue of a not unpretentious New York weekly published four items under the general title "Literary Topics." Two of the items concerned orchestral music, a third was a theatrical note, and the only one that at all justified the heading regarded the illiteracy of college graduates who, it appears, can not spell correctly.

—"The Training of a Teacher," by the Rev. James Burns, C. S. C., is the fifth of the "Educational Briefs" issued by the superintendent of parish schools in the archdiocese of Philadelphia. It is not merely the familiar plea for the better preparation of teachers in our schools, but a careful analysis of the situation, a valuable study of needs and remedies. We specially commend it to the teaching Orders.

—The announcement of a new edition of the poems of Richard Crashaw, to appear in the "Cambridge Classics" series, ought to give pleasure to all who appreciate the higher kinds of poetry. The writings of Crashaw have been so long neglected that his "Epigrammata Sacra" will be as new to many readers, though everyone is familiar with that exquisite line on Christ's miracle of turning water into wine. Crashaw was an English priest and died in exile at Loreto, Italy, where he was a canon of the Holy House.

—Of the late Sir Edwin Arnold, whose "Light of the World" was unfortunately less of a success than his "Light of Asia," the judicious *Athenæum* says: "He was, with great natural gifts, already evident in his Oxford days, over-sensuous as a poet, and defective as a metrist; his glowing imagination led him too far, and occasionally vitiated his taste. . . . Most kindly, most industrious, and most accomplished—these are the descrip-

tions which fall readily from the lips of those who knew him. Such a combination of qualities is as rare to-day as it ever was, when everybody is busy writing, and few are busy thinking or studying."

—A full account of the work of St. Gregory the Great as Apostle of England is afforded by "Saint Augustine and His Companions," from the French of Père Bron, S. J.; edited with historical and other notes by Father Thurston, S. J. It is published by the Art & Book Co.

—The series of "Stories of the Rosary" by Miss Emily Dobrée is now completed by the publication of a third volume dealing with the Glorious Mysteries. It contains five stories similar in every respect to those which had already appeared. Longmans, Green & Co., publishers.

—An English word that seems to be pretty well acclimatized in French periodical literature is "meeting." We meet with it quite frequently in several Parisian exchanges; and—the singular circumstance in connection with its use—we have yet to see it employed in a sentence where equally precise French words were not available.

—A vest-pocket edition of "The Dream of Gerontius" in attractive dress is a desideratum—such a book as the Pirate of Portland would produce. However, a smaller edition than the one with notes by Dr. Egan is afforded by Longmans, Green & Co. It is neatly bound in red linen, but may be had also in paper covers. The price (40 cts.) seems too large for so small a book.

—Pastors, curates, and theological students preparing for the mission will welcome "The Parish Priest on Duty," by the Rev. H. J. Heuser, just published by Benziger Brothers. It is a brief summary of the prescribed manner of administering the Sacraments, conducting the service of the dead, and sundry other pastoral functions in accordance with the Roman Ritual. A most useful manual, excellently published.

—One reads so much in foreign exchanges about the International Society of Franciscan Studies that it may be well to give an authoritative account of its object and activities. According to Father Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., its purpose is "the critical and scientific investigation of the history of St. Francis, and the cultivation and spread of Franciscan literature, with a view to giving the world a truer and fuller knowledge than hitherto of the saint and his work. It is Proposed to compile a complete catalogue of the

Franciscan manuscripts existing in Europe, and, with the aid of writers on Franciscan subjects, to collect materials for a bibliographical dictionary for the guidance of students. This catalogue, which will be arranged according to libraries, will be issued in parts. Meanwhile members are being enrolled and a bureau has been established for correspondence in the principal European languages. Among the most enthusiastic promoters of this undertaking have been several Anglican clergymen, under whose auspices a branch of the Society was established last winter in England." Thus stated, the purposes of the Society are admirable enough; however, Father Paschal declares that many Catholics having been led to join the Society in the belief that every phase of the character of St. Francis would receive due attention, and finding that the associates were bent on studying the Poor Man of Assisi only as a poet and a social reformer and not at all as a saint,—“the Catholic members, realizing that they were not in their Father's house, seem to have nearly all withdrawn.” The “narrowness,” here, be it understood, is not on the part of the Catholic associates, but on the side of those who in studying St. Francis persist in closing their eyes to that aspect of his life and character which is the explanation of all the rest.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1 50, net.

The Velled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly.* \$1.60, net.

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. *Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1 50, net.

Sketches for Sermons. *Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S.* \$1.25.

On the Priesthood. A Treatise by St. John Chrysostom. 85 cts., net.

London Catholic Missions. *Johanna H. Harting.* \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Cleary, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. John Doran, diocese of Peoria; Rev. J. A. Coughlin, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Pancratius Machren, O. S. B.; and Rev. John McQuaid, S. J.

Sister M. of St. Charitina, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Madame Annie Barr, R. S. H.; Mother M. Borgia, Order of St. Ursula; Sister Mary of Bethlehem, Daughters of Charity; and Sister M. of St. Augustine, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. William Briggs, of Liberty, N. Y.; Mr. Terrence McGovern, N. Platte, Neb.; Mrs. M. Perrault, Ottawa, Canada; Mrs. M. Whaten and Mrs. C. Quinlan, Byron, Ill.; Mr. Joseph James and Mrs. Catherine Faber, Stuart, Iowa; Mr. James Ryan and Mrs. Mary Lacy, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Andrew Easley, Butler, Pa.; Lucy Leavy, Durango, Colo.; Mr. Patrick Cody, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Catherine Woods, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Bailie, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Alice Reilly, Woburn, Mass.; Mrs. Mary McMahon, Cohoes, N. Y.; Mr. Charles Eislosffer, Vicksburg, Miss.; Mrs. A. W. Buell, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Miss Mary C. Quinlan, Dalton, Mass.; Miss Bridget Madden, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. William Kirk, Davenport, Iowa; Mr. Joseph Stanley, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Mary McCarthy, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. P. Sheehy, Utica, Ill.; Mr. Nicholas Contillo, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Nora Clark, Gilroy, Cal.; Miss Rose Lynam, New York; Miss Miriam Perkins and Miss Frances Perkins, Morristown, N. J.; also Mr. Anton Kalbacher, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, i., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 30, 1904.

NO. 18.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Angelus.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

HARK! on the air what music soft!
 Far over meadow-land and croft
 The Vesper voices soar aloft;
 And in their tones mysterious blent
 The message by the Angel sent—
 The Word, and its accomplishment.
 The skies flood as with dawn begun;
 From height to height what glories run—
 'A Virgin hath conceived a Son!'
 The radiance deepens; clear and strong
 From angel throng to angel throng
 Wings flash celestial paths along,
 And pæans unto pæans tell;
 Earth's myriad voices upward swell
 Response: 'Among us did He dwell.'
 They move! Heaven's golden doors unclose;
 I touch the threshold; nearer flows
 The chant, more near the splendor grows;
 It sinks—it fades; o'er earth and skies
 Afar the last soft echo dies—
 'In glory from the grave to rise!'

The Procession of Our Blessed Lady.

BY THE REV. JOHN FREELAND.

NOW that once again we remark
 a softness and a warmth in
 the air, and, looking up to the
 sky, notice that the sun is
 shining undeterred by even the smallest
 speck of a cloud, we find those words
 of the Canticle, "The winter is now
 passed," arise spontaneously in our
 mind and force themselves involuntarily

upon our tongue. The spring is indeed
 here. For months incessant rain and
 stormy winds have beaten in at our
 windows, nipping, as it were, in the
 bud any resolution we may have
 formed of sallying out when not abso-
 lutely obliged to do so, and sending
 us farther and farther back into the
 retreat of our homes, where, in security,
 we heard in imagination the noisy
 tempest lash the sea into a fury.

The first day of spring brings a
 stillness and a calm not unlike that
 experienced by one who has passed
 through the throes of some very
 painful malady and is in a state of
 convalescence. The darkness and the
 mournfulness, the biting cold and the
 hoarfrost, the south wind heavy with
 mists, and the north wind boisterous
 and cutting, are left behind us; while
 before us lies the season of the sunshine,
 into which each day now bears us more
 and more securely. All things invite us
 to leave the interior of our homes and
 to see how pleasant after all, God's
 creation is. A hundred noises break
 through the quiet calm and stillness.

In the neighboring thicket a linnet
 and a finch are sending forth a song as
 sweet as a canary's and incomparably
 more gentle and subdued. The robin
 which came regularly day by day and
 sat on the naked bough, vain of its
 single note and chirrup, has given place
 to a thrush, which, from the same
 bough covered with apple blossoms,
 gives free rein to a song lavish in its
 deep strains and clearest of trills. And

a song of sameness and monotony, but none the less welcome at this season of the year, after so long a silence, is sent up from the farmyard, where the "feathered fowl" hail in their own way the return of the brightness of the sun.

Nor is it a time when we are invited only by Nature to take our walks abroad, to drink in the fragrance of the air, and to delight our eyes with sight of life reawakening in plant, in bird, and in beast. The Church herself begins to display her devotions in the open. She, the Bride of Christ, hearkens to the voice of the Bridegroom saying: "Arise, hasten, my beloved, and come! The flowers have appeared in the land." And with the heavens for a roof, with the grass and the road for carpet and pavement, with the hedges and the banks for walls, she begins her spring and summer visits out into her Lord's house of Creation, which is still as 'very good' as it was on that day when 'He spake the word, and they were made; He commanded, and they were created.' It is the season for out-of-door processions; and these, as they are principally connected with our Blessed Lady throughout the year, very fittingly are inaugurated in her honor.

A bright spring day, and notably one in the month of May, is peculiarly in agreement with the innocence, brightness, charm, and simple beauty which the devout Catholic admires so much in the person of Mary. There is nothing in sweetness quite like these devotions paid and offered to her in the country lane or along the busy street, at a time when the year first of all decks itself out in its loveliness.

We have watched the procession on the sandy roads of Spain, where the white and red of the choristers and serving boys, the blue and white of maidens and the tiniest of girls, and the gold of the priestly vestments, seemed, like a waving piece of tapestry,

to move in the midst of a colored border formed by the variegated garments of the pious, half-Moorish throng. We have seen the statue of the Madonna borne up the sides of the hill through the rows of the vines, now in full leaf, under the burning sun; and higher still up the mountain passes, on to the little village lying at the summit from which it had set out; the air resounding meanwhile with the repeated strains of *Viva Maria!* We have followed it then to the market cross, at the base of which it was placed; while they who had carried it and accompanied it on its journey stood around singing hymns to Mary in their rich Castilian tongue; bringing, finally, their devotions to a close by taking the flowers, with some of which they had crowned *her*, and making a wreath which they now placed on the head of the Crucified, crowning *Him* as it were—*diademate quo coronavit eum Mater sua*—"with the diadem with which His Mother crowned Him."

Again, we have watched the procession of Our Lady through the depths of the German forest, making its way along the path winding between trees that must have stood for ages; with the sun shining down as though pleased at the opportunity which some of the branches, not yet covered with foliage, gave it of lighting up the colors of banner, of religious garment, and of the quaint and gorgeous dresses of the peasants; and as if, too, it were proud of being permitted to play in gleams of light about the face and the form of the image representing her who is the Mother of the Dayspring which "from on high hath visited us." Each time a cross is reached—and how many there are in those German woods, the canopy over the head of the *Christus* covered with lichen and moss, from the midst of which a stray seed sown by the wind has sprung up into stem and flower!—*Die Heilige Jungfrau* (the

Blessed Virgin) is placed beneath it, standing *juxta crucem*, by the side of the cross; no longer as of old the "weeping Mother," but extending her arms with joy to her loving children who have brought her out, and have rested her here for a brief moment in the midst of sweet-smelling flowers and of lights which glitter like stars in the shadowy gloom of the wood.

We have seen the procession in places less Catholic, too,—indeed, in places altogether Protestant. There we have joined it in the busy thoroughfare, where even those who came to scoff felt subdued; unable, much to their own surprise, to admit any sentiment but that of reverence as they witnessed a sight breathing far more of heaven than of earth, as they themselves must have acknowledged when they reflected that singing in procession is one of the special features of that blessed place.

Or, again, we have seen it by the side of the lake, where only the children of the Faith were gathered together or were following; when it was difficult to decide which was the more beautiful—the real procession or the shadow of it reflected in the water, the colors interwoven and blended in the stream rippling under the light breeze; and where we knew not which was the sweeter—the sound of the voices of Mary's children close at hand, or the same sound from a distance brought to our ears through that strange stillness with which the brook and the lake always surround and, as it were, clothe the song or the hymn sung upon or near them.

The Catholic mind, ever devout to Mary, finds itself, from the very relationship of mother and child which exists between her and us, naturally filled with thoughts of her at spring-time. The season, with its joyousness, gives us back some portion, even though small, of youthful light-heartedness. In a sense it makes us children again; and

one of the most remarkable, as it is also one of the most winning, features of childhood is that clinging trust in, and that constantly reverting thought toward, the mother. It is impossible, then, when all Nature gives us in her own youth something of youth's gladness, when the smile of the landscape and of the hill raises one also in our heart and upon our countenance, and when we feel brighter and younger for the sight of the crimson and the white of the hedgerows, that the devout Catholic should not be, like the child eager for his parent to "come out and see," desirous that the Mother of his Lord and his own Mother should go forth, let the sun shine upon her face, and reign in the very midst of that creation of which He who made her so beautiful made her likewise the Queen.

For she reigns not so much in the sense that she rules and governs as in the sense that she embraces within her person all that is beautiful and glorious in the order both of nature and of grace. She is *tota pulchra*—all fair; her charm far transcending any other which may be met with in all the marvels of creation. She is not only the—

Mother whose virgin bosom was uncrust

With the least shade of thought to sin allied;

not only the—

Woman above all women glorified;

Our tainted nature's solitary boast;

but she surpasses all other forms of beauty, and is—

Purer than foam on central ocean tost,

Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn

With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon

Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast.*

Nor is it only a matter of mere suitability that she, the Mother and the most beautiful part of God's handiwork, should go forth into the midst of the brightness returning to all Nature at this time of the year. There is a real need that she should

* Wordsworth.

do so. She has other children besides those who kneel before her statue in the recesses of a church or upon the steps of an altar; and it is not too much to say that they are her dearest ones for the very reason that she sees them least. It is the old story of the lost sheep; only in Mary's case the sheep is a child, one of her own, strayed, gone away, never seen, the chances against whose return become greater month by month.

In springtime hope renewed and courage reinvigorated, in connection with purely worldly matters, are rendered more lively with each ray of sunshine and with every opening leaf. "Man goeth forth to his labor until the evening" with fresh impulse and with new determination. And shall not the heavenly Spring, which Our Lady is, show herself and go forth, shining like "the sun in his might" on the heart grown cold and on the spirit become forgetful of its God and of her? Will she not, as the eye of the sinful marks her passing by, infuse into his heart a redundant hope in the mercy of Christ and a courage to seek for it which nothing will either daunt or suppress?

"It is our Mother!" cry the negligent and the wayward, the feet of whom rarely tread the threshold of the church, and whose forms are seldom prostrate before the place where God in the greatest loneliness makes His home. "It is our Mother, come out to seek for, to search after us, to cry in our ears like Wisdom at the corners of the streets: 'If one be a little child, let him come unto me.' It is our Mother, whose loving kindness knows no measure, and whose compassion and tenderness can not be mingled with severity; for the heart of the mother is poured out in affection over her little one; being in its regard, a wellspring of love, the stream of which no faults can stop in its course, the strength of which no amount of sins can possibly weaken.

Let me arise and follow her! Why may I not hope when *she* bids me return to the Father's house? Why not begin to live afresh in Him, since God can hardly touch in anger the son whom the Mother enriches with her love? And why not go again to find rest to my soul within the place whence she has set out; where, being one of hers, I can not long remain an enemy to her Son; and where again I may find my place among her other, better children flourishing 'like olive branches round about her table'?"

And the earth itself is better for having the statue of the Mother of God borne over it; for if the "shadow of Peter" gave health to the sick, the representation of Mary may at least be credited with the power of bringing a blessing on every plant that rises and on every seed that springs forth. Each flower trodden under foot by the throng which accompanies the "image of our Queen" must surely rebound back to its place and stand more erect, proud of the honor under which, for a moment, it has been crushed. The wheat fields will smile the better later on when they stand out in gold in the green of the valley, since in May she has smiled on them who was herself the stem on which that living ear of corn grew up and ripened, becoming the Bread of Life which we, "the weary pilgrims, love." She is the Queen of Nature; and, unlike most of the queens whose thrones are of earthly build and whose glory is but the reflection of that of the kings of the world, she, the Queen of Heaven and the Bride of the Lamb, goes abroad among her subjects only to scatter abundantly her blessings. "All her ways are ways of rest and all her paths are peace."

She blesses the flowers which offer to her their fragrance, the lane which administers its shade, the meadow whose grass makes soft the way for her feet, the river "which maketh glad

the city of God," and the cottages in the narrow streets decked with flags or sparkling with votive candles as she goes on her royal journey. She is the Queen of men. She crowns our joyousness at springtime; smiles on the beginnings of the year's labor and toil; she comes near and makes us doubly glad; and we can not, even if we would, prevent ourselves from offering to her the commencement of all that Nature, aided by our own endeavor, gives us. As Cervantes sings:

These of my efforts first into fruit to spring,
Maiden all beautiful!

These unto thee such as they are I bring,
Thy child most dutiful.

Take them and guard them; make what is weak
more strong;

Weed out the faulty, O Maiden, set right the
wrong!

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

VII.—AT WORK.

BEFORE eight o'clock next morning John was at work in the great hall of the castle. He had reflected long and anxiously during the dark watches of the night, and had prayed fervently to our Blessed Mother for courage and resolve.

The generosity of his cousin shone forth in all its nobleness, despite its flimsy veil of growling and raillery. The idea of winning back his patrimony by labor no longer seemed a degradation but a solemn duty. He thought with horror that if the Count had not bought the Lizardière, it should have been sold at auction, the old manor demolished, and the land cut up in lots and divided among the peasants. Now, in a short time, thanks to his cousin, he would return to it less poor and less anxious for his future.

Thinking upon these things in the intervals of sleep during the night, and

in gratitude for the kindness he had received, he was in haste to take up his work. He found all things prepared—canvas, paints, easels, and frames,—and he had only to begin to paint. After a few moments of hesitation, he took heart of grace and soon the sketch of a boar hunt was in progress.

Absorbed in that first struggle of the artist with his thought, John did not perceive that some one had entered the room. The sound of these words, said in a grave, sweet voice, made him turn:

"Very well done, my cousin! I am satisfied."

It was Christiana who spoke, and Madeleine was there too. The little girl established herself on his knee and put her arms about his neck.

"Now, come to lunch," said the lady. "You will not have Chazé to skirmish with. He has gone hunting in the Mesnil Woods, and will not return till dinner-time."

After lunch, which proved a short meal, Christiana made a sign to Madeleine. The child understood and ran out of the room, to appear a moment or so later with a cigarette case, on which was embroidered John's monogram.

"It is Madeleine's own workmanship," said the Countess. "It is her first serious bit of embroidery; and she takes great pleasure in giving it to you, with its contents. Artists like to smoke. The fragrance of the tobacco counteracts the smell of the colors and of the oil. I permit you this indulgence, but only in the large hall. Now my daughter and I are going to visit some of our poor people. *Au revoir!*"

John lost no time in opening the case, and found his little cousin's cigarettes delicious. He went back to his task, and worked with such earnestness that the Angelus bell from the tower at six o'clock found him still absorbed in his brushes and colors.

He had just finished the third Ave

Maria when the sound of approaching footsteps caused him to turn. The door opened. He became very pale, then flushed crimson when he perceived the Désormes family, Christiana and the Count with them.

"Pardon, cousin dear!" said the Countess, advancing. "I had forgotten to tell you that Monsieur Désormes and his son and Mademoiselle Raymonde were to dine with us. Monsieur Frederic Legrand also has given us the pleasure of his company."

"Monsieur Désormes," said the Count in his turn, "allow me to present my cousin, the Marquis de Lizardière."

"We have already had the pleasure of meeting Monsieur de Lizardière," replied M. Désormes, holding out his hand to John, who stood silent, not a little surprised.

"My cousin is doing us a great service. He has consented, at our earnest request, to paint four or five panels in this hall, which has been abandoned since the Revolution. And I wanted you to make his acquaintance while he was engaged in this gracious devotion to his cousin and myself."

John was deeply touched by the delicacy of this explanation. The Count was not always the rough and boisterous soldier of the previous day. Attired in the latest style—a white cravat, black dress coat, shod in "pumps,"—his every movement revealed the grand seignior.

The meal was rather ceremonious. The two families had known each other only a short time. The Count and Countess had dined the preceding week at Bruyères, the superb mansion of the Désormes; and to-day they returned the established compliment of good neighborhood. The guests, therefore, were a little stiff, observing one another and fearing to talk too much. The ice was slow in breaking, but the conversation soon took an agricultural turn,

M. Désormes was a very distinguished agriculturist; he had won medals of honor at all the competitions in the district, and his farm at Bruyères was already celebrated for the improvements he had introduced. M. de Chazé was not in favor of modern innovations. Patent reapers had not seduced him, nor had the steam plough turned aside the good old plough of his fathers. The subject was discussed with ability; and, thanks to mutual concessions, the harmony of the company was not disturbed. It was plain that these two men held each other in high estimation, and that it only needed time to make them excellent friends.

On her side, the Countess did not allow M. Frederic Legrand the privilege of silence. She knew that he had travelled a great deal, that he had published a book of travel, and upon this she spoke charmingly. He proved himself equal to the occasion, and interested her ladyship in no small degree by his acute observation of men and things.

Raoul and little Madeleine had lost no time in becoming acquainted. Raoul had just passed his examinations, and he related his experiences to Madeleine, who in return gave him the history of all her dolls, from Mademoiselle Toinette to Lady Arabella.

Between John and Raymonde, placed at his left, the ice was for a long time very solid indeed. Raymonde's other neighbor, the Count de Chazé, after a few gracious and trifling remarks, found himself stranded; and, plunging into agriculture with Désormes, left the young people to their own devices. John, despite the torture to which his imagination grimly led him, vainly sought a pretext for breaking a silence which was as impolite on his part as it was embarrassing to the young girl.

Was Raymonde embarrassed by the neglect of the two cavaliers? Her manner gave no sign, and she was

wondrously beautiful. The somewhat haughty air which her riding-habit gave her was transformed into a tranquil gravity. She was attired in a simple white dress, relieved by a bunch of blue ribbon, with a tea-rose in her magnificent hair. The shadow of her long eyelashes softened the glow of her cheek; and she carried her head a little thrown back, like a queen who from a height views the passing crowd. Suddenly but gently she turned to John.

"Monsieur de Lizardière, I want to know how Clodion is. He interests me a great deal; although I fear I am not in his good graces. I am afraid of him, as I have told you."

"Mademoiselle, I have reproached him severely, and he is filled with sincere remorse."

"I have no faith either in your reproaches or in his remorse. You love him too well, it seems to me; and I will wager that he has the foremost place in the masterful sketch you are now engaged in painting."

"That sounds very like flattery, Mademoiselle."

"I flatter no one, nor do you, Monsieur le Marquis."

"In you no doubt it is a virtue, in me it is a defect."

"Defects fade out in time, so do peculiarities. But, without flattery, I have remarked the boldness and vigor of the outlines of your painting."

John bowed his thanks, not without a certain satisfaction, but with a cold reserve, with which Mademoiselle Désormes' presence seemed to inspire him. Nevertheless, the conversation continued and became quite animated. Raymonde, whose education had been brilliant, spoke of art with modesty, but with marked taste and culture. By degrees John responded with less coldness; the artistic spirit within him awoke, and he astonished his fair neighbor, as she had astonished him, by the profundity of his knowledge

and the scholarship of his criticism.

This somewhat animated conversation attracted the attention of M. Legrand. He looked at John and Raymonde and slightly elevated his brow. Why? Who knows. And neither John nor Raymonde perceived him.

The Marquis and his charming neighbor chatted on almost in a tone of intimacy, until Raymonde committed a blunder. In the heat of some grotesque gossip on the inner life of the Middle Ages, she unhappily exclaimed:

"Ah, that is what I should do if you would let me have the Lizardière!"

"Now less than ever, Mademoiselle," he replied, with startling abruptness.

Silence reigned again, and this time it was a painful silence. John thought, and not without bitterness, that this was the object of her graciousness and her little compliments. As for Raymonde, realizing her mistake, she felt confused and irritated with him. However, if John had been less preoccupied, he might have heard her murmur between her pearly teeth:

"Nevertheless, Sir Marquis, I *shall* have the Lizardière!"

The situation became more and more difficult. Happily, the dinner came to an end. John offered Mademoiselle Désormes his arm, but they conversed no more; and, in fact, they remained apart until the moment of departure. M. Désormes excused himself for making an early start, saying that the road from Marcilly to Bruyères was a long one. The party broke up as it had met—with cordiality but still with the chill of ceremony.

When De Chazé found himself alone with his family, he threw out his arms and drew a long sigh, saying:

"They are perfect—*perfect*! But I want to let off steam!"

After indulging in this luxury, the Count became calm,—a calm, however, that did not last long. A sudden thought occurred to him.

"I had forgotten the trip to Baugé! To-morrow the Lizardière will be sold. Francis, the bailiff of Noyant—a fine fellow,—has sent a dispatch to let me know. I shall go alone, of course, cousin. Your presence would not be good form. Besides, the whole thing is simply a formality. No one will bid ten thousand francs for the place; and I will go as high as fifteen thousand, in any event."

"Provided the Désormes, who want to buy it, do not bid against you."

"Monsieur Désormes would not play me so scurvy a trick."

"Well, I thank you from the bottom of my heart, dear cousin, however it turns out."

"Thanks be hanged! I shall be late, I am sure. It is twenty miles from here to Baugé, and the sale is set for noon."

"But, my dear," said Christiana, gently, "if you start at seven—"

"Well, yes, I shall arrive at ten. But I want to breakfast at my ease when I get there. And, then, one must allow for casualties. The axle-tree might break, the horse get a fit and fling me in the ditch,—you never think of anything, Christiana! I am afraid I won't sleep a wink to-night. If *there* isn't a cousin that is a nuisance! Never mind, John! give me your hand, all the same. Good-night, and God bless you!"

Despite his fears, the Count slept like an infant till dawn, when he turned out to "shake up," as he termed it, servants, retainers, horses and dogs. When Chazé was agitated, all the world must likewise be agitated.

(To be continued.)

KIND words dropped incessantly at length vivify the petrified features; the statue, so to say, begins to smile, and speaks and laughs, and then bounds across the greensward with his children at play, metamorphosed into a happy man.—*J. Foster.*

April.

BY CHARLES J. PHILLIPS.

I.

WHAT lies behind those city lights
That quiver in the night and gleam
Down in the river, kissing there
The stars reflected in the stream?

II.

A hundred hearts that never knew
The freedom of the April hills;
A hundred ears that never heard
The laughter of the April rills;

A hundred brows that never felt
The April wind's kiss sweet and cool;
A hundred eyes that never saw
A star reflected in a pool;

A hundred feet that never danced
To April's music sweet and wild,—
O come with me! My heart hath heard!
I run, I dance, a little child!

III.

Open the city gates to-night,—
Open the gates and fly and fly!
My heart is beating in the clouds,
My fingers touch the April sky.

I broke my grave-cloths with my heart;
I wet my lips with hidden rains;
I drink the life of April winds;
I feel life's life stream in my veins!

The moonlight and the mists are white;
They make a raiment fair for me.
O how the stars pierce through the gloom
To dip their fingers in the sea!

IV.

Pillowed on some warm pregnant cloud,
Where brood the sweet gray April showers
That soon will dash across the fields,
I'll sleep above the unborn flowers.

And in the morning I'll awake
On some brown hilltop, where the sun
Plays on the sod long cold and dead,
Where Winter all his course hath run;

Or in the naked April woods,
As yet unleafed; but every bole
And every branch and every twig
Holds a warm heart, a stirring soul.

V.

The mists still hang upon the hills;
 The river runs its course along;
 It has a secret in its breast,
 It knows a little secret song.

Through all the night the river ran,
 And listened to the wind and trees;
 The sunlight breaks the mists, and, lo!
 The river sings a song of seas!—

The river's voice grows deep and strong,
 And still a song of seas intones.
 No matter if the seas be far:
 Hope makes it laugh along the stones.

VI.

The dawn mists lifted from the hills,
 The valley's shadows hid away
 Somewhere within the glade, to wait
 And shelter yet the dying day,

When in the naked April woods,
 Far through the leafless branches seen,
 The sun burns out its flaming red
 To dreams of tender Maytime green.

VII.

The rain is coming, and the clouds
 Sweep wood and hill, and hide the blue
 That made the waters laugh; but still
 The river to its hope is true.

For every drop of this sweet rain
 A violet within the glade,
 A crocus on the hill, some flower
 Will lift its head, or grass its blade.

VIII.

What lies behind those city lights
 That quiver in the night and gleam
 Down in the river, kissing there
 The stars reflected in the stream?

THERE are no chagrins so venomous
 as the chagrins of the idle; there
 are no pangs so sickening as the
 satieties of pleasure. Nay, the bitter-
 est and most enduring sorrow may
 be borne through the burden and
 heat of the day bravely, to the due
 time of death, by a true worker.

—*Ruskin.*

The Great Battles of Christendom.

BY MRS. BARTLE TRELING.

III.—POITIERS.

"Bretons, fight to the death!"

MORE than two hundred years had
 passed since the head of the
 "proud Sicamber" had bowed beneath
 the waters of Christian baptism, and
 the face of Europe was changed.
 Instead of the Roman all but universal
 rule, a far fiercer, crueler and more fatal
 power now swayed the destinies of the
 civilized world. The Roman Eagles had
 indeed fallen, but in their stead flashed
 not the Cross of Christendom but the
 Crescent of Islam.

How little can we, to-day, picture
 the extent, the all importance, the
 potency, of its sway! Syria, Persia,
 Egypt, Africa, Spain,—almost three
 continents, indeed; for Asia and Africa
 were frankly Mahometan, and the
 eyes of their leaders were now fixed
 upon Constantinople,—nay, even upon
 Rome itself.

It is said that Mahomet declared,
 when almost at the point of death,
 that "the sword is the key of heaven.
 One battle eve is worth two months
 of prayer; and he who dies sword in
 hand goes straight to paradise." And
 his followers and successors—fierce,
 daring, reckless of life, and scornful of
 that death which was but to be their
 gate to future bliss—poured, in their
 thousands, into Syria and Egypt, raised
 the Crescent above the Holy Places of
 Jerusalem, captured Alexandria and
 burned its famous library (we are told
 that during six months the public baths
 were heated by the fires of the burning
 manuscripts); and then, advancing into
 Europe, conquered and possessed the
 whole of Spain.

Having, as we said, overrun two
 continents and invaded a third, the

Mussulman power crept on, slowly but surely, toward the two centres of civilization and Christianity: Constantinople and Rome. The first was wrapped in fancied security and in the double grip of luxury and heresy; for the courtiers of the decadent emperors who still nominally reigned there professed the Monothelite heresy, and openly persecuted their more orthodox brethren. Then the Bosphorus became the chief seat of Islamism, and there remained but Catholic Gaul to be added to Moor-ruled Spain ere the last centre of Christendom was approached.

In the spring of the year 732, therefore, Abderamus, or Abder-Rhaman, Emir of Cordova, with a numerous army, crossed those majestic Pyrenees, which, as the natural barrier between France and Spain, have witnessed the passage of so many invading armies both in earlier and later times. They passed through the valley of Roncesvalles, that famous defile where, some forty years later, the hero of many a song and story was to fall a victim to basest treachery; as an English poet has sung:

O for a blast of that dread horn
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
When Roland brave and Oliver,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died.

They debouched upon the quaint and sun-kissed province of Basqueland a formidable array of picked warriors, many of whom had assisted in the conquests of Africa and Spain, with their enormous following of women, children, and aged; altogether some 500,000 souls.

Once across the Pyrenees, this immense body of people was divided by their leader into three distinct and separate armies, each complete in itself; and his plan of campaign was simple but effective. One army swept through fair Provence, and upward by Avignon, Lyons, and Sens; a second moved

westward, conquering, or rather devastating, the quiet Bearnese provinces, and aiming at a junction with the first, in the direction of Paris; while the third, commanded by Abderamus himself, marched straight upward toward the capital. It was, as has been described, "a triple torrent of fire and sword"; and never, since the devastating hordes of Vandals and Huns, had such a dread visitation been known.

We are told that the Arab invaders had but a faint notion of the people they had come to conquer, whom they spoke of as *el Frandjas*, for the Franks. One of the Saracen chiefs inquired of an Arab commander what manner of men those Franks might be said to be, and received for answer a description not inapplicable, perhaps, to their descendants. "They are," said the Arab chief, "a numerous tribe, abundantly provided with the necessaries of life; brave and impetuous in attack, but timid and easily discouraged under reverses."

Such were the Frankish warriors to whose lot it fell to stem the tide of Oriental aggression and Mussulman fanaticism upon the soil of ancient Gaul, now a kingdom governed nominally by the degenerate descendants of its first Christian King and conqueror, Clovis; but actually ruled by their prime ministers, or *maires du palais*, of whom the representative was then, fortunately for Christendom, a brave and energetic general, Charles d'Heristal, afterward known to history as Charles Martel.

The right wing or division, then, of the invading army moved on into Provence, and Marseilles was the first town of any importance which fell before its assaults. It was here that a certain oft-named convent of nuns, with St. Eusebia at their head, so heroically protected themselves against the outrages of the Mussulman soldiery, by cutting off their noses and mutilat-

ing the rest of their faces, so that they might appear loathsome to their captors; who, in disappointed and savage fury, gave them the grace they desired, and killed them on the spot. Avignon, Valence, Lyons, Mâcon, Besançon, and all the towns upon their route were taken, pillaged, burned, and left masses of smouldering ruins; while the victorious Saracens marched ever onward, and the blood of the Christians flowed like water.

Many another brave deed, many tales of heroism such as that of St. Eusebia and her sisters, have doubtless passed unrecorded of history; but here is one which deserves to linger in our memory as we recall those fearful days of stress and storm.

The Bishop of Nantes, a Breton by birth and a man of courage and sanctity, heard, from far off in his Western home, the tales of terror and cruelty which shuddering fugitives brought from that track of devastation and woe which was mounting ever upward toward the capital. And when he heard he summoned all the fighting men of the place, knights and soldiers, and addressed them thus: "Our device is that of Judas Maccabeus: 'Better to die in battle than to see the misfortunes of our country, the downfall of the saints of the Lord!'" And all the people cried out in answer: "Venerated lord, give but the order,—command us, and we will follow thee wherever thou shalt lead!"

The holy Bishop, responding to this appeal, placed himself at their head, and, with no other weapon than his pastoral staff, went forth, first saying a solemn Mass and giving Holy Communion to all his warriors,—devout sons of the Church, as Bretons have ever been, from the days when they fled from their own Western island before the Saxon invader and took refuge upon the wild and desolate shores beyond.

So, marching night and day, they

came to the town of Eduens (Autun), whose inhabitants hailed them with joy; and they threw themselves upon the enemy, who were even then preparing to invest the town, and chased them far and wide; St. Æmilianus, in all his episcopal dignity, at their head. Unfortunately, however, as the valiant Bretons were in full chase of the retreating invaders, the second column of the Saracen army—6000 strong and commanded by a well-known chief, Nempheus,—came in sight. St. Æmilianus, instantly grasping the situation, gave the signal for a halt; and, recalling his men as speedily as possible, cried: "Brave warriors, I congratulate you on your valiant deeds! You are, indeed, worthy Christian soldiers. But the hour has now come when force is of no avail, and when God alone can give us the victory."

Even as he spoke a breathless rider dashed up, exclaiming: "Hasten, my lord!—hasten! The infidels are upon us on all sides." The Bishop, for all answer, made the Sign of the Cross, saying: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!" Then, beckoning to his men to follow him, he galloped forward, crying: "Courage, my children!—courage! God counts on you!" And he rode straight to the spot where the Saracen chief, Nempheus, a man of huge strength and stature, towering above all round him, was hewing down the Christians to right and left of him with fearful carnage.

The Bishop sprang to his side, seized him unawares and dragged him from his horse. It made pause but for a moment, and then fifty Saracens together were upon him with battle-axe and sword. As he fell his people caught the words: "Bretons, fight to the death! Death will be to you the entrance to eternal life, where I go before you." And even as he said it the foe whom he had felled leaped to his feet again and struck one mighty

blow; and presently the martyr's head was seen uplifted on a pike, to be the signal for rejoicing on the one side, and discouragement and despair upon the other. For victory, alas! was with the infidel foe; and the pillage and the carnage continued from city to city till the whole land was laid waste before the destroyers, as is some Eastern plain under the ravages of a swarm of locusts.

At last, and only when two-thirds at least of Gaul was in the hands of the enemy, and when bishop after bishop, and even the Pope himself, had sent divers appeals for succor, its Christian ruler—his title was that of *maire du palais*, though he was king in all but name over the Frankish nation—returned from the Teutonic provinces where he had been fighting, and with a tremendous following, composed not only of Franks but of other races also, swept across Gaul and offered battle to the Mussulman army near Poitiers.

An Arab writer of that time has told how "our soldiers knew well the strength of the Frankish chief, whose very name, Karlè, was a sound of terror in their ears. They were astonished at not encountering him anywhere. But it seems that the people, having gone to expostulate with Karlè on his inaction, described to him the ravages of the sons of Mahomet in the central provinces of Gaul; and they spoke of the shame which must fall on the Frankish warriors through this matter. 'What!' said they. 'Our big battalions, clad in armor and well equipped with arms, are to allow themselves to be annihilated by a horde of wild, undisciplined, scarcely armed savages!'—'Let them alone,' answered Karlè; 'they are just now at the height of their success, and are like a rushing torrent which bears away and breaks down everything before it. Enthusiasm takes the place of armor to them, and

their own courage is better to them than any fortress. But when their arms are full of booty, and the lust of gold has entered into them, then disorder will creep in; that will be our opportunity,—we shall step in and conquer.'"

If this explanation of the otherwise unaccountable inaction of the Frankish troops be the correct one, we may better understand why so large a portion of Gaul was harried and laid waste ere any serious attempt was made to stem the tide of Mahometan invasion. Human life was a thing of small account in those days; and the devastation which marked the progress of the infidel—towns sacked and burned, churches looted, women and children massacred in cold blood—was but the ordinary accompaniment of every war at that time.

But at last "The Hammer," the instrument of God's vengeance, came. For seven full days a more or less desultory skirmishing indicated the closeness of the two armies to each other; while the Christian soldiers "became accustomed to Arabian tactics," and while the Saracen leader chose, as he deemed it, a favorable position on the plains of Poitiers, with an eye, doubtless, to those special charges of Arab cavalry which were one of the chief causes of their successes. And then, on the 17th of October, 732, the decisive hour came.

The Saracens, under Abderamus, made the first attack: one of those wild charges of turbaned warriors, with flashing scimitar upheld, and savage cries, which, before that day, had scattered many a Teuton or Breton legion, borne down many a Spanish or Eastern foe, till they had learned to believe that none could withstand them. Charles Martel, however, had wisely forewarned his men of the coming ordeal; and the sturdy Northerners and daring Frankish warriors stood shoulder to shoulder, a compact,

motionless wall of men, "like a rampart of ice"; receiving the charge in full front, at the sword's point, and stabbing, hewing down, piercing the riders as they came. Again and again did the attacking force sweep onward, only to be met by that "wall of iron," and by the unshaken calm of row upon row of big-framed, well-disciplined men, waiting calmly for them, sword in hand.

Then at a prearranged hour Count Eudes of Aquitaine, with a strong body of men, wheeled round and attacked the Saracen camp in the rear. It was filled not only with rich booty but with their women and children; and as the cries of those defenceless beings fell on the ears of the main body of their army, the Saracen soldiers turned and rushed back to their camp and its inhabitants. They found themselves between two fires, and from that moment all was confusion; Abderamus himself was mortally wounded, and night fell upon a scene of fearful carnage.

The Frankish soldiers were not permitted by their leader to continue the fight after nightfall, for fear of surprises; but next morning they advanced in battle array upon the silent camp of the enemy. It was empty! Under cover of night the Arabs had fled, leaving their camp, with all its rich contents, to the conqueror; and their moral defeat had been so complete that they made good their retreat across Pyrenean fastnesses, and the land of Gaul knew them no more.

Such was the Christian victory of Poitiers—or of Tours, as some historians call it. A long and weary fight, from the brave Breton Bishop at the head of his flock—unsuccessful indeed, but leaving a glorious memory, and reaping, we may believe, a glorious reward,—down to the skilled soldier, "The Hammer of God," as he is elsewhere called, striking one swift, decisive blow, and saving France for the Church and for her God.

The Finial of Messer Ansaldo.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

THE page came to the door and stood, half-awed at the stillness of the room. Through the small, square-paned lattices the evening sunshine smote across the papers and drawings on the dusty table; not until farther, in the midst of shadows, did they illumine the head of the old man.

"Well, boy?" he queried, petulantly.

"Your pardon, Messer! But my master bids me again upon the same message. He says he commissioned your signory months ago for the decoration of the baptistery door which your signory promised him, and—"

"Did not I tell thee yesterday to come to me no more with messages of that purport? The door-head will be done some day, when God wills it. There is surely no haste for it. The buildings are not even finished, and Heaven knows what cares are pressing me."

The lad turned his round cap in his hands and shifted one purple-hosed limb over the other green one.

"He bade me, Messer, to remind your signory that there is a contract, signed with your revered name, to deliver the sculptures within—"

"Have done! Am I likely to forget I have a contract? And the time-period is nearly expired, is it not? 'To deliver within the fourth month from the dating.' Go tell thy master to build his walls stout and to arch his vaults: the sculptures are not done."

"Yea, Messer—but—I left him sore angry, and he will not have me return until I bring him the design."

"The design, forsooth! Who is thy master or am I his servant?"

"The masons wait, Messer. He prayed thee should he have a round arch for a foliated door-head and a

terminal, or a lintel whereupon thou—whereupon your signory may place a statue?"

"I know not."

The young face grew more and more perplexed each minute.

"Shall I tell him you do not know, Messer?"

The old man rose abruptly and moved to his table.

"Dost see that sheet of paper, boy? White is it not, and blank? How many weeks has thy master been pressing me and how many months have I myself been agonizing? Go tell him thou hast seen my design."

The page grew white in sympathy.

"Alas! Messer, I have heard that so it may happen to the greatest. The pity is large indeed."

"Ay, large indeed—the pity!"

He had pushed open the window, and across the dog-eared, untidy papers the waxen bloom of the orange shrubs wafted its last, late summer fragrance.

"Thou art one of us, art thou not? An apprentice from Master Nicola's workshop?"

"At your service, Messer."

"Was there not one among you, a Rinaldo, older than thou art, a worker too?"

"Yea, Messer. None could chase a tracery as he did, or enlase a stone wreath with so much fancy. A rare fellow, Rinaldo."

"A rare fellow, indeed! 'Tis said he is missing?"

"So say the gossips on the piazza, Messer."

"Thou must even know."

"I know, Messer, his place is vacant; but whither he has gone and why none of us knoweth. He spake not of his own concerns. Some have thought that, haply, a lady went with him."

"And how—how have they named—the lady?"

"Nay, sir! Much they conjecture but know not. Didst need Rinaldo?"

"I had need of him."

"Should he return, I will not fail to tell him your signory looks for him. My duty, Messer!"

"Wait, boy! If thou shouldst see Rinaldo—if thou shouldst see him—"

"Messer?"

"Nay, let it pass."

The page was gone, and he had dropped into his chair, clasping his hands. Her name! Great Heavens, he had ventured to ask that child her name! Well he knew it: Lucia, like her mother's. And all the flowers were withered on her window-sill. Two months already was she gone and only lately familiars of the house had thought to ask her whereabouts. At her cousin's in the country, for change of air, he answered. The July days were hot. But to the Prior of San Sepolcro, with whom he had played fives in childhood, he gaped out:

"Never mention her name to me! The hussy's gone."

The Prior's jaw dropped.

"Nonsense!" he ejaculated.

Then Ansaldo flew at him.

"Nonsense," when she has been gone two months, when her bed was never slept in and the bolt unshot on the street door! I have had hill and valley scoured for her, to no avail."

"She may have gone to a convent."

"I should not have objected. Why by stealth?"

"Or met with some accident—drowned, perhaps."

"Drowned,—my child! And you say that to me, Gaddo?"

"You seemed to fear somewhat worse."

"God! my Lucia!"

The Prior rose and placed his hand upon the bowed shoulder.

"I always thought she singularly loved the Virgin Mary. If I were you, Ansaldo, I would trust the child."

"I did trust her,—I would almost still; but some man, some scoundrel!

You know that chiseller of Nicola's, Rinaldo?"

"Slightly. He seemed a good-enough lad and full of promise. Do you think—"

"He came more than once with his mandolin and songs of love beneath her window. And once at Mass, when she was in her pew, and I, coming in late, stood by the font, I noted that Rinaldo, kneeling behind her, seemed to be making his orisons to her."

"Bah! the ways of youth. He was a clean lad; I'd stake my head on it."

"Clean as you please, sir; but she had my orders. Do they count for naught?"

"Your orders, Ansaldo?"

"Yea, mine. Was he her peer? Had he made a name for her? A country bumpkin without future!"

"One of the craft, like yourself."

"Ay, forsooth, a famous one! And, good Father, though she have a modest portion, they must even live."

"No doubt."

"Would you *blame* me, Gaddo?"

"I pray that I may judge no man."

"You would excuse her, praise her, haply, for bringing my grey hairs to shame and sorrow?"

"Nay, Ansaldo,—nay. But I wish you had let the youth bring her to me at San Sepolcro, as you brought *your* Lucia, and let them have their happiness."

"I am best judge, Sir Prior, of what concerns my daughter."

"A father should be."

And the Prior of San Sepolcro picked up his Hours and went.

Ansaldo threw himself angrily upon his working-stool and drew—drew for sheer rage—flowers, animals, and arabesques. Then came a cathedral door with mouldings and reliefs, spandrels and finial; and immediately he changed his mind, and there was a carved lintel instead of an arched head, and his hand fumbled for the lines of a figure above it. An angel spreading

wings in benediction; no: the patron saint of the city; and again no: Christ the Redeemer with the open Book of Life. But Ansaldo tore them all up when he had finished, for he knew that in none of them had one living jet come from his soul to the pen. And then he bowed his head and wept.

Two long, long months; and Gaddo blamed him; and Nicola clamored for the sculptures of the door; and, worst of sorrows, the child was still absent. If at least she had sent him one message, one word to let him know her whereabouts! And the agony of his mind grew more terrible when he remembered that, perhaps, it had been some other than Rinaldo.

Evening drew on. It was, Ansaldo counted fearfully, the sixty-third since she left. At twilight the old house-keeper, sad at heart and growling outwardly, called him to eat his supper. Obediently he swallowed a few mouthfuls, then went back silent to his room. One person alone, he reflected bitterly, had spoken to him that day. Ugoccio, the architect's page. Ugoccio had promised to send him Rinaldo if he saw him. Of the blank paper he had shown the envoy, and of his contract, Ansaldo scarce thought at all.

Dusk was falling. The sculptor took his cloak and sauntered forth. Stars were beginning to pierce into the pale, green-tinted purple of the night sky; stars were beginning to kindle in the lucent waters of the Arno. Ansaldo wandered away to the old Church of S. Paolo by the river, and crept into its gloom to pray. The Presence was there upon the altar which abides still across the centuries intervening; and at the Lady Chapel Ansaldo made his plaint in the gloaming, as we likewise in the gloamings make our plaint to her now.

A light burned in his study when he drew homeward, and his heart leaped in hope. But it sank again in

fresh dread as he saw who awaited him. Here was the gonfalonier, the master of works from the Duomo, the head of the artists' guild, the archpriest, the notary; and Ansaldo feared with a great fear, for the Prior's word "drowned" lurked in his mind. But the master of works began to speak, and there was no word of drowning or of the child Lucia in what he said. 'Their city, which for many years had been engaged upon a glorious monument—a group of monuments, indeed,—which should carry the names of the builders to posterity, albeit the same were erected first to the Lord God Almighty in thanksgiving for the Pisan victory whereby Palermo was wrested from the Saracens—these glorious monuments—'

Ansaldo had lost the thread of the discourse for thinking of Lucia and of the dust upon his table. Besides, he knew the master's speeches by heart. But he came back to consciousness with a jump and a shock when the voice in his ears formulated its ultimatum. Would Messer Ansaldo still pledge himself to deliver his work within the stated limit, or would he, for the good of his country, withdraw from the enterprise of the Duomo?

The sculptor listened, his shaggy head bent, a very lion bearded in his den. For fifty years he had labored amongst them, and scarce a city of central Italy but was richer for his carving; now he was to deliver his commission in numbered days like a journeyman, or renounce it for the good of his country! No latitude of time, no courtesy of waiting offered. One moment he felt like letting the wrath in him have vent and bidding them begone from his presence forever, that no jot of his work should ever go to ennoble their undertaking. Then sane sense made clear in his eyes their aspect of the matter: eagerness to achieve and finish, a contract unfulfilled, failure to

produce even designs on his part; and the fire of the love of art, warm in his breast as in the breasts of all who have made Italy, burned in his veins. He hurled his words at them.

"God's grace, sirs, I will *never* withdraw from the enterprise of the Duomo!—never, till my lids last fall over the pupils and the last pulse fails in my arm! But as to the time-limit, I must reflect whether it be still possible. Grant me until to-morrow; I might perhaps at least submit you a design."

In silence half resentful and half conciliatory, the honorable deputation trooped out and down the stairs.

The sculptor threw himself into his chair to think. It was bitter; it had hurt him. Some of the men had been his friends and some were jealous rivals. He knew, too, that, for all his devices, one or two at least must suspect what secret sorrow paralyzed his hand. They had had no pity on him. None had done him the honor to remember that if they loved Pisa, he also loved it. And more to him than to many among them were those fair structures of perfect stone going up against the blue. The baptistery door!—how he had thought of it! How beautiful his heart desired it! The Duomo of Pisa!—was not he part of the Duomo? Sometimes he wondered how, when he died, his soul would disengage itself—not from his earthly body but from those piles.

It was eight o'clock when the deputation departed. Ten and the half-hour tolled softly over the Arno, and Ansaldo sat motionless as when they left him. Once he thought he heard a low rap and muffled voices. Gossips of the housekeeper, no doubt, come to deplore this last event. All the night was settling into silence. But no! The tap came again, more than faint, at his own door. He did not answer. He rose, and realized that he was trembling. The door had opened.

The man who entered reached out the hand that held the cap in a mute gesture of appeal. His face, beautiful as a moonlight night, was shadowed with melancholy. Blue eyes, black-lashed, deep and starry; dark hair, wavy,—a shock of it; a noble nose, with the bridge strong and lofty; all the impressive quietness of the dreamer about him, and yet a manliness that would not belie itself. Brought face to face with him, Ansaldo almost understood; but he gasped, and his voice was nearly soundless:

"Where is Lucia?"

"In her chamber, Messer."

This voice too was scarce audible, but what tone it had was deepened with respect. Then, not boastful, but suppliant and growing firmer, it went on:

"I would not let her come in until I should have craved your pardon, and until you should have asked me the questions you would naturally wish to ask me. I will answer them, Messer."

"Do you think any words of yours will justify you in my eyes, or that any plea of yours can win forgiveness? Speak this alone and briefly: *how* have you brought her back to me?"

Blood swept the young man's face, but his eyes came deep and true to the flashing ones.

"You have the right to ask me, Messer; though I could wish you better understood how I love her. I have brought her back—as I took her."

"Swear that."

"I do swear it before God and the Virgin Mother undefiled."

"Are you wed?"—the sarcasm was acutely bitter.

"Nay, sir. She has been at her grandmother's house, and I in prison. But I am here to ask her hand now."

"Then, by Heaven, boy, you shall never have it!"

"It may be, Messer, that when you know what things befell us you will

have pity on me. My lady is in no way to blame; pray believe that, Messer. But little I knew what plight I should lead her into. I met her that night as she returned from church. A Maytime night, alas! you may remember; the heavens full of stars and the roses showering their petals over the garden walls. I begged her if she would walk with me this once, because it was the Maytime, just past the city gates."

"You two alone?"

"We two, sir. It was scarce dark, for the watch-star kindled early; and we sauntered farther and farther under the cypress trees, in hopes a nightingale might give us song. Presently it was dark. Then we turned home in haste; but as we hurried, a band of Lucca horse cut short our way. Methought we had a peace, but it would seem there never could be peace 'twixt us and that. They said I was Duke Giulio. Long I swore that I was no duke and no lord, but Lapo's son, the carver. They said I must go with them for a hostage. Peace was a farce. How was there ever peace 'twixt them and Pisa? One of them bragged he knew me. I was my Lord the Duke taking his pleasure in disguise. My arms were pinioned.

"Lucia they would have abandoned where she stood. I prayed them take her. I thought I could make good my cause and prove I was Rinaldo. As we went a trooper stole to my side and asked if indeed I was Lapo's son; that he would serve me. Lapo once fed and sheltered him, a peddler-boy from Lucca; he had not forgot. I prayed him take Lucia, ride with her to her grandam's farm, outside Serpello, and wait there, carefully guarding her, until I myself should come. I promised him, if he had her safe, half the gold of my share for carving the Duomo pulpits with Nicola. How he did it I know not, but in the morning Lucia

and he were gone. Me they threw in the castle dungeon, and there I stayed six weeks. It would seem that I am strangely like my Lord the Duke! When they found he was in Parma and I no other than Lapo's son, a paltry artist, they let me go.

"At Monna Rosa's farm I found my trooper seated at the door. He had watched Lucia well; he had denied her presence to your messenger lest she be taken from him; her letter to you was in his pocket then. He said that Lapo fed him once, and he would hold my lady for me. To me he delivered her, white and wan. I brought her to you as fast as she could travel, Messer, straight from her grandam's house. And that is all. How much you have suffered and how much we suffered because I took my lady out to walk one evening in the Maytime! May I summon her now?"

Ansaldo did not answer.

He heard the young man open the door, and after a pause, another figure, robed in soft green like the earth at summer twilight and with a glory of luminous hair, crept to his elbow.

"Father!" she murmured.

He would not heed her. Her hands circled his arm, and at the touch the white passion of love smote athwart his face, but he kept it averted.

Then, trembling, she faltered once more, "Father!"—beseeching him; and suddenly he had flung his arms about her and her head was on his breast.

Then Rinaldo stole away.

Only one lamp burned late that night in the Via Ceppari. True, in the balcony a murmur of low voices spoke of watchers; but the moon had come down low over the Arno, and Ansaldo kept his workshop alight still. Somewhere about two in the morning the lamp was withdrawn and borne into the upper study. The culprits in the loggia held their breath lest he chide them, but he only said, rather softly:

"Pazzerelli, go to bed!"

"O Rinaldo, did you hear? He called us 'little foolish ones.' Let us go down and see what he has done."

"Nay, 'tis *his* work, not ours. Not till he shows us."

"Yea, but I will; for it may be his finial—or—or somewhat for his door. Couldst wait all night, all till to-morrow?"

"Nay," he answered, and smiled.

Like two guilty ghosts creeping beneath one candle, they stole into the silent place. Ansaldo had been modelling. A smell of wet clay was in their nostrils, and upon the stand a tall, slender figure wrapped in wet cloths.

"He has chosen the lintel," Rinaldo breathed. Then he drew back. "Lucia, I will not do it. This is sacred. None but the artist has a right to touch that."

Lucia stepped forward.

"It is his baptistery door!"—and the wet sacking fell.

There, springing lightly from its beautiful base to the crown on its beautiful head, stood the glorious figure of the Virgin. Beneath it, the flickering taper lit the upturned, ecstatic faces, wondering as those of children; and, benignly, the gracious Lady with her Child on her arm looked down and seemed to smile on them. We all know the exquisite figure in its adorable poise, its grace of perfect form, its sweet compassion,—a miracle of beauty if ever there was one.

Rinaldo lifted his hand unconsciously, and the girl cried to him:

"Don't!—don't touch it!"

"I wouldn't dare," he answered. "It's the pearl of all Pisa and all Italy."

Then, tenderly, she whispered to him:

"Rinaldo, kiss her feet."

The morrow's evening Ugoccio came with a note requesting the sculptor's answer. Ansaldo led him to the workshop and unwound the moist cloths. The lad's face broke into beams of

light. He knew, as Rinaldo did, what inspiration must have gone to the beauty and lightness of this making:

"Last night," he cried, "thou hadst not even designed it, and, lo, it is finished!"

"Last night I made and finished it, and no design was needed. It is a thanks-offering, and from my heart."

"I know not, Messer, how and why thou hast done it, but surely it must have come straight unto thee from heaven. I should fear it might go back."

But Ansaldo kept it for us, transformed into the purest marble. And Rinaldo, who loved the "Virgin Mother undefiled" as all poets love her, and as even we, poor little potters in clay and earth-dust, love her,—Rinaldo was permitted to assist him in the carving; though he, indeed, paused sometimes for Lucia's hand stealing upon his sleeve.

The Church Undying—Unchangeable.

IN view of the persecutions which are making France unenviably notorious in the annals of the day, some potent words from the great preacher Lacordaire may give us pause for thought. As with the Church, so with her institutions: persecution but endows them with new life; it is often a balm, always a blessing. From the injustice and cruelties manifested at present in the French Republic much good is sure to result. It has always been thus since Christ founded His Church.

One day at Notre Dame, Paris, the grand image of the Catholic Church presented itself as in a picture before the eyes of the greatest French preacher, after Bossuet, in the history of France—Henri Lacordaire.

"All times and all peoples have been jealous of the Church!" cried the orator. "Each has come in its turn, with boot or buskin, to the door of

the Vatican; and, in the form of some frail and attenuated septuagenarian, the Church has inquired:

"What is it you want of me?"

"Change."

"I do not change."

"But all is changed in the world. Astronomy has changed, chemistry has changed, philosophy has changed, empires have changed. Why are you always the same?"

"Because I come from God, and God is always the same."

"But you must know that we, the people, are masters now. We have millions of men under arms. We will draw the sword against you; the lance which breaks thrones into pieces can easily destroy an old man and tear to pieces the leaves of a superannuated Book."

"Do so! It is by the aroma of blood that I am always revived and regenerated."

"Very well. Here is the half of my honor and glory. Come, wear the purple with me in the name of mankind. Make a sacrifice to peace, and we will divide the spoils."

"Keep thy purple, O Cæsar! Tomorrow we shall inter thee; and shall sing the Alleluia and *De Profundis*, which never change."

Having uttered these words, Lacordaire thus interrogated his hearers:

"I appeal to your memories: are these not the facts? It is the same to-day. After all their ineffectual efforts to induce us to mutilate the dogmas which unite us, what do they say of us? Is it not true that the whole press of Europe is combined to calumniate and reproach us? 'Race of Granite, can you not make some concessions in the interests of peace? Can you not sacrifice something—the eternity of hell, the sacrament of the Eucharist, the divinity of Jesus Christ, or even the Papacy? At least gild the end of this gibbet you call the Cross.'

"How can we change? Immutability is the sacred root of unity; it is our crown,—something which it is impossible to explain, impossible to destroy; the door which it is necessary to guard at all price; without which everything is shadow and mockery, through which time touches eternity. Neither life nor death shall wrest it from us. Empires of this world, you have had your answer: *Stat dum volvitur orbis.*"

On another occasion Lacordaire said, preaching in the same great temple of Our Lady:

"If the Church be protected as in the time of Constantine, she is one power added to another. The imperial mantle thrown about her is no cause of shame, and may be a source of great good. If, on the contrary, she be persecuted, it becomes for her a great opportunity. God permitted it in the times of the martyrs, and He still permits it in our day. Do you know what St. Ignatius said on his deathbed? His disciples asked him: 'Father, do you wish for nothing?'—'My children,' he replied, 'I wish for you—persecution.'

"Welcome persecution! It is our cradle. I myself am a product of the blood of the martyrs. What, where should I be if the peace of the eighteenth century had not been broken? But persecution is not far away: if we seek it we shall find it; it is here,—it is ours."

THE word "giving" has been ingeniously called by a spiritual writer one of the pivots round which revolves the whole of our divine Christian law. The Christian, like God, is expansive—he loves to share himself; the sinner, like the evil one, is grasping—he loves to hoard.—"*Golden Sands.*"

EVEN the holy Name of Christ will not save us unless it reigns in our inmost heart and in our most personal affection.—*Bishop Hedley.*

Notes and Remarks.

It is a mistake to imagine that eminent scientists are for the most part agnostics. The very greatest of them have ever been, as they are now, deeply, humbly and sincerely Christian. One of the most distinguished professors of the official University of Paris has made this profession of faith: "I am a practical Catholic, and here is the simple process of reasoning by which I became one. There is a God; everything tells me so; science itself demonstrates the fact. If there is a God, man has duties toward Him, and therefore there is a religion. Engrossed with my special duties, I can not become an expert theologian. But I have looked at all known religions. The Catholic religion is incontestably the most elevated and the purest; she dominates history. That suffices for me. I fall on my knees before her and avow myself her son, thoroughly submissive in all those higher questions about which human science can not tell me the first word." Of the wells of science, as of the Pierian spring, 'tis true that

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

Those of our readers who keep in touch with Catholic Europe know something of M. Decurtins, one of the promoters of the International Catholic University founded by the Canton of Fribourg. He still holds an important post in the directorate of the University; and is, besides, a powerful organizer of the working classes, in which capacity he was strongly encouraged by Leo XIII. M. Decurtins not long ago had an audience with Leo's successor. The present Pontiff warmly congratulated him on the vigorous fight waged by him against neo-Kantism, a grave danger of the hour, a pernicious philos-

ophy, of which rationalistic exegesis is a consequence. The Pope took pleasure in stating that the University of Fribourg, while employing in defence of the truth the methods furnished by modern science, had understood how to provide against the spirit of false science.

M. Decurtins then asked the Holy Father: "Shall I continue in Switzerland the Social action for which I received so much encouragement from Leo XIII.?" He added that he put the question because of the advanced post which he occupied in the Social movement. His Holiness replied with decision: "Go tranquilly ahead with your Social action as you have done up to the present. All that Leo XIII. told you, Pius X. repeats. In following the course that you have hitherto held you are sure of being supported by the Holy See."

The merit of such a document as Father Francis Duffy's long letter to the *New York Sun* on the relation of science to revelation is not in any newness of thought—which is hardly possible on a subject which has already been so thoroughly threshed out,—but in freshness of presentation. Father Duffy is no stammering prophet: he has the gift of style in the noblest sense of that noble expression. What, for instance, could be better in its quiet way than this: "Even a man like Tyndall, who is generally rated as a materialist, has done a very real service to spiritualistic philosophy by attempting to explain everything on a basis of physics. He failed and fell back on agnosticism. This is but a sorry attitude for any man to take in the face of questions of such importance. It is on the very points where Tyndall says 'I don't know' that we say 'I know' or 'I believe.' But he and Virchow and others have done much to destroy what, as Dr. Martineau

reminds us, Cicero in his time already noticed as the plump assurance of the materialistic school, whose adherents rose to speak 'as if they had freshly arrived from the councils of the gods.'"

This, too, of the theory of development: "No new revelation is given, and the Church can not add one jot or tittle to that committed to her. But she can grow in understanding of it. With new developments of human knowledge and new stirrings of human needs, she states more and more definitely, as far as the inadequacy of human language permits, the content of revelation."

Finally, this thought, always timely, has a special timeliness just now:

The Church, therefore, does not see an enemy in the philosopher or scientist who investigates the great questions of the universe. She does not condemn intellectual speculation in her own body. She welcomes it as a sign of life and progress. The boldest of her thinkers are among the greatest of her saints. She does, indeed, especially in times of transition, adopt a policy of repression toward her eager sons who would hurry the process of assimilation. Considering it broadly, one can scarcely doubt the wisdom of this policy. It is founded on the knowledge of the mutability of human opinions, and keen physiological insight into the mental capacities of the great mass of mankind, whose spiritual welfare she exists to serve.

We suggest that certain of the Truth Societies that have lately been publishing "an infinite deal of nothing" make a pamphlet of this thoughtful, vigorous letter.

Even the non-Catholic world was shocked to hear that Good Friday was selected as the occasion for the removal of the Crucifix from the French courts of justice; and, indeed, the act was of an intrinsic malice, which could not fail to excite the horror of the Christian mind. It was a performance that may fitly go down in history beside the "goddess of reason" episode; but, after the first shudder is over, practical men will estimate it at its right insignifi-

cance. In itself it was merely playing at persecution—a sensational pose, a scene out of a lurid melodrama. There was nothing of virile barbarity about it, as there was when the Boxers burned and tortured Christians in China; it lacked even the force of robust brutality. As an injury to the Church, it is not to be weighed for a moment against the series of acts which preceded it; for even the insane perpetrators must have known that the banishment of Catholic teachers from the schools was an incomparably harder blow to Christianity than the banishment of the Crucifix from justice courts whence Justice herself had long since fled.

Two rather extraordinary tributes have recently been paid to King Edward VII. by Irish leaders. Mr. Michael Davitt, passing through Chicago homeward bound, said: "King Edward VII. of England is the greatest diplomat of England. For two years he has been busy repairing the blunders of the present impetuous jingo ministry." Mr. Justin McCarthy, writing from overseas, says: "The King has entered upon a career of genuine and high-minded statesmanship, and is doing his best to make his reign memorable by enlightened and upright measures." Perhaps one reason why his Majesty looms so large as a statesman is that the statesmen in the tight little isle just now are not of gigantic stature.

It is announced that the Marian Congress, to be held in Rome in the early days of December, will concern itself principally with devotion to the Blessed Virgin, especially under the title of the Immaculate Conception, and the means to be employed for its increase; the Marian press, or the literature connected with the Mother of God; and the religious institutes and associations specially dedicated to

Our Lady. The committee in charge of the Congress invite papers and suggestions dealing with these themes from all parts of the Catholic world.

A French contemporary gives what it terms very edifying statistics as to the growth of monasteries and convents in England. According to its table, in 1836 there were in that country no monasteries and sixteen convents; in 1842, three of the former and twenty of the latter; in 1850, eleven, and forty-one; in 1860, thirty-seven, and one hundred and twenty-three; in 1870, sixty-seven, and two hundred and thirty-two; in 1900, two hundred and sixty-six, and five hundred and seventy-two; and finally, in 1902, three hundred and five religious houses of men and six hundred and eighty-five of women. The notable increase during the past few years is largely due, of course, to the iniquitous legislation of France. Less than a quarter of a century hence, in all probability, the republic in which M. Combes is now playing his antichristian antics will be proffering bonuses to her expatriated religious in the hope of recalling them to their true homes. Long before that period, however, she will realize that the Associations Bill and similar enactments were blunders as well as crimes.

There was not the slightest foundation, needless to say, in the report of an attempt on the life of the Holy Father. It was an April Fool canard, and a very stupid one, originating with one of the Italian journals of Rome. As reports of a similar nature are sure to be repeated, it is well to remember that, for many newspaper correspondents in the Eternal City and elsewhere, April 1 lasts all the year round.

In the course of a most appreciative letter to the publishers of *Les Missions Catholiques*, of Lyons, the Sovereign

Pontiff, after recalling the favor shown to this weekly bulletin of the Propagation of the Faith by his two illustrious predecessors, adds this reflection which will prove interesting and encouraging to Catholic editors the world over:

"We, too, consider that there is no more suitable and more naturally effective means of contributing to the progress of Catholicism than to bring to light, by means of the press, the striking experiences of the preachers of the Gospel. In this way true virtue wins that glory of which it is so worthy; and at the same time, by the power of its example, it incites others to embrace the glorious career of the apostolate of the missions."

The practical lesson to be drawn from the foregoing paragraph by the editors of Catholic publications is that the humility and retiring modesty of many a holy servant of God must be made occasionally to give way to higher considerations; and that, even at the risk of being charged with an unworthy desire for newspaper notoriety, such servants should 'let their light so shine before men that their Father in heaven may be glorified.'

Bishop Potter (P. E.) recently expressed the hope that he might not be "tried for heresy" for saying that "the religious reaction following the Reformation tended to place the Bible in an artificial position. This reform put in place of infallible man an infallible book whose authority was final." If Dr. Potter is tried for heresy on this account it will be for expressing a favorite thought of Catholic apologists. The Bible is an infallible book indeed, but only when read and expounded by the infallible guide whom Protestantism rejected. Just now the English Bible Society is celebrating the hundredth anniversary of its foundation; and it glories in the fact that it has distributed within the century some hundreds of

millions of copies of the Good Book. But they have evidently not got around to all parts of Massachusetts yet; for Bishop Potter confesses that while staying with a churchly family lately his request for a Bible resulted in the discovery that there was no copy in the house. And even if there were, what use is to be made of it, now that it is discredited, revised, and amended by every little theologaster fresh from the Divinity School? In the important business of saving his soul, a man hankers after some sort of infallible assistance; and now that the Book is no longer available, we may expect serious people more and more to turn to the Church.

One of the oldtime falsehoods so vehemently and persistently urged against the Church by the typical Protestant of other days—and the less enlightened of our separated brethren even yet—is likely to be relegated to a position of "innocuous desuetude" during the reign of Pius X. It is high time that so ancient a calumny should be laid to rest. His Holiness lately granted an audience to representatives of the Society of St. Jerome, an association whose object is to promote the more common reading of the Gospel among the people. In the course of the visit he said:

"Most willingly do I bless your association; I bless it with both hands and with all my heart, knowing the great good it has accomplished and the benedictions which God has showered upon it. The more the Gospel is read, the more is faith revived. The Gospel is the book which serves everyone and for everything. The world to-day is eager for history: well, the Gospel is an historical work. I, who have lived among the people, know well their special needs and their tastes. When the story of the Gospel is narrated to them, everyone listens

attentively and loses nothing. . . . The Gospel is a printed sermon by which all may profit. It is commonly asserted that peasants, being dowered with very little intelligence, can derive no benefit from reading the evangelical history. That is an error. Peasants have a more lively intelligence than they are credited with possessing. They love to read the stories of the Gospel; and they know how to apply them,—to apply them, often enough, better than this or that preacher. It is not only peasants and the lower classes, however, that derive pleasure and profit from the Gospels. . . . There are many books of devotion and meditation for the clergy, but not one of them is worth the Gospel, which is pre-eminently the book for meditations, for spiritual reading, and for retreats."

The great heart of the new Pope beats in every line of the letter—one of his latest acts—approving the Apostolic Union of diocesan priests, the object of which is to place within easy reach of the clergy in general the special spiritual advantages and safeguards enjoyed by priests who live in community. It is with particular gratification we note that extraordinary faculties as well as extraordinary indulgences are bestowed on those secular priests who are members of the Apostolic Union. A privileged altar three days a week, the power of blessing beads with the Brigettine Indulgence, and the faculty of concluding special courses of sermons with a blessing to which a plenary indulgence is attached, are among the exceptional faculties which the Holy Father has made accessible to all the parochial clergy. This, we like to believe, is only the beginning of legislation in favor of parish priests, whose privileges should accord with their dignity and responsibility. Heretofore, in many ways, their coadjutors have been preferred before them.

Notable New Books.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. By M. S. Dalton. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

The object of this volume is to bring before those who have little opportunity of hearing them, some of the words of eternal life which are stored up for us in the Holy Gospels. Nothing, of course, can take the place of the spoken word, but as the Bishop of Southwark remarks in his preface, there are many nowadays who have little time to listen to sermon or instruction. It would be a blessed thing if these readings—each is preceded by the Gospel of the day—were in the hands of all who are prevented from hearing Mass on Sundays and holydays. The number of persons so circumstanced is immense, and certainly they ought not to be deprived of the benefits flowing from these words of eternal life, for the obligation to secure for one's self religious instruction may exist even where one is excused from attendance at Mass and sermons. The volume is well printed and bound, and the price is remarkably low.

Varied Types. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Whimsical, humorous or profound, according as the mood or the thought comes to him, Mr. Chesterton ambles through these pages with the friskiness of a schoolboy out for a holiday. He gives the impression of an extremely clever man talking at his best, rather than of an essayist with a deliberate aim and method. And yet Mr. Chesterton wears a fine wig under the cap and bells: he is a critic of rare discernment and catholic taste, who, if he often conjures up a smile, at once spirits it away with some serious suggestion or incisive judgment that goes to the heart of things. His themes are as various as Emperor William (whom he proves to be "a minor poet"), Savonarola, St. Francis, Maeterlinck, Tennyson, and Bret Harte; and, though we are far from identifying ourselves with all of his views, we have no hesitation in commending his book to those who enjoy bright writing on drawing-room subjects.

Studies in Saintship. From the French of Ernest Hello. With an Introduction by Virginia M. Crawford. Methuen & Co.

Both interest and edification are to be found in this translation. The author touches on familiar points in the lives of some of the saints, among them St. John Chrysostom, whose chief quality, according to the translator, is *naïveté* (!)—it is attributed to him six times in about as many pages,—St. Augustine, St. Anthony, St. Teresa, St. Celestine (he of the great

refusal), and others. In some of the sketches, emphasis seems to be given to the human side of the saints; but in others the extraordinary, often the legendary, is given prominence—undue prominence, we think. The introduction does not impress us in favor of M. Hello, who, we are told, learned to speak "with disparagement of Lacordaire's lack of depth and true spiritual insight." "With the trained quickness of the journalist, the author seizes upon the most salient feature in the spiritual physiognomy of the saint before him, and places it with picturesque vividness before his readers." Is the journalist's touch the one best suited for studies in saintship?

A Precursor of St. Philip. By Lady Amabel Kerr. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; B. Herder.

The particular forerunner of St. Philip whose life Lady Kerr has so vividly and attractively narrated is Buonsignore Cacciaguerra. The personage is sufficiently striking, and his career more than sufficiently varied, to afford full scope for the author's powers of character-delineation and her well-known talent for graphic narrative. Until he attained the age of thirty-six, Cacciaguerra's life was the opposite of edifying. The work of his conversion was a difficult and protracted one; but when God's grace finally triumphed, the new life of penance was as thoroughgoing and strenuous as had been the old life of dissipation. The penitent's work in the lay apostolate; the dawn, progress and final culmination of his vocation to the priesthood; the multiplicity of good works done and high virtues practised throughout the remainder of his career; and the consistently heroic suffering, amounting to practical martyrdom, that preceded his death in 1566,—all are treated with a spiritual insight and a technical grace of style that make of "A Precursor of St. Philip" a very readable as well as a thoroughly edifying book.

Divine Grace. Edited by the Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D. Benziger Brothers.

It is modesty in Father Wirth to declare in his title-page that this useful work has been "edited" by him. The text is indeed based on a German treatise, but Father Wirth has furnished so much new matter, and has rearranged the old in many cases so freely, as to make this practically a new work. The additions and revision were rendered necessary by the desire to fit the instructions to the twelve questions regarding Grace in the Baltimore Catechism, which is most commonly used in classes. Catechists will, therefore, note that this book has been prepared for their special advantage; but its usefulness to priests who desire to give a series of brief and practical instructions on Grace

will be equally great. Moreover, the work is so lucidly written and the doctrine so concretely presented that the laity will find it as agreeable as it is instructive; and, as the subject it treats is so generally misapprehended by non-Catholics and so imperfectly understood by the bulk of the faithful themselves, we commend Father Wirth's book to the general layman as well as to the priest and the catechist.

Jesuit Education. By Robert Schwickerath, S. J. B. Herder.

The aim of the author is to discuss the history of his Order and its methods of instruction. No one will expect him to view his subject as coldly or impartially as another might do. The work will be eagerly perused by the members of the Society and by those thousands of stalwart Catholics who have passed under their hands. The tributes so industriously gathered from all sorts of places are proof of the high regard in which the Jesuits were held in times past; and Father Schwickerath's historical account of the crystallization of Jesuit methods into a system is extremely valuable to those who read only English.

The section of the book to which educators will turn first, however, is that in which the Elective System is discussed. Many persons will be surprised to read that the *Ratio Studiorum* is a flexible and adaptable program. To quote Father Schwickerath's own words: "Besides the classical course, there may be offered an English course, consisting chiefly in English, history, modern languages, some of the natural sciences, and mathematics; or a scientific course, in which mathematics and natural sciences are the principal subjects taught." The author makes it plain that the policy of adhering to the single course of study is a matter of conviction rather than of necessity. If we may be permitted to call attention to a blemish in the work, we will say that its usefulness may be somewhat impaired by what will impress some readers as its tone of special pleading.

St. Patrick in History. By the Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. Longmans, Green & Co.

If books were to be judged important or the reverse according as their size is great or small, this volume would scarcely merit more than a passing mention. It contains fewer than a hundred pages, and not particularly large pages either. Yet the scholarly author has put into his essay an amount of matter that would serve, with the unconscionable padding so much in vogue among the story-tellers and history-tellers of the day, to fill several hundred pages and make a fairly plethoric book. As a trustworthy summary of History's last word on the

Apostle of Ireland, it will prove of undoubted interest to every son of Erin; and the copious notes and references to the extensive bibliography of the subject will be especially attractive to the historical student. It should be added that the concluding pages of the little book contain some passages of genuine and sustained eloquence. A good book and a cheap one, that should enjoy a large sale.

The Tragedy of Chris. By Lady Rosa Gilbert. B. Herder.

This is an interesting and, no doubt, realistic story. The fortunes of Cecilia are compelling when once they take hold, and that is almost as soon as we are introduced to the little blue-eyed Irish foundling. The pictures of the workhouse and of the dark human life-stream of the streets of London, with their flotsam and jetsam, are very vivid, and make all the brighter the glimpses of joyousness and purity that gleam forth here and there. Poor Chris! we feel that her little wooden grave cross must be a reality in that far-off God's acre near Derinvar. An over-emphasis in the setting forth of the workhouse system might, perhaps, be cited as a weak point, looking at "The Tragedy of Chris" from an artistic viewpoint.

The School of the Heart. By Margaret Fletcher. Longmans, Green & Co.

"Light for New Times" will insure a welcome for this second book of golden counsels by the same author. "Falling in Love," "Married Life," and "The Woman of Leisure" are the general subjects treated, and each embodies a world of useful instruction to young women. If only the advice set forth were taken to heart by those for whom it is intended, one would not hear of so many sad mistakes made by young women, nor of the divorce scandals that, alas! are becoming common even among Catholics. Every young girl should read "The School of the Heart," wherein the teacher is a kinder one than is experience.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. By the Rev. L. P. Gravel. Congress Own Publishing Co.

A Year's Sermons. By Preachers of Our Own Day. Joseph F. Wagner.

The Symbol in Sermons. By the Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D. Christian Press Association.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. By the Same. Joseph F. Wagner.

Non Serviam. By the Rev. W. Graham. Joseph F. Wagner.

Father Gravel's sermons, prepared in the course of his parish duties, are designed to meet the needs of simple folk. The author disclaims all

attempt at oratory and erudition, and succeeds handsomely in escaping both perils. A certain quality of fervor and a talent for homely illustration will commend these discourses to persons who pride themselves on looking for fruit rather than flowers in a sermon.

"A Year's Sermons" is a collection of discourses by eminent divines in English-speaking countries, and obviously possesses a great advantage over the productions of a single preacher. The merit of such a volume lies in the selection of the best among a mass of good material, and in this case the choice seems to have been usually good.

Dr. MacDonald is known as a learned theologian and an energetic writer. His sermons are what one would expect from the author of "The Symbol of the Apostles," to which "The Symbol in Sermons" is a companion volume. "The Mercies of the Sacred Heart" has much the same luminous and solid quality, and is an excellent collection of discourses for "First Friday."

"Non Serviam" is a group of seven Lenten sermons on mortal sin. They have the advantage of having been planned as a course; they are solid and practical, and they convey very much of the personality of the preacher,—which in this case is a distinct merit.

The Storybook House. By Honor Walsh. Dana Estes & Co.

To follow the fortunes of the characters in this story is a delight, and from "The Verandah" to "The Back Porch," there isn't a dull page in it. The stories within the story are delightful too; and "The Cobbler's Heels," "Poor Nally," "Fad the Fool," and all the rest; whether told by "Uncle Papa" or "the Student," add an interest all their own. One gets to love these dear Maryland children, and Nana is as real to us as she was in the happy old "Verandah" days. This kind of a book is exactly suited for reading aloud, and we can easily imagine how eagerly young folk would follow every word in "The Storybook House."

Belinda's Cousins. By Maurice Francis Egan. H. L. Kilner & Co.

This story is by one who knows human nature well, and—is it because he knows the grown-ups so thoroughly?—loves young folk. "Belinda's Cousins," and her uncles and her aunts, are interesting from any standpoint; while Belinda is a "dear." Of course things turn out better in books than they do in reality; but a girl who likes small boys and dogs, and who teaches them—the boys, not the dogs; for Mr. Egan is always reasonable—to fly kites, is a girl who would succeed anywhere. Belinda does succeed, and by what means is told in "Belinda's Cousins."



The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris.

PART VI.

II.—THE FOOTMAN IN THE GREEN AND GOLD LIVERY.

CAMILLE thought it would be better before seeing Madame Marbœuf, to hear the explanation his cousin had promised to make; so he put off his visit until the next day.

When he reappeared at the office with his dog, all crowded around to hear what had happened. The boy told his story; and, as it promised to become the sole topic of conversation, the foreman cut the matter short by sending the boy off with some proofs.

He had just taken his departure when a servant wearing a green and gold livery entered the office.

"Does a boy named Camille, who owns a black spaniel, work here?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Gaspard; "but they are both out now."

"Well, I was sent here by Madame Marbœuf."

"What does the lady want?"

"She wants the boy to come to her house at once."

"We will tell him when he comes back," answered Gaspard.

The man then bowed and went away.

It was nearly dark when Camille had finished his errands; so, instead of returning to the office, he set off for home. On reaching the enclosure, he was astonished at finding the gate open. He ran up to the house; on entering, his breath was quite taken away at what he beheld. Madame Marbœuf was sitting on one of the

chairs, and M. Raimond on the other; standing around the room were the blind man and his children, and the old soldier, who at once began caressing Fox, calling him Austerlitz.

Madame Marbœuf seemed much affected; M. Raimond pounded his cane on the floor; the blind man stood very erect, trying to divine by the movements of the others what was going on around him; Paul and Marie were weeping, but not from sorrow. Madame Marbœuf was the first to speak.

"Come here, my child!" she said, stretching out her arms to Camille. "Now tell me why you didn't come to my house when I sent for you."

The boy was about to reply when Gustave walked into the room. No one spoke, but all looked at him with an inquiring expression.

III.—AN OPEN CONFESSION.

"I am a very guilty person," began Gustave, in a choked, faltering tone; "and, as my first punishment, I want to accuse myself before you all,—before Camille in particular, who has been so good, so confiding. Ah, my cousin, you were indeed right when you said that in this world all the good or evil one does brings its reward or its punishment! My first evil action was to burn my father's will, in which he left you enough to support you. By this I deprived myself of the means of saving my father's estate. You know with what base cruelty I made the trip to Paris and abandoned you without any resources whatever.

"On my return to Bordeaux, I found that a sister of my father, of whom he had never spoken, being on bad terms with her husband, had come from Paris with the intention of becoming recon-

ciled with her brother; but it was too late. This aunt was a rich widow, and for that reason I went to visit her. Her first question was an inquiry for her sister's child—you, Camille. Knowing that you had no fortune, her intention was to have you share hers. She asked me to bring you to her. I dissimulated and told her that, as your education had been neglected, I had placed you at a school in Paris. She praised me for this and asked for the address of the college. I gave her the first number that came into my mind.

"She returned to Paris, and it was not long before I received a letter from her, as you may imagine. She reproached me for having deceived her, and I made her no reply. Soon after I lost all the fortune I was not worthy to possess, and I came to Paris, where my ruin has been completed.

"One evening, famished with hunger, I was begging in the Champs-Élysées when a child's voice fell on my ear. It was the same voice I heard in my dreams. I turned around and asked: 'Who are you?'—'Camille,' replied the boy; and it was indeed my cousin.

"He received me cordially, sharing with me the money he earned. Perhaps you think I was touched by this noble conduct. No: the demon of jealousy took possession of me; I hated Camille for being better than I was.

"Don't shrink away from me, Camille. If I make this confession, it is because that rage has been succeeded by the most sincere repentance and the keenest remorse. We went away together that morning, and saw the advertisement for the lost dog. For Camille it was a cause of grief; for me, of joy.

"I left him and went to your house, Madame. Great was my surprise at finding Camille and his dog at your door. I stammered an excuse for my presence, and waited outside for my cousin, anxious to know the result of this interview, in which everything

might be exposed. Camille came out; and as he lingered about I went away, for fear he might make known the relationship existing between us; for, Camille, Madame Marbœuf is the sister of my father and of your mother."

"Yes, dear child," said that lady in a tender tone,—“yes, I am your aunt, and from this day my house shall be yours. Come and kiss me."

Quite overcome, poor Camille looked alternately from his aunt, who held out her arms, to M. Raimond, who motioned to him to approach the lady. All present were in tears.

"Come, dear child!" urged Madame Marbœuf; and, all hesitation gone, Camille rushed into her arms.

"How did you know that I was your nephew?" inquired the boy.

"Through your cousin himself," was M. Raimond's rejoinder. "I went over this morning to see Madame Marbœuf, who is a friend of my wife's, to invite her to dinner. I met you at the foot of the stairs, you remember, with this young man. You were about to tell me what you were doing there, when he hurried you away. I mentioned the matter to Madame Marbœuf, and she told me that the young man was a nephew whom she never wanted to see again, because of his treatment of another nephew of whose disappearance she spoke. This explanation made some matters clear to me. While we were talking the young man entered the room."

"'Madame,' he said, 'pardon me for daring to come into your presence again. I am a guilty wretch and I deserve neither pity nor forgiveness; but I want to tell you that the nephew you are seeking is the boy that came here with your dog.'"

"He went away, after telling us where you work. Madame Marbœuf at once sent a servant for you, but you had just gone out on your errands. Then we decided to surprise your here;

but beforehand Madame wished to see the blind man and the old soldier whom I had told her about."

The reader may readily imagine the joy of a poor boy who had been so long without a family at thus finding one again. He went from one to another, pressing the hands of his old friends in his great happiness. Then, suddenly remembering that he had forgotten his cousin, who stood in a corner apart, he went up to him and said:

"Please do not envy my happiness."

"Why, how could I? Do you not deserve it?" replied Gustave, kindly.

"You know we shall share everything," added Camille quickly. "I have found an aunt, but she is yours too."

"No, dear!" interposed Madame. "I recognize only one nephew—yourself."

"O aunt," said Camille, beseechingly, "won't you forgive him?"

"No,—my fortune is lost to him forever."

"Your fortune perhaps, but how about your heart, aunt?"

"It seems," observed M. Raimond, laughing, "that you care less about your aunt's fortune than her heart."

"That is because, if I am to have the disposition of her property, Gustave will have nothing to complain of; but it's not the same with her heart."

"A complete amnesty, Madame!" exclaimed M. Raimond, emphatically. "There are too many good impulses in that boy's heart for his cousin not to have any. They have the same blood in their veins, and that of the child is too pure for the other to be all bad. A complete amnesty, Madame!"

"It is not just for the wicked to receive the same reward as the deserving," answered Madame Marbœuf. "The only thing I will promise is to close my eyes on what Camille chooses to do for his cousin."

"Then don't worry, Gustave! You shall want for nothing," whispered Camille in his cousin's ear.

As he did so the boy felt little teeth bite gently into his hand. It was Fox, who seemed to resent being forgotten.

"Oh, you're right, Fox,—you're right to remind me!" said Camille, bending over and caressing his dog. "It is to you that I owe everything; but for you I should still be the little Robinson Crusoe of Paris; and you would be Friday, poor doggie!"

Delighted with his master's caresses, Fox seemed to say:

"But it was your kindness and mercy, dear master, that changed little Robinson into Madame's nephew, and Friday into a happy dog."

As for Gustave, in spite of Camille's generosity to him, he enlisted in the army and went away to Africa.

Fox was very happy as the years went by. He grew fat and round, but all that did not prevent him from standing on his hind legs and jumping about when his master said to him:

"Come, Fox, dance for Robinson Crusoe of Paris!"

(The End.)

Marjorie's Offering.

BY BERTHA E. CASSIDY.

It had long been the custom at Saint Agatha's School for each pupil to place a wreath of her favorite flowers at Our Lady's feet on May Day. This pretty act of devotion had grown and strengthened with the years until all the children looked forward to it with joyous expectation. Along about the last of April the air in the convent school was rife with whispered consultations, and rivalry to secure the fairest flowers waxed fierce.

This year Spring had been unusually generous with her blossoms, and a choice of the fairest was consequently difficult. Thus it was that Sister Genevieve encountered some indecision

when she asked each girl to name her favorite.

The three Marston sisters were seated before Sister Genevieve, engaged in earnest conversation. Suddenly a very audible "Mercy!" escaped from Ada, the oldest.

Sister Genevieve raised her head and caught the tragic look on the girl's face.

"What is it, Ada?" she asked.

"O Sister, Marjorie wants to bring dandelions!"

The Sister smiled.

"Well, aren't dandelions pretty?"

"But, Sister, they're so common!" protested Frances.

As for Marjorie, she sat in silent wonder that any one could doubt that dandelions were the most beautiful flowers on earth. Her big, troubled eyes sought the Sister's in sympathy.

"Of course, you may bring dandelions if you wish, Marjorie," she said.

That settled the matter; but Ada resolved to beg her mother's assistance when she reached home.

That homeward journey was a bitter one for the girl. As soon as school was out her friends flocked about her.

"Surely, Ada Marston," said Ruth Colby, "you won't let your little sister bring dandelions? Why, they're nothing but weeds!"

"They'd look so funny!" put in Alice Lane.

"And they'd make our flowers seem cheap," added Anna Carr.

"I'll see what mother says," was Ada's only response.

As the trio entered the gate Mrs. Marston saw that something was amiss. Ada ran up the steps and began at once:

"O mother, Marjorie intends to take dandelions to-morrow! You won't let her, will you?"

For answer Mrs. Marston seized Marjorie in her arms.

"You dear child, you shall take dandelions!"

"I shall take dand'lions!" repeated Marjorie.

The First of May dawned radiant, and Marjorie rose early to gather her dandelions. Over the dewy grass she tripped until she had filled her basket full. Then she sat down on the porch and began to fashion them into a wreath. Mrs. Marston watched the demure little figure, and silently beckoned Ada to her side. Ada gazed tenderly at her little sister. The name of Marston might henceforth be held up to scorn, but Marjorie was certainly irresistible.

Finally the wreath was completed. With her head on one side, Marjorie held it at arm's-length and beamed satisfaction.

Mrs. Marston could not contain herself.

"She is the dearest child!"

And Marjorie, wreath and all, she clasped to her heart.

"So you have decided on the dandelions have you, Marjorie?" asked her father at breakfast.

"Yes, papa," Marjorie replied.

Mr. Marston noted Ada's air of resignation, and laughed.

"Will Ada carry dandelions, too?" he inquired.

Ada smiled ruefully.

"No, indeed, papa!" she answered.

Up the long aisle of the church walked the procession, Marjorie at the head. When they reached the altar, Marjorie stepped forward and confidently placed her offering there. Ada dared not raise her eyes. She would not witness this blotting of the escutcheon. Marjorie turned and looked the whole congregation squarely in the face. Smiles greeted her on every side, and shyly she smiled back.

All day long the dandelion wreath lay there among rich "American beauty" roses and costly orchids. Surely Our Mother saw and blessed the little hand that laid it there.

With Authors and Publishers.

—This year the Argentine Republic celebrates the centennial of its freedom. Prizes are offered by the government for the best essays on the historical aspects of the event.

—The Rev. W. Faerber, of the archdiocese of St. Louis, has compiled and published through B. Herder a booklet of prayers for the novena in commemoration of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.

—A translation in neat pamphlet form of the Holy Father's Encyclical on sacred music is afforded by the Cross, of Halifax, N. S., a paper which has done much to prepare its readers for the Pope's directions.

—We feel sure many persons will welcome as a valuable addition to the now happily numerous manuals of devout exercises for the month of May a new and revised edition of "Golden Wreath for the Month of Mary." It is composed of daily considerations on the joys, sorrows and glories of the Blessed Virgin. There are also prayers—the Litany of Loreto, an act of consecration, etc.—and hymns set to music. The numerous examples are no less interesting than edifying; many of them have been culled from unpublished reminiscences of the Civil War. The book is neatly got up and is in every respect a desirable manual.

—"The Crucifix" is the title of a series of pious meditations translated from the French by Frances M. Grafton and published by Messrs. Benziger Brothers. The introduction is devoted to the history of devotion to the emblem of Christianity, and it contains also much that is an incentive to a due reverence for the sacred sign of our Redemption. The wounds of the Crucified are dwelt upon with devout earnestness, and the little book concludes with a touching chapter entitled "The Crucifix and Death." This flower of devotion to the Passion, which had its origin in France, seems doubly fair and fragrant in these days, so sad for the land of great saints and missionaries.

—The Rev. Marshall I. Boarman, S. J., has issued in pamphlet form a lecture delivered at the University of Nebraska, in which he formulated the following indictment of Socialism: "Socialism is destructive of human society; ignores the chief aim of life; is unjust toward owners of private property; robs for public ownership; unnecessarily seeks public production; finds no satisfactory standard for equal distribution; holds a false view of the relationship between capital and labor; is not a friend of the workingman; is the death-knell of liberty; is a menace to woman; is a

blight upon youth; and a deadly foe to all Christians." Those who wish to follow Father Boarman through the proof of the indictment may procure the pamphlet from the W. J. Feeley Co., Chicago. The subject of Socialism is one of extraordinary interest and importance just now.

—Dr. Barry's next publication will be a volume of critical papers, to be entitled "Heralds of Revolt." Readers of the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh* and other reviews to which these papers were contributed at different times, will welcome them in book form; to many other readers they will be as new.

—Half a century ago Holland had but a single Catholic paper, the excellent *Tijd*. Now the religious press of that wondrous little country, where the Church is making rapid progress, includes as many as thirteen daily or weekly Catholic journals and forty-five periodical publications for the advocacy of Catholic interests and the championship of the Catholic cause.

—Referring to the revision which is being made in the lessons of the Roman Breviary, a writer in the London *Tablet* remarks that many Lives of the Saints and other pious works would be none the worse for being subjected to a similar process. "It is true, indeed, that pious legends have a legitimate place of their own: if only they are not allowed to pass for history. The most rigid critical historian need have no quarrel with writers of historical romance, so long as they appear in their true colors."

—From the London Catholic Truth Society the following new pamphlets may be secured at a nominal cost: "Good and Bad Confessions," by the Rev. Pius Cavanagh, O. P.; "The Title Catholic and the Title Roman," by M. A. R. Tucker; "Catholics and Freemasonry," a practical paper by an anonymous writer; and "Educational Facts and Figures" (referring to England), by the Rev. W. D. Strappini, S. J. From the New York C. T. Society: "Characteristics of the Anglican Crisis," by the learned Monsig. Moyes, with brief comments by Mr. Stuart A. Coats, who declares that this essay was the means of his conversion. From the Chicago C. T. Society: "Thoughts on the Sacred Heart," a purely devotional tract by Jessie Willis Brodhead; "Père Marquette," an oration by Senator Vilas; "The Voices of Babel," being some reflections on the passing of Herbert Spencer, by the Rev. John Gerard, S. J.; and a reprint of Archbishop Ryan's far-famed lecture, "What Catholics Do Not Believe." From the C. T. S., San Francisco, "Gospel Story of the Passion of Our Lord," a

continued and complete narrative of the sufferings and death of our Blessed Redeemer in the very words of Sacred Scripture, compiled by the Very Rev. Arthur Canon Ryan.

—Disraeli's judgment on the official manners of two other prime ministers is amusing. Of Lord Palmerston and his relation to the Queen he said: "He reminds me of a favorite footman on easy terms with his mistress." Of Gladstone: "He always treats the Queen like a public department; I treat her like a woman." Mr. Wilfred Meynell's new biography of Disraeli is rich in anecdotes and clever sayings of the great parliamentarian. "When I meet a man whose name I have utterly forgotten," he said, "I say, 'And how is the old complaint?'" Asked if he had read "Daniel Deronda," he replied: "When I want to read a novel I write one." Of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain he said caustically: "He wears his eyeglasses like a gentleman." Distinguishing between a misfortune and a calamity, he once said: "If Gladstone fell into the Thames, that would be a misfortune; if anybody pulled him out, that, I suppose, would be a calamity." Which was even less kind than what he said to Gladstone himself in a debate with his great rival: "I never doubted your sincerity, sir, only your ability."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. Rev. L. P. Gravel. \$1, net.

A Year's Sermons. Preachers of Our Own Day. \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D. 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., net.

Non Serviam. Rev. W. Graham. 40 cts., net.

Varied Types. G. K. Chesterton. \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. Lady Rosa Gilbert. \$1.50, net.

A Precursor of St. Philip. Lady Amabel Kerr. \$1.25, net.

The Story Book House. Honor Walsh. \$1.

Belinda's Cousins. Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. M. S. Dalton. \$1, net.

The School of the Heart. Margaret Fletcher. \$1.

Divine Grace. Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D. \$1.50, net.

St. Patrick in History. Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. 55 cts.

Studies in Saintship. Ernest Hello. 90 cts., net.

Jesuit Education. Robert Schwickerath, S. J. \$1.75, net.

The Crucifix. From the French. 65 cts., net.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. St. Thomas Aquinas. \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. St. Thomas Aquinas. \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. Rev. F. Meschler, S. J. \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. James Keatinge. \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. Rev. W. E. Randall. 50 cts., 85 cts.

A Bishop and His Flock. Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D. \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. S. L. Emery. \$1.50, net.

The Velled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. Very Rev. W. J. Kelly. \$1.60, net.

Studies on the Gospels. Victor Rose, O. P. \$2.

Lex Orandi. Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J. \$1.75.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. Rev. Alfred Mulligan. \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. Rev. William Humphrey, S. J. \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. \$1.35, net.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HMB., xlii, 3.

Rev. Louis Van Driss, of the diocese of Detroit. Sister Benedicta, of the Order of St. Ursula.

Dr. William Seton, of Phoenix, Arizona; Hon. John Breen, Loogootee, Ind.; Mr. Michael Callahan, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Hill, New York; Mr. J. F. Schaed, Keokuk, Iowa; Mr. John McNierney and Mrs. — Hennessy, Hamilton, Minn.; Mr. Joseph Tuchfarber, Davenport, Iowa; Miss Emily Huber, Rock Island, Ill.; Mr. Patrick Timony, Co. Derry, Ireland; Mr. Edward Kabel and Mr. William Butler, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Patrick Lillis, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. A. Weben, St. Louis, Mo.; also Mrs. T. Polmeier, Springfield, Ill.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 7, 1904.

NO. 19.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Mother.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

HOME from Mass the mother came,
The Blessed Host a part of her,
And all her soul in solemn flame
That burned,—'twas love—the heart of her.

Sweetly lay her son in deep
Child's slumber in the trundle-bed;
She breathed upon him in his sleep:
"I breathe the breath of Christ," she said.

"For Christ is mine, and I am His."
Enraptured by the child she stood.
"This babe the heart of my heart is,
And Christ the heart of motherhood.

"I breathe the breath of God upon
The lips and head of Christ's dear heir;
I give God to the little one,—
The sacred life with him I share."

God's Gift of Jesus through Mary.*

THE idea of giving is as luminous in religion as it is attractive in daily life. To give is sweet, is good. Kindness, goodness feels the need of giving. The better one is, the more one gives of his possessions and of himself. God, who is infinitely good, surpasses all other givers. His giving is as boundless as His love. Wishing to prepare us as if by degrees for the ineffable gift of His Son, He began by giving us many things: existence, intelligence, heat, light, daily

bread, the true religion. In short, everything was given. After giving all else to man, however, God desired to give Himself. And so Jesus is God's great gift to the world. 'God has so loved the world,' says St. John, 'that He gave to it His only-begotten Son.' But why did God proffer this ineffable gift by the mediation of the Blessed Virgin?

It is clear that, in His divine wisdom, He could have given Christ to the world in many ways. "He could," says St. Francis of Sales, commenting on St. Thomas Aquinas, "have made in divers fashions the humanity of His Son,—creating His body out of nothing, for instance, or forming it out of some anterior clay, as He did in the case of Adam and Eve. He decided, however, that it should be done by an extraordinary generation, and He elected the Most Blessed Virgin as the intermediary through whom the Saviour of our souls should become not only man but a child of the human race."

That God's choice of Mary for this sublime function was most excellent and congruous, the Doctors of the Church show by reasons as gracious as they are solid. As a first reason, it is stated that God's action in this matter is conformable to the law of fruitfulness or fecundity, which is the characteristic law of the earth. Analytical philosophers call it also: the law of germs, because everything here below begins in a germ; the law of progress, because development is the normal

* Adapted from Abbé Joseph Lémann's "La Vierge Marie."

process; the law of flowering; and the law of fructification. It is this last phase of the law of fecundity that we find most attractive.

The flower is indeed beautiful, but the fruit is better. All the germination of nature reaches its term in the fruit, which is therefore justly considered the result of material nature's efforts. Now, as the Creator established a close analogy between material nature and human nature, it follows that with man also everything tends toward, leads to, is consummated in, the fruit. We speak currently of the fruit of our labor, the fruit of our vigils and cares, the fruit of penitence or of good works. We talk, too, of good example, or the word of God fructifying in souls. Thus fructification is not less applicable to human than to material nature.

Faithful, then, to His law of fecundity, the God of all wisdom decreed that His Son, about to be given to the world, should pass through all the phases of fecundation: germ, progress, development; and that Mary should be at the end of the series to dower us with this beautiful fruit of heaven and earth. It is in this sense that Holy Writ had announced, in connection with the Messiah, a whole process of germination and flowering. Such texts as the following declare it with crystal transparency: "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just: let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour."* "And there shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall rise up out of his root."† "And our earth shall yield her fruit."‡ "In that day the bud of the Lord shall be in magnificence and glory, and the fruit of the earth shall be high."§

In accordance with these passages, the Messiah is truly the nurtured germ,

the cultivated plant, the sweet-smelling flower, the expected fruit. If all the germination of physical nature reaches its consummation in the fruit, it must be confessed that all the efforts of the Jewish race, of its Law and its generations, as also the blessings of heaven and its beneficent dews, attained their perfection in that divine fruit, the Son of Mary. For Mary was the virginal root toward which converged both the dews of heaven and the efforts of her people to produce the Redeemer. She is the plant in which humanity rests its hope. She is to become the tree of life. Her cousin Elizabeth will represent all mankind when she greets the Virgin Mother with, "Blessed is the fruit of thy womb!"

How admirable was the wisdom of God in thus making Mary the maternal intermediary of the great Emmanuel! There can be no happier, more delightful realization of a gift than the tree giving its fruit. The tree gives promise in its blossoms, and finally presents its fruits. Whosoever will may cull that fruit; the tree refuses its gifts to none. So, too, Mary proffers to us her fruit, Jesus. Never did heavily-laden tree bend its branches with more grace and charming suppleness than she; for she says to us: "Come over to me, all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits. For my spirit is sweet above honey."*

A second reason for the choice of Mary as the channel of God's gift is that her selection established forever the honor of both sexes in the human family. The inferiority of woman in the social scale had formed one of the crying evils of the pre-Messianic ages. Servant and household drudge as a rule—nay, often treated as a mere chattel,—her rôle was one devoid of honor and happiness. Pagan legislation affecting her standing had shown

* Is., xlv, 8.

† Ibid., xi, 1.

‡ Ps., lxxxiv, 13.

§ Is., iv, 2.

* Ecclus., xxiv, 26, 27.

itself unjust or barbarous. This state of humiliation and inferiority would have been sealed for all future time if the Redeemer so desired and long-expected had come into the world without being beholden to woman, without sojourning for a period in a mother's arms. Had He appeared on earth as a grown man, woman thus passed over would have remained forever a creature disregarded as of minor account or none.

It was the exact contrary that was to be manifested. The choice of a privileged woman as the Mother of the Son of God introduced into the world a social balance whose scales were admirably and exquisitely adjusted. In becoming man, but doing so by being born of a mother, the Son of God ennobled both sexes. "He took one," says St. Augustine; "but He took it from the other." The scales are equal. What congruities, what tenderness, what processes of justice, of beauty, and of love were presaged by the appearance of eternal Equity in the persons of Jesus and Mary!

This honor rendered to woman by the mediation of a Virgin, Mother of God, had been foreshadowed by the Eternal in the glorious rôle apportioned to women among His chosen people. The names of Sarah, Rebecca, and Rachel; of Deborah, Judith and Esther,—who does not recall them as instances of honorable intervention in the destinies of the Jews? Is it not, then, an inconsistency for the children of Israel to repudiate Mary? Their doing so is to make a breach in the beauty of their annals, in their most glorious traditions. They should either discard these famous women we have mentioned or else place the Mother of the Messiah, the Blessed Virgin, at the head of them all.

Here is a deeper reason for the choice of Mary in giving Jesus to mankind. From the commission of the first

earthly sin, the fear of God had dominated the world. In the terrestrial Paradise Adam had said: "I heard Thy voice in Paradise; and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself."* This fear was transmitted by Adam to his posterity. When, in His mercy, the Eternal promised the Messiah, the promise did not succeed in banishing or even diminishing this fear. We know that, really espoused to human nature by this promise, the Son of God, the "Promised," did as do those who have contracted earthly espousals. He came to see her whom He already loved. In the borrowed guise of angels, in those tender and famous appearances that we call theophanies, He was pleased to show His love for the human race and to presage His union therewith. Now, it is a singular fact that these appearances, associated as they were with gentleness and delicate kindness, far from reassuring humanity, filled it with fear and trembling. Under the Old Dispensation, whenever one saw an angel, he fell prone upon the earth, crying out that he had seen God and would die.

This being recognized, let us make a supposition. The hour for the Messiah's advent is at hand. The Son of God descends from the bosom of His Father, clothed with a body of flesh and blood. But this body has not been taken from Mary: the flesh and blood are not hers. The Messiah comes directly from heaven; He comes in the very prime of manhood, strong, His visage radiating majesty and power. Imagine the effect produced. Everybody, struck with terror, flees from Him. What earthly holiness, in truth, can support His glance? The little ones, the guilty, sinners, seek holes in which to conceal themselves. To form some idea of the effect of His coming in such fashion, recall the degree of dread inspired

* Gen., iii, 10.

by the Oriental kings from the inner chambers of their palaces.

How differently will matters be arranged by the mediation of Mary! Jesus, the gift of God, will be eagerly accepted. Who can fear a little babe? "For a Child is born to us; and a Son is given to us."* Was there any dread to approach the cradle-manger? Did not the Shepherds exclaim, just as soon as they heard the glad tidings from the Christmas Angel, "Let us go over to Bethlehem"?† Did they fear to look at Jesus, to touch Jesus, to caress Jesus in the arms of His happy Mother, who presented Him to them, happy in possessing, happy in presenting Him? "O man!" cries St. Bernard, "why should you fear? In order that you may have no reason to say, as on the evening of your fall, 'I heard Thy voice, and I hid myself,' behold, He has made Himself a child and without voice; for the murmurs or cries of an infant inspire compassion rather than fear. He has made Himself, I say, a little child; a Virgin, His Mother, has wrapped His delicate limbs in linen cloths, and yet you fear?...Even if a child were to be feared, very little would appease him; for everybody knows that a child forgives readily."‡

Yes, God certainly took the right course to render the gift of His Son attractive. Mary furnished the elements of that attractiveness, of which she herself is a part. The Divinity did everything to render Himself approachable, and Mary was the grand means thereto.

Another reason, equally weighty, for God's giving His Son to the world through Mary is one that should be potent in subduing the hardest hearts: that there might be in religion a mother. A child, the darling of a

Christian household, was once learning from his mother for the first time how to bless himself. As he finished the invocation of the Three Divine Persons—"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,"—he looked up and asked: "Mamma, isn't there any *mother*?" God, who understands the human heart, because He made it, foresaw this objection which came spontaneously from the heart and lips of this child, and very likely of many another one; and He prearranged the answer thereto: the answer is Mary.

Yes, it was fitting that there should be a mother in religion. For what is religion? It is a sublime movement, a proceeding by which God leans downward and lowers Himself to man, and man looks up and raises himself toward God: God, in order to listen and succor; man, in order to pray and solicit help. Now, in this double procedure—the movement of God toward man and of man toward God—is there not place for the intervention and aid of a mother?

God left heaven and came to man, and we have seen that for His coming He deemed a mother necessary. The mediation of this mother, however, is not less necessary in order that, in his turn, man may raise himself toward God. What plaints and lamentations would there not be in the world if we had to go to God with no one to lead us thither! Does not Holy Scripture tell us, "Where there is no woman, he mourneth that is in want"?*

It is Mary who silences our lamentations. Everything here below indeed sighs and groans; but near her everything grows calm; we become reassured and take courage. She sweetens tears, she sweetens troubles, she sweetens all life. We no longer dread to approach God as a Father, because

* Is., ix, 6.

† St. Luke, ii, 15.

‡ "Sermon on the Nativity."

* Eccclus., xxxvi, 27.

we are accompanied by a Mother; and religion, which seemed to be of impracticable ascent, becomes through Mary of easy and agreeable access. How admirable, then, was God's design in encouraging us to go to Him by placing Mary halfway between us and His Divinity!

Should we seek for still another reason why Mary was chosen to bring the Messiah into the world, we may find one in the revenge accorded to woman in connection with the primeval fall. Woman took the lead in the sin of disobedience that excluded our first parents from Eden. "She took of the fruit," says the Biblical narrative, "and did eat; and gave to her husband, who did eat."* To man belongs the *responsibility* of the fall, but woman took the initiative in the matter.

Now, mankind had not shown itself generous in apportioning the blame of the fall. All generations without exception had accused woman of introducing sin and death into the world. Adam excused himself by saying: "The woman whom Thou gavest me to be my companion, gave me of the tree, and I did eat."† This excuse, on the lips of his posterity, became transformed into a malediction. All antiquity condemned and cursed the woman. But if for ages she bore the sin and the shame, her Creator was to apportion to her also rehabilitation and honor. It is a woman, it is Mary, who is chosen to give birth to the Saviour and present Him to the world: hence, a signal revenge of reparation. Eve had proffered us the fruit of death: Mary gives us the fruit of life. Through Eve came our abundant tears: through Mary comes the ineffable smile of Heaven. From Eve, deception: from Mary, truths the most consoling. Eve occasioned our separation from God:

Mary has united us to Him more intimately than ever.

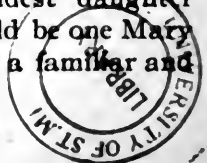
Struck with this magnificent requital, the delicate-souled St. Bernard makes this chivalrous commentary: "Impudently to excuse himself, man did not hesitate to incriminate the woman, saying: 'The woman whom Thou gavest me... gave me of the tree, and I did eat.' Let him henceforth change this criminal excuse into an act of thanksgiving, and say: 'The woman whom Thou gavest me has presented me with the fruit of life, and I have been regenerated thereby.'"

Considered from every viewpoint, therefore, the design of Providence in giving us Jesus through Mary must be recognized as thoroughly admirable. The lesson taught us by that design is not less admirable, and is patent to all. God gave Jesus to Mary, and Mary gave Him to the world—to us. Next, then, to God Himself, Mary stands as our great creditor; and to her we owe a debt of veneration, of love, of gratitude more heavy than we may hope adequately to liquidate. The most we can effect, and the least we should strive to accomplish, is to show her that, as through her mediation Jesus our Saviour has come to us, so through that same mediation we are earnestly desirous of going to Him. His glory is her honor, just as her cult is His delight; and all the homage we proffer to Mary is most grateful incense to Mary's Son.

In the early days of Christianity in the Emerald Isle, the Irish carried their reverence for the holy name of Mary to such an extreme that they would not give it to their infants, deeming no sinful mortal worthy the honor. In after centuries, however, it became the custom to name the eldest daughter Mary; and "There should be one Mary in every family" became a familiar and well-followed saying.

* Gen., iii, 6.

† Ibid., iii, 12.



Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

VIII.—THE SALE.



S Christiana passed through the great hall on the following afternoon, she perceived that John was sad and less active in his work than on the preceding days. Naturally, the sale of the Lizardière preoccupied him. The Count de Chazé being no longer there to enliven his young cousin by his noisy and affectionate teasing, Christiana thought it her duty to try to console him. She was a woman so profoundly good that the sight of another's sorrow afflicted her as though it were a personal misfortune. But she borrowed a leaf from her husband's book, and mingled with her dose of consolation a grain of irony and malice.

She had been watching her cousin as he finished the sketch of the boar hunt.

"I am not satisfied to-day, John. I see there an oak that is evidently desirous of becoming a beech. The master is not in the mood. Leave your brush and palette, and come with Madeleine and me for a long walk in the woods. We shall see some real oaks which will inspire your brush to-morrow."

"You are right, cousin: I am doing nothing worth while. Let us go and look at the real oaks."

They set forth, and were sometimes preceded, sometimes followed by Madeleine. At a turn of the path they came upon a gigantic oak, two centuries old at least, which stood in a grassy square.

"See, John, there is an oak! It is an aristocrat and a fighter. In its quality of aristocrat it was not agreeable to its neighbors, and as a proof it has none. It has doubtless killed a dozen boxwoods and chestnuts which were in its way. It does harm even to the neighboring wheatfield, where it

has thrust out its long roots, occupying the earth as with enormous boa constrictors. I censure aristocracy carried to so great an extreme, but at the same time I admire the tree because it fights. It has had ten of its branches broken by the wind, and ten others struck by lightning and blackened; but it has defended itself by enlarging. It has replaced every dead branch by new branches, which add bright foliage to its venerable old age. For it is venerable—which you will never be, my dear cousin, if you continue to be an aristocrat without being a fighter—a worker."

Christiana said this with a smile, yet there was something serious in her tone.

"And why, cousin, am I an aristocrat and not a fighter—a worker?"

"You are an aristocrat because you cling to the soil—to the past—to your traditions: you are not a worker, because you do nothing to defend them; because you weep over dead branches instead of producing new ones. That is why the oak in your sketch does not please me—yet."

"But, cousin, I have been obeying you for the last two days: I am learning to fight."

"Yes, and I put it to your credit. I shall find you venerable if that lasts. One can be venerable at twenty-five as well as at sixty. Now my sermon is finished."

At this Madeleine, who had taken John's hand, raised her pretty little head, and, leaning toward him, asked in a mysterious way:

"Why, cousin, did you look so cross at Mademoiselle Raymonde yesterday?"

John blushed and answered nothing. But Christiana remarked:

"Oh, these terrible children! I noticed it too, and probably others noticed it. What grudge have you against her?"

"Nothing, cousin,—almost nothing,—well, she wanted me to sell her the Lizardière, and I refused. She insisted

more strongly than was her right, and it was that which displeased me. I have allowed her to see it."

"Her crime was not a very great one, cousin."

"Doubtless. But there is something about her which irritates me. I often feel as though I could detest her."

"You are wrong. Mademoiselle Désormes is perhaps a little too serious, but she is very good. She is a Child of Mary, and her eyes are as pure as they are beautiful. And, take my word for it, a young man never detests a good and beautiful young woman."

As the sun was about to set in a glory of purple and gold, the three pedestrians regained the terrace of the château. Standing on the steps was the Count de Chazé, who, instead of greeting the party in a voice of thunder, gravely approached John, bowing almost to the ground, while he exclaimed in tones of deep respect:

"All hail to the chief who in triumph advances! I salute you, Baron Rothschild!"

"What do you mean, Leopold?" demanded the Countess.

"I will tell you what I mean. Listen, and praise God. I arrived at Baugé this morning as the clock was striking ten. I breakfasted at the hotel in the most leisurely and comfortable manner. I tell you, Christiana, the cutlets were A No. 1. And with the cutlets I had a carp from the Loire and a pint of Saumur. After breakfast I turned in to see Father Recamier, and gave the dear old priest the price of an altar in honor of the Immaculate Conception for his new church. Then I marched to the court-house, where the Lizardière was to be sold before the Judges of the Assize.

"Operations began as soon as I put my nose inside the door. The minimum price was set at the debt due the government. I had a chat with Monsieur Dubois, the lawyer of Château de la

Villière,—a sharp little ferret too. He made a bid, I made a bid; he bid again, I bid again. He continued, so did I. He kept hammering away, and I hammered away too. From three thousand francs we stepped up to fifteen—the maximum that I had resolved upon."

The Marquis was deadly pale; his eyes fastened upon the lips of his kinsman, as though to pounce upon the words as they formed themselves.

"Dubois bid sixteen thousand. I did not take time to reflect, and slapped seventeen at him. He fired out eighteen, and I added, 'Nineteen!' I took another shot at him and shouted, 'Twenty!' The miserable little ferret let bang 'Twenty-one thousand!' I paused to think—to ask myself where I could pick up so large a sum; and I stopped. I was heart-broken on account of John, who clings so tenaciously to the Lizardière; and I said to myself: 'The client of Dubois will have the old place as sure as death!'

"'Twenty-one thousand!' said the judge. 'Any bid beyond twenty-one thousand?'

"You could have heard a pin drop, Christiana; and my heart, which is a pretty tough one, was beating hard, but away down in my boots. Suddenly, and just as the judge was about to give the final and fatal knock with his hammer, a firm but gentle voice, with a foreign accent, cried:

"'Twenty-two thousand!'

"Everybody turned round, as a man who had been seated behind me rose to confront the judge. There was no mistake: it was an Englishman. At first his accent betrayed him; and then his costume showed that he was a clergyman of—what is it?—one of those sects that are afraid to embrace Catholicity but like to flirt with it?"

"High Church," answered Christiana.

"And then?"

"And then—the fun began. Staggered by this unexpected attack, Dubois had

to pull himself together, and after a slight hesitation he bid twenty-three thousand. 'Twenty-four!' said the clergyman.—'Twenty-five!'—'Twenty-six!' And the two went at it hammer and tongs, blow for blow; Dubois becoming more excited as the bidding went up, the clergyman remaining calm and decided. When the bidding had reached fifty thousand francs, the judge by a gesture stopped the combatants, and, addressing the Englishman, said:

"Pardon, sir! Before going further, the court desires to be informed of your name and your profession."

"I am William Smith, a clergyman, and tutor to the children of Lady Reed, who is stopping at the Hotel Royal at Tours."

"Thank you, sir!" said the judge. "Continue!"

"Fifty-two!—Sixty!" And bang! bang! bang! The bidding went up to one hundred thousand francs, when the clergyman stopped and sat down. 'A hundred and one thousand!' cried Dubois. The clergyman did not stir a finger, while everybody watched his emotionless, wooden face. After a short silence the judge proclaimed that the Lizardière was sold at one hundred and one thousand francs.

"And now, John," concluded the Count, "you see how you became a rich man in fifteen minutes."

"What does it matter, cousin? The Lizardière has gone from me!"

"But it is almost miraculous," said Christiana.

"Certainly it is mysterious," added John, lost in thought.

"Not at all, my boy! There is a key to the mystery. After the sale I naturally asked Monsieur Dubois the name of the purchaser. He answered immediately that it was Mademoiselle Raymonde Désormes."

"So it is she!" exclaimed John, turning white. "She! Ah, I feared it! She has conquered, after all."

"Yes. It appears that Mademoiselle Désormes had instructed Monsieur Dubois to buy the property at any price. She may have thought to get it cheaper, but Lady Reed had taken a great fancy to the manor. And it is John who profits by the battle between France and England. Well, John, what fault is to be found! I never saw a man look so gloomily into the face of good fortune."

"You know, cousin, that I valued this place as I value my life. In your hands, it would have been a trust. In the hands of another, of Mademoiselle Désormes, it is an absolute sale. I have nothing to expect."

"True, but with a hundred thousand francs you can buy another piece of land. You can build a château and call it La Lizardière."

"It would not be the same. What wounds and irritates me is the triumph of that purse-proud girl, who predicted this to me. Here I am as it were under obligations to her. I feel a pang of unendurable shame."

"You are the proud one!"

"It is possible. But, I beg, let us change the subject. It is too painful."

In spite of the gayety of the Count, in spite of the affectionate words of the Countess, in spite of the tender playfulness of little Madeleine, John remained taciturn and gloomy during the evening, and retired early.

When Chazé was alone with his wife, he asked:

"Can you understand a character like John's?"

Christiana did not reply to her husband, but from the depths of her heart she replied to herself:

"Yes, I can understand it."

(To be continued.)

THERE is only one good time for each of us to die, and that is the exact hour at which God wills that death should find us.—*Faber.*

The Great Battles of Christendom.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

IV.—PAVIA.

CONSTANTINE, Clovis, Charles Martel,—each has struck his blow for freedom and faith. And now an equally majestic figure outlines itself upon the vast panoramic canvas of Christendom's battles. A certain anonymous chronicler, called in history the Monk of St. Gall, and therefore, as we may infer, one of the Benedictines of that famous monastery, has left so graphic a description of the campaign we are now about to consider, that most modern writers agree in quoting from its picturesque pages.

It was the year 773. For half a century or more the warlike kings of Lombardy had shown themselves a perpetual menace and hostile neighbor to the Roman Pontiffs, now civil as well as spiritual rulers of that city. In 752 Astolphus, then King of Lombardy, had come down and besieged Rome; and the Pope, Stephen IV., after a fruitless appeal for help to the Emperor of the East, had turned in his need to Pepin le Bref, the son of Charles Martel. Twice over—in 754 and 755—Pepin had crossed the Alps and forced the wily Lombard to retreat from the walls of Rome; wresting from him, on the second occasion, the keys of certain towns, twenty-two in number (including Ravenna and a valuable tract of territory on the Adriatic which Astolphus had taken from the Emperor of Constantinople), and handing them over to the Roman Pontiff, under whose mild rule they became the States of the Church.

Twelve years later, Didier, the successor of Astolphus, repaired to Rome, in his turn; and, under pretence of wishing to venerate the Tomb of the

Apostles, he introduced a strong band of his own followers into the city, seized and imprisoned the Pontiff and held the city. The Frankish King, Pepin's son, was again appealed to for help; and, receiving the Papal messengers with great respect, he "examined thoroughly the situation," says Eginhard, "and assembled his Franks in council at Geneva to deliberate on the matter." "It was recognized by all that the envoy of the Apostolic Lord had shown abundant reason why war against Didier, the Lombard King, was necessary. The glorious King, therefore, dividing his army into two parts, took command of the one, and crossed the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass; while his uncle, Count Bernard, with the other, crossed the second Alpine defile."

Didier, hearing of their approach, shut himself up in Pavia; sending his son to intrench himself in Verona, where, as being near the seacoast, he hoped to receive assistance from the Emperor of the East. It was at this crisis that the scene took place described for us by the Monk of St. Gall.

Didier, accompanied by a certain Count, "Ogier the Dane," who some time before had offended his suzerain, the Frankish King, and taken refuge at the court of Lombardy, had mounted a high tower within the city, which commanded a view of the surrounding country. Presently on the horizon there came in sight a great mass of engines of war of all kinds; so numerous, indeed, that surely neither Darius nor Cæsar ever had so many. Then Didier cried:

"There, doubtless, is King Charles in the midst of those moving fortresses!"

"Nay, not yet," answered Ogier.

An innumerable multitude of warriors then came in sight, gathered from all parts of the Frankish Empire.

"This time," cried the Lombard King, "there is Charles with his army!"

"Nay, not yet!"

"Alas! if this, then, be but his advance-guard, what will his army be?" said the Lombard, anxiously.

"I can only tell you," replied the recreant Dane, "that when Charles does appear, it will not be necessary for me to point him out to you: you will recognize him for yourself."

As he spoke, an immense body of cavalry swept across the plain in one vast semicircle; and Didier, watching their rapid movements in amazement, exclaimed:

"But surely Charles is there, marshalling and deploying his cavalry?"

"No, no: not yet!"

After the cavalry came a vast procession of bishops, abbots, priests and chaplains, escorted by armed knights, and moving onward in a formidable and compact body.

"Let us hide our faces in some deep dungeon," cried Didier, as he watched their advance, "far from the fury of so terrible an enemy!"

And Ogier, still gazing northward, spoke on:

"When you behold the corn shudder with horror in the fields, the rivers Po and Tessin rise and flood the walls of this city with their blackened and muddy waters, then you may look for his own arrival."

For Ogier, so we are told, had formerly followed in his suzerain's train, and knew its arrangement and order.

Presently the horizon was obscured by a great cloud of dust, which appeared to move bodily toward them; and as it came nearer, a serried mass of armed warriors seemed to emerge from it, their helmets and armor shining like burnished gold, and their long steel lances flashing as they rode; iron weapons, iron shields, iron helmets and cuirasses, "borne by an iron-hearted army," as the Monk describes it. The panic-stricken inhabitants of the soon-to-be-besieged town, crowding

the ramparts, rent the air with their wails at its approach. "What iron! Alas, what iron!" they shuddered. And as the invading force drew nearer, they beheld as its leader an enormous, majestic figure, covered in mail from head to foot, and mounted on a great iron-colored charger, the left hand grasping a ponderous lance, the right resting on the hilt of his famous sword *La Joyeuse*, as he grimly called it. And Ogier the Dane, his voice faltering and his lip ashen pale, stammered out: "Behold that Charles for whom you have been watching so long!" And he fell, swooning, to the ground.

This naïve description of the great Emperor shows (as indeed Guizot has remarked) how tremendous and indelible was the impression he made upon his contemporaries; an impression perhaps hardly paralleled save in much later times, when Bonaparte was in like manner a name of terror to his enemies.

Charlemagne then drew near to the expectant city and laid siege to it in all due form. The recreant Dane seems to have quitted it immediately after the scene related above; for we find him, together with Didier's son and other noble refugees, at Verona, where they hoped to keep in touch with their Eastern allies. But Charles, after investing Pavia, left his uncle in charge of the besieging forces there, and himself swept on to Verona, where the mere terror of his name was such that the trembling inhabitants capitulated, and surrendered their alien guests. These—Ogier the Dane, Didier's son, and the two sons of Carloman, a rival claimant to the Frankish throne—were treated with magnanimity by the conqueror; and Charles himself turned back to Pavia, where a lengthened siege was in progress.

It was the year 774,—a memorable one in Roman ecclesiastical annals. For to the great Emperor, keeping

Lent in his Northern camp, came a sudden thought: sudden it must have been, for there was scarce time for its realization. He would keep his Easter in Rome! And so, with a brave company of knights and priests, he marched swiftly down, across the Tuscan plains, sending on word of his coming in advance.

Great were the rejoicings in Rome at the expectation of a visit from their champion. Pope Adrian sent a body of men, the choicest from among his little army, with banners flying, to meet the Emperor some thirty miles from the city. All the clergy, confraternities, and schools came out in procession with banners and olive branches, as the conqueror approached the walls of Rome; and the Pope himself awaited his coming, under the great portico of St. Peter's.

Charlemagne, with almost ostentatious humility, dismounted from his horse as the procession met him, and entered the city with it, on foot; insisting, moreover, on mounting on his knees the flight of steps leading to St. Peter's, where the Pontiff awaited him. What a scene! possible only in the Ages of Faith, and of the simplicity pertaining to great souls: the iron-handed conqueror on his knees, kissing each step of St. Peter's as he ascended; and the successor of the Jewish Fisherman, poor in worldly power, but swaying a sceptre "not of this world," standing to welcome him above. Surely the clasp in which Pope and Emperor embraced as they met was no hollow form; and the "Most Christian King" walked hand in hand with the Pontiff into that wondrous world of stone and marble called the Shrine of the Fisherman; while exultant choirs chanted, "Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord!"

Then Charlemagne and his attendant bishops prostrated themselves before the Tomb of St. Peter, proclaiming

aloud their indebtedness in victory to the potent intercession of the Prince of the Apostles. After which Pope and King took solemn oath of mutual alliance and support, and proceeded together to the Lateran Palace, where the Pontiff entertained his illustrious guest. On Easter Sunday Charles confirmed and signed anew his donation of Papal territories, the deed of which was deposited in the Confession of St. Peter; and he and all his Franks swore to observe and abide by this solemn donation forever.

It was thus that Pepin le Bref and Charlemagne, as Bossuet tells us, laid the foundations of the Temporal Power; and "it was by a happy result of their liberality that the Church, independent, in the person of her chief, of all temporal sovereignties, now finds herself able to exercise freely, for the common welfare, and under the common protection of all Christian kings, that celestial power of ruling souls, whereby, holding the balance between various rival powers, she keeps unity in the whole body, now by inflexible decrees, and now by wise arrangements."

We can not but remark that it was a Frankish sovereign—or, in other words, a French Emperor—who in 774 built up, so to speak, the Temporal Power; and it was a French Emperor, again, who in 1870 caused its fall by withdrawing the protection of his troops. So the story of history is told.

After Easter, Charlemagne returned to Pavia, forced it to surrender, and was crowned with the famous Iron Crown of Lombardy; and when he was again in Rome, some twenty-six years later, as he knelt before the high altar on Christmas Day, the Pope, Leo III., took the world—and the King himself—by surprise by crowning him solemnly and anointing him Emperor of the West, in recognition of his services to Christianity.

The Patriarch of the Parish.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN
AN IRISH PARISH."

IT was on the occasion of the station for the townlands of Liscormac and Drum-na-ree that I made the acquaintance of Terry Mulvey, who was considered to be the Mathusala of the parish. It happened in this wise. The old man was actually on his way to the "station-house," as it is called, when he was taken ill and was obliged to return home. His grandson, my Mass-server that morning, brought this news, and asked me to call, after the station, to see him at his special request.

"He got a reelin' in his head," the boy said, "just as he was comin' up the hill; and he fell out of his standin', so that I had to link him home. He wants your reverence to come and cure the 'maygrum' in his head."

There was general regret at Terry's absence; for he was accustomed to serve the station Mass in his townland for a period beyond which the memory even of the oldest did not go back. Indeed, the present station in Drum-na-ree was the first he had been missed from for probably three-quarters of a century. Of late years, it appeared, he had chosen his grandson as his coadjutor for such services as removing the missal or serving the wine and water; but he gave the responses himself, in solemn and impressive tones.

I might mention that I had disconcerting experience of his manner of serving at the Easter station following that to which I here refer, on which occasion Terry acted as Mass-server. He recited conjointly with the celebrant, and in a clear, loud tone, the *Sanctus* at the end of the Preface, the *Agnus Dei*, and the *Domine, non sum dignus*; and he also introduced various

unrubrical interpolations and ceremonies of his own. Nevertheless, his deeply and profoundly reverential demeanor, as displayed in every act of the office he was privileged to perform, more than compensated for his delightfully unconscious false quantities and original Latinity. Indeed, I have no doubt that to some the station Mass that day, as served by the young boy, with his pert, lively manner of making the responses, seemed wanting in some necessary complement, and, somehow, less solemn by Terry's absence.

Hence at the station breakfast he formed the principal topic of conversation; and the public mind was not fully satisfied until the messenger, specially dispatched for that purpose, had returned from his house with reassuring tidings that his illness was only of a slight and temporary nature. Indeed, he was sincerely beloved and respected, not merely in his own immediate neighborhood but even far outside the parish.

A rather lively discussion arose at the breakfast table regarding Terry's great age. It appears that of late he was inclined somewhat to exaggerate it; although some twenty or thirty years before he was disposed to make it appear as if he were younger than he really was. Unfortunately, the register containing the entry of his baptism had been lost, and the legal registration of births was not in force when he came into this vale of tears; hence it was not easy to determine his age with strict accuracy. However, the "knowledgeable men" present, with much dialectic skill, collated certain pieces of evidence bearing on the question, chiefly Terry's own admissions as to his age on certain well-known dates. Thus, he had been known to declare that he was "a little runner of a gossoon" in the year of the "Rebellion"; that he was "a saysoned

boy" the year of the "pulled oats"; and a sober married man the night of the storm, or "the big wind." It was the unanimous verdict of the parish wiseacres, grounded on such odds and ends of collateral evidence, that Terry was a hundred years of age if he was a day.

He was a small farmer, accustomed all his life to hard labor, plain dietary, and many privations and hardships, like most of his class. No doubt his quiet, uneventful life, combined with strict temperance, good air, and freedom from any serious mental worry, contributed in no small degree to his longevity, and his invariably good health during so long a span; for he was never known to be sick or ailing—at least seriously—before. Hence, there was keen regret at the intelligence that old Terry "was bet at last, as long as he held his houl't."

After the station, therefore, I hastened to see this "grand old man," of whom I had already heard so much. His grandson, the youth referred to, conducted me by the shortest route across the hills to his neat, whitewashed cottage. I found the old man warming his shrivelled hands over the turf fire on the hearthstone, as the morning was bitterly cold. As soon as he recognized me he rose to salute me and give me a kindly *Caed mile failte* to his humble home; and he did it with the air and manner of nature's gentleman.

I gazed at him in astonishment and delight for some time as he stood there, a perfect type of the men of the old time; for he looked as if he had just walked out of the plates of Phiz in the illustrated editions of Lever and Carleton, only far more true to the reality than any sketch ever drawn by the great caricaturist. He had on his Sunday suit, a cutaway, or "swallow-tail," body-coat of blue frieze, with shining brass buttons, knee breeches, grey stockings, and hobnailed pumps,

or brogues. A very old-style tall felt hat completed his attire. In youth and middle age he must have been a man of fine physique; and even still, stooped and shrunken though his frame was, it bore the burden of his hundred years bravely.

As I shook the centenarian's hand both long and warmly, and narrowly scanned the play of emotions on his kindly old face, I think I must have seemed to him unusually friendly even for his own *soggarth aroon*. Indeed, the warmth of my greeting seemed to touch him; for a tear fell on my hand as he kissed it in deep reverence. Ah, the gentle grey eyes, and the pale, deeply-furrowed cheek, and the snow-white side-whiskers,—all reminded me of another old man I had known! And the kindly, cheery accents, too, of the deep-toned voice, and the warm, long-continued hand-shake,—all too vividly recalled

... the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

I was thinking, as may be surmised, of my own father who had lately died, at a good old age indeed, but who was junior by very many years to this patriarch, whose real or fancied resemblance to him set in motion a train of associations that were tender, yet sad. As I watched the venerable face of this old man I was forcibly minded of the quaint expression of sympathy which a neighbor addressed to me on the day of my father's funeral: "You'll never have another father, avic!"

Old Terry had now almost completely recovered from his temporary illness of the morning; although he still bemoaned his great misfortune in having missed the station Mass. I consoled him, however, by promising to come in a few days and give him Holy Communion.

While I lingered in his company, charmed with his Old-World ways, and drawn the more toward him by

the spell of sweet and sad memories, a snowstorm came on and detained me, willy nilly. So the gossoon who walked my impatient cob round the yard, or "bawn," gladly put him into a stable, covered him with a winnowing-sheet, and gave him far more oats than was good for him. Terry's daughter-in-law, a gentle comely matron, brought in a rocking-chair, and I took a seat by the fireside to have a chat with Terry about the good old times; thankful, in a sense, to the snowstorm for giving me the opportunity. Refreshed by a strong cup of tea, the old man had now recovered his usual good spirits, and waxed wonderfully communicative when he found he had an interested listener. Content with an occasional remark, I let him run on to his heart's content, and in his own way, about "owld times."

Poor old man! he lived now in the buried past; and his memory, deficient enough regarding the present, was a veritable storehouse of folklore and fast-vanishing traditions about the parish and neighborhood. To my great delight and secret amusement, he even seemed to forget my dignity and position in the excitement of the moment, as he grew more and more eloquent over things that happened before my father was born. Occasionally he poked me in the ribs or laid his hand impressively on my arm as he emphasized some point in his graphic narrative.

On the simplicity of the people's manner of living when he was a boy he dilated at great length. It was the age of plain dietary, when on the breakfast table of even the well-to-do farmer the teapot never appeared except on Christmas Day and Easter Sunday. Oatmeal stirabout for breakfast and supper, and potatoes and milk, with butter and eggs occasionally,—such was the usual weekday régime. Bacon was a luxury for Sundays only. A goose

on rare occasions was like the ambrosia and nectar of the Immortals. It may seem scarcely credible to us now, but Terry assured me that in his young days a girl with the reputation of being fond of tea would have no chance of securing a husband. She would surely be left "blooming alone"; for to be "an old tea-drinker" was a reproach to a woman, and a term of utter contempt as applied to a man.

Then, again, the clothing of the people in the olden time was chiefly the product of the hand-loom and the spinning-wheel. The droning hum of the latter was familiar music in every family circle, as they nightly clustered round the hearthstone,—some carding the wool into the soft little rolls, which the spinner drew out into thread; others rippling or hackling the flax, to the tune, perhaps, of some old crooning, melancholy air of our native music. Indeed, the humming wheel was suggestive of song; and many a soothing lullaby in the melting accents of the Gaelic tongue was sung by a mother at her spinning-wheel, to lull to sleep her restless infant, should the rasping noise of cards or hackle disturb its slumbers.

In those days also the itinerant tailor, generally a famous *senachie* and songster, would go round from house to house to make the people's clothes; and, as he sat crosslegged on a table in the kitchen, giving the finishing touch, perhaps, to the blue frieze body-coat that was to astonish the parish next Sunday, many a droll ballad he would sing to amuse the party of merry girls who thickened the blankets or the frieze, just come from the weaver, by dancing on them barefoot in a great tub, where they were soaked in a special preparation necessary for the process.

Such peaceful scenes of domestic happiness and industry did the old man describe for me with such graphic and realistic force that I almost felt as if I

participated in them. For Terry was accounted a "well-larned, knowledgeable man"; and people in the neighborhood were wont to ramble over to his house in the winter nights to hear him read aloud a book borrowed from the parish lending library. On my inquiring how he came by his learning, he gave me an account of Frank Moore's "hedge-school," a survival of the Penal times, when

The master and his pupils met
Feloniously to learn.

The class-room of this seat of learning was the kitchen of an old and very dilapidated mud-wall cabin, once a laborer's residence, but then derelict. School desks or benches there were none; and planks resting on big stones or blocks of wood were the only available seats. Each of the scholars—as school-children were always called, then as now—was expected to bring in winter time a sod of turf for that day's fire; and when the numbers were too large for the seating accommodation of the school, the "scholars" would sit on their sods of turf until obliged to consign them to the fire. Often, when the supply of peat seemed to be exhausted, the master would make a search to discover if some urchin might possibly be seated on combustible material in the shape of a sod or two of good black turf. In such a case the lover of learning had to give his chair to the flames, and be content to sit either on an obliging comrade's knee or on the lap of kindly Mother Earth, for the floor was a clay one.

I was surprised to learn that the ancient philomath devoted more time and attention to religious instruction than is given in our national schools of to-day,—or unnational and denationalizing schools, as some call them. He was a pious old man of very edifying life, and his example alone was a lesson in religion. He began school every day

with the Rosary, and taught Bible history and a smattering of Church history, as well as the catechism. Judging at least by the case of the last of his pupils, old Terry, his system seemed calculated to inspire them with a love for, and pride in, their religion. He was, it appeared, well versed in the lives of the Irish saints and the legends told about them; and a day seldom passed that he did not introduce something, in season and out of season, concerning Saints Patrick, Brigid, or Colm-cill and his wonderful prophecies.

The secular learning imparted in Master Moore's academy was chiefly that contained in the Double Spelling Book and a wonderful arithmetic called "Vosther." His system of teaching appeared to be that of simultaneous rehearsals of certain tasks given as home lessons the day before. Now and then, as Terry described it dramatically, Master Moore would strike his deal table with his hazel-rod and cry out in a stentorian voice, "Rehearse! rehearse!" at which signal the usual monotonous din of the schoolroom would rise into a perfect hurricane of sound, which drowned such frequent—and, indeed mostly unheeded—complaints as the following: "Call here, sir, to this fellow! He's pinchin' me."—"Call here, sir! Pat Mullins is proddin' me with his pin" (his quill-pen).

On the subject of the priests he had known in the parish in the past, Terry was full of reminiscences. He remembered the time when there was only a thatched chapel in Killanure, and only one priest to minister to the spiritual wants of the parish.

"Poor old Father Pat Gannon," he said, "that was parish priest in thim days, used to ride from Drum to say his second Mass in the Mountain chapel every Sunday; and that is every foot of six long miles. And it would do your heart good, your reverence, to see him

ridin' Black Bess up the hill (and maybe a foal or a yearling runnin' after her); and he smilin' at every one down to the smallest child, and askin' thim by their names how they were and how were all at home.

"And the thunderin' fine sermons he used to preach, as he walked across the altar back and forward, tappin' his snuff-box, all the time; while you could hear a pin fall the way the people listened! It was a very poor chapel in thim times, your reverence, with no seats at all, and a damp clay floor,—and many a fine hare-hole in it, too, by the same token; and a drip from the roof betimes in wet weather that would put a quick scatter on the crowd under it. We had no bell to give us warnin' of Mass time either for a long time after 'the night of the big wind,' when the tree where it was hung fell and smashed it into *smithereens*. So Father Pat had to get a couple of gossoons to shout from the top of the chapel wall as soon as he began to put on the vestments: 'Hurry up, hurry up, or ye'll be late! The priest is goin' to say Mass,—he's goin' to say Mass!' Well, that was the sort of a bell we had for long enough. Poor Father Pat! the Lord be wud you, and grant you the light of glory this day, I pray. Amen!"

According to promise, I returned soon after to give the old man Holy Communion. I found him saying his Rosary. As he remarked simply, he said "three the full of it every day"; and so often had it passed through his fingers that its once whitish beads shone ebony black from use. Terry was a most devout client of the Mother of God; and—to use a seemingly irreverent expression in such a connection—he would no more forget his Rosary daily than he would his evening "blast of the pipe." For many years he had been accustomed—and this is no singular or very uncommon practice in Ireland—

to say the entire Rosary daily,—the first part in the morning, the second at midday, and the third at night with the family circle. Were the sweet and consoling name of Mary written on a scroll as often as it was pronounced in that humble Irish home since Terry first learned to lisp it at his mother's knee wellnigh a century ago, it would form a golden, countless-linked chain of praises that, like another Jacob's ladder, would reach from earth to heaven.

I shall not soon forget the expression of that old man's face as he gazed on the Sacred Host when I said the *Ecce Agnus Dei*, before giving him Holy Communion. It was a face radiant with joy and expectation, illumined with that unseen light of faith which was almost vision; and when he had received the Bread of Life, the expression of eager longing, wistful expectation relaxed into one of repletion, rapture, satisfaction and repose. He thanked me with upraised hands, and an unspoken blessing in his eyes and in the expression of his spiritualized, almost glorified face, as I left him there by the fireside to enjoy the luxury of a happiness too great for words to express, and to possess and enjoy the "peace of God which passeth all understanding."

ALL around us Christians are wearing themselves out in trying to be better. The amount of spiritual longing in the world—in the hearts of unnumbered thousands of men and women in whom we should never suspect it; among the wise and thoughtful; among the young and gay, who seldom assuage and never betray their thirst,—this is one of the most wonderful and touching facts of life. It is not more heat that is needed, but more light; not more force, but a wiser direction to be given to very real energies already there.

—Henry Drummond.

A Unique Tribute to Mary.

ALTHOUGH the poetry of Petrarch is not translatable—an adequate and popular version of it in English seems out of the question,—it is surprising that Macgregor's translation of Canzone VIII. (*Vergine bella che di sol vestita*) is not more generally known; it is distinguished for closeness both as to matter and form, though the graces of Petrarchan diction are of course lost. The year of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception seems an appropriate occasion to recall this exquisite tribute to "The Beautiful Virgin Clothed with the Sun," which Macaulay ranked first among Petrarch's poems on religious subjects, and considered "perhaps the finest hymn in the world":

Beautiful Virgin! clothed with the sun,
Crown'd with the stars, who so the Eternal Sun
Well pleas'dst that in thine His light He hid;
Love pricks me on to utter speech of thee,
And—feeble to commence without thy aid—
Of Him who on thy bosom rests in love.
Her I invoke who gracious still replies
To all who ask in faith.
Virgin! if ever yet
The misery of man and mortal things
To mercy move thee, to my prayer incline;
Help me in this my strife,
Though I am but of dust, and thou heaven's
radiant Queen!

Wise Virgin! of that lovely number one
Of virgins blest and wise,
Even the first and with the brightest lamp:
O solid buckler of afflicted hearts!
'Neath which against the blows of fate and death,
Not mere deliverance but great victory is;
Relief from the blind ardor which consumes
Vain mortals here below!
Virgin! those lustrous eyes,
Which tearfully beheld the cruel prints
In the fair limbs of thy beloved Son,
Ah, turn on my sad doubt,
Who friendless, helpless thus, for counsel come to
thee!

O Virgin! pure and perfect in each part,
Maiden or Mother, from thy honor'd birth,
This life to lighten and the next adorn;
O bright and lofty gate of open'd heaven!

By thee, thy Son and His, the Almighty Sire,
In our worst need to save us came below:
And, from amid all other earthly seats,
Thou only wert elect,
Virgin supremely blest!
The tears of Eve who turn'dst into joy;
Make me, thou canst, yet worthy of His grace,
O happy without end,
Who art in highest heaven a saint immortal
shrined!

O Holy Virgin! full of every good,
Who in humility most deep and true,
To heaven art mounted, thence my prayers to
hear,

That fountain thou of pity didst produce,
That sun of justice light, which calms and clears
Our age, else clogg'd with errors dark and foul.
Three sweet and precious names in thee combine,
Of mother, daughter, wife,
Virgin! with glory crown'd,
Queen of that King who has unloosed our bonds,
And free and happy made the world again,
By whose most sacred wounds,
I pray my heart to fix where true joys only are!

Virgin! of all unparallel'd, alone,
Who with thy beauties hast enamor'd Heaven,
Whose like has never been nor e'er shall be;
For holy thoughts with chaste and pious acts
To the true God a sacred living shrine
In thy secund virginity have made:
By thee, dear Mary, yet my life may be
Happy, if to thy prayers,
O Virgin meek and mild!
Where sin abounded grace shall more abound!
With bended knee and broken heart I pray
That thou my guide wouldst be,
And to such prosperous end direct my faltering
way!

Bright Virgin! and immutable as bright,
O'er life's tempestuous ocean the sure star
Each trusting mariner that truly guides,
Look down, and see amid this dreadful storm
How I am tost at random and alone,
And how already my last shriek is near;
Yet still in thee, sinful although and vile,
My soul keeps all her trust;
Virgin! I thee implore
Let not thy foe have triumph in my fall;
Remember that our sin made God Himself,
To free us from its chain,
Within thy virgin womb our image on Him take!

Virgin! what tears already have I shed,
Cherish'd what dreams and breathed what
prayers in vain

But for my own worse penance and sure loss;
Since first on Arno's shore I saw the light
Till now, whate'er I sought, wherever turn'd,
My life has pass'd in torment and in tears;

For mortal loveliness in air, act, speech,
Has seized and soil'd my soul.
O Virgin! pure and good,
Delay not till I reach my life's last year;
Swifter than shaft and shuttle are, my days
'Mid misery and sin
Have vanish'd all, and now Death only is behind!

Virgin! she now is dust who, living, held
My heart in grief, and plunged it since in gloom;
She knew not of my many ills this one;
And had she known, what since befell me still
Had been the same; for every other wish
Was death to me and ill renown for her.
But, Queen of Heaven, our goddess—if to thee
Such homage be not sin—
Virgin! of matchless mind,
Thou knowest now the whole; and that, which
else

No other can, is nought to thy great power:
Deign, then, my grief to end;
Thus honor shall be thine, and safe my peace
at last!

Virgin! in whom I fix my every hope,
Who canst and wilt assist me in great need,
Forsake me not in this my worst extreme,
Regard not me but Him who made me thus;
Let His high image stamp'd on my poor worth
Toward one so low and lost thy pity move:
Medusa spells have made me as a rock
Distilling a vain flood;
Virgin! my harass'd heart
With pure and pious tears do thou fulfil,
That its last sigh at least may be devout,
And free from earthly taint,
As was my earliest vow ere madness fill'd my
veins!

Virgin! benevolent, and foe of pride,
Ah! let the love of our one Author win
Some mercy for a contrite humble heart:
For, if her poor frail mortal dust I loved
With loyalty so wonderful and long,
Much more my faith and gratitude for thee.
From this my present sad and sunken state
If by thy help I rise,
Virgin! to thy dear name
I consecrate and cleanse my thoughts, speech, pen,
My mind, and heart with all its tears and sighs;
Point then that better path,
And with complacence view my changed desires
at last!

The day must come, nor distant far its date,
Time flies so swift and sure,
O peerless and alone!
When death my heart, now conscience struck,
shall seize:
Commend me, Virgin! then to thy dear Son,
True God and very Man,
That my last sigh in peace may, in His arms, be
breathed!

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

HERE is a complaint, and not
an unreasonable one, that there
are too many devotions. It
proceeds, moreover, not from the lax
Catholics among us, but from the
fervent. This fact, significant in itself,
should give us pause, while we reflect
that a superfluity of pious practices
indicates neither profound virtue nor
genuine devotion. Through these laby-
rinthine ways by which many think
to reach the ear of God, there is
danger either of mistaking the road
altogether or of arriving at the end
with brains confused as to the original
purport of our prayers and petitions.

But there is one road, which whoso-
ever traverses will lead him by gentlest
stages and surest, easiest paths to
the steps of the Eternal Throne. It
is the road along which, with equal
tenderness and impartial kindness,
Mary guides the devout Christian, the
indifferent Catholic, and the abandoned
sinner,—the pathway of her unceasing
intercession at the feet of her Divine
Son.

During the first few centuries of
the Christian era the terrible sufferings
which the followers of Jesus were com-
pelled to endure on account of their
faith aroused and strengthened in their
souls the courage and fortitude which
made them saints and martyrs. And
we may well believe, from the traditions
which have descended to us from
antiquity, as well as from evidences of
devotion to the Mother of God which
have been found in the Catacombs—
those sacred and mysterious receptacles
where the bones of the martyrs were
interred,—that the thought of the holy
fortitude of Mary was to them a
shield and support through the dreadful
hours of torture and martyrdom. They
gave testimony for Christ; and that
testimony could not well have been

dissociated from the Mother who bore and nursed Him, who lost and sorrowed for Him during three weary days, who saw Him grow to manhood with the vision of the Passion ever before her eyes. Mary Queen of Martyrs! Of all the sublime and loving titles with which she has been endowed, there is none more beautiful or fitting.

Later on, when Christianity had been firmly established, when pilgrimages to the Holy Land and to Rome became a distinctive feature of Catholic devotion, shrines dedicated to Mary multiplied with great rapidity. In our own times there has been a great revival of medieval fervor; and there can not be the least exaggeration in saying that not to be a devout client of Mary in the twentieth century is to be distinctly out of accord with the spirit of the Church. Devotion to that loving Mother is one of the sweetest and strongest bonds among Catholics throughout the world, in every quarter of which a special month has been set apart in her honor.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin finds expression in three different forms: we love her, we invoke her, we imitate her. Granted that we have long cherished this devotion, and that it daily finds expression in any or all of these modes, it is still always susceptible of increase, which will render that love, invocation and imitation richer and more tender day by day. Love of Mary can never be too deep, too fervent, too entire. She is our Mother; there is no word sweeter on the lips or dearer to the heart than that blessed title. It is the touching and universal symbol of gentleness, tenderness, devotion, and sacrifice.

We are her children, because by the Incarnation of her "first-born Son" we were raised to the dignity of brotherhood with Jesus. She is our Mother, because Our Lord gave her to us with His dying words upon the Cross:

"Son, behold thy Mother! Woman, behold thy Son!" The omnipotent bequest of the crucified Saviour constituted her all that the name implies—our refuge in misery, our resource in time of need, our consoler in suffering, our advocate at the throne of Divine Justice.

And now it behooves us to examine and see whether until this moment we have truly valued and appreciated this sublime gift of our dying Lord. We love her, but is that love stronger than selfishness, than our regard for wealth and honors? We love her, but is that love deep enough for sacrifices? Is it zealous and ardent, enkindling by its fervor a similar devotion in those among whom our daily life is thrown? We love her, but is not that love sometimes inconstant—now warm, now cold, often flickering and fading in its glow?

We invoke her every day, but much is frequently wanting to the invocation. It should be far more fervent, more earnest, more trustful, more whole-souled than any petitions to earthly benefactors from whom we crave benefits and favors. It should correspond with the multiplicity of our needs, the number of our duties, the intensity of our trials, the frequency and strength of our temptations. Our prayers to Mary should be real prayers, informed with a vivifying spirit; not mere recitations, lessons of memory, of which we are but half conscious as we mechanically recite them. Our devotions will thus take on the most spiritual character, manifesting in their results strength of piety, new graces, increase of sensible fervor, and final perseverance.

But the perfect flower of devotion to the Mother of God, the most adequate manner in which it can be expressed, is unquestionably the imitation of her virtues. As truly as our Divine Lord said it to His disciples, Mary says to

us from her throne in heaven: "I have given you an example." She bids us regard her whole earthly career—her infancy; her childhood in the Temple; her youth and maturity, passed for the most part in the obscurity of Nazareth; her dolors during Passiontide; her anguish on Calvary; her desolation when bereft of the human presence of her Divine Son. Not in words does she thus speak to us, for her humility still endures: it is the lesson of her life that calls out to us through the ages that have intervened since she heard for the first time from the lips of the angel the sublime message which announced her the Mother of God. Her life embraced many conditions; in each of them she has left us an example, which, as various occasions arise, it is for us to imitate.

Imitation is the patent proof of genuine love. If, then, we desire to prove that we love Mary, the most grateful homage we can proffer her is ever-increasing zeal in her service,—in the practice of humility, patience, purity, obedience, piety, and fraternal charity. Devotion to our Blessed Mother is real only when it is manifested in deed as well as in word. This beautiful month is dedicated to her. May it increase the volume of our love, thus proving what the Church designed it should be—a month of glory for Mary and of graces for her clients!

HEARTS are linked to hearts by God. The friend on whose fidelity you can count, whose success in life flushes your cheek with honest satisfaction, whose triumphant career you have traced and read with a heart throbbing almost as if it were a thing alive, for whose honor you would answer as for your own,—that friend, given to you by circumstances over which you have no control, was God's own gift.

—F. W. Robertson.

Notes and Remarks.

Public opinion, as reflected in the press of the country, seems to have accepted the actual executive head of the government and Judge Parker of New York as the coming nominees of our two great political parties for the next presidential term. President Roosevelt is naturally the better known of the two men; but, while a demand is being made in some Democratic papers for a comprehensive statement of Judge Parker's views on the larger questions of public polity, his character and personality appear to be admirable and honorable. Even those citizens who eschew partisan politics may take comfort to themselves from the thought that, whether Republicans or Democrats win the victory of November, the chief magistrate of the country during the next four years will be a gentleman of high ideals and unquestioned personal rectitude. And, as rulers go the wide world over, that much is no small blessing.

Wherein lay the greatness of the late Lord Acton, the most learned of his contemporaries? This, says the *Athenæum*, is the question commonly asked of those who knew him by those who did not. Premising that the truest creation of every man is himself, the ablest and most judicious of English journals sums him up both justly and generously, and lays stress upon his passion for truth and his austere conscientiousness. "The stars he steered by were the supremacy of conscience and the final authority of truth." The estimate deserves to be quoted at length, as a remarkable criticism of a remarkable man. Wherein lay the greatness of Lord Acton?

The true answer is not the fact of Acton's learning, but its ground and, strange though it may seem, its results. Conscience, not curiosity, was the ground of that versatile investigation,

which was not the accumulation of facts, but "the disinterested endeavor to discover the best that is known and thought in the world." The consequent and connected product was not knowledge but insight, and a force of austere judgment which, when now and then the rein was loosed, was truly appalling.... No glorified encyclopædia, no aggregate of unrelated facts confronted the inquirer who interrogated Lord Acton; but a soul in whom spoke, as it seemed, the wisdom of the ages, and from whose depths there issued the very oracles of history, shining with the light that comes of absolutely single love of truth, penetrating even the gloom of the future by an illuminative knowledge of the past....

To be with Acton was like being with the cultivated mind of Europe incarnate in its finest characteristics. In the deep tones of his voice there seemed to sound the accents of history. In those unflinching phrases we heard the impersonal estimate of the future, weighing in unerring balance the thoughts and deeds of the actors of the present or past, with a knowledge that knew no gap. We do not, of course, mean that Acton knew everything, but that he thoroughly understood the operation of the forces—religious, political, social, economic—which create, from what without them would be the sand-heap of individual caprice and personal interests, the enduring bonds of secular and religious society. These words seem strong, but these letters [to Mary Gladstone] bear them out.

The forthcoming issue of Lord Acton's lectures and essays will doubtless do more than these letters to convey a true impression of him. How unjust it is to quote only the first expression of any opinion of his that he afterward qualified or retracted, or to attribute to him any beliefs that he knew to be contrary to the teaching of the Church to which he professed a loyal attachment and in communion with which he died! He himself wrote in one of his letters to Mary Gladstone: "I think that faith implies sincerity: that it is a gift that does not dwell in dishonest minds."

The English Canon Henson has succeeded, if in nothing else, at least in securing for himself world-wide notoriety in non-Catholic religious circles. His article "The Future of the

Bible" is being discussed and commended or denounced in practically the whole denominational, and a large portion of the secular, press. One New York magazine comments: "It is hard indeed to distinguish between the word that comes from Dean's Yard and the statements of the rationalistic Goldwin Smith." If the Rev. Mr. Henson's pronouncements prove no more practically effective in moulding public opinion than do the magisterial dicta of the oldtime Oxford professor now resident in Canada, neither the future of the Bible nor the stability of the world is likely to be alarmingly influenced by his published lucubrations. Canon Henson possibly makes the mistake of Mr. Smith and a goodly number of other admitted scholars—he may be taking himself somewhat too seriously.

M. Loubet, President of France, was not received at the Vatican, for the simple reason that the chief of a Catholic State who presents himself at the Quirinal so long as that palace, which was a pontifical one, is occupied by the despoilers of the Holy See, *ipso facto* forfeits any claim to be received at the Vatican. That William II., Edward VII., and other Protestant sovereigns have visited both the Quirinal and the Vatican, was no reason for supposing that similar courtesy would be shown to M. Loubet. The cases are radically different. Neither England nor Germany is a Catholic country: France is. M. Loubet can not expect both to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

Disquieting rumors are periodically set in circulation about the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. According to the *Journal of the Grotto*, daily inquiries are made from far and near—from America, Belgium, and Hungary—as to the derangement or the absolute

cessation of pilgrimages, to be brought about by the possible closing of the Grotto. As is easily understood, the very idea of danger is in itself a danger, and may determine a number of persons to give up their intended journey to Lourdes this year. Those in charge of the shrine accordingly declare that there is little to justify these fears. From the legal—even the French legal—point of view, Lourdes is thus far impregnable. The Congregation of Missionary Fathers who used to have charge has disappeared; and the priests who now administer the affairs of the Grotto, under the immediate direction of the Bishop of Tarbes, all belong to the secular clergy. There is in consequence reason to believe that this year's pilgrimages will not be suppressed, or even interfered with at all.

The creation of new dioceses and provinces is so common in the United States that only persons with long memories are able to remember them all. In Canada, where the growth is less rapid, ecclesiastical organization, already well established, is more slowly developed. However, a new diocese, that of Joliette, has just been created by the detachment of three counties from the archdiocese of Montreal; and a new province formed in Newfoundland, by raising St. John to a metropolitan See, and the Vicariate of St. George to a diocese. The existing diocese of Harbor Grace will be another suffragan See of St. John's.

The *Congregationalist* notes as "one of the most impressive observances of Good Friday" that came to its knowledge the three-hour service at Plymouth Church, Des Moines, Iowa, where seven Protestant denominations united their forces, each sending a minister who took as his theme one of the seven "last words" spoken by Our Lord. Following each discourse was a hymn, and

then "a silence of five minutes for prayer and meditation." It is edifying to read that "people remained for the whole three hours, feeling no weariness." This and a similar service in Northampton, Massachusetts, where six denominations united in a Good Friday service, move the *Congregationalist* to this judicious remark: "Here is a kindling suggestion in the direction of spiritual unity. If Christ, lifted on the Cross, draws all men to Himself, shall not men of differing views, by gazing on the spectacle together, be closer drawn to one another?"

There have been several priests of mixed Indian and White blood in the United States, and in other countries of the American hemisphere there have been Indian priests of full blood; but it is set down by excellent authority that the only priest of pure Indian blood, born and ordained within the United States, is the Rev. Albert Negahnquet, who was raised to the priesthood less than a year ago. He is a Pottawatomie of devout Christian ancestry, is thirty years of age, and received a part of his education in Rome. He is described as "devoted to his people, able, zealous and devout." Father Negahnquet is at present stationed at Muskogee, Indian Territory, as assistant missionary to the Creeks and Cherokees, and the White Catholics living among them.

A suggestion repeatedly made in these pages—that it would be a great advantage to the Church at home and abroad if the work of our missionaries in pagan countries were kept steadily before American Catholics—is enforced with much emphasis in a communication from the Rev. J. A. Walsh to the *Dolphin*. "How many of us, even of the clergy, realize, for example, that in China alone there are nearly five hundred native Catholic priests, our

brothers in Christ, as validly ordained as we are, perhaps more worthy of the sublime office than we ourselves,—that these, together with the European priests, are ministering to-day to at least a million Catholic Chinese?" These figures, impressive enough when standing alone, take on new importance from the fact that the faith and fidelity of these Chinese Catholics are hardly surpassed in any country of the world.

Proof of this comforting fact has often been gathered for these columns from the letters of our missionaries; but we are glad to add to it this generous testimony from a late number of the *Advance* (Congregationalist): "At least 25,000 native Christians (most of them Catholics) were butchered by the Boxers. No more heroic fidelity to the truth was exhibited by the martyrs in the days of Nero." And even our Protestant readers will not take it ill if we point out the fact that almost every day accounts derived from all sorts of sources prove the superiority of Catholic over non-Catholic missionaries in foreign countries. One of the points which Mr. Angus Hamilton takes most pains to establish in a recent volume is the contrast between the French priests living in extreme poverty in Korea side by side with the American Protestant missionaries extracting "the maximum of profit from the minimum of labor."

Time was when Protestants of every sort gloried in the name: now some of them are beginning to be ashamed of it, and to protest (they must still be Protestants) against its use. The *Church Times* (Protestant Episcopal) relates that an attempt on the part of the mayor of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to call a society "Protestant" which was to aid a general hospital in that city, was strongly objected to by Protestants themselves attending the

meeting. Dean Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological School, said that the term "Protestant" had a "grim, forbidding sound."

Those of our readers who were sorely grieved a few weeks ago by the charges of wrongdoing in connection with the Post Office urged against our members of Congress, will rejoice that the stigma has been removed from all-innocent national legislators. The charges were unfounded: Congress itself says so, and it ought to know. The McCall Committee has reported to this effect. It states: "There is nothing in any of the cases considered that reflects upon the integrity of the membership of the House of Representatives." The comment of a disputatious New York paper, that "the report does not in the least satisfy the public demand for a thorough investigation of the Post Office Department," has been met by this statement of a Senator of the dominant party: "In our own time, in our own way, we will have an investigation." In the meanwhile the public will kindly keep mum.

The latest outrage of Christian sentiment on the part of the French government, instead of rousing "no signs of disapproval from the people," as official reports declared, touched very closely the finest feelings in the French breast. There were formal protests even from members of the judicial bodies and the representatives of the Departments; workmen in great numbers refused to be implicated in the government's infamous work, while others who undertook it were derided and vigorously opposed. On the part of the general public there was intense pain and indignation. Writing from Paris to the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, Mr. William Redmond, M. P., says:

I can speak of the real feeling aroused by this latest insult against Christian feeling on the part

of the French government, as on Good Friday morning I myself happened to be in the streets of Paris when the people were reading the announcement of the disappearance of the Sign of the Cross; and there can be no doubt of the sensation which the news created. . . . Tears of humiliation poured down the cheeks of thousands of men, who feel keenly the shame which has overtaken the name of France. It may be that people resolved, by way of some atonement, to observe with unusual scrupulousness the Church ceremonies this Easter; but, be this as it may, it is undeniable that the crowds attending all the parish churches were this year denser and more eager than probably ever before. . . .

I went on Good Friday afternoon to Notre Dame, and there witnessed a demonstration of the devotion of the people of Paris, which might well seem impossible to those who measure their opinions by the views of Monsieur Combes. The magnificent old church was crammed to the doors by huge crowds, which grew denser as three o'clock approached. People of all classes in life, young and old, rich and poor, men, women, and children, . . . all these people stood patiently and silently waiting for their turn to approach the altar, where they might kneel and reverently kiss the relics of the True Cross and the Crown of Thorns, which, hour after hour, several priests were engaged in carrying to and fro across the whole length of the altar rails.

I sat down behind a pillar and watched the eager crowd for quite a long time, and it was a wonderful sight. Crowd after crowd came up, like the waves of the sea; and as the people kissed the relics they filed away to the left and made way for others. . . . There were some English near me in Notre Dame; and I heard one lady, as she looked upon the extraordinary procession of people toward the altar, exclaim: "This does not look as though these people cared much for the opinion of their government!" And in truth she was right. Monsieur Combes may find but little difficulty in dragging the Cross from the walls of the French law courts, but it is not within his power to tear that Cross from the hearts of the French people.

Of the twelve hundred teachers in the public schools of Porto Rico, only one hundred and fifty are Americans. The announcement that six hundred of these teachers will spend the coming summer in this country, visiting the chief points of interest in American history, means that the outing will be a tour of discovery in the mother—or is it

stepmother?—country, and not merely a vacation pleasure trip. We have been repeatedly assured that the Cuban teachers who sojourned for a time in Boston three years ago edified all who had opportunity to observe them, and also that it was an advantage to the Cuban teachers to come in contact with American Catholics. May the experience be as pleasant and profitable on both sides in the case of the Porto Ricans!

Anglican dignitaries, who are accused of being fonder of ecclesiastical millinery than of serious thought, are sometimes made to appear ridiculous by those whose last desire is to sympathize with the Pope of Rome. There is ingenuity of satire in the comment of the organ of English Liberalism on the Bishop of London's pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese, directing them to observe the 8th of May 'as a day of thanksgiving for the 1300th anniversary of the reconstitution of the See of London by his predecessor, St. Mellitus.' "We know little about Mellitus—except that he had the gout," says the *Daily News*; "but he was 'a Roman of the Romans,' sent by Gregory; and he received his pallium from the Pope, when he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. It seems, therefore, quite evident that the true successor of St. Mellitus is not Bishop Ingram, but Archbishop Bourne."

In a recent pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Bordeaux there occurs this passage: "When the sailor sees that his shipwreck is imminent, when the leaks make headway that the pumps can not overcome, in his supreme peril his thoughts turn to his home, and he cries: 'Lord God, have pity on me!' He makes his vow and awaits a miracle or death. Is the condition of French Catholics at the present time appreciably different from that of the sailor?"

FOR YOUNG FOLK

May Blossoms.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

IF I only lived out in the country
And could roam through the fields at my will,
I should gather each morning a nosegay
From the blossoms on meadow and hill;
I should choose just the white and the blue ones
On whose petals the dewdrops still lay,
And should place them with love on Her altar,
The beautiful Queen of the May.

But perhaps even here in the city,
Where no wild flowers sweet ever grow,
I can still make each morning a nosegay
That my love for 'Our Lady will show.
If like Her I am humble and patient
And resolve to please God all the day,
Then my acts will be blue and white blossoms,
Sure to please the blest Queen of the May.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.—A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.



"E'S don,—all don!" cried little Kitty Tompkins, appearing before her Aunt Sarah in a sorry state of muddiness,—her pink frock stained; her white hat, which she held by the strings, bedraggled; and her hands showing evident signs of having been engaged in that industry dear to childish hearts—the making of mud-pies.

"Gone? Who is gone?" asked Aunt Sarah, sharply.

"My bruder."

"Your brother! What *do* you mean, child? Where has your brother gone?"

"Don away with the Sandman."

The child nodded her head with intense gravity, and spread out her

hands to emphasize the fact of her brother's departure.

"The Sandman? Nonsense, darling!" said Aunt Sarah.

The grim-faced woman knew perfectly well what her little niece meant by the Sandman—a mysterious personage who, according to nursery tradition, passes just about the time that darkness falls of a winter evening and throws sand upon the eyes of wakeful children. If they obstinately persist in keeping eyelids unclosed, why, as every student of fairy lore will tell you, the Sandman carries them off to his castle. Now, in little Kitty's mind, the Sandman had come to mean any terrifying personality, and particularly whoever might be even remotely suspected of carrying children "off." It need hardly be said that Miss Sarah Tompkins in nowise shared her tiny charge's belief, and it was with some impatience that she exclaimed:

"Quit all that nonsense about the Sandman, dearie, and tell me right straight out who it was that your brother went away with?"

"Don with the Sandman!" repeated Kitty, plaintively; lowering her voice, however, as she caught her Aunt's earnest gaze fixed full upon her face.

"Now, Catherine Tompkins," said the anxious woman, "you're enough to set a person crazy! I say where is your brother?" She raised her voice and emphasized every syllable, as though she were trying to make a deaf-mute hear.

"Sandman took 'im!" repeated the child; and Miss Sarah threw up her hands in despair.

"Do you suppose, Catherine Tompkins," she cried, as though she were addressing a person of her own age and not the tiny figure standing in front

of her,—“do you suppose for one moment that a man could take away a boy of your brother's size and age in broad daylight on Fourth Avenue, New York city?”

Kitty made no reply to this address, but stared at her aunt with great, solemn eyes.

“Supper-time will bring him, don't you fear!” continued Aunt Sarah, returning to her vigorous stitching, and trying to believe what she said; which, indeed, had a comforting effect on Miss Kitty, who was soon busy with her doll.

But kind-hearted Aunt Sarah was conscious of a vague misgiving, which increased as the afternoon wore on and there was no sign of the missing boy. Miss Tompkins, starting from her chair, suddenly determined to go out and make inquiries amongst the neighboring lads, who by this time were home from school. Having donned her hat and a voluminous golf cape, she called Kitty to her and went out upon the steps.

“Now you tell me, child, where your brother went—down toward Fourteenth Street or up?”

Kitty looked puzzled.

“That way?” asked Miss Tompkins, pointing downward.

Kitty nodded an affirmative; and her aunt, ringing at the next door, asked if she might leave Kitty in there, as she had some business which would keep her out for about half an hour. The neighbors often obliged each other in this manner. So Miss Sarah, being free to pursue her way, wandered down Fourth Avenue, with no very definite idea as to where she meant to go or what she intended to do. The avenue looked very bright and cheerful that morning, despite the rows of shabby-genteel houses, relics of an older day, or the unpretentious shops on either side.

When she came to Fourteenth Street,

Miss Sarah stopped. The noise and bustle seemed to bewilder her senses, and she felt that if her nephew had once passed into this maze of shops, vehicles, hurrying purchasers, and pedestrians of all sorts, he was lost, indeed, and might as well have been drawn into the great Maelstrom. Passing her hand over her head wearily, she stood still a few moments, gazing about her; then she turned homeward.

“I will wait,” she said to herself, “to see if he comes at supper-time.”

As she neared her own house, she met and inquired of several of her nephew's associates, who gathered about her in an eager, excited crowd, giving her information, offering advice; but one and all agreeing that they had not seen Teddy since one o'clock, when he sat on the doorstep playing with Kitty and throwing bread to the sparrows.

Miss Sarah paused at her neighbor's door to reclaim Kitty; and Mrs. Reinhardt, a cheerful, commonplace woman, came out upon the step for a chat, and ridiculed the idea of Teddy's having been taken away, and laughed pleasantly at little Kitty's notion of a kidnapping Sandman.

So Miss Sarah, cheered and encouraged, went into the house and set herself resolutely to work. Every moment she expected to hear Teddy's foot upon the outer steps and his whistle in the hall. But the light of the spring day faded at last. Aunt Sarah prepared a very tempting supper, as if she fancied that the smell of lamb stew, hot biscuit, and gingerbread would lure the truant from his wanderings and bring him home. The darkness fell apace and the supper remained untouched; for Kitty, having partaken of her customary bread and milk, sobbed herself to sleep, calling for her brother and childishly vituperating “the bad, bad Sandman!”

Aunt Sarah, left alone, would not go

to bed nor even secure the door. She felt as if she could not bear to shut Teddy out into the darkness; and once when she fell asleep, sitting upright in her stiff armchair, she fancied that she saw Teddy crouching under a lamp-post, striving to escape the cruel blackness around him. She arose, and, feeling the need of action, went up to Teddy's room and began mechanically to tidy things. There were the pair of torn shoes which that very morning she had bidden her nephew take to the cobbler's; and his best pair of trousers, in which he had burned a hole playing at burning witches out in the back lot.

"I scolded him this very day about those pants!" Miss Sarah said regretfully, and her heart smote her; for what did such things matter, especially if any accident had happened to the boy, or if some evil-disposed person had really stolen him away? Miss Sarah, who was the children's aunt on their father's side, had stood in place of both parents, after their early death; and, despite her grimness and altogether unsympathetic exterior, she was devotedly attached to her young charges. She fell upon her knees now, holding the injured garment as though it were a propitiatory offering; and having said an earnest prayer, she arose and began moving about the room.

She put away the tops and the marbles, the rosin and the putty and the tonquin beans,—the subtle odor of these last remaining associated in her memory for a very long time with the harrowing anxiety of that memorable night. She wondered vaguely, as the feminine mind has often wondered, what the boy could possibly want with all these odds and ends. She little knew, as she put all the various articles into a kind of order, that many long days would pass before any hand should disarrange them. She turned down the bed and shook out the pillow, upon which no tousled, curly head

would repose that night nor for many a night to come.

Miss Sarah descended after that to the sitting-room and sat down to wait, with curious calmness. The clock in the sitting-room mantel seemed to stare at her as some white face peering out of the darkness, and the familiar objects were ghastly in the wavering gleams from the electric light outside. Miss Tompkins sat stoically waiting for the coming of the morning, which made its appearance at last, stealing in, spectre-like, through the windows and penetrating, chill and wan, into every corner of the room. She had a vague hope that with the rising of the sun Teddy would come; or that, awaking from sleep, she should find that his disappearance had been a nightmare. But the sun uprose and fairly flooded the pavement without and the cobblestones of the roadway; it caused even the car tracks to shine and the opposite houses to lose something of their squalor. And still no Teddy.

Miss Sarah drank some strong tea, eating not a morsel; and she washed and dressed Kitty, giving her her breakfast in a grim silence. When it was over, and Kitty began to cry out fretfully, "I want my bruder!" Miss Sarah set to work once more to question the child.

"What was the man like, dearie, that took Teddy?" she inquired.

"Big, big!—black, black!" Kitty declared, with emphasis; but further than that she could give no information, and Miss Sarah was left in doubt as to whether or no the mysterious personage who had abducted Teddy was a Negro or a white man.

After breakfast on that melancholy morning which followed the dismal night's vigil Miss Sarah once more donned her outdoor apparel and proceeded to the nearest police station, where the captain of the precinct sat writing at a desk. This official did

not give the anxious lady very much consolation. But, although he was inclined at first to pooh-pooh the whole matter, and to laugh at the idea of a sturdy boy being carried away in broad daylight, he admitted finally that he had known a few cases of mysterious disappearances in his time, and that some of them were "grown-ups," and in two instances at least stirring and vigorous boys of about Teddy's age. He could give no possible clue as to the identity of the "Sandman"; though he began to con over, thoughtfully, a list of criminals who might possibly be accused of such nefarious doings and who were then at liberty.

"Now, there's 'Red Jim'!" he said slowly. "He's out after a ten years' sentence, and might be up to mischief. But no officer has reported seeing him about these precincts. I guess we'll have to look further."

"The child describes the man as dark," put in Miss Sarah: "she spoke of him as 'black, black.'"

"That looks like a Negro, doesn't it?" the captain declared. "And I have my eye on one or two pretty desperate Negro blackguards."

"The child may have meant dark-complexioned," objected Miss Sarah. Somehow, it seemed intolerable to suppose that Teddy had been spirited away by a Negro.

"That's so," assented the police officer, returning once more to his list. "Well, there's Hesketh,—he's dark. And Budden,—'Booming Buster' they call him. But he's up in Sing Sing, I see. I wonder if it could be 'Left-Handed Jim'?"

As each name of sinister import fell from the captain's lips, Miss Sarah felt her heart sink lower and lower. If such as these were prowling about in the highways and byways, haunting the darkness with grim shapes, and skulking around even in the light of day, what dangers lay in the path

of youth and helplessness! And how could Teddy be snatched from their clutches had he unhappily become their victim? Having taken down a very detailed description of Teddy, which he sent, coupled with a general alarm, to all the stations, the captain dismissed the trembling applicant. He assured her that he would make every effort to "locate" the criminal. His identity once discovered, the whereabouts of the boy could be ascertained with tolerable facility, as each criminal or set of criminals had their own peculiar haunts.

Miss Sarah, more and more convinced of the futility of effort, despite the captain's encouraging words, went out into the beauty and peace of the spring morning with a load of grief and uncertainty heavy at her heart. The balmy breath of the soft air, the charm of the budding trees, the hopefulness of the tiny blades of grass shooting up in dwarfish grassplots, had no power to cheer or invigorate the anxious woman, grown suddenly old and weary.

Outside of her own door a crowd of excited boys had collected; for the news had spread, in the mysterious fashion in which news is usually circulated, that Teddy Tompkins, the most popular boy in the neighborhood, had disappeared. Miss Sarah was instantly surrounded, and there was not a boy present, even the roughest and most unkempt, who did not proffer the bereaved aunt all the advice in his power, with a genuine if rudely expressed sympathy, and unlimited offers of aid in the search.

"I tell you what, Miss Tompkins!" cried one red-haired and freckled boy. "You bet it would take a mighty big tramp to carry Teddy off. He's just gone somewhere, and he'll be back mebbe to-night or to-morrow morning. P'raps some fellow asked him to go to Brooklyn or Staten Island."

Miss Sarah shook her head.

"Teddy has never gone anywhere without telling me."

"P'raps he did *this* time," suggested the carroty boy, who had constituted himself chief spokesman. "You see, he might have been afraid you'd refuse if he asked leave to go; and s'pose it was a circus or something like that, well, he wouldn't want to miss it."

The red-haired speaker looked round upon his audience, and almost every one of them seemed convinced that the circus would have been a powerful temptation. The single exception was Miss Tompkins herself, who answered, indignantly:

"Circus or no circus, Teddy Tompkins would never stay away from his home for a day and night without asking permission."

The boys, whether convinced or no, were silent; and gazed at Miss Sarah, perplexed as to what further suggestion they might offer. It argued a kindly delicacy on their part that not one amongst the group tittered, though the poor lady's bonnet had gone awry, and the wig, which she ordinarily arranged with the greatest care, had slipped backward, disclosing a stubble of gray hair.

"Don't you fret, Miss Tompkins!" went on the red-haired boy, gazing upon the singular phenomenon of Miss Sarah's parti-colored hair as though he saw it not. "The police will find Teddy. They're mighty sharp in this precinct. I guess we've got some of the best men on the force."

Several of his boy auditors assented to this remark by an expressive chorus of "You bet!"

Miss Sarah continued to look doubtful, and her thin and wrinkled face showed the misery she was enduring and which she was unable to conceal.

"We'll all start up in different directions," added the boy, "right after school this afternoon; and we'll find him sure, if he's above ground."

The final addition to the sentence was not very comforting, and, indeed, started a new vein of apprehension in the mind of Miss Sarah. But she tried to answer cheerfully:

"Anyway, boys, I thank you very much. Young eyes are sharper than old ones, and perhaps you'll find poor Teddy somewhere."

She made a pitiful grimace, which resolved itself into the ridiculous when coupled with her disarranged headgear. But it was to the credit of human nature that not a smile appeared upon any face in all that group; yet many of the boys were ill clad and showed evident signs of having known only the shadier side of life.

"Teddy's all right, Miss Sarah. He was a right-down good fellow!" burst out one big boy, who had not spoken before. "And you don't need to worry. We'll find him for you."

Somehow, this spontaneous tribute to the lost boy touched Miss Sarah more than anything that had been said; and she felt a certain comfort in the promise of finding Teddy, even though its fulfilment seemed to her own judgment a real impossibility. And in this she was right; for, search as they might, the devoted band of volunteers discovered nothing more than the investigations carried on at police headquarters. The disappearance of Teddy Tompkins became a nine days' wonder, and then faded from the public mind, without a single clue to the mystery having been discovered; and Miss Sarah was left to the solitude of her little dwelling, with only Kitty for company.

The poor woman had frequently to conceal her own sorrow and to comfort her tiny charge with the promise that the Sandman would bring Teddy back. Kitty mourned for her lost brother, to whom she had been devotedly attached, with a constancy and intensity not to be expected from one of her age; and

she never went to sleep without praying for Teddy. At her meals she often put away something particularly tempting for the absent one; and made a considerable collection of marbles and other playthings which she thought would prove acceptable to Teddy on his return.

Several times a day she assailed Miss Sarah with her pitiful entreaty: "Kitty wants her bruder!" To which she usually added, her voice broken by sobs: "Bad, bad Sandman!"

(To be continued.)

The Lion of Androcles.

ABOUT the year of Our Lord 99 a poor slave named Androcles fled to the desert to escape from the blows of a cruel master. He had lived there for some time when one day, on his way to a spring to drink, he saw a lion rolling on the sand in great distress. Although much afraid, the slave, moved by pity, went up to the beast. He saw a stream of blood flowing from a wound made by a thorn stuck in its paw. The slave drew out the thorn, bound up the wound, and then ran away as fast as he could.

Not long afterward Androcles fell into the hands of a slave-trader, who was on his way to Rome, where there was great rejoicing because of the victories of the Emperor Trajan on the banks of the Rhine. Among other amusements to celebrate these victories, there were combats of gladiators and the delivering up of slaves and Christians to be devoured by wild beasts.

On the last day of the merrymaking, which had lasted several weeks, a large lion was turned into the arena. He was such a superb creature that a thrill of admiration ran through the vast assemblage at sight of him.

As was the custom, the beast had

been kept for a long time without food, so that he might have a good appetite for his victim. He sat down on his haunches and waited. Finally a door at the end of the arena opened and a slave appeared. With a bound the lion was at his side, and the unhappy man closed his eyes, expecting instant death.

Meanwhile the hungry animal began to sniff around his prey; and if he could have spoken, he would probably have said:

"What! this is my benefactor, the man who drew the thorn from out my paw! Hungry though I am, I certainly will not eat him."

Then, stretching out his head, he began to lick the hand of the frightened man. A cry of "Mercy! mercy!" went up from the audience, and, to the great amazement of all, the lion and slave walked out together.

The man was afterward freed, and the lion remained faithful to him until his death.

An Ancient Church of St. Marye.

WHEN it became necessary to restore the ancient English Church of St. Marye, Abbot's Kensington, those in charge of the repairs wished to place a statue of Our Lady upon the outside of the building, above the east window; and suggested that it be modelled from the ancient seal upon which the Blessed Virgin is represented as holding her Divine Son upon her lap. The mere suggestion of this, however, was received with consternation by the Protestant parishioners, and a Bible was accordingly substituted for the Holy Infant. It is said that many of them think that the statue is intended for Queen Elizabeth! Catholics, of course, know better; and as they pass by raise their hats or bow in salutation of the Mother whom old-fashioned prejudice has robbed of her Son.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Besides the Hazlitt book recently announced by us, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has finished an elaborate character-study of Robert Emmet. Miss Guiney's prolonged sojourn in England has evidently been of advantage to her work.

—The Fourth of July this year will round out the hundredth year since the birth of Hawthorne. To commemorate the centenary, Dodd, Mead & Co. will issue an *édition de luxe* of "The Scarlet Letter." The letterpress will be an exact re-impression of the original edition.

—The Franciscan College of San Bonaventura, at Quaracchi, near Florence, Italy, has just issued another edition of its interesting catalogue of works—theological, liturgical, ascetical, historical, etc.,—in Latin or Italian, by celebrated theologians and scholars of the Franciscan Order. Students, librarians, etc., would do well to secure this valuable list.

—If only for the map of the city of St. Louis, showing street car lines, etc., and the list with location of Catholic churches, the "World's Fair Guide" issued by the *Herold des Glaubens* would be well worth while. But it contains much more information which will be invaluable to Catholics from abroad who visit the Fair. The booklet is of convenient size and is neatly published. Price, 10 cents.

—Mr. Booth Tarkington has seen Pope Pius X., and will publish his impressions in one of the forthcoming Harper publications. That the sketch will be highly appreciative may be inferred from some words uttered by The Gentleman from Indiana in a conversation with Dr. Croke, Rome correspondent of the *Standard and Times*. "Pius X. seemed to be the best man I ever beheld," said Mr. Tarkington. "He appeared to sum up in himself all the goodness I could conceive of in man. . . . I'd accept him as infallible,—that is, if he told me I was wrong about something I should be sure I was."

—From the current report of the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions we learn that there are now more children in the Catholic Indian schools than at any time since the unfortunate abolition of the Contract System, and probably more than at any time in the history of the missions. The number of applications for admission to the schools during the past two years has been unprecedented. "Along with poverty and persecution have come blessings. The Indian people have been touched by the fidelity of their missionaries and the sacrifices which have been made for them. The Indian work has not only been kept up, but the Church

is gaining instead of losing among the Indians." Father Ketcham's report is a model document and can hardly fail to arouse enthusiasm for the Indian missionary work wherever it is circulated.

—The New York *Freemant's Journal* has been in every case the first American publication to put into its readers' hands an English translation of the encyclicals and other important documents issued by Pius X. Such enterprise merits practical recognition.

—A musical setting of the "Hail Mary" by the Rev. R. J. Sorin, arranged by M. L. Nemmers, comes to us from Milwaukee. The music is devotional and simple, and should be welcome to junior choirs. Ignaz Fischer, of Toledo, Ohio, has published a religious melody entitled "The Angelus Bell" by J. Liebold. The price, fifty cents, seems high for these numbers when compared with the rates for secular music.

—Mrs. Hugh Fraser, a new edition of whose delightful "Letters from Japan" we recently announced, is about to issue a remarkable Japanese story entitled "The Stolen Emperor." It deals with the Japan of the thirteenth century, and one of its chief charms will lie in the descriptions of court and military life at that period. Mrs. Fraser's work has much the same quality as that of her brother, Mr. Marion Crawford.

—The issue of cheap editions of such books as Renan's "Life of Jesus" should stir up our Truth Societies everywhere. The more promptly antidotes for such poison are supplied the more effective they will be. There are many great Catholic books that ought to be made accessible to the general public—Dr. Brownson's "Refutation of Atheism," Lacordaire's "Conferences on God," Père Didon's "Life of Christ," "The Wish to Believe," by Wilfrid Ward; "The Spirit of Faith," by Bishop Hedley; Mgr. Bougaud's "Argument for the Divinity of Jesus Christ," etc.

—Give Father Timothy Brosnahan, S. J., the right subject, and he may always be trusted to produce a spicy, eloquent and cogent essay. A theme quite to his taste and training is "Dr. Harris and the Agnostic School House." The Commissioner of Education is a charming old gentleman, amiable, broad-minded and progressive; but his views as to the place and manner of teaching religion, and above all as to the divorce of religion from secular education, are repugnant to Catholics because they are false in principle and impossible in practice. If any one doubts this, let him read Father Brosnahan's

pamphlet and be convinced. In any case, let him read it and enjoy a fine bit of polemical literature. Published by the *Messenger*, New York.

—"Doña Perfecta," by Galdos, "the Spanish Mrs. Humphry Ward," has been added to the modern language series issued by the American Book Co. In this work Galdos unnecessarily emphasizes certain religious phases of Spanish rural life in a manner that must be distasteful to Catholics; and he creates a wrong impression of a people in the minds of those who, through temperament or education, are unable to understand or appreciate them. Technically, the book is satisfactory, and is the work of Edwin S. Lewis, so far as editing and annotating are concerned. In the same series appears "El Niño de la Bola," which Dr. J. D. M. Ford of Harvard University characterizes as "a melodramatic novel filled with the most grotesque incidents and unnecessary horrors." The priest, Don Trinidad Muley, who teaches more by example than precept, is a simple, humane, lovable character, in striking contrast with the harsh, narrow-minded Canon in "Doña Perfecta," and the repellent Don Salvador Pantoja in "Electra." Catholic teachers should know their ground well before venturing upon these books.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. Rev. L. P. Gravel. \$1, net.

A Year's Sermons. Preachers of Our Own Day. \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D. 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., net.

Non Serviam. Rev. W. Graham. 40 cts., net.

Varied Types. G. K. Chesterton. \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. Lady Rosa Gilbert. \$1.50, net.

A Precursor of St. Philip. Lady Amabel Kerr. \$1.25, net.

The Story Book House. Honor Walsh. \$1.

Belinda's Cousins. Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. M. S. Dalton. \$1, net.

The School of the Heart. Margaret Fletcher. \$1.

Divine Grace. Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D. \$1.50, net.

St. Patrick in History. Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. 55 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HAB., xiii, 3.

Mgr. John Baptist Lanata, of Genoa; Rt. Rev. Monsig. Allen, Valladolid; Rev. Joseph Gadoury, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. Jerome Schmitt, O. S. B.

Sister Catherine, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Nazareth, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Bertrand and Sister M. Mechtilde, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Margaret Mary, Community of St. Joseph; and Mother M. Agnes, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. Henry Kirchner, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Neunghser, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Farrelly, New York; Mrs. Mary Monteverde and Mrs. Catherine McCullough, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. F. Hoffman, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Joseph Vargas, Mrs. Louis Weber, and Mrs. James Andrews, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mr. William Handley, and Mrs. Bridget Baily, Stuart, Iowa; Mr. Frank Schier, Fort Madison, Iowa; Mrs. Katherine O'Neill, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Edward Given, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Catherine Moore, Derby, Conn.; Mr. Hugh Keenan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Frank Holt, Genoa, Ohio; Mr. P. S. Crawford and Mr. Michael Hannan, Allegheny, Pa.; Miss Anna L. Dodge, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mrs. William Howard, Washington, Ind.; Mr. T. F. Conroy, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Veronica Lauinger, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Rose Meehan and Mr. Christopher O'Connor, San Francisco, Cal.; also Mr. Charles Schaub, Bloomfield, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

The Indian and Negro Missions:

H. M. D., \$1; Friend, \$1.

The Cause of the Curé d'Ars:

M. A. H., \$5; Mrs. M. Mc., \$1.

St. Mary's Indian Mission:

A Priest, \$100; G. M. B., \$2; M. S., 25 cts.; Friends, \$1.15; Mrs. M. H., 25 cts.

The Gotemba Lepers:

Friend, \$1; J. R., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 46.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 14, 1904.

NO. 20.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

At Mary's Shrine.

BY S. M. R.

WHEN I think of thee, dear Mother,
Of thy beauty and thy grace,
When I see thy arms extended
And the welcome of thy face,
I forget I am unworthy—
Aye, a coward in the strife,—
And I only long to offer
Unto thee my heart, my life.

Once my heart was as a blossom,
Pure as any flower of May,
And it held a wealth of promise
For the Master's harvest day.
Now, alas! it hath no beauty,
All the hopes of youth are fled;
And the promise of rare fruitage,
With the blossoms fair, is dead.

Yet I come to thee, dear Mother,
In this month of blossoms sweet,
And my heart goes forth in pleading
As I kneel here at thy feet:
In thy mother-love, oh, help me,
All unworthy though I be!
Take me back once more, O Mary,—
Let me mercy find through thee!

MYSTICAL, more than magical, is that communing of soul with soul, both looking heavenward. Here properly soul first speaks with soul; for only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, not in looking earthward, does what we can call union—mutual love, society—begin to be possible.—*Carlyle*.

The Office of the Ascension.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.



CHURCH: Alleluia. Christ the Lord ascending into heaven, come let us adore. Alleluia.—
Children: Alleluia. Christ the Lord ascending into heaven, come let us adore. Alleluia.

Antiphons for the First Nocturn:

I. Thy magnificence, O God, is elevated beyond the heavens. Alleluia.

II. The Lord in His holy temple, the Lord in heaven. Alleluia.

III. His going out was from the highest heaven; and His return, to the height thereof. Alleluia.

Church: God ascendeth with jubilee. Alleluia.—Children: And the Lord with the sound of trumpet. Alleluia.

The First Lessons are from the Acts of the Apostles, i, 1-6:

"The former treatise I made, O Theophilus, of all things which Jesus began to do and to teach, until the day on which, giving commands by the Holy Ghost to the Apostles whom He had chosen, He was taken up. To whom also He showed Himself alive after His passion, by many proofs; for forty days appearing to them and speaking of the kingdom of God. And eating with them, He commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but should wait for the promise of the Father, which you have heard (saith He) by My mouth. For John indeed

baptized with water, but you shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."

Church: After His passion, for forty days He appeared to them and spoke of the kingdom of God. Alleluia.—Children: And while they looked on, He was raised up: and a cloud received Him out of their sight. Alleluia.—Church: And eating with them, He commanded that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but await the promise of the Father. Alleluia.

Lesson 2. "They, therefore, who were come together asked Him, saying: Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? But He said to them: It is not for you to know the times or moments which the Father hath put in His own power. But you shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and you shall be witnesses unto Me in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth. And when He had said these things, while they looked on, He was raised up: and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

Church: All the fairness of the Lord [His sacred humanity] is raised above the stars; His sweetness [the grace of His soul] in the clouds; and His Name lasteth forever. Alleluia.—Children: His going out was from the highest heavens; and His return, to the height thereof. Alleluia.

Lesson 3. "And whilst they were beholding Him going up to heaven, behold two men stood by them in white garments. Who also said: Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven? This Jesus, who is taken up from you into heaven, so shall He come as you have seen Him going into heaven. Then they returned to Jerusalem from the mount that is called Olivet, which is near Jerusalem, within a Sabbath-day's journey. And when they had entered in, they went

up into an upper room, where abode Peter and John, James and Andrew, Philip and Thomas, Bartholomew and Matthew, James of Alphaeus, and Simon Zelotes, and Jude the brother of James. All these were persevering with one mind in prayer with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus, and His brethren."

Church: Be Thou elevated in Thy strength, O Lord. Alleluia.—Children: Thy magnificence, O God, is raised above the heavens. Alleluia.

Antiphons for the Second Nocturn:

I. O Lord, be Thou exalted in Thy strength; and we will sing and make melody. Alleluia.

II. I will praise Thee, O Lord, because Thou hast taken me up. Alleluia.

III. God ascendeth in glory, and the Lord in the sound of trumpet. Alleluia.

Church: Christ ascending on high, Alleluia,—Children: Hath led captivity captive. Alleluia.

The Church calls upon St. Leo, Pope.

Lesson 4. "On the day of His happy and glorious resurrection, Our Lord, by His divine power, raised up, after three days' rest, the true temple [of His own body] which had been destroyed by the Jews. To-day, dearly beloved, being the fortieth, the number of those sacred days is complete,—a number appointed by the wisdom of God, and determined for our instruction; that while a delay of His corporal presence is for such a length of time extended by the Lord, our faith in His resurrection would be fortified by all necessary documents. For the death of the Lord had greatly disturbed the hearts of the disciples; and because of the sufferings of the Cross, and the giving up of the ghost, and the burial of the lifeless body, a certain sloth of diffidence came over their minds, that were heavy with sadness."

Church: It is time that I return to Him who sent Me, saith the Lord. Be ye not sad, and let not your hearts be

troubled.—Children: I ask the Father for you, that He protect you. Alleluia, alleluia.—Church: Unless I go, the Paraclete will not come; but when I am ascended, I will send Him to you.

Lesson 5. "Thus it came to pass that the most blessed Apostles and all the disciples, who had been trembling at the issue of the Cross and doubtful of the Resurrection, were so confirmed by the manifest truth, that, on the Lord's ascending into the highest heavens, they were visited by no sadness but were filled with the greatest joy. And indeed there was reason for great and ineffable joy when, in the sight of the holy multitude, human nature was raised, ascending beyond the dignity of every heavenly creature, outstripping angelical choirs, and soaring above the tremendous loftiness of the archangels; nor did even the sublimest heights put a stay in its progression until it reached the embrace of the Eternal, and was associated in the glory of His throne, as it had already been united to the nature of the Son."

Church: Let not your hearts be disturbed: I go to the Father. Alleluia.—Children: And when I shall be taken up from you I will send you the Spirit of Truth, and He will rejoice your hearts. Alleluia.—Church: I will ask the Father, and He will send you another Paraclete. Alleluia.

Lesson 6. "By the ascension of Our Lord, then, we are drawn up; for where the glory of the head [Our Lord] has advanced, there also is the hope of [us, who are] the body. With fitting gladness, therefore, dearly beloved, let us exult, and with pious gratitude let us rejoice. For to-day not only have we been re-established as possessors of Paradise, but in Christ we have penetrated even into the holy mountains of heaven. For through the ineffable grace of Christ we have obtained greater advantages than we lost through the malice of the devil. For

those whom the relentless enemy cast out from the enjoyment of the first dwelling-place, those the Son of God, incorporating them with Himself, hath placed on the right hand of His Father, with whom He liveth and reigneth in the unity of the Holy Ghost forever and ever. Amen."

Antiphons for the Third Nocturn:

I. He has been exceedingly exalted. Alleluia. Above all gods. Alleluia.

II. The Lord in Sion. Alleluia. Most mighty and most high. Alleluia.

III. In heaven the Lord hath prepared His seat. Alleluia.

Church: I ascend to My Father and your Father. Alleluia.—Children: To My God and your God. Alleluia.

The Church takes the Book of the Gospels and reads from St. Mark: "At length He appeared to the eleven as they were at table, and upbraided them with their incredulity and hardness of heart, because they did not believe those who had seen Him after He had arisen."

She now calls upon St. Gregory, Pope.

Lesson 7. "That the Apostles were slow in believing in the resurrection of Our Lord was not so much their weakness of faith as (if I might so say it) our future strength. For by many arguments the Resurrection was made manifest to them while they doubted; and when we read these arguments, what else do we recognize than that by their hesitation we are confirmed? Of much less advantage to me is Mary Magdalen, who so quickly believed, than Thomas, who hesitated so long. He, by hesitation, touched the scars of the wounds, and thus cut out from our hearts the wound of disbelief."

Church: I will ask the Father, and He will send you another Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth, who will remain with you forever. Alleluia.—Children: If I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send Him to you. Alleluia.—Church: The

Spirit of Truth, who will remain with you forever. Alleluia.

Lesson 8. "We must take notice how St. Luke insinuates the truth of the Resurrection when he says: 'And eating with them, He commanded that they depart not from Jerusalem.' And then immediately after: 'While they looked on, He was raised up: and a cloud received Him out of their sight.' Remark the words, note the mysteries: 'Eating with them,' 'He was raised up.' He ate and He ascended; as if by the eating, the reality of His flesh was made manifest. St. Mark relates that before the Lord ascended into heaven He upbraided the disciples with their hardness of heart. What in this are we specially to remark but that, when corporally He was leaving them, He wished that the words which He spoke on His departure would remain deeply impressed on the minds of those that heard Him?"

Church: A cloud Thou hast set [as] Thy ascent, O Lord; Thou who walkest on the wings of the wind. Alleluia.—Children: Thou hast clothed Him with glory and honor, and Thou hast put on Him light as a garment. Alleluia.

Lesson 9. "Having, therefore, upbraided their incredulity, what does He wish to say to them by way of admonition? Let us hear. 'Going forth into the whole world, preach the Gospel to every creature.' Now, my brethren, is the holy Gospel to be preached to inanimate things and brute beasts, that it should be said regarding it, 'preach to every creature'? But by the name of 'every creature' man is designated; for man has something in common with every creature. He has existence, like stones; life, like trees; feeling, like animals; intelligence, like angels. If, then, he has something in common with every creature, man is in a certain sense 'every creature.' The Gospel is, therefore, preached to 'every creature' when it is preached to man alone."

Antiphons for Lauds:

I. Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven? This Jesus who was assumed from you, will so return. Alleluia.

II. While they were watching Him going up into heaven, they said, Alleluia.

III. Raising up His hands, He blessed them, and was taken up into heaven. Alleluia.

IV. Praise ye the King of kings; to God sing hymns of joy. Alleluia.

V. And while they were looking He was taken up to heaven, and a cloud in the sky received Him. Alleluia.

Short Chapter: "The former treatise I made, O Theophilus, of all things which Jesus began to do and to teach, until the day on which, giving commands by the Holy Ghost to the Apostles whom He had chosen, He was taken up."

Church: The Lord prepared, Alleluia,—Children: His throne in heaven. Alleluia.

Antiphon: O King of glory, Lord of power, who as Conqueror dost this day ascend above all the heavens, leave us not orphans, but send the Promise of the Father upon us, the Spirit of Truth. Alleluia.

Priest: Grant, O Almighty God, we beseech Thee, that we, who believe Thy only-begotten Son, our Redeemer, did on this day ascend into heaven, in affection may also dwell in heavenly tabernacles! Through Christ our Lord.

WHEN a man can willingly forego even the outward services of religion, and stay away from the house of God, and let the seasons of devotion and communion pass by without a thought of regret, his faith and love must be at a low ebb, if indeed they have not altogether dried up and blown away. A living plant seeks water: a living soul longs for the refreshment of the sanctuary.—*Van Dyke.*

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

IX.—THE CLERGYMAN'S SECRET.

DURING the two days which followed, John de Lizardière, to the intense astonishment of the Count and Countess, did not allude to the sale which had resulted so singularly. He spoke no bitter word; his manner was calm and cheerful. He had resumed work, and was applying himself with a feverish ardor. The boar hunt was almost finished, and the Countess had now no fault to find with the oak tree. She was delighted at the success of her young kinsman; while the Count hung in ecstasy over the picture of Clodion, represented in the act of taking the boar by the ears with as ferocious an appearance as any Merovingian could assume.

But the astonishment of the Count and his wife was to be still further exercised. A letter from the notary informed De Chazé that the Lizardière would be paid for the following week. He requested the Marquis John to appear at his office at a certain hour, in order to meet Mademoiselle Désormes and to sign the deeds, according to the forms of the law in such cases made and provided.

Christiana and the Count feared a renewed attack of melancholy. But John, on the contrary, received the message with seeming satisfaction; and he asked his cousins to accompany him to the notary, with a view to acting as witnesses.

"At last," said M. de Chazé, "he begins to show a little common-sense."

"We will go," replied Christiana.

On the appointed day John, the Count and the Countess went to the notary's office, where they found M. Désormes, his daughter and his son.

"We came early," said M. Désormes, "because I had to send my carriage to Saint-Paterne for Monsieur Legrand, who returns from Tours by the train stopping at this station. He will call for us on his way home. We have examined the deeds, which are all made out in due form. They now only await the necessary signatures."

The signatures were affixed. John had bowed and said nothing as he took the pen from Raymonde's hand. But when M. Désormes had laid on the table before the notary a portfolio which contained a hundred thousand francs in bank notes, John said calmly:

"Monsieur Dubois, be so good as to prepare a new deed by which I convey to the town of Château-la-Vallière, in trust, the sum of a hundred thousand francs, to be used for the erection of a convent and hospital which shall be called the Lizardière."

There was a loud, general murmur of astonishment, dominated by the strident tones of the Count de Chazé:

"The man is crazy!"

"My Lord Marquis de Lizardière," said M. Désormes, "permit me in virtue of my years to make an observation—"

"It would be useless, Monsieur. I am not accustomed to accepting a donation of a hundred thousand francs for what is not worth ten thousand."

"Will you not at least keep the ten thousand?"

"No, Monsieur. If I did so it would look as though I approved of the sale of the Lizardière. I prefer to give the money to the poor. Moreover, it is merely a chance that caused the price to run so high,—a chance which I can not account for. If I took advantage of it, it would not be even a good stroke of business: it would, to my conscience, be an act of dishonesty."

"Dishonesty!" roared the Count. "Do you think I would urge you to commit an act of dishonesty?"

"No, no, cousin! But you counselled

me according to the popular idea. You will pardon me if I take another view of it."

The Countess, who with difficulty had refrained from sobbing, now gently remarked:

"John is right, dear! If his conscience rules in this decision, it is not for us to interfere. Monsieur Dubois, please prepare the deed of donation."

During this animated discussion Raymonde had not uttered a word. She stood aside, her beautiful eyes full of a wondering mournfulness, her face white as a shroud.

When the deed had been made out, and signed by John, M. Dubois asked his guests to repair to the dining-room, where Madame Dubois awaited them at lunch. Raymonde and Christiana accepted the kindly invitation, but the gentlemen preferred to enjoy a cigar in the garden.

They were seated under a bower of clematis, smoking and chatting, when suddenly the sound of a carriage was heard, and a few moments later M. Frederic Legrand entered the garden. On perceiving the Marquis, a smile of peculiar significance stole over his face,—a smile that John felt impelled to resent.

"Monsieur Legrand," he politely asked, but in a cold and firm tone, "have I had the misfortune to offend you in any way, that you should regard me after that fashion?"

"On the contrary, Monsieur: I admire in you a talent that I did not imagine had existed. You have reduced business to a science. The story of that clergyman is simply exquisite."

"What do you mean, Monsieur? Will you please explain?"

"I mean"—and here he spoke with the utmost deliberation, as if dropping every word upon some particular spot,—"I mean that I have just this moment arrived from Tours, and that I saw there Lady Reed, with whom

our firm has business relations. I asked her why she had instructed Mr. William Smith, the clergyman, to run up the price at the sale of the Lizardière. She calmly told me that she had never given Mr. William Smith any such authority; and that the said William Smith was at the time of the sale, and is now, at Nantes with his pupils. I took in the entire situation, and asked myself: 'Whose interest was it to run up the price of this old rookery?' Evidently the owner's. This owner knew that Mademoiselle Désormes had given an order to her lawyer to purchase the manor no matter to what price it went. This owner, of course, had amicable relations with the clergyman, who consented to render him this little service. Aha! well played, Monsieur le Marquis!"

At those words, delivered in a tone of irony, a terrible flash of anger crossed John's face; but he controlled himself, and said with cold disdain:

"Monsieur, you charge me with a trick that no one but a lackey like yourself would have thought of."

M. Legrand, in turn, writhed under the insult, and was about to rush at the Marquis.

"Stop, Monsieur Legrand! Stop, I command you!"

It was Raymonde, who, preceding the Countess, stood at the entrance to the summer-house, white and trembling in every limb. She took two steps forward, and, by a supreme effort mastering her emotions, addressed M. Legrand in a firm voice:

"Monsieur Legrand, you are the son of a friend of our family, and I do not wish to utter words that could never be recalled; but you compel me to tell the truth. It was not the Marquis de Lizardière who instructed Mr. William Smith to act as he has done. It was I alone, without my father's knowledge. I trust he will forgive me."

"Assuredly, child!"

John strode forward.

"But I do not—I *can not*—forgive you, Mademoiselle. You see to what an outrage I have been exposed through your—your act."

"Monsieur Legrand in speaking as he did was not aware that you had given the money to the poor—aye, the entire sum,—with a noble generosity that is perhaps excessive. The insult is blotted out."

"That one, perhaps. But there is an outrage which can never be effaced: the one which you in the secrecy of your mind have committed against me. It is possible that I exaggerate my attachment to Old-World ideas,—ideas that make people laugh: contempt of riches, for example. But you yourself, Mademoiselle, are wrong in supposing that wealth is the sovereign mistress of all hearts. By what right, I ask, have you sought to pay me indirectly for that which I did not wish to sell, and at ten times its value? You have your pride, as I have mine; and very likely you were not sorry to be able to say, 'Bah! that haughty Marquis! I have made him pay for his gentility!'"

"Ah, Monsieur, you little know me; and you are now calumniating me!"

"I beg your pardon, then!" And he continued more calmly, trying even to smile: "Decidedly, Mademoiselle, you would make a politician of me. For the second time I have spoken with too much fervor. I shall not offend again. But I have a request to make. Be so kind as to come and help us in selecting a site for *our* hospital,—for it is yours as well as mine."

Looking at M. Frederic Legrand, John added:

"Monsieur Legrand, who is a skilful engineer, will perhaps give us the benefit of his advice, too."

The young engineer had doubtless understood John's discreet pantomime, for he replied:

"Certainly, Monsieur. And I give you my opinion now that the best site is on the outskirts of the forest, at the other end of the town."

"Exactly! Let us go to the forest."

The entire company moved out of the garden, crossed the village green and took the path to the forest, which actually shaded the church spire. Ascending a zigzag, fern-lined route, after a few moments they arrived at an open space exposed to the rays of the autumn sun.

"You can find nothing better than this," said M. Legrand. "The invalids can take a sun-bath all day long, and can inhale the freshness of the woods and of the soil, while the mists of the valley can not reach them."

"Then it is decided," said John. "Monsieur Dubois, be so kind as to enter into the necessary negotiations with the authorities of the town. To-morrow I will come and talk further with you,—after I shall have consulted Father Recamier; for our first step shall be the raising of a golden cross right here, by his pious hands."

They turned back to the town. John remained behind for a little, with M. Legrand. When he thought the rest of the party out of earshot, he said, walking beside the engineer:

"Monsieur, we have chosen the site of the convent and hospital. You were so exceedingly polite just now that I think I will ask one more favor. It is that we meet here at nine o'clock, to-morrow morning, in presence of four friends. If our friends bring two swords with them, I think we both shall thank them."

"Assuredly, my Lord."

"Moreover, Monsieur Legrand, a conversation was begun which it will be advisable to finish."

"I was going to ask you to continue it at your earliest convenience."

"The ladies would be too much

interested in it. *You* will mention it only to Monsieur Désormes; and *I*, only to the Count de Chazé."

"Naturally."

"To-morrow, then."

The two young men rejoined the rest of the party; and, in spite of the mutual reserve which all understood, no one seemed to notice or suspect the subject of their short conversation.

The Désormes carriage as well as that of the Chazés awaited at the foot of the hill, surrounded by such of the villagers as were not at work in the fields. These with open mouths gazed upon the flashing harnesses, and the gorgeous liveries of the servants. A short adieu sufficed, and John entertained his hosts on the drive home with an animated description of the installation of his sister as Mother Abbess of the new convent.

(To be continued.)

May Sacrifice.

BY ELMER MURPHY.

ABOVE the rifts of Winter's dead
The Spring her altar-cloth hath spread,
And 'gainst her draperies of fern
Hath set her glowing blooms to burn.

The shining day-priest riseth up
To drain the tulip's chaliced cup,
Which, in its rim of chastened gold,
The precious wine of dawn doth hold.

Beneath the far blue-vaulted skies
The hovering clouds as incense rise;
And, the green wooded choirs among,
The birds their orisons have sung.

Within the pale of scented flowers
We tell the rosary of hours,
That pass each one as drops of rain—
And pray to have them back again.

God of the Maytime, turn Thine eyes
On this our gentle sacrifice!
And do Thou in Thy mercy bless
Our days with equal gentleness.

The Great Battles of Christendom.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

V.—JERUSALEM.

THE year 1095 saw a strange and unwonted sight within that same land which had once sent Constantine to Rome, Clovis to Tolbiac, Charles Martel to Poitiers, and Charlemagne to Pavia. A Council had assembled in the Frankish (now French) town of Clermont, presided over by the first really French Pope, Urban II., a native of Rheims and former monk of Cluny; obedient to whose summons a goodly company of bishops, archbishops, abbots mitred and unmitred, learned religious and stately cardinals, with the ambassadors of the various Christian States, were gathered together.

With the more immediate business of this Council we have not now to do, but rather with an interruption of its work; for here, in the midst of grave ecclesiastics and learned theologians, stood a poor and humble monk, lately returned from pilgrimage to the Holy Places, who had been going up and down the land telling tales of horror and woe. He had told them to the people of the land, and now he told them again to pope and prelate, to the *élite* of the Christian hierarchy gathered together: that the rocky Cave of Bethlehem which had sheltered the Word made Flesh, the Temple of Jehovah, the Pretorium of Pilate, the sacred Way of the Cross, the holy Hill of Calvary, were all held by unholy Paynims, and that Christians making pilgrimage thither were mocked and tortured and slain. "Come over and rescue the Tomb of Jesus Christ!" he cried. "God wills it! *Dieu le veut!*"

His words were so eloquent, his faith so strong, that he roused a tremendous response; and, after hearing Peter the

Hermit, the entire assembly—numbering fourteen archbishops, two hundred and twenty-five bishops, ninety abbots, and others—re-echoed his cry of "*Dieu le veut!*" And above all the shouting and tumult rang the voice of the Successor of Peter, who, exchanging the language of the Universal Church, Latin, for the French tongue, which was his own and theirs—probably as great an innovation in the history of Councils as any other,—cried out:

"Warriors who hear me now, you who have hitherto sought vain pretexts for war, rejoice; for, behold, here is a righteous war! Go and defend the House of Israel! We take under the protection of the Church all those who join in this great enterprise. Soldiers of the Living God, henceforth listen but to the wailing of Sion! Break every earthly tie, if need be; and remember what the Lord hath said: 'Everyone that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands for My name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting.'"

He was interrupted by wild cries of "*Dieu le veut!*" But, motioning with his hands for silence, he exclaimed, in a voice broken by emotion:

"Yea, let those words, '*Dieu le veut!*' be your war cry. Let the Cross be the banner of your pilgrimage. Carry it upon your breast, and let it be to you the pledge of victory or of martyrdom."

His words were the signal for a tremendous burst of enthusiasm, not only within that assembly but throughout the length and breadth of the land. Within the Council hall, "the vast concourse," says one who was present at this moving scene, "flung themselves prostrate on the ground while Gregory, a cardinal, made confession of sin on their behalf, and, begging pardon for past misdeeds, received the Apostolic Blessing. Then man after man pressed forward to

receive his commission in the sacred service from the Pope's own hands. To each class was assigned its special share in the glorious work. But the old and feeble were dissuaded from an expedition wherein their presence was more likely to impede than to assist. No woman was to venture, unless in the company of husband or brother. Priests and clerks were not to start without the leave of their superior, nor any layman without the blessing of his priest. The rich were to aid in proportion to their wealth, and even to hire soldiers for the field."*

"During one whole year," says another writer, "in response to the appeals of Peter the Hermit and Pope Urban, the popular movement was so vast, so widespread, that it seemed as though the whole of Europe *en masse* were about to flock Eastward. Not a town, not a village, scarcely a castle in the length and breadth of the land could be found which was not sending forth its contingent of armed warriors to the great exodus. All that multitude—about a million souls of all ranks and all nations—went out gladly, joyously, chanting the hymns of the Crusaders; traversing with difficulty the intervening countries—Germany, Hungary, the Eastern provinces, finally the sacred, desecrated soil of Palestine—to range themselves in battle, or encamp before some beleaguered city—Nicaea or Antioch or Jerusalem."

Some months, then, were passed in the necessary preparations for this gigantic expedition; for rulers and princes had to put in order the affairs of their kingdoms; counts and knights to sell their land and realize the money; men to be armed, drilled, equipped. In short, for one whole year it seemed as if every country in Europe were about to be depopulated; every town, every smallest village, being absorbed in

* "The Story of the Nations."

preparations for the great Crusade. When at length it set forth, the expedition numbered no less than 300,000 fighting men from every nation; besides a certain number of the inevitable camp followers; monks and priests for saying Mass and acting as chaplains, and a certain number of old men, women and children. It was portioned off into three divisions. The first was commanded by Godefroy de Bouillion, with his two brothers; the second, by various princes—Hugh, brother of the French King; Robert, son of the English King, and others;—and the third, from sunny Provence, was commanded by Count Raymond of Toulouse, one of the wisest, bravest, most pious and most powerful chiefs of the whole Crusade.

They were, indeed, no untried knights, these leaders of a vast and probably but half-disciplined army, numbering in its ranks, we are told, as many as nineteen nations, each speaking a different language. "But," observes the old chronicler, "though divided by language, we seemed to make only one people by our love of God."

And above all the names of France's most valiant sons who went forth upon the "Way of God," that of Count Godefroy de Bouillion has remained crystallized in history as leader and support of the whole expedition. We have already heard elsewhere how, in his childish days, little Godefroy had told his gentle mother many a time, as children will, that one day he would go forth to that Holy Land of which she had often spoken to him; but not in pilgrim garb,—"*mais sur un bon destrier de combat, l'épée au poing, et suivi d'un peuple de soldats.*" And now the childish prophecy was about to be realized.

Selling his Duchy of Bouillion to the church of Liege for the very small sum of 1500 silver marks, and summoning his brothers and comrades in arms to

follow him, Duke Godefroy and his men set out, joining Raymond of Toulouse and the other leaders of the expedition; and, after a curiously long journey across Germany, Hungary, and the Balkans, lasting no less than three years, they arrived before the walls of Jerusalem. They had already, on the way, besieged and taken Odessa and Antioch (where it is said that the Sacred Lance, one of the great relics of Christendom, was miraculously found, and henceforth borne at the head of the army), and had fought many a pitched battle against the opposing foe, one of which left 20,000 Turks upon the field of battle; and now at last they had come in sight of the Promised Land.

When they mounted the last hill which separated them from the Holy City, the Crusaders, at the sight of its ramparts, cried out in a transport of joy, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" and the whole army fell upon their knees; then, rising, they took off their shoes and advanced barefoot to the place where they were to take up their posts, before its walls. A long and weary siege followed; so weary, with its ever-burning heat, its drought, its frequent lack of provisions, that, had it not been for the persistent courage and winning personality of Count Godefroy, the whole army would have succumbed to discouragement and despair.

But their noble leader, whom "poets have delighted to sing, and old chroniclers to dilate upon," became a veritable tower of strength in their extremity. "He united," says a very prosaic modern writer, "the bravery and the virtues of a hero to the simplicity of a monk. His skill in battle, his extraordinary strength, gained for him the admiration of the soldiers. But prudence and moderation tempered his valor, and never did he disfigure his victory by a useless carnage, or lose the fruits of it by a foolish rashness.

He was inspired by a sincere devotion, and esteemed it the truest glory to have promoted the triumph of justice or succored the unfortunate and the innocent. The princes of the Crusade took him as their model, the soldiers regarded him as their father, the people as their firm defence."

Like Richard Cœur de Lion in a later Crusade, the name of Godefroy de Bouillion soon became one of terror to his Moslem foes; and mothers beside their babes, soldiers around their camp fires, whispered to one another tales of the terrible Christian knight who, tall of stature and strong of arm, had mowed down the foe before him, in battle after battle, like cornstalks before the reaper's blade.

One prowess-loving emir came, under flag of truce, right into the Christian camp, to ask its champion whether it were indeed true that heads flew, like poppy flowers cut by the lash, under his consecrated sword. And for answer the big Godefroy, simple as a boy, turned to a camel that stood near and sliced off its head with one blow; then, exchanging his own for the emir's sword, he cut off a second camel's head "in the thickest part of the neck," still more easily than the first.

At the siege of Antioch, too, a giant Turk—"a new Goliath," as he was called,—thought to brave the man who was cutting down his fellow-soldiers in shoals; and, "riding up to Godefroy, he struck him a violent blow which cleft his helmet in two." But at the same moment Count Godefroy had brought his great two-edged sword straight down upon the giant's shoulders: head and torso were cut off and fell into the river, while the horse galloped away with the remainder of the body still bestriding it.

On the 15th of July, 1099, Count Godefroy took his place at the head of his army to lead a fierce and desperate assault upon the beleaguered

city, in the hope of effecting an entrance. He had spent the whole of the preceding night, not in feasting nor even in sleep, but in prayer; and his pilgrim-soldiers had, for the most part, confessed and communicated the day before, and made them ready "to do or die." So the huge battering-rams—unwieldy towers built of wood, which, after the fashion of those times, were wheeled up close to the walls, and there discharged volleys of stones, arrows, arquebuses, and other missiles—were brought up; "a cloud of poisoned arrows darkened the air." As Tasso tells us, "great blocks of marble and stone were hurled from the war towers, and iron bombs crashed continuously across the ramparts."

Count Godefroy himself, standing on his own special tower, which was surmounted by a glittering cross, hurled down javelins with his own strong arm, and saw each smite a man as it touched home. The battle raged fiercely all day, and, in spite of Godefroy's high mettle and Raymond's chivalrous daring, victory seemed likely to remain with the besieged, who contrived to repel the approach of the Christian battalions by throwing down lighted torches and balls of fire upon their assailants, and making sorties from time to time which sowed confusion in the Christian ranks, while they hastily repaired the breeches made in their walls.

The three Christian armies were making simultaneous attacks on three different sides of the city. They were too few, we are told, to encompass Jerusalem entirely, and so had encamped as follows: Robert of Normandy on the north, by St. Stephen's Church, and near him his namesake from Flanders; Godefroy de Bouillion and Tancred of Antioch besieged the city from the west; and Raymond of Toulouse, on Mount Sion, to the south. Eastward, by Mount Olivet, the Crusaders kept

no watch; for the city was impregnable on that side, where the strong walls encircling the Temple enclosure rose straight up from the far-famed Valley of Jehoshaphat.

Of all the attacking forces, that of Godefroy and his brothers seemed the hardest pressed. A newly-invented war machine, shaped like the mast of a ship, and tipped with iron sharpened to the likeness of an immense dagger or bayonet, was brought to bear upon the monster tower where Godefroy and his soldiers stood, cutting into its joints and threatening destruction; while a dense shower of fiery missiles filled the air; and the tower caught fire again and again. Water was dashed on; but water was scarce, and presently failed altogether.

It was the hour of noon,—the hour of the midday Angelus, instituted by Pope Urban II. for the success of the Crusades. Suddenly a strong wind sprang up, turning the smoke and fire of the enemy against themselves; and devouring all the straw, cloths, and other substances which had been spread out, beyond the ramparts, to catch the Christian missiles. And presently a figure, as of a well-armed knight, appeared hovering over—or, as some say, standing upon—the Mount of Olives, on the other side of the city, making signs that they should go forward again and attack the city.

Whether this were merely an emissary from one of the other camps or a supernatural apparition, certain it is that when Godefroy and his brother Eustache caught sight of it, a cry of renewed courage broke from both, and their despondent followers took heart once more. The women and children ran forward with water and fresh arms; and in the midst of frantic cries the huge tower was hauled up to the very ramparts, its drawbridge let down, and Godefroy, with his brother knights and all their men, poured into the city.

Before the bewildered Moslems could realize what had happened, they had rushed to one of the city gates, hewed it open to the cry of "*Dieu le veut!*" and given entrance to the main body of the army.

It was over! Jerusalem was taken! And while, in the mad carnage of the first half-delirious moments of victory, the streets ran with blood (all historians agree that the massacre of the Saracens was so fearful that the Christian soldiers literally waded up to their knees in blood), and the exultant Crusaders were "passing at the sword's point" some thousands of their vanquished foes, Duke Godefroy had alighted from his horse, and, stripping off his grimed and battered armor, had put on the long, loose woollen garment of a pilgrim. Three times, after the custom of those days among Christian pilgrims, did he walk barefoot and bareheaded round the city wall; then, entering in with bowed head and tearful eyes, he repaired to the Holy Sepulchre, the goal and object of these long, weary years of strife.

There, forgetful of the scenes of carnage without, unheeding of the shouts of triumph of his brethren in arms as they poured, mad with victory and drunk with success, into the just conquered city, the Boulognese Knight fell on his knees to 'give thanks to God for this great favor, that with his own eyes he saw the heavenly places.' And as he knelt one and another joined him, till at last all the leaders of the Christian army had followed his example, and were kneeling, barefoot and clad in penitent's garb, before the sacred shrine.

We all know the story of how, ten days later, Count Godefroy was proclaimed, by universal acclamation, King of Jerusalem, as judged by his peers worthiest to protect and guard the Holy Places. He accepted the office; but when they wished to place a crown

upon his head, he answered: "God forbid that I should wear a crown of gold in the place where my Saviour wore a crown of thorns!" And so he would not be styled King, but only Duke of the Holy Sepulchre; leaving to others the vast riches looted from the palaces of the fallen chiefs, and taking for himself treasures not prized by the world—the relics of Christ's Passion.

A Spark in the Ashes.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

IF ever you come to Glen Mary and stroll into the quiet street where stands the Church of St. John, you will see, in one corner of the yard, a tiny, box-like house, now weather-beaten and tenantless. If you inquire about it, and your informant is not a newcomer to the Glen, you will be told that that was the home of Lady O'Cahal. When she first received that title of dignity I do not know; for she is as much a part of childhood's haziest recollections as are the little frame church, the rocky white streets, and the old square courthouse. With her history all were familiar,—the tragic, heartbreaking story of many a woman.

Long ago she had come from Ireland with her husband. When they drifted into Kentucky, they had two brave, handsome sons. Kentucky was then building her celebrated turnpikes, and in a shanty of rough boards, on the side of a newly-graded road, the little family took up its abode. Rudely furnished was the home, unsightly the surroundings; but the love and hope that animated the bosoms of its dwellers transformed it into a peaceful, sheltering haven. Soon the beauty of the lives lived under the roof of clapboards began to assume visible appearance. The yellow clay was hidden under heavy sods of blue grass; vines brought

from the woods spread a veil of green over the rough walls; and, from the time of the dogtooth violet until the purple daisies fell before the frost in November, the wild flowers of field and forest flourished in the diminutive garden. Within neatness reigned, and yearly such little comforts were added as the scanty income would permit. But the sweetest, daintiest thing in the little house or around it was its mistress, happy in heart and home.

War swept over the country, and the Glen was distracted. But the little home remained unscathed; and, taking part with neither side, the silent O'Cahal, with his two sons, continued his daily toil on the plantation, across from the road which he had helped to build. But it was almost universally true that whom war spared, plague destroyed. One awful day the dire shadow of the spectre fell on the cabin by the roadside. When it passed, seeking other victims, Lady O'Cahal was widowed, childless, and almost bereft of reason.

The generous-hearted people of the Glen took her as their own. They brought her from the home where she had known the fulness of woman's joy and sorrow, and sought to alleviate her woe. In time the influence of their sympathy, love and companionship restored her mind; although ever afterward there lingered over her a certain simpleness of thought, and an utter helplessness to cope with the difficulties of life. Seeing this, the people of the Glen, aided and abetted by their saintly pastor, who had been her friend through all, built and furnished for her this little house in the corner of the churchyard; she became the object of their care, and want never came near her. She was made custodian of the church keys; and regularly each Saturday before the first Sunday of the month, when services were held in the Glen parish, she was to be found in

the church, sweeping, dusting, making it ready for the event of the morrow.

The children loved her, and on any afternoon you might have seen troops of boys and girls hanging about her door on their way from school. If the day had gone bad for one, he would drop behind to pour out his troubles to that sympathetic ear; and how tender was that voice as it counselled, "Acushla, don't cry! It'll all pass, and you'll be happy once more. Maybe you'd better come in and rest a bit, and then you'll feel better," she would suggest. And when the invitation was accepted, it was surprising how soon, under the influence of her quiet voice and the piece of aniseed cake, those griefs would abate. But, dear as were the little children to her, she was fonder of the young people.

In those times, as I have already stated, Mass was celebrated but once in the month at the Glen, and that Sunday was like a fête day in Catholic lands. It is always true that country people are ever ahead of time, whether they are going to take a train or attend church. With us, the farther the families lived from church, the sooner they got there. If this were the desire of pious mothers for a longer time to pray, certainly it was strengthened by young sons and daughters, who seized this opportunity of becoming acquainted with other members of their creed, who would have been practically unknown to one another were it not for these few hours together before Mass on those twelve Sundays of the year.

Lady O'Cahal's door stood open on these occasions; and her tiny house would regularly be filled with pretty, guileless girls, looking fresh as their own May gardens in their simple gowns and flower-trimmed hats. On the little back porch that led into the churchyard, a pitcher of water and a goblet stood on a chair. If some of the boys congregated there, why—could you

blame them? Their parents would insist on getting to church hours ahead of time; and surely you could not expect the girls to sit in there reading their prayer-books, like old Pat Mulcahy, who arrived just as Lady O'Cahal was opening the shutters? And why should they stand out on the hot pavement, while back here was a grateful shade, and a seat on the steps by which the tiger lilies grew?

And if Kitty Delaney would sit so close to the door, and would look so distractingly pretty in her white dress, with a blue sash defining the sylphlike slenderness of her waist; and her chip hat, with blue streamers tied under her round chin, could a young man help talking to her? So Richard Lee, whose Maryland ancestors had helped to settle the Glen more than a hundred years ago, might have answered if he had been questioned concerning the matter. Of all the affairs of the heart in the little congregation, many of which had their origin in her delicate manner of bringing the apparently suited together, the one that most interested Lady O'Cahal was that of Richard and Kitty.

"Heaven meant them for each other, Father," she said, when, feeling the necessity of speaking to some prudent person, she unburdened her mind to her pastor.

"And can't we trust Heaven to complete the work it has begun?" asked the old priest, with a smile in his blue eyes.

"O your reverence, don't think I'm seeking to help Heaven out!" she expostulated. "It's only striving to untangle the skein, since it has got into those poor children's hands."

"What has Richard been doing now?" questioned the priest.

"It's not Richard, your reverence: it's Kitty."

It was always Kitty. But Father Darcy was a clever man. Well he

knew that to intimate that Kitty could do wrong would be to arouse the old lady's indignation. Only *she* was permitted to impute aught that was not right to her favorite.

"And I don't know as it's entirely Kitty's fault," she added. "It's more Terry Connor's doings. What right has a man old enough to be her father to come courting the girl, hoping to buy her with his money?"

"Ah, an old man's money against a young man's love!" said Father Darcy, stirring his tea.

On Saturday afternoon he used to come up from his home in another county; and it was a custom hallowed by years for him to step into the little house on his way to the church, to inquire for its old mistress; and never since his first visit had he failed to find the little tea-table spread and waiting for him. It was set for him only; and once when he, being something of a connoisseur, remarked on the value of the individual service, she had said: "I brought them with me from Ireland, Father." If he thought it strange that the wife of a man who on reaching America had been a common laborer should in the old country have been accustomed to the luxury that the silver sugar tongs and spoon and few pieces of almost priceless china suggested, he said nothing.

"So Terry has entered the race?" he observed.

"And your reverence may be sure that he is not wanting for help from Kitty's father," she remarked.

"Oh, of course!" he assented. "Terry must be worth a great deal by this, and he is not very old or ill-favored."

"He's fifty if he's a day, and as grey as a badger!" she exclaimed: "What's all his money against that?"

"Especially when Richard is young and brown-headed and poor as a church mouse," returned the priest, with his mellow laugh.

"Indeed, Father, 'tis a very serious matter," said Lady O'Cahal, a little shocked by his merriment.

"And one that only Miss Kitty can decide," he observed.

"What is Kitty but a child?" she answered.

"Kitty is almost twenty; and how old were you, Mrs. O'Cahal, when you married?" he paused to inquire.

"Seventeen, your reverence," — a tremor in her voice.

"And if Kitty's choice had been put to you, would you have hesitated in marrying the man you loved, although he were as poor as Dick Lee?"

"No, Father," she replied, dreamily.

And for a moment Kitty was forgotten, as she went back to her own past, while Father Darcy regarded her silently. Her face, under its lace-ruffled cap, was as white and delicately transparent as the piece of precious porcelain which he held between a careful thumb and finger; while the tranquillity of an evening sky lay over it, like a foregleam from eternity. His thoughts also went to a past of hers, when, on his way to the adjoining plague-stricken town, he had stopped at the roadside cabin, to find her lying senseless at the feet of her dying husband, while in the other bed her two sons lay cold in death. His hand shook under the recollection of that hour, and he set the cup back in its saucer. It would be a calamity to break Mrs. O'Cahal's Irish china.

The action recalled the little lady.

"If some one would speak to Kitty," she suggested.

"Well, Richard has the gift of speech," he answered.

"Oh, I mean some one that she'd heed!"

"You mean me, Mrs. O'Cahal?" said Father Darcy, as he rose, a smile on his gentle face.

"Well, yes, your reverence," she said, inwardly congratulating herself on her approaching victory.

Father Darcy made it a point never to mix up in the love affairs of his young people, unless when duty bade him give counsel or admonition.

"And get laughed at for my pains!" he added, with a smile.

"O Father!" expostulated Lady O'Cahal. "Kitty's light-hearted but respectful!"

"Oh, yes! She would look at me demurely and blush and say: 'Why, Father, I think Dick the dearest boy in the world!' If I remember rightly, it was her mother who said that to me when, not having as much experience as I have now, I tried to plead the cause of the lover of whom her parents approved. We can't deny that she made a good choice; so I don't like to meddle with the workings of Heaven."

It was evident to Lady O'Cahal that she need not hope for any assistance from her pastor; and as she washed the tea things, and very carefully laid them away until they should again be needed, she reflected that she must work alone. Richard was of an age to the day with her younger son, and she liked to fancy that his eyes had something of the dead boy's tenderness in their blue depths. His love for Kitty was well known, but the girl was one of the most elusive and uncertain souls that ever animated mortal youth and beauty. She was an only daughter among five sons. She had received better advantages than any of the other girls of the Glen. After graduation from a celebrated college, she had become a teacher. Thus relieved from all domestic duties, and with plenty of money, she led a sort of butterfly existence.

Lee was a struggling young lawyer, with his spurs to win. For years his wife might expect nothing but sharing his poverty and helping him in his efforts. Little wonder if his most important suit looked hopeless, when Kitty was its judge, jury and opponent

all in one. If it had not been for Lady O'Cahal, perhaps he would have retired and left her to old Terry and his carefully hoarded thousands. But the little lady held him to his forlorn hope; although there were times when even she felt that defeat ultimately must be his portion.

On this especial Sunday morning, as Lady O'Cahal, looking like a miniature in her quaint dress, gazed at Kitty, who was standing near the door talking animatingly to a girl friend, she realized more fully than ever her beauty and fascination. It was just such a wife that Dick needed. She would help him to win his battles; and when those dreams of which he had told her were realized, she could fill her high place like one to the manner born.

At that moment Terry entered the house by the front door; and when he made his way to Kitty's side, like one who had a right to be there, Lady O'Cahal had to cross herself before she could banish the resentful thoughts that his presence suggested. She rose hastily. That was a signal that she wanted to lock up and go into the church.

"What might be your hurry this morning, Lady O'Cahal?" asked Terry, with a cold glitter in his hard eyes.

"The Mass bell will soon be ringing," she replied, closing the front shutters.

"It wants nearly an hour of the time," he persisted.

"And old people like you and me, Mr. Connor, need many an hour of prayer to prepare our souls for death," she said, as she locked the front door.

The girls had hastened out. As she turned, she found herself alone with him in the darkened room, and he barring her passage to the back door. She met his eyes and they were like red coals.

"You're not overly civil, Lady O'Cahal," he commented, in a peculiarly

low voice; and at sound of it, instinctively she trembled.

"It's in the church we ought to be, and not here," she said, weakly.

"You are getting scrupulous of a sudden," he remarked, without moving from where he stood. "What's Richard Lee to you that you befriend his cause against me?"

"It's not him: it's Kitty! A young thing to sell herself for gold, and break her heart regretting it when it's too late!" she cried, helplessly.

"You are my enemy, then?" he asked, in that terrible low voice.

"I'm Kitty's best friend."

"You had better be your own best friend!" he threatened.

"Leave my house, sir!" she commanded, and a new dignity seemed to lift her to a majestic height.

"Your house! Ha! ha! And how long would it be *your* house, even by courtesy, if Terry Donovan were to tell all that he knows?"

She drew back, cowering, her white face growing corpse-like.

"You! My God! is the world so small?"

"Ay! but Glen Mary is big enough for us, and do you keep your hands out of my affairs."

With the words he turned on his heel and strode from the little house.

When Lady O'Cahal regained possession of herself she was crouching on the floor, her hands clasping the cross of her wooden rosary, her lips unconsciously repeating, "Mother of God, be my protector!"

Like one in a dream, she closed and locked the back door and walked across the strip of turf to the church, unnoticing the friends who paused in their conversations to give her cordial greeting; and in the same maze she found her place in the Delaney pew. After a while reason resumed its sway over her easily affected mind, and she could pray. But ever, as the wooden

beads slipped between her fingers, she saw the three graves in the cemetery, and from each a voice seemed to come pleading with her to shield its inmate from dishonor. To do that meant to abandon Kitty. And this was Terry Donovan, her husband's friend! What should she do? By her side was Kitty, and never did the girl look so fair as that day. Must she let her pass into the snare which that cruel man had set for her? She felt that she could not do it. And yet the dead,—the helpless dead!

Father Darcy preached that Sunday from the text, "Ask, and you shall receive." As the discourse progressed, peace settled on the soul of Lady O'Cahal. She would do as her pastor was bidding her—cast herself before the Throne of Mercy and ask for guidance in her difficulty. And even as she made the resolution there came to her the inner comforting assurance that her prayers would be answered.

On leaving the church an hour later her eyes met the eyes of Richard Lee, and like a voice in her ear came the command: "Tell him all!" *Tell him!* Lay bare the secret of her dead husband! Never!—never! With the eyes still meeting hers, she seemed again to hear the words: "Tell him all!" She saw that he was approaching, and a trembling seized her. Adown the street, walking proudly by the side of Kitty, was her terrible enemy. He must never know that she had sought advice; and when Richard reached her side, she whispered:

"I must see you! Come to the little house after nightfall, and say nothing to any one!"

A puzzled expression crossed Richard's face; but he said instantly:

"All right!"

Before the lamps in the quiet street were lighted that evening he was standing at the low doorway.

"Come in, Richard," she said, in

trembling tones; and he saw the trace of tears on her old face.

"Dear Lady O'Cahal, what is the matter?" he asked, taking his chair to her side.

"O Dick asthore, the last cruel blow has fallen on me! I must uncover things that I thought were hidden forever. I was bidden do it. I don't know why. I thought I was to be spared this, but God's will be done! He has a purpose in it, so it must be for the best."

Lee's face grew pale. He feared that the injured mind was losing its balance again, and the thought made his young heart sore.

"Tell me all," he said. "I may be able to help you."

As he spoke the strained expression left her eyes. Were not those the words which her angel had whispered to her that morning?

"Dick," she began, "you know that I love Kitty. She is young and foolish, and at times I've had a fear that she may be turned aside from true happiness by unwise counsel and her own silly ideas. I have warned her against wrecking her life. She must have told him; for to-day, after I put the girls out, he stayed and threatened me."

"Who? Terry?" cried Lee, fire coming into his blue eyes. "The brute! But he can't hurt you, Lady O'Cahal."

"No, not me, but the dead,—O Dick, he can hurt the dead!"

"No one can do that," he said softly, his worst fears receiving confirmation.

"Ah, yes, he can, my boy! He can take away the good name that they bore in life, by revealing their hidden sin. O Dick, my heart's broken to have to tell it to mortal man! But I was bidden. My husband killed my brother, and Terry witnessed the deed."

An appalling silence followed the last words. The woman sat with her face bowed on her hands, the slight, black-garbed figure shaken by sobs.

Then Richard asked:

"Why did he do it?"

The hands fell from the face. He thought a certain glory spread itself over the countenance, as she answered softly:

"Because he loved me." After an involuntary pause, she continued: "My father was Sir William Dare, a descendant of an English officer, who, for his services, was given the estate of the O'Cahals. My mother died at my birth, leaving me and my two brothers to the care of our reckless father. He speedily transferred his responsibility to the nurse, and before I had reached my tenth year he died suddenly. My brothers grew into better men than our father had been, and we got on very well together, until some one carried it to their ears that I had been seen in the company of Felix O'Cahal. The hour that followed was a fearful one; and when my elder brother swore that he would kill O'Cahal if I should even notice him again, my heart got cold; for he was then my husband for three months. When I found means of getting word to Felix, he said that we must start immediately for America.

"The night was set. It was arranged that Felix should wait for me behind the garden hedge, with his friend, Terry Connor—or Donovan, as he was called then. His father had died when he was a baby; and when his mother married Connor, the child of the first husband went by his stepfather's name. Terry had been our 'go-between' on many occasions, for he worked about the house for my brother; and often since I have thought he it was who betrayed our secret. But we trusted him then. I packed a few things into a bag, and at twelve o'clock I let myself out by the back way. Just as I was within a few paces of the place where my husband was hidden, my elder brother stepped from behind a bush and, with a fearful curse for me, sprang toward

where Felix and Donovan were concealed. My brother had his pistol, but before he could fire they knocked it from his hand. Felix had his blackthorn stick, and I suppose he must have given him a terrible blow; for in another second my brother was lying on the grass like the dead. As I sprang to my husband, Terry, who was bending over my brother, shouted to us to run for our lives, as he was dead. We made our escape and reached America in safety. I know that my husband was blameless; but the knowledge that he had taken human life, even in self-defence, darkened his days. His constant fear was that some one would come along who knew of it, and, relating it, would disgrace him and his children in the new country. Now his fears are about to be realized, or I must abandon my poor Kitty to her evil destiny; for Terry has sworn to reveal the secret if I make another attempt to draw Kitty from him."

Devotedly as he loved her, Richard felt a swift anger against Kitty, as he looked on the shrinking figure and anguished face before him. Why could she not be as loyal to her heart's promptings as this woman had been? She had given up wealth and position to wed a poor man, and through all misery and affliction had clung to him. But after these thoughts the keen mind was filled with others. When he next spoke, he said:

"Did you ever hear afterward from friends in Ireland concerning the death of your brother?"

"No," she answered. "We never had even a letter from home."

"So you have only Terry's word that your brother was killed? The blow of a blackthorn stick, even in the hand of an Irishman, is not necessarily fatal, my lady," he said, with his winning smile.

"You mean that maybe my brother was not killed?" she exclaimed.

"I mean just that. In fact, I think that after an hour or so the honorable gentleman got up and walked back to his castle, resolving not again to interfere with Love's young dream. Does it appear reasonable that a member of the English peerage would be slain on the night of his sister's elopement without having suspicion directed toward the lover, or the government making any effort to bring the murderer to justice? Unless his body were not discovered for several days—which is not reasonable to suppose,—you would not have got out of Ireland."

"O God, can such a thing be possible?" she cried.

"I shall write to-night to Ireland," he announced; and he began to question her regarding names and places.

Seven weeks passed, then one day the mail brought an Irish letter to Richard Lee. As he hastily glanced through it, he snatched up his hat and started at a rapid gait for the little house in the corner of the church lot. The door stood open, and as he passed through the small room he was crying at the top of his clear, resonant voice:

"Hear ye, hear ye, Lady O'Cahal!"

She was gathering a cup of cherries from a tree in the yard, and as her eyes fell on him she knew that he brought good tidings.

"What is it, my son?" she said, unable to move.

He took her hand and looked for a long moment down into her quivering face; then, because of that "my son," he, who had no mother, stooped and kissed her with a child's affection.

"Come to the house. It is a long letter," he said.

They sat on the step of the porch and he read the communication. It was from her younger brother, now owner of the estate. It informed the lawyer that Sir David Dare, concerning whom he inquired, had died a natural death about five years before; and, leaving

no heir, the property had descended to him. His brother had told him of the particulars of their sister's elopement, a supposed friend of the young couple—one Terry Donovan—having betrayed their design to Sir David for the sum of twenty pounds. His brother had always averred that the blow which knocked him senseless had been given by Terry. It was their intention to pursue their sister and her lover; but after reading the letter which she had left, wherein she stated that she was already O'Cahal's wife, they gave up their project. As time passed, Sir David forgave his sister, and had made several attempts to find her, but in vain. The writer shared his brother's sentiments; and if Mr. Lee could assist him in his search, he would be well rewarded for his pains. He was also without heirs; and if his sister had children, he desired that they should inherit such of the property as could be detached from the estate. In addition there was his sister's dowry, with its accumulated interest, awaiting her order.

"You are rich, my lady!" cried Lee, as he finished the letter.

"My husband's name is clear!" she whispered softly. After a long pause she added: "And I can now help Kitty."

"Bother Kitty!" said Lee, frowning. "Oh, what a pity that one of the boys is not alive and with you to-day! You might have been spared one at least!"

"O Dick darling! What's the little land and money their uncle has to give, to the glory and never-ending happiness of their heavenly mansion?" she cried. "No, no! Dearly as I love them, indeed I would not call them back. But, oh, joy, the joy to know that my husband never had any blood on his hands! That is enough comfort for the remainder of my days."

At this moment Kitty entered the little house, and, passing through to the porch, stopped short on seeing the

two sitting together. The old woman gathered the girl to her loving embrace; and then, taking the keys from their nail, she said to Richard:

"Tell Kitty all. I am going into the church to say my beads in thanksgiving."

How well he did her bidding she saw when, an hour later, tranquil as of yore, she came to the porch. The girl's eyes were red, and her whole demeanor wore a subdued, if not penitent, look.

"Kitty has promised to marry me in October," said Richard, looking up with a happy laugh.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Lady O'Cahal.

Though Lady O'Cahal received her dowry and a warm invitation to return home, she continued to live in the little house in the churchyard. After her own few wants were supplied, the rest of her annuity was spent on the church, the poor, and in the pleasure of making little gifts to the dear friends who had gathered around her in her time of poverty and affliction.

The Mount of the Ascension.

IT was not without design, says a pious writer, that Our Lord chose Mount Olivet as the place whence He should ascend into heaven. This was the mountain where He had spent so much time in prayer, where He had endured many a spiritual conflict, where He had begun His Passion, and where He had yielded Himself in complete submission to the will of God.

If you, O Christian! hope one day also to ascend into heaven, forget not that your ascension can take place only from the Mount of Olives; that is to say, at the close of a life in which you have prayed much, struggled much, suffered much, resisted much, and abandoned yourself unreservedly to the will of God.

Notes and Remarks.

A body that enters upon its career with the unqualified sympathy of all thoughtful Americans is the National Child Labor Committee recently organized. Without going to the extent of agreeing with the publicist who says, "No matter how the issues may be disguised, there is no reason for the existence of child labor except greed and rapacity," most men who are cognizant of the conditions that obtain in a great many of our manufacturing centres will admit that there is urgent need of reform in this matter of child labor. Our country is apt to plume itself on its industrial ascendancy in the modern world; but that ascendancy has a dark side—the exploitation of children's labor—that is purely and simply a disgrace to Christian civilization. Many of the children now engaged in factory work are too young to labor at all; and many of those who are old enough to do something toward the maintenance of themselves and their parents are forced to labor several hours a day longer than is either necessary or justifiable.

The recent Anglo-French understanding was an event of such first-class importance that it very naturally furnishes European publicists with material for unlimited speculation and prophecy. One result that seems to be generally expected is the drawing together of England and Russia and the comparative isolation of Germany. In the meantime the quite intelligible satisfaction of the English press over the successful convention with France appears to have somewhat blinded the English editorial vision as to the real weakness and superficial strength of the actual French system. To assert that "the overthrow of the existing system in Paris is too remote a con-

tingency to be taken into practical consideration," is perhaps a good exemplification of the wish as being father to the thought; but it is also a deliberate shutting of one's eyes to the historical truth that French character, in the mass as in the individual, is emotional, and French temperament mercurial. Recent events in France make a practical overthrow of the Republican form of government, or at least the utter rout of the present administration, probable enough within the next five or ten years to discount the rose-colored predictions of the Franco-maniacs.

The mission of the Gilbert Islands, of which Dom Maternus Spitz, O. S. B., writing in the *London Tablet*, contributes the fullest account that we have yet seen, is one of the most flourishing in Oceanica. Its history is a singular one. The first missionary to the Gilbertines was Father Bontemps, of the Congregation of Issoudun; but he had a precursor in the person of an old French sailor, who, having been shipwrecked on the island of Nonuti, took up his abode there and began to instruct the natives in the Catholic religion. Emissaries of the London Missionary Society and other sectarians did all in their power to oppose the establishment of the Church; and it was only in May, 1888, a full century after the discovery of the islands, that Catholic missionaries succeeded in obtaining a foothold.

Within the space of nine years, however, Father Bontemps had been able to place the cross on ten out of twelve of the islands, the number of converts having increased to 7000. At the end of that period the mission was raised to the rank of a Vicariate Apostolic. Since then the number of Catholics has more than doubled. According to the statistics of last year, there are in the Gilbert Islands: 10 principal and 42

out-stations, 50 churches and chapels, 11 priests, 12 Brothers, 9 Sisters, 51 catechists, 67 elementary schools, a training college for native teachers, and 15,000 Catholics.

Dom Spitz affords a brief but most interesting account of those far-off islands and their inhabitants. One bit of information goes to show that the Gilbertine natives are really more Christianized than many people who boast of advanced civilization. "Abuses against the natural law or matrimonial fidelity are unknown; and if they should be committed, are punished by cutting off the nose of the culprit. There are also strict and severe laws against theft, and as a rule property is well respected."

Noting the fact that the Holy Father has taken Time by the forelock and named the secretary of the next Conclave, *Les Annales Catholiques* says: "The new secretary is Mgr. Gasparri, of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, and former professor of Canon Law in the Catholic Institute of Paris. An interesting detail in connection with this subject is the fact that it was to Mgr. Gasparri, in virtue of his official functions as secretary of the said Congregation, that Leo XIII. committed the drawing up of his reply to the pretensions of the French government in the question of the nomination of bishops. This reply, of which M. Combes dared not cite a single word in the Assembly, was so serried and unanswerable an argument that it left no room for any other rejoinder than a brutal ultimatum."

One of the most thoughtful and adequate studies of Christian Science that have thus far, within our observation, been made by a layman, is the paper of Dr. Churchman, of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The paper is a crystally clear demonstration that Christian

Science is a defiance of history, is unconvincing as a system of philosophy, is puerile as a science, and is "fundamentally unchristian." We have room for but one citation: "It [Christian Science] stands condemned by rational philosophy and shamed by Christian faith; and, by its fundamental opposition to the Scriptural theory of the solution of the problem of evil, it brands itself as criminally inconsistent. It is nothing less than blasphemy—and blasphemy of the most insidious kind—to distort the plain philosophy of the Bible until it offers men the pathetic delusion that they are to escape completely the suffering, without a relatively large share of which no human being has been known to pass his three-score and ten. The essential unsoundness of practical Christian Science lies here: that a philosophy is proposed which assumes man made purposely for perfect happiness in this dispensation—an assumption at once gratuitous, if observation base philosophy; and groundless, if Holy Writ be the standard."

The American "university" as distinct from the "college" seems to have been something of a puzzle to the members of the Mosely Educational Commission, judging from their recently published reports; and they were evidently quite as much surprised at the loose system of "electives," which obtains here. In the report furnished by the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S. J., the following paragraph occurs:

The ideal university, according to the American conception, would seem to be an institution in which higher studies, literary and scientific, are carried on by students who have already received a college degree. Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, is, however, the only American institution which approaches this ideal. All the others have undergraduate courses, and are, therefore, colleges as well as universities. Even Johns Hopkins has an undergraduate course, but this is kept wholly distinct from the courses of the University proper. The undergraduate courses of the American

universities do not differ materially from those of the mere colleges. They differ from our own in this, that the undergraduate has in many universities a wide range of the most varied subjects from which to select the matter of his studies for any given year of his course. This system of "electives" has its attractions for the student who wants a degree on easy terms, but it is condemned by many thoughtful American educationists as incompatible with that systematic progress along definite lines which genuine university education would seem to imply.

Total abstainers will be interested in the fact, shown by the official report, that of the 443 prisoners admitted into the State Penitentiary of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania last year, 367 were addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor,—133 of them moderately, and 234 immoderately. Drink was assigned by 190 as the cause of their downfall. The total abstainers numbered only 66. The prison statistics—we find them in the *Philadelphia Standard and Times*—also show that 364 were born in this country as against 79 of foreign birth, and that only 63 were illiterate. It is safe to say that "illiterate foreigners" is a phrase less unctuous to experienced prison officials than to country editors. No data are afforded for a comparison based on religious belief, but we note that 350 out of the 443 prisoners attended the public schools.

"Honest Tom Brennan" was the style and title by which the late Thomas Brennan of Chicago was familiarly known to the people of the "Middle West"; and the description is an index not only of his spotless integrity but of the affection and confidence in which he was held. A brief editorial in the *Chicago Tribune* shows how he was regarded by those who were alien to him in race and religion:

The Board of Education is a sufferer by the death of Thomas Brennan, its oldest and most experienced member. So is the Catholic Church in this city, many of whose business affairs had been for years in his faithful and intelligent

charge. The community has lost a citizen whose approved integrity, sterling worth, and kindly nature commended him to all. Chicago had been his home for more than half a century. During that period he was active in business life; he took at times a lively interest in politics; and while he made friends everywhere, he made enemies nowhere. He fought gallantly for his country during the Civil War. He served the city well for over a quarter of a century as a member of the School Board. He was in all respects a good citizen.

There is no obituary extravagance in this eulogy: it is judicial in temper and carefully measured in expression. Mr. Brennan was a model Catholic in public life; and the lesson of his career ought not to be missed by Catholic officials, old or young.

The Jews appreciate better than some Christians the importance of religious training for the young. Speaking of an Indiana town in which there are about thirty-five Jewish families who are about to organize a synagogue, the *Chicago Israelite* says: "The difficulty to be encountered will be how to get all the forces to work harmoniously together. The main interest should, of course, centre in the children. There may be a conflict when the attempt will be made to harmonize the grown-up people: there ought to be no conflict when it comes to the matter of the children. They should not be left to grow up wholly without religious instruction."

No one who does not read the Jewish periodicals can have any idea of the efforts that Judaism is making to strengthen and perpetuate itself in this country. The allusion to the difficulty of 'harmonizing the grown-up people' shows that the task is not an easy one; but the gregarious quality native to the Jew outside of business hours, together with the isolation which Gentile prejudice imposes on him, will bring about solidarity in the long run; and then, we fear, the Jew will use such power as he may have arrogantly.

The *Chicago Israelite* furnishes a reason for our apprehension. In a short editorial it deplores "the Jew-baiting" in Limerick this year. It appears that a few misguided Irishmen set up a mild boycott against two or three Hebrews of the merchant persuasion, on the odd grounds—so it is reported—that the Jews in France are closely identified with the anti-Catholic persecution. The editor of the *Israelite* is scandalized, and sends up a lamentation which proves that the gift of tears is still a Jewish possession. Yet on the preceding page he reprints a disreputable article from the *New York Times* justifying the expulsion of the French religious. The *Israelite* has done its share toward showing that the Limerick persecutors were right in their judgment, however unrighteous their action may be.

The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the venerable Bishop Phelan was a day of great rejoicing in Pittsburgh. Prelates and priests from many parts of the United States joined in the celebration; and thousands of the laity, representing numerous races, flocked to the jubilee Mass. Fitting tribute to the worth and work of their Bishop was paid in the eloquent sermon preached by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hoban. The double honor of which St. Paul speaks is due to the venerable and beloved Bishop of Pittsburgh; for he has ruled well and fought the good fight. And there was much reason for all the rejoicing. The little flock of the diocese of Pittsburgh has increased within fifty years from forty to four hundred thousand. Schools and churches and charitable institutions have multiplied in proportion; and from a small band, priests and religious of both sexes have grown to a mighty host. Bishop Phelan has contributed more than can be told to this wondrous increase; and, looking back to the first years of his priesthood, which were marked by sore

trials for himself and those to whom he ministered, no wonder if on the day of his jubilee his heart was filled with gratitude and gladness.

The Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton, who champions the music of worship against the worship of music as enthusiastically as Pio Decimo himself, has published this valuable and—some will think—reassuring statement: "I have received, from a very high authority in Rome, information that there is no chance whatever of there being any official approval for any edition of the Plain Song. The Holy Father has no intention of imposing any version on the Church as official. In view of the affair of the Ratisbon edition, and the claims set forward by the admirers of the Gallican revival of Solesmes, it may be as well that this should be known. I wish also to call attention to the new admirable edition of the Mechlin Chant, which is singable, easy, well accentuated. As regards practicability, the Mechlin is far beyond comparison with the others." Father Taunton believes that the "classical" Masses will survive as music; not, however, as church music.

The following paragraph from an article entitled "Our Irish Friends," contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* by the Rev. J. Scoular Thomson, presumably an Anglican parson, is quoted by *Catholic Book Notes*:

Loquacious, good humored, courteous, tolerant Father MacTurner, dispensing love and doing good, simple as a child, kindly as a woman, consecrated to his people, devoted to his land,—no wonder his very shadow is beloved, revered! We speak glibly over here of Jesuitry and Romish tyranny; but go to the South and West of Ireland, and you will find many admirable men, breathing the very milk of human kindness. Get the native Irish priest, bred on the soil, grown old among his people, untrammelled, untutored, with a love of his home and a knowledge of the human heart few can boast,—and you have found one of the most lovable of God's creatures.



A Good Plan.

BY E. BECK.

ALL those who know distress and care,
All those who laugh and sing,
The peasant and the millionaire,
The subject and the king;
The rich and poor, the high and low,—
Will find it no bad plan
In every crisis they may know
To do the best they can.
No learned sage, no seer of old
Could better counsel speak;
It suits the timid and the bold,
The strong man and the weak;
'Tis fit for those in places high,
Those farthest from the van;
And none can fail who really try
To do the best they can.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

II.—TEDDY GOES WITH THE SANDMAN.

ON that eventful day when poor Teddy disappeared, and Miss Tompkins was left, with her little charge, to mourn his fate and exhaust herself in futile conjectures as to his whereabouts, the boy had gone forth as usual after a twelve-o'clock dinner, and walked up and down the block, waiting until it was time to go back to school. Despite the difference in their ages, the brother and sister were extremely devoted to each other; and Teddy was never too deep in a game of marbles or of hop-skip-and-jump but that he would leave it willingly to take his little sister by the hand and walk up and down the pavement.

That very day he had rescued her

from the edge of a pool where she was contentedly making mud-pies, and had led her up to the top step with a bribe of two colored alleys. She sat there, leaning her head against her brother's arm, while Teddy threw crumbs to the sparrows that flocked about, well knowing that their morning meal would be provided by this liberal giver. They chattered amongst themselves concerning him and his affairs, and it was unfortunate that they were not able to supply the information concerning the events of that day which Kitty lacked.

Teddy amused his sister by inventing a game in which one very large and very round alley was represented as a tyrant, at which all the marbles, big and little, were fired in turn; often colliding with the oppressor's polished sides, and causing little Kitty to shriek with merriment. Teddy accompanied all these onslaughts with suitable exclamations and comments, and was so absorbed in this pursuit that he was at first unaware of the approach of a tall and very dark man, with small, glittering eyes, hooked nose, and unkempt hair and beard of an ebony black. He was regarding Teddy with peculiar intentness, which the boy suddenly perceiving, instinctively put his arm around his little sister. The stranger, observing this movement, permitted his grim visage to relax into a saturnine smile. Suddenly bending forward, he thrust his face close to Teddy, while he whispered, in a short, gasping whisper:

"Boy, are you a coward?"

"A coward, sir!" repeated Teddy, astonished at this address. "I'd like to see the fellow of my own size and age that would call me one!"

His blood was up, and he quite forgot for the moment that he had but recently escaped from durance vile in which his devoted but austere aunt had kept him for the offence of fighting a schoolfellow. He was now prepared to do stern battle, so keenly had the man's question stung him, and so curious was he to know wherefore he should have asked it.

Meantime little Kitty, quite regardless of a reputation for the most abject cowardice, had cast one brief glance at the stranger's face and quickly hid her head against her brother's shoulder, with the horrified exclamation:

"The Sandman!"

"Words are very cheap, my young man," went on the stranger. "The boy who sits at home and reads of battles is full of martial ardor."

Teddy's cheek reddened and his eyes flashed. There was an intolerable sneer upon the speaker's lip.

"Suppose for one instant, my brave lad, that I were to put you to the proof?"

Teddy was somewhat disconcerted. Surely this gaunt and bearded stranger was not of a mind to challenge him to single combat and offer him the chances of a hand-to-hand fight!

"Your courage is, perhaps, evaporating, my young friend," observed the stranger; for he was quick to see that a reputation for courage was a sensitive point with the lad before him, and the species of pride which it engendered was a touchstone of his character. "Your courage seems to be evaporating, and perhaps you are afraid, after all."

He laughed a harsh, metallic laugh; and Teddy cried quickly:

"I ain't afraid, and I don't know what you're laughing at!"

"Well," said the stranger, "if that is the case—and I believe it is, for I read courage in your face, and I heard your words against tyranny and tyrants, as

I approached these steps a while ago,—if that is the case, I ask you to come with me and show me the way to Jones' Ferry."

Teddy hesitated.

"I ought to be at school," he answered at last.

"It is true, and I honor you for the sentiment," said the man. "Learning is a noble thing and of great value. But here, on the other hand, is humanity. I am a stranger; I must reach the Ferry at once. There are great interests at stake,—no questions must be asked."

Teddy's imagination took fire. He scented a mystery, always the delight of boyhood. The man was old: there was no possible danger in doing him this service. He might lose some marks at school; but, after all, his average for the year had been good, and one afternoon could not make much difference. There was his aunt! And a gleam, half amused, half defiant, came into his eyes. For Aunt Sarah, despite her real devotion to the children, and her practical kindness in caring for them, had not known how to win their affection, and was regarded by them—or at least by Teddy—as the impersonation of many unpleasant things.

"She can only keep me in of evenings for a week or so, and perhaps lock up my top and marbles. But wouldn't she be hopping mad if she knew I was going to play 'hookey' for the sake of showing a perfect stranger the way to the Ferry!"

"You see," continued the man, "I trust you because you are a boy of intelligence, of discretion and of honor."

Teddy's conscience gave a twinge. He did not consider it particularly honorable to steal away without his aunt's knowledge, and just for a moment he hesitated. But the stranger's flattery appealed to his vanity; he was afraid of being thought cowardly; he was full of curiosity as to the result of the

adventure. Moreover, the man, as if to close the bargain and make assurance doubly sure, added impressively:

"For this service which you are about to do me I will give you five dollars."

Teddy's eyes glistened. He was not avaricious, but his aunt was poor, besides being extremely frugal in her habits, and had never given the boy more than a few cents at a time. Visions of unlimited taffy, cocoanut, and gingerbread flashed through his mind; also excursions in the cars, and a variety of treats for Kitty, ranging from "goodies" to a pet poodle. It seemed as if five dollars would purchase everything that a boy's heart could desire.

Teddy hesitated no longer. He gently disengaged himself from Kitty and stood upright; the child rising likewise, and peeping from behind her brother at the stranger, through a mass of curling hair which fell over her face. Teddy softly stroked back her hair and tied it with a ribbon, putting into her hand a nickel which he had been carefully guarding. For he felt himself already a man of wealth; and he was anxious to console his little sister for his departure, as well as to keep her quiet until he was safely out of Aunt Sarah's reach.

As a last concession to his own better judgment, he asked while slowly descending the steps:

"Can I be back before six o'clock?"

"Who knows," cried the dark man, "what further service I may require of you, or what may detain us? Time is naught unless marked by great events. Therefore, why not midnight as well as six o'clock?"

These puzzling words, which he did not fully understand, made Teddy vaguely uncomfortable. But he had gone too far to retreat now, and the thought of the five dollars which was to repay this trifling service stimulated him to proceed.

"Stay on the steps, Kitty," he called

back to the child; "and don't stir till Aunt Sarah wants you!"

He would have preferred to put the little girl safely into the house; but he knew that she often played out there alone while he was at school, and he did not want any questions asked until he and his companion were far on their way.

But Kitty proved no more obedient to his wishes than he had proved to his aunt's. For no sooner had the stranger clutched Teddy by the arm and hurried him away, than Kitty descended to the sidewalk and set out in pursuit of the pair as fast as her baby legs would carry her, crying:

"Bad Sandman, bwing back my broder!"

Her words were as a feather in the wind. Teddy never once looked back; and Kitty, stumbling on, fell into a muddy pool, which, together with her late manufacture of mud-pies, accounted for the begrimed appearance with which she afterward presented herself to her aunt. By the time she had picked herself up her brother and his tall companion had disappeared around a corner. She had then, as good fortune would have it, abandoned the pursuit, and, turning homeward, sat down upon the top step to cry and further bedaub her little face. Finally it had occurred to her to go in and announce to Aunt Sarah the disappearance of her brother.

Teddy was meantime hurried along by the stranger with an almost feverish eagerness. It seemed to the boy as if he were actually skimming over the earth, so quickly did they go.

"Come! come!" the man repeated from time to time. "The moments are precious. We must hasten. We must reach the Ferry without delay."

He avoided such crowded thoroughfares as Fourteenth Street, but hurried through Grammercy Park and downward to Waverly Place, where he

stopped an instant to draw breath.

"Look here, sir!" exclaimed Teddy. "You asked me to show you the way, but you went so quick I couldn't even tell you that we are too far down town. We shall have to go back."

"It matters nothing: one ferry is as good as another," said the stranger, wiping his streaming forehead with a yellow handkerchief, which, somehow, seemed sinister and ominous to the boy. It suggested a flame, and for the first time the man's whole appearance became indescribably terrifying to his youthful companion.

"If one ferry is as good as another, why did you ask me to bring you to Jones' Ferry?" inquired Teddy.

"Why?" replied the man, suspending his operations upon his face, but still holding the flame-like handkerchief in his hand, and looking thoughtfully at Teddy. "Why? Why? Our whole life, my lad, is spent in asking 'Why?'"

Though awed by the grandiloquence of this explanation, Teddy's practical sense, nevertheless, stuck to the point.

"We could have got a ferry up town, just near our house," he complained.

"So?" said the man. "But, then, we should have got it ignobly and without effort; nor would it have served my purpose, which is not merely to cross the river. And even now we are wasting precious time. Let us speed on!"

The flame-like handkerchief disappeared into a large pocket; and Teddy, who was altogether disinclined to speed any farther, felt his arm seized once more in that clutch of iron, whilst he himself was impelled forward at the same fearful pace.

"It's a heap worse than running races!" reflected Teddy. "I guess this man would take first prize every time."

But the thought did not cause him any merriment. It occurred to him ruefully, and in the way of complaint. He felt that he was already being punished, to some extent, for his

undutiful conduct toward Aunt Sarah; and he wished sincerely that she had had him locked up when this terrible "pacer" came prowling about their neighborhood.

"I can't go so fast!" he cried feebly once or twice. "I tell you, Mister, I can't keep up this pace!"

"So!" said the old man, relaxing his speed a little. "Yet youth should be swift as an arrow cleaving the grass."

The metaphor was all very well, but Teddy felt himself so "winded," as he expressed his condition, that he thought he should never get his breath.

"Look at the eagle, boy, as he wings his course to the sun!"

Teddy felt downright "mad" at this apostrophe. It was all right for an eagle, with a good, strong pair of wings, to rise to the sun; but that was a very different thing from a boy being dragged over uneven sidewalks and still rougher cobblestones.

"I ain't an eagle!" he said, sullenly.

"Rather a worm!" returned the stranger, contemptuously.

Teddy was thoroughly tired; and, though in the main a high-spirited boy, he felt that just then he would almost have preferred to be a worm which could crawl homeward at its leisure. But he was too weary to pursue the conversation.

The man threaded his way onward, through a very labyrinth of streets and squares, totally regardless of the feeble remonstrances which Teddy from time to time addressed to him, till at last they came to an open space fairly jammed with street cars, omnibuses, drays and cabs. Lights gleamed out through the gathering dusk; there was a salty smell, and they heard the puffing of a steamer. They were indeed at the ferry, but which one the confused and bewildered Teddy could not guess. Presently he was drawn over the gangway and through a crowded cabin and up a pair of brass-

mounted stairs to an upper deck. A whistle sounded: there was a creaking and a rushing, a splashing of water, and Teddy felt that the ferryboat was in motion and that he was being taken whither he knew not.

He was too exhausted to make any protest, and sat beside the stranger in an isolated corner of the deck, feeling the salt air blow freshly on his face, and scarcely noting the groups of two or three who sat about, absorbed in their own affairs. The rush of the afternoon traffic was over. It was just a boat or two later than those which daily bear a stream of passengers from shore to shore. To Teddy it seemed that his mysterious companion took on a weird and uncanny aspect. His flame-colored handkerchief, which he waved to and fro, appeared to the boy sinister, ominous. Through his confused mind flitted memories of strange tales which he had read, and over which he had gloated in boyish solitude,—stories wherein the enemy of mankind, under various guises, had lured mortals to their destruction. Aunt Sarah had highly disapproved of these tales, or, in fact, of anything of an imaginative character; and had promptly confiscated them whenever they came under her observation.

The memory of Aunt Sarah came back to him faintly. It seemed as if it were very long since he had seen her; and his heart, in reality kindly and generous despite his boyish follies, smote him as he remembered that that very morning he had had Aunt Sarah in mind when he made his attacks upon tyrants impersonated by a big glass alley. Now he was being taken away, and he felt instinctively that it would be long before he should see her again; and he began to wish for the homely, familiar surroundings and for Kitty. Poor little Kitty! how she would watch for his coming, and how sorry she at least would be when he did not return! He

never associated sorrow with Aunt Sarah. His idea was that she would probably regard his departure as a good riddance. He had given her a great deal of trouble, as he now remorsefully recalled.

It never occurred to him to make an outcry, nor to attract the attention of the passengers on board the boat and implore their protection. Whether some subtle soporific had been employed by the stranger, or whether it was merely the result of the abnormal fatigue and excitement of the afternoon, Teddy himself could never quite determine.

"Such a duffer as I was to let myself be carried off!" he used to exclaim on many occasions afterward. "I could have got away from him on the boat as easily as anything. I could have spoken to the officers or any of the passengers."

The boat came to shore. There was clanking of chains, a bumping which caused everyone to stagger and clutch at the nearest support; and Teddy was whisked once more down the stairs, over the gangway, through a throng of people, and toward a retired corner, where stood a peculiar-looking little vehicle. This was driven by a sallow-faced boy; Teddy did not notice till afterward that he was a hunchback. No word was spoken by him or Teddy's companion; but the driver flecked the horse very lightly with the whip, and it sped forward at a surprising rate. Under other circumstances, Teddy would have been delighted; for the vehicle was presently out upon a smooth country road, where nothing barred the way, and it flew along through the darkness.

They must have gone a considerable distance before the driver turned in at a gate, and drove up a species of avenue lined on either side with firs and spruce trees, forming a palisade. By a swift turn over a curving, gravel road, the hunchback brought the car-

riage and its occupants up before a low, broad flight of steps. The man, who had sat motionless beside Teddy, jumped out, helping Teddy to alight also, and hurrying him up the steps.

The carriage drove away and disappeared almost as quickly as if it had been a magical conveyance; and Teddy found himself in a wide hall, with a low and somewhat discolored ceiling, upon which opened several doors. In one corner was a staircase winding and circuitous, which, somehow, conveyed to the boy an impression of horror. It looked as if it might lead anywhere—to ghostly places from which a boy would never come down again.

And as Teddy was thus looking about him and receiving his first impressions of the house whither he had been so mysteriously led by his weird companion, one of the doors opened and a singular figure appeared.

(To be continued.)

"Ascension Crickets."

If you are fortunate enough to wake in Florence on the morning of the Feast of the Ascension, you will hear this call from the venders in the street:

"Crickets! crickets! Fine singers!"

The cricket peddlers carry about little barrels covered with netting, and from these you may choose your cheerful little black singer. The peddlers sell cages as well; and these are of all prices, a tiny one made of cornstalks being valued at about two cents. If you are willing to spend four or five cents, you can become the possessor of a fine wire house for your captive.

The Florentines say that you must choose your cricket with care; for a great deal depends upon his qualities. It does not make so much difference as to the fineness of the cage; but if you are to have good fortune through the year, your cricket must have a cheerful

disposition and a strong voice. And, on the contrary, if he seems inclined to sulk instead of chirp, you may look out for adverse happenings.

On the day before the Ascension, the meadows and gardens and forests which surround Florence are alive with peasants and children, who from sunrise to sunset are very busy making captives of "Ascension crickets," just as we would go to the woods for arbutus or "Mayflowers" with which to fill May-baskets.

There is a reason for the Florentines' love for the sprightly insects; for to them the cricket is the symbol of the human soul, just as the butterfly has been to others from time immemorial. And on Ascension Day, when every mind is turned to contemplate the great mystery of the Ascension of Our Lord, they use as an object lesson the cricket, about whose strange existence they never cease to wonder.

The cricket in all lands seems to live what may be called a charmed life; his presence in a house being always considered such a good omen that to kill a cricket, even accidentally, is believed to portend disaster.

It is only in Florence, however, that he is treated with universal honor by old and young, rich and poor. Even the dignitaries of the city walk about the avenues swinging cricket cages and comparing the voices of their songsters. When night comes, and the hills begin to grow dim, and the fire-flies sparkle on the hedges, they let the little fellows out of their prisons and go homeward. The Feast is over.

THE original seal of Eton College represented the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, who was borne up by eight angels; and three lilies—her flowers—were upon the arms granted to that famous seat of learning by King Henry VI.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The volume on Coventry Patmore in the Literary Lives series will be contributed by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

—"The Last Irish King," a drama in three acts by T. O. Russell, published by M. H. Gill & Son, is partly historical, partly legendary. It shows the evils of disunion and localism in Irish history.

—Antonin Dvorak, the famous Bohemian composer, has passed away at Prague in his sixty-third year. His *Stabat Mater* is perhaps his best work; but his "Moravian Duets" and his songs and symphonies have also found high favor with the critics, and some of his oratorios and operas have achieved great popularity. For a time he was director of the Conservatory of Music in New York. *R. I. P.*

—"Children's Apologia" is the title of a pamphlet issued by the Sisters of Mercy, Concord, New Hampshire. In small space is embodied much truth. The subjects touched upon are: Henry VIII. and Royal Supremacy, Blessed Thomas More, the Bible and the Reformation, Queen Mary, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Inquisition, and Christian Science. The points are arranged in question and answer form and are well put.

—The fact that the late Mrs. Chambers-Ketchum, author of the Confederate war-song "The Bonnie Blue Flag" was a Catholic, has drawn attention to the number of patriotic lyrics produced by writers of our faith in this country. James Ryder Randall wrote "Maryland, My Maryland"; the author of "Somebody's Darling" was a nun; Father Ryan wrote "The Conquered Banner"; Gerald Finch, "The Blue and the Gray"; and Theodore O'Hara produced one of the most literary war-songs in English in "The Bivouac of the Dead." Evidently our coreligionists did their share of the writing as well as the fighting in the brave days of old.

—We should like to see more names of Catholic authors in the contents page of the New Century Catholic Readers, the third of which has just come to hand. These books are intended for our own schools, and it seems to us that they should give due prominence to Catholic writers, who are generally ignored—the best of them—in books designed for public schools. The highest praise is to be extended to the publishers of this series of readers. Print and paper and binding are excellent; and the well-chosen illustrations, many of which are colored, are a pleasure to see. Furthermore, these books are remarkably cheap,

considering the workmanship. Some of the selections in the Third Reader, we may remark, will not be new to the young folk who read THE AVE MARIA. Benziger Brothers.

—From Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons we have received "The Book of Psalms" in the corresponding style of shorthand, and "Selections from American Authors" in the easy reporting style. Both books are provided with a key to the exercises, and may be had in either paper or cloth binding.

—The list of editors, general and particular, responsible for the Gateway Series of English Classics, published by the American Book Co., impresses one in favor of these volumes; and an examination of the first three issued—"The Merchant of Venice," Carlyle's Essay on Burns, and Macaulay's Essay on Milton—confirms one's impression; for the notes are helpful, and the introduction to each of the studies is biographical as well as critical in the best sense.

—Our foreign exchanges notice with much regret the death at an advanced age of M. Jean Joseph Marie Anatole Marquet de Vasselot, one of the most brilliant of French sculptors. Those who have visited the national church at Montmartre will recall his exquisite "Christ au Tombeau," which was executed in bronze and marble for the Salon of 1876. He was also a writer on art and a member of the Société des Gens de Lettres. *R. I. P.*

—Although the works of the late Dr. Samuel Smiles have benefited a host of readers, the best of them, "Self-Help," which has been translated into almost every European language, is open to the objection that it counts successes that are exceptional as if they were normal. Its philosophy is mundane; of virtue for virtue's sake it knows nothing. A thief who took this book out of the prison library remarked with keen satire that self-help had brought upon him all his misfortune.

—The Report of the Fifth Annual Conference of the Association of Catholic Colleges of the United States is excellent as a report; and of the Conference itself we get, on the whole, a good impression. Some of the papers read have the quality of actuality, are carefully reasoned, and are prepared after the best scientific manner; others are somewhat platitudinous and futile. There are some things, after all, that ought to be taken for granted in a conference of Catholic educators. Again, there is a suggestion of padding in the insertion of certain rather perfunctory

addresses, while the discussion of vital topics could be elaborated with profit. We hope for great results from this annual Conference, and we are correspondingly fearful lest it should perish of inanition before it finds its real work.

—A sign of the times is the appearance of a review under Catholic auspices—*Revue Catholique des Eglises*—to promote religious reunion. There are several organs of the kind conducted by non-Catholics, one or more of which are published in the United States. "It would be a mistake," observes the London *Tablet* in a notice of the first number of the French review, "to attach too much importance to literary efforts of this kind. For we can hardly hope that the reunion for which Popes and Councils have labored in vain can be successfully accomplished by a band of scholars and critics in the pages of a periodical. Yet, when we remember how many of the existing divisions have been created by mutual misunderstanding and perpetuated by prejudice, we must welcome any work that is likely, at any rate, to remove these barriers of ignorance and hostility. It is a commonplace of Catholic controversy that the Church is hated and opposed by many for doctrines that she does not teach, and practices that she does not sanction. May we venture to add that this mistake is by no means confined to one side? Orthodoxy is no guarantee against errors in estimating the belief of others; and Protestants as well as Catholics sometimes suffer from strange misconceptions."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel.* \$1, net.

A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day.* \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., net.

Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham.* 40 cts., net.

Varied Types. *G. K. Chesterton.* \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. *Lady Rosa Gilbert.* \$1.50, net.

A Precursor of St. Philip. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.25, net.

The Story Book House. *Honor Walsh.* \$1.

Belinda's Cousins. *Maurice Francis Egan.* \$1.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. *M. S. Dalton.* \$1, net.

The School of the Heart. *Margaret Fletcher.* \$1.

Divine Grace. *Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

St. Patrick in History. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D.* 55 cts.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1 50, net.

The Velled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly.* \$1.60, net.

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—*HBB., xiii, 3.*

Rev. M. Letellier, of the archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. Thomas McGoldrick, archdiocese of Boston.

Sister M. Alexius, of the Community of St. Joseph.

Mr. Daniel Fisher, of Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. James Laird, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Shea, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. A. B. Wilson, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss E. R. Brown, Blairsville, Pa.; Dr. John Gibbons, Keokuk, Iowa; Mr. Francis Gallagher, Somerville, Mass.; Mrs. Ellen Lyda, Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. Michael St. George, Simpson, Minn.; Miss C. Lynch, Sacramento, Cal.; Mr. J. C. Jewett and Mrs. Mary Benson, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Denis Donohue, Mr. Michael Donohue, and Mrs. Frances Goode, New York; Miss Mary Fierle and Mr. J. L. McEvoy, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. Bert Blanchard, Mr. James Murray, and Mr. James Maloney, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mr. John Clifford, Hartford, Conn.; and Mrs. Zoe Marquette, Willimantic, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, i., 46.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 21, 1904.

NO. 21.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Veni Creator Spiritus.

BY CHARLES KENT.*

COME, O great Creative Spirit,—
Come in spite of our demerit;
With Thy heavenly grace dilated,
Fill the souls Thou hast created.

Paraclete to lift life's burden,
'Mid God's gifts the loftiest guerdon;
Fount of life and light, and loving
Holy unction, sins removing.

Thou with sevenfold gifts rewarding,
Thou God's dexter-finger guarding;
Thou who com'st from pledge paternal,
Touching lips with power supernal!

While with light our senses firing,
Fill our hearts with love aspiring;
While our frail lives here may lengthen,
With Thine aid our spirits strengthen.

All our direst foes repelling,
Give us peace all gifts excelling,
So, that led by Thy hand onward,
Ne'er from truth we may have wandered.

May, Thou grace on us bestowing,
We, both Father and Son knowing,
See within Thee fully blending
Might of each through days unending!

Praise to God the Sire all glorious,
To the Son o'er death victorious,
And to Paraclete, light casting
On through ages everlasting!

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA.

The Church in Korea, Past and Present.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.



HE attention of the civilized world is now concentrated upon the Far East, and in particular upon the long peninsula, something like Italy in shape, that stretches out into the Yellow Sea, between Russia and China on the one side, and Japan on the other. By its inhabitants this country is called Tchio-Sen ("Land of the Morning Calm"); and by its ablest historian—an American, William Elliot Griffis, whose book on the subject was published in 1882,—it has been surnamed the "Hermit Kingdom," on account of its long isolation from the rest of the world. The same historian, writing more than twenty years ago, expressed his belief that the geographical situation of Korea would one day make it the pivot around which must turn the future history of Eastern Asia; and present events seem to justify this prediction.

During many centuries Korea was an unknown country; only vague and mistaken notions were entertained as to its geography. Thus William de Roubrouck, who in 1248 was sent by St. Louis, King of France, on an embassy to the Great Khan of Tartary, describes it as an island of the Pacific Ocean. It is probable that the first European to set foot on its jealously

A COUNTRY may be corrupted and destroyed by riches, by poverty never.

—Dr. Brownson.

guarded soil was a Jesuit missionary, Father Gregorio de Cespedes, who, at the end of the sixteenth century, in 1594, accompanied the Japanese soldiers of the Emperor Taico Sama when the latter invaded Korea. Among the troops were a large number of Christians, to whom Father de Cespedes acted as chaplain; but he does not seem to have seen anything of the interior of the country, or to have communicated with the natives. Another Jesuit missionary in Japan, Father Luis Froës, in letters written to his superiors in Europe, mentions the expedition to "*Corai, altrimente detta Coria*"; and his descriptions of the hitherto unknown peninsula were copied by many seventeenth-century writers.

In 1617 an Englishman named Robert Cochs gave the Hermit Kingdom its modern name of Korea; and half a century later, in 1668, a book was published at Rotterdam, in which a Dutch seaman, Hendrik Hamel, related the adventures that befell him on its inhospitable shores. In 1653 Hamel and his companions were wrecked off the coast of Korea; the natives never allowed those whom chance circumstances brought to their country to leave it, and the unfortunate Dutchmen spent thirteen years in captivity. In 1666, however, Hamel and seven of his fellow-prisoners succeeded in making their escape to Nagasaki, whence two years later they were conveyed back to Holland.

A more accurate and scientific account of the mysterious kingdom, which it was difficult to enter and almost impossible to leave, was given to the world by the Jesuit missionaries in China. Three of them, who belonged to the Imperial Observatory of Pekin, were sent, in 1709, by the Emperor Kang-Hai, on a geographical mission to Manchuria. They seized the opportunity to approach the northwestern frontier of Korea, and were able to

ascertain the exact position of certain towns. In the map of the Celestial Empire that was drawn up by them, the Hermit Kingdom is correctly represented as a peninsula. La Pérouse, the French navigator, several English captains, and, within the last fifty years, many French, Russian and American seamen, have explored the rocky and intricate coast, which is no longer an unknown and mysterious region.

The climate of Korea is much like that of Japan, but with extremes of heat and cold that render it Siberian in winter and almost tropical in summer. The country is mountainous, with fertile and well-watered valleys, where corn and rice grow in abundance. The coast is guarded by rocky islands that render its approach extremely difficult and dangerous.

The inhabitants, who resemble the Japanese in appearance, are a mixed race, descended from the Huns, Moguls, Tartars, and Japanese. Here and there, we are told, there are men and women whose blue eyes and fair skin point to a different origin; these are probably the descendants of the shipwrecked Dutch or Scandinavian seamen who, much against their will, made Korea their home. The character of the people does not sound, at first sight, sympathetic. They are vain, indolent, addicted to drink, and extremely immoral. They have an innate dislike to and suspicion of strangers; but their manners are gentle and, as a rule, courteous. The condition of the women is miserable: they are treated with the utmost contempt by their lords and masters.

The lower orders are materialists, but the religion of the more educated classes is a mixture of Buddhism and fetichism; some few profess to follow the teaching of Confucius. All, high and low, are grossly superstitious. Under the influence of Christianity, the innate

weaknesses and vices of the national character were modified; its higher and nobler tendencies expanded in the sunshine of the Gospel; and the history of the Church affords few pages more inspiring than those that relate the heroic struggles of those far-away Christians, among whom the true Faith was established under circumstances of peculiar difficulty.

The missionaries who made Korea their field of labor had to know two languages: Chinese, which is used in the official world for all political and judicial purposes; and Korean, the language of the people. We shall see how, in the midst of crushing labor, the first pioneers of the Gospel found time to compile dictionaries and grammars for the use of their successors on the mission.

In consequence of its voluntary isolation from the outer world, and of the stubborn determination of its inhabitants to allow no strangers to land on their shores, Korea long remained, as regards art and industry, far behind its neighbors. Its government was not one to develop liberal or artistic tendencies; the sovereign's power was absolute; justice, a vain word; corruption and bribery reigned supreme in official spheres. This condition of things has naturally placed the Hermit Kingdom in a state of inferiority; and it seems not unlikely that, sooner or later, one or other of its powerful neighbors will absorb a country whose natural resources have remained undeveloped in the midst of the general advance of civilization in the Far East.

So intense was the Koreans' hatred of strangers that, in order to avoid any contact with China, they destroyed the towns and villages that existed along the frontier. Once a year the Chinese traders were allowed to bring their wares for sale to the two cities situated closest to the boundary line; but the

permission extended over a few hours only, and any stranger remaining after the appointed time was put to death. It may be imagined how difficult it was to introduce Christianity into a country which, until quite lately, was so closely guarded against foreigners; and it is easy to understand how the Portuguese religious who, in the sixteenth century, entered Korea with the Japanese soldiers, was unable to plant the seeds of Christianity in the peninsula.

The story of the introduction of the true Faith among a people so utterly closed to every outer influence reads like a romance, and is perhaps unique in the annals of the Church. Christianity was not brought to Korea by Catholic missionaries: its first apostle was a layman; and the native Christians were a self-constituted body, united by the practice of baptism to the Universal Mother, when the first priests came among them.

At the end of the eighteenth century a few religious books, written under the direction of the Catholic missionaries in China, fell by chance into the hands of some Korean students who devoted their attention to the study of moral philosophy. In 1783 one of their number, Peter Seng-Houn-i, was sent to Peking with the embassy that was dispatched every year to the Emperor of China by his vassal, the King of Korea. Here Peter became acquainted with the Bishop of Peking, who at that time was a Portuguese Franciscan, Alexander de Gouvea. The prelate's conversations and teaching completed the work that the Christian books had begun. Peter was baptized, and returned to Korea, carrying with him a quantity of crucifixes, books and holy images.

Seng-Houn-i communicated his newly acquired knowledge to the friends who had shared his studies; they were learned men, and their prompt adhesion to the Christian Faith gave the latter

a certain importance in the eyes of the upper classes. The zealous little band made many new converts, whom they carefully instructed and baptized. Some of them translated books of devotion written by the missionaries in China; in fact, so active was their zeal that at the end of a few years there existed in Korea a flourishing community of baptized Catholics, who not only kept the Commandments but were familiar with the practices of devotion popular among the children of the Church.

For ten long years they begged the Bishop of Pekin to send them priests, but he was unable to comply with their request; and at last, in their eagerness to enjoy the spiritual favors of which they were deprived, they imagined that the priesthood might be given as easily as baptism. They choose, among the most experienced and edifying members of their community, a bishop and some priests, who were consecrated and ordained with the ceremonies that Seng-Houn-i remembered to have witnessed at Pekin. The Bishop, having been informed of this unorthodox institution, wrote to the Christians to warn them of their error. They received his admonitions with touching humility, and begged more earnestly than ever that priests might be sent to them. But before being regularly constituted under the government of its appointed shepherd, the Church of Korea was to pass through a fiery ordeal.

Among the instructions sent by the Bishop was a distinct and formal command that prevented the converts henceforth from joining in certain honors paid to their dead ancestors,—practices that savored of idolatry. Their refusal to comply with these long-established customs excited a strong feeling against them; and their adhesion to a religion whose chiefs were foreigners seemed to the old, conservative party almost a national

danger. To these different causes may be attributed the persecution that broke out in 1791, and during which many Christians bore glorious testimony to the Faith. The courage with which these poor people, who were deprived of the strengthening grace of all the sacraments except baptism, defended their belief before their judges, and suffered torture and death rather than apostatize, gives us a high idea of the transformation that had taken place in their simple and earnest souls.

At last, in 1794, eleven years after the conversion of Seng-Houn-i, a Chinese priest, James Tsiou, was sent to Korea by the Bishop of Pekin, and with much difficulty forced an entrance into the closely-watched kingdom. Wonderful to relate, he found four thousand Christians who had never seen a priest, and who, although shut out from the world and deprived of most of the aids to faith, had practised in a remarkable degree the virtues of humility, purity, charity, and penance.

Father Tsiou labored among them several years. At first the humanity of the King kept in check the national feeling that existed against the Christians; but after the sovereign's death, in 1799, the mandarin, who governed for his infant son, resolved to exterminate the followers of the new religion. Father Tsiou, knowing that their hatred was directed chiefly against foreigners, gave himself up voluntarily, hoping thereby to save the native Christians. He was cruelly tortured and executed on May 31, 1801.

It is difficult to estimate the exact number of persons who perished. At Seoul alone more than three hundred Christians, of every rank and age, were put to death; and the scenes of heroism that took place in the distant peninsula of the Far East were worthy of the golden days of the early Church. God's grace filled up the gaps that the insufficiency of human agencies had

left in the spiritual life of these devoted children of an unseen Mother.

It was only in 1831, nearly half a century after the conversion of the first Korean Christian, that a Vicar Apostolic was appointed to the Hermit Kingdom; and three years later, in 1834, the first European missionary entered the country. During those long and weary years—between the martyrdom of Father Tsiou in 1801 and the arrival of M. Maubant in 1834—there were three general persecutions, and more than one thousand martyrs died for the Faith. Over and over again the Korean Christians had forwarded petitions to Rome, begging that missionaries might be sent to the most forsaken and isolated of the Church's children. They little knew that Europe at that moment was going through a tremendous political crisis; the din of battle and the clash of arms drowned the imploring voice of these far-away petitioners.

One of their earnest appeals reached Pius VII. when he was a prisoner at Fontainebleau. It was written on a piece of silk, for purposes of concealment,—any communication with outsiders being prohibited by law. The Pope, when this pathetic document was laid before him, was helpless to move in the matter; and when, after 1815, peace was restored, many absorbing cares occupied the attention of the Roman Pontiffs. In 1827, however, another petition, written two years before, was put into the hands of Leo XII.; and, moved to the heart by the faithfulness of these lonely Christians, the Pope proposed to intrust the mission of Korea to a French Congregation of priests—the Société des Missions Étrangères.

It had been founded in 1663. A famous Jesuit missionary, Father de Rhodes, started the idea, and a group of illustrious priests and laymen gave it a practical form. Many of our

American readers, when on a visit to Paris, may have seen the seminary in the Rue du Bac, which is rich in glorious and heroic memories. It was suppressed during the Revolution; restored in 1805; suppressed again by Napoleon in 1809; and finally restored in 1815. But when the Pope proposed that its members should adopt the Korean mission, it was poor in men and means, and, humanly speaking, hardly in a position to assume new responsibilities.

However, the generous spirit that characterizes the society was equal to the sacrifice demanded of it. A zealous priest, M. Brugière, had been sent to Siam as coadjutor to Bishop Florent, who was aged and infirm; and it was now decided that the coadjutor must abandon his post and accept the perilous dignity. With equal generosity the venerable Bishop consented to part with one on whom, says Louis Veuillot, "rested all his hopes"; and M. Brugière, whom Gregory XVI. had appointed Vicar Apostolic of Korea in 1831, left Singapore to take possession of his post.

There is something curiously pathetic in the story of the first Bishop of the Church of Korea. The country was more inaccessible than ever to foreigners; and, in fact, M. Brugière never entered his diocese. During three years he tried by every possible means to cross the strictly-guarded boundary, and the tale of his adventures by land and sea has the varied interest of a romance. He could have escaped the jealous watchfulness of the authorities if the native Christians had been willing to help him, but in no other way; and, strange as it may seem, an obstacle to his entrance rose in a quarter where it was least expected. A Chinese priest, Father Pacificus, had succeeded in entering Korea; and, far from welcoming the envoy of Rome, he persuaded the simple-minded Christians that the

presence of a foreigner would draw down upon their heads untold misery.

In the end, however, M. Brugière's indomitable energy seemed on the point of conquering the reluctance of his flock; but the hardships he had endured had exhausted his strength, and in October, 1835, he died at Sivang, in Western Tartary. In spite of his efforts he had not been allowed to evangelize the diocese committed to his care; but he had suffered for its sake, and his life paid the price of his devotedness to his unknown spiritual children.

Another French priest, M. Maubant, who was sent by the Société des Missions Etrangères to assist M. Brugière, happily accomplished what his chief had attempted in vain; and was joined ere long by M. Chastan. For five years these two evangelized the nine thousand Christians whom they found scattered throughout the peninsula; and under their direction the much-tried Korean Church was for the first time regularly organized.

In 1837 a new Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Imbert, was appointed and joined the missionaries. But two years later a terrible persecution broke out; and the Bishop, thinking to save his flock from further suffering, resolved to give himself up into the hands of his enemies. He wrote thus to his two colleagues: "There are cases where the good shepherd must give his life for his flock. If you have not left, come here with the Prefect Son Kié Huong, who has orders to arrest you; but do not let any of the Christians follow." The two priests unhesitatingly obeyed, and were executed at the same time as their pastor—September 21, 1839.

Thus again for the space of four years were the Korean Christians deprived of the ministrations of a priest. Only in 1843 did M. Ferréol, who was appointed to succeed Mgr. Imbert, and M. Daveluy, his companion, enter the country. They did so with the

assistance of a young priest, Andrew Kim, a native of Korea, who had been ordained in China, and whose indefatigable efforts enabled the new Vicar Apostolic to take possession of his See. He found his diocese in a deplorable condition. The Christians were ruined, scattered far and wide, and, worst of all, disheartened and terrified. They feared even to make the acquaintance of their new Bishop; and it needed all his active charity, as well as that of M. Daveluy, to restore their confidence.

In 1846 the French missionaries were deprived of their faithful colleague, Andrew Kim. He had gone to meet some priests who were arriving from France, when he was seized by the pagans, cruelly tortured, and then put to death on September 16, 1846.

Mgr. Ferréol lived a few years longer. He died literally exhausted by the hardships and fatigues of his life in Korea. His successor was Mgr. Francis Berneux, an intrepid missionary who had suffered for the Faith in Tonkin, and who, on Easter Sunday, 1856, landed on the coast of his diocese, with two French priests—Fathers Petitnicholas and Pourthié.

There was nothing festive about the arrival of the new Bishop: it took place at night, on a solitary spot on the seashore, surrounded by the utmost secrecy. Almost immediately on landing he had to conceal himself in a miserable hut in order to avoid notice; but, in spite of the difficulties and dangers of his lot, a heartfelt Alleluia burst from his lips when at last he trod the soil sanctified by the blood of martyrs, which the Vicar of Christ had committed to his care.

(Conclusion next week.)

SMALL service is true service while it lasts:
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.
—Wordsworth.

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

X.—THE ENCOUNTER.

THAT evening, after dinner, John followed the Count de Chazé into his study, which he used also as a smoking-room. It was the Count who first broke the silence:

"So, friend John, it is to-morrow at nine o'clock?"

"You have divined?"

"Of course I saw through your little manoeuvre. Do you think I am so stupid?"

"Perhaps Christiana has guessed?"

"I won't tell her a word of it, don't alarm yourself."

"I must have a second witness."

"I will send for Gaëtan de Cambry."

The Count wrote a few words hastily, and, folding the note, went out to find a servant. When he returned John was quietly smoking one of the cigarettes which Madeleine had given him.

"It is to be the sword, is it not?"

"Yes. With the pistol I should have the advantage."

"And so the Marquis Don Quixote de Lizardière has chosen the sword, naturally. Do you know anything about the use of it?"

"Not much, it is true. Since my father's death I have not fenced at all."

"So much the worse for you. I warn you that Monsieur Frederic Legrand is one of the best fencers in Paris."

"So be it!" said John, calmly.

"More than that, he is brave."

"So much the better!"

"Now, your only chance lies in the *flanconade*."

"What is the *flanconade*?"

"Go take down that book bound in fawn-colored leather, second shelf on the left. There, that's it! Bring it to me."

John brought the old volume and read this imposing title:

"The Master of Arms; or, The Only Perfect Use of the Sword. Dedicated to Monseigneur the Duke of Burgundy, by Le Sieur de Liancourt. Paris and Amsterdam. 1697."

The Count took the volume and turned over the pages one by one.

"'Volt'; it is not that. 'German fence practised in Holland'; 'Italian guard'; 'sword-stroke practised in Spain.' It is not those either. Ah, here we have it! 'The *flanconade*.' You will do me the favor to read and reflect on this short chapter: 'The *flanconade*, otherwise called the thrust in the side.' There is an illustration which shows it better than the description. You see, friend John, a great many of the modern masters of arms have invented new thrusts with striking names, but not one is worth the old-fashioned *flanconade*. So do me the favor to read this chapter of good old Sieur de Liancourt; and then say your prayers and go to sleep in peace. I will call you at eight, and at nine you will show Monsieur Frederic Legrand the excellence of the *flanconade*."

M. de Chazé laughed, as he spoke, with a gayety which was not forced. Nothing was more natural to him than an affair of "honor"; and at the bottom of his soul, in spite of his affection for his cousin, he was pleased at the idea of seeing two swords cross in the air. It made him young again.

Need we remark before going further that to *us* the duel seems still more blamable from the religious than from the social point of view? But John's blood was boiling; M. Legrand was equally excited; and M. de Chazé, as an old soldier, in this instance forgot his Christian duty.

At the appointed hour adversaries and witnesses were on the spot. The Count had brought two swords, and

so had M. Désormes. M. Legrand's second was an officer of the Hussars, a friend of the Désormes family. M. de Lizardière's second was an old naval officer, M. Gaëtan de Cambry, blond, cold, silent, and distinguished-looking. The seconds marked out the ground. Fate left the choice of arms to John, who, from a scrupulous sense of honor, selected those that M. Désormes had brought.

As he handed the sword to John, M. de Chazé could not refrain from murmuring:

"The flanconade!"

The combatants threw aside their coats, and gave the usual salutation with the sword. The steels crossed; the two men tried their weapons, making several feints, and feeling each other's strength and skill. M. Legrand was the more skilful. M. de Lizardière the more spirited. M. Legrand, who was unusually corpulent for a young man, gained in solidity what he lacked in dexterity. Taking a firm stand, tranquil, his head thrown back, his arm slightly bent, immovable in his strength, he waited.

John, on whom impatience was gaining a little, gave a most imprudent straight blow. M. Legrand parried it, losing nothing of his composure; and false thrusts and counter-thrusts began again. Suddenly M. Legrand, with an unexpected rapidity, threw himself forward, and his sword's point rested on John's belt. But it met with some unforeseen resistance; and M. Legrand, drawing back a step, put himself on guard again.

John, who had felt the blow, looked hastily in his waistcoat pocket and found a five-franc piece. Seemingly provoked at the occurrence, he tossed the money aside, and put himself on guard also.

"You place your money well, my Lord. You would make a good banker," said M. Legrand, with a forced smile.

"Talking is prohibited under the rules of arms," observed the Count.

John, irritated, could scarcely contain himself. Nevertheless, by a supreme effort he became calm. Engaging his sword in tierce, and aiming it straight at the nose of his adversary, who raised his hands lightly as a shield, he brought the weapon down and dealt a terrific blow. It was the flanconade! M. Legrand fell back, and John drew his sword. The point was broken, but M. Legrand was not wounded.

"Pshaw!" cried M. Legrand. "We can't even scratch each other's skin. It was my watch that got the blow."

"You told me I would make a good banker because I deposit money well. I do not say you would be a good jeweller because you put watches in perilous positions."

The two young men and the seconds could not refrain from smiling. Then M. Désormes, advancing toward the Count, asked permission to put an end to the duel.

"Before the contest, I did not think it proper to make an attempt at reconciliation. Now I do. Monsieur de Lizardière and Monsieur Legrand have shown themselves both noble and brave. I consider that at present, instead of measuring swords, they had better shake hands. Are you not of my opinion, Monsieur de Chazé? And do you not agree with me, Monsieur de Cambry?"

"We are of your opinion, Monsieur Désormes."

"I subscribe," added M. Legrand's second witness.

The engineer advanced toward John and held out his hand.

"Monsieur de Lizardière, it was I who offered the first insult: it is I who first make amends."

John, naturally, did not hang back. Being at heart a Christian as well as a gentleman, with great politeness he took the hand that was tendered him.

The combatants saluted, and bade each other farewell, much pleased at the happy issue of an affair which might have ended in a tragedy.

As soon as the Count found himself alone in the carriage with John, he rubbed his hands in a satisfied way and exclaimed:

"Well, my boy, didn't I tell you so? The flanconade,—that is what did it! The flanconade!"

As they came near Marcilly, Christiana and Madeleine met them. Intense anxiety was visible on Christiana's face, although she perceived her cousin at her husband's side.

"You are not wounded, John?" she asked, taking his hand.

"No, cousin."

"We will tell you all about it, Christiana," said the Count. "The five-franc piece, the watch, and the flanconade! Did you guess what was going on?"

"I had my fears, and I have suffered from terrible suspense."

"Are you satisfied with me, cousin Christiana?"

"Yes, my child, I am satisfied, since you did not persist. May God be as indulgent!"

"Then that was the reason," interposed Madeleine, "why mamma begged me to say the Rosary so fervently last night and this morning—that no harm might come to cousin John."

"Yes, daughter; and for what else did I make you pray?"

"That my dear cousin might behave himself well, and make some beautiful pictures that should bring him a great deal of money."

"Since you asked all that of the good God for me, I am sure He will heed your prayer. When I get rich I know what I will do."

"What will you do, cousin John?"

"That is my secret; but you shall be the first to know it, I promise you, be it in one year or two or ten."

XI.—M. DÉSORMES' COUNTRY-SEAT.

The house at Bruyères was a large, rectangular building, wholly without architectural pretension, but elegant and well built. While the events related in the preceding chapter were taking place, Raymonde was alone in her father's library. She had an enormous folio opened out on the table, and was bending over it, making some impatient gestures, and becoming more and more absorbed.

Her father suddenly entered the room quite hurriedly, contrary to his usual regular and phlegmatic manner.

"What are you doing, Raymonde?"

"I am examining the map of the staff offices, papa."

"Indeed, my child! Have you any special designs on the French army?"

"Not the least in the world, I assure you. I am only trying to find out if there is any way of reaching Lizardière without passing by Marcilly."

"I know of none."

"I am afraid there is none. On the map, I see only some crossroads which are not fit for a carriage. We shall have to go on horseback, and in bad weather, to make matters worse."

"And why don't you want to go on the main road, by Marcilly?"

"Because we might meet Monsieur de Lizardière. He would know where we were going; and, as the manor was sold against his wish, our meeting might seem a sort of bravado."

"Ah! But you should have thought of that sooner. Nothing would have been easier than to let that old castle alone."

"I wanted it so much, papa; and I am going to make a marvel of it. Restoration—Renaissance! The little chapel will be renewed and beautified. I shall put up a new altar, and also a silver statue of our Blessed Lady. I shall have a conservatory for choice flowers—always blue and white—for her altar. Oh, it will be grand, papa!"

"I have allowed you to carry out this strange fancy, like many another, my dear child. Since the death of your mother—God rest her soul!—I have let you have your own way, and thus far I have had no reason to regret it. Besides, you are of age, and you can spend your money as you choose. This fancy will cost you, at the outset, a hundred thousand francs; and the repairs and decorations will cost you as much more. So far so good. But what is not so good is that this last caprice has just missed causing the death of one man, if not of two."

"Why, what do you mean, papa?"

"Oh, nothing has come of it, thank the good God!"

M. Désormes related the incidents of the morning, not forgetting to mention the five-franc piece and the watch. Although informed in advance of the happy termination of the affair, the girl listened with deep attention, and at times with an amount of emotion she could not conceal.

She regained her tranquillity, however, as M. Legrand entered the room. Holding out her hand, she quietly greeted him, without referring to the recent adventure. After some moments of conversation, she asked him to write to a celebrated architect at Mans, so that the restoration of the Lizardière might begin at once.

It was time for lunch, and M. Legrand offered his arm to Raymonde. She accepted it; and, assuming her most majestic manner, with a teasing smile, she said as they passed into the dining-room:

"And so all is well, watchmaker?"

"Very well, Mademoiselle. But as I know that you always act according to the rules of strict justice, I hope that when you meet Monsieur de Lizardière you will call him banker."

"No, Monsieur Legrand, I shall do nothing of the kind."

(To be continued.)

Storm-Birds.

BY RODERICK GILL.*

WHEN all the broad sea idly rests,
Only the gannets may be seen
Poising lazily and serene,
Shaking the soft tints from their breasts.
They are the slow tide's waiting guests
For refuse and the drifts of green;
But gull and albatross careen
Only when tempests make behests.

For such as they it is delight
To breast the hurricane's wild might
And cleave the mountain-billows' head;
So also from the herd of men
The master hearts rise not, save when
There sounds some thunder-stroke of dread.

The Great Battles of Christendom.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

VI.—LAS NAVAS DE TOLOSA.

THE thirteenth century opened amid scenes of almost exceptional warfare and bloodshed throughout Europe and Asia. Conflicts were rife between Mussulmans and Christians; and as many as five separate Crusades, or Eastern campaigns, took place during its course,—all unsuccessful, all involving tremendous suffering, and with disastrous effects both in the political and social world.

One, indeed, of these Crusades forms a touchingly pathetic story. It is briefly referred to in historical manuals as "The Crusade of the Children." No less than ninety thousand children, we are told, left their homes and families in the year 1212; and, incited by tales of heroism gleaned from accounts of the Holy Wars, proceeded in troops to Marseilles and Genoa, the usual ports of pilgrimage, where they hoped to be able to embark for the far-off Holy

* After Richepin.

Land. Multitudes of them died by the way, of starvation and want; some wandered into Italy, to meet with a like fate there; while those among them who contrived to get passage to Alexandria were seized on their arrival and sold as slaves. For the number of Christian slaves in those days was enormous, even as it continued to be long afterward, in the time of St. Vincent de Paul (himself, as we may remember, once in slavery), and of St. Peter Claver.

But although the Crusades continued at intervals throughout that century to lay the bones of thousands of Europeans on Oriental soil, the first fervor of such leaders as Godefroy de Bouillion had already somewhat cooled before its opening years; and internecine warfare and princely jealousies would soon have taken the place of the more heroic aspirations of the earlier conquerors of Jerusalem, had not the ever-vigilant occupiers of the Pontifical Throne borne in their hearts the Church's needs. And Innocent III., who ascended that throne in 1198, and was, as all agree, one of the greatest of the many great Pontiffs, felt that another strong effort must be made to crush the Mahometan power in Europe, and in particular to rid Catholic Spain of her Moorish oppressors.

So, on the 22d of May, 1212, Rome witnessed a great ceremony, in which the Pope and his cardinals took part. Barefooted and in silence, the Roman people assembled, each in his own parish church, and, led by their priests, marched slowly toward the Church of St. John Lateran, "the mother and mistress of churches," as its title is, where the Pope himself, holding the great relic of the True Cross, preached to them, exhorting them to pray 'that God might give victory to the Christians, and that the pagans might not reign.' Similar processions, with fasting and almsgiving, took place throughout France; and the Spanish

kings—there were several kingdoms then beyond and about the Pyrenees—were exhorted to forget all private differences and to strike out for God and for the Christian Faith.

Letters are still extant from Innocent III. to the Kings of Castile and Aragon, to the King of Navarre, and to the Spanish episcopate, to whom were given in charge, so to speak, the townspeople who remained behind, and the maintenance of order and discipline in the absence of their usual rulers. "Now is the time," wrote the Pontiff, "when all must mutually assist each other; for the enemy of the Cross seeks not only to oppress Spain but all Christians in all countries. If there be any divisions among you, let them be suspended or submitted to your arbitration. Let ecclesiastical penalties be held over prince or subject alike who would dare to betray the cause of the Faith."

Full powers were given the archbishops and bishops of Spain to rule the kingdom and preserve tranquillity during the Holy War; while those of France were bidden to invite as many knights as possible to go to the help of their Spanish brethren at Toledo, the rallying place of the Crusade. And it was a gallant company which the later recruits found awaiting them there: kings, princes, nobles, Knights of Malta and Knights Templars; bishops and abbots; French *grands seigneurs*, with such historic names as Turenne and De la Ferté; Leopold of Austria with his numerous following; stout Portuguese regiments, admired by all; and, supreme in their own eyes at least, the graceful, daring, blue-blooded Castilians, each of whom deemed himself the equal of a king.

According to an old map, made about the time of the death of Alfonso III., King of Leon, in 910, by far the greater part of the Spanish peninsula was, and continued for centuries to be, a Moorish province. The Kalif of

trained horses, which turned and wheeled as if obeying every thought of their rider; their supreme contemptuous, fatalistic indifference to death.

Small wonder that, after the first half of the battle, King Alfonso cried to his comrade, the Archbishop: "We must die here, all together!"—"No!" shouted back the valiant ecclesiastic. "It is here, my king, that you must triumph over your enemies." And Alfonso then, with renewed courage, called to his followers: "Advance to the help of those who are most in danger!"

"I perceived that the struggle was more than they could manage," he wrote afterward; "so I advanced to the charge with my cavalry, preceded by the Cross and by our standard, on which were emblazoned the images of the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Son. We were resolved to die for the Faith. Beholding the insults offered to the Cross of Jesus and the image of His Mother by those miscreants, who saluted them with a volley of arrows and stones, a holy piety seized us, and we charged desperately through their ranks, cutting their whole army in two."

This gallant charge, in point of fact, changed the whole aspect of things and turned the tide of victory toward the Christian arms. The Navarrese soldiery broke through the Moorish ranks on another side; the Aragonese came up with a further attack; and finally the emir himself, finding his son slain, his standard captured, and his own special bodyguard scattered, took to flight; and, accompanied by only four of his followers, leading some camels laden with treasure which he was reluctant to leave, he made his way down to the Saracen town of Bæza, on to Jæen, and then, by the banks of the Guadalquivir, to Seville. It is said that the panic-stricken inhabitants of the first town cried to him, as he passed, for help or

guidance; but he only answered: "I know not what you can do! May Allah help you!"

After his flight, the battlefield became a scene of horrible carnage. The corpses of the Saracen soldiers thickly strewed the plain, and one hundred and eighty-five thousand more are said to have yielded themselves prisoners; while their Christian conquerors, led by the Archbishop of Toledo, were intoning a hymn of thanksgiving.

On what a tremendous scale this Moorish army had been may be estimated from the fact that its now deserted camp was so vast that the whole Christian army filled only one corner of it, and that for two days afterward the necessary camp fires of the victors were composed solely of the spent arrows and broken lances gathered from the field. The booty was immense, incalculable.

King Alfonso, who refused to take any share of the priceless booty divided among the conquerors, sent the emir's richly-hung tent and his standard as an offering to Pope Innocent III., together with his own written description of the campaign. And these trophies, as well as Mahomet's lance, were suspended for several centuries beneath the dome of St. Peter's, as a memorial of this Christian triumph.

In Castile itself, the 16th of July was henceforth set apart as the "Feast of the Triumph of the Cross"; and year by year succeeding generations learned, before the tattered Moorish flags which hung in its cathedral, the story of the Christian victory of Las Navas de Tolosa.

SURELY it would be a good thing if, in our schools, it could be recognized that a child had far better grow up thinking that the earth is flat than to remain ignorant of God and moral law and filial duty.

—"*The Story of the Psalms.*"

The Incompatibles.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

ON a beautiful morning in June a young husband and wife were seated opposite each other at a well-appointed breakfast table. Beyond a brief "Good-morning!" when his wife entered the room, the master of the house had not uttered a word. From time to time she regarded him with glances now contemptuous, now gleaming with suppressed anger. As he was about to leave the table, apparently unconscious of her mood, as his eyes had been fixed on the morning paper during the greater part of the meal, she coughed slightly. He looked at her, and she inquired:

"Winston, do you know what day of the month yesterday was?"

"The twelfth, was it not?" he replied.

"The twelfth of what?"

"Of June."

"Is that all?"

"What do you mean, Dora?"

"You did not remember?"

"I do not follow you."

"No? Well, can you lend me your attention for a few moments?"

"I can give it to you," he rejoined, leaning back in his chair.

"Very well," she said, her voice tremulous, though she tried to make it natural and indifferent. "Yesterday was the anniversary of our marriage."

"Ah, so it was!"

"Had you forgotten it?"

"No. But I saw no reason why attention should be called to it, or why we should make it an occasion of celebration."

"Perhaps you were right," she went on. "It would have been a silly thing to do. But henceforward it will be a double anniversary—for me at least; for last evening I decided something

which has been agitating my mind for some time."

He lifted his eyebrows but said not a word.

"I have come to the conclusion that life with you is no longer possible, and I have resolved to end it."

"To end your life, Dora?" he asked, teasingly.

"Do not jest, Winston. I am serious. I can not live with you any longer."

"You mean that you *will* not?"

"That is what I mean."

"Perhaps you are right. I shall not coerce you."

"You dare not. And it would be altogether useless."

He drummed lightly with his fingers on the table but made no reply. After a moment she spoke again:

"I do not think that either of us has anything serious with which to reproach the other—"

He interrupted her:

"Grounds for a divorce, you mean?"

"Winston! We are Catholics. I would never think of such a thing for a moment. Neither would you."

"Thank you! We took each other for better or worse, you know."

"We did. But, in my opinion, the meaning of that—of those words—is seldom understood. Poverty, sickness, misfortune of all kinds, a man and woman should consider themselves bound to endure together; but there are other things."

"Still worse?"

"Still worse. You know it as well as I do. One of them is absolute incompatibility. Our characters are so opposite that they must constantly diverge farther and farther. Now I have resolved to end it all, as I told you."

"Do all other married persons live in perfect harmony?"

"An idle question. Some of them succeed in adjusting themselves to each other, no doubt; some are naturally in accordance; others live in a hell upon

earth. I do not propose to do this any longer."

"I was not aware that we had come to such a pass."

"Probably not. Your indifference is really harder to bear than—"

"A terrestrial Inferno? No, Dora, I was not aware that things were so bad as that."

"Your indifference again! And yet you are so contrary that it is difficult to believe you are not often actuated by malice."

"In what way?"

"Everything I do seems to meet with your disapproval."

"A moment ago you said I was indifferent. Are you not a little inconsistent?"

"You *look* your feelings and moods. Your eyes express a great deal."

"I might wear blue glasses—"

"You can not have a particle of feeling," she continued, impatiently. "If you had, you could not answer me as you do. Either my words vex you or you ridicule me. Your laugh grates on my nerves, it is so cold, so unnatural."

"I might always keep silent."

"We both might. But that would not mend matters. Fancy two persons living together in perpetual silence!" (She brushed a tear from her eyes.) "Your moods are so variable! One day you are like the Sphinx; the next day you talk so much that I can not get in a single word."

"That is only when you have been complaining of my silent moods."

"Yes, when you remind me of a mortuary chapel. And, then, you are so tyrannical!"

"Tyrannical! I!"

He was evidently surprised. He had not looked upon himself in that light.

"Yes. When on rare occasions you are gay, you think everyone else must be gay; when you are gloomy, you think others should be so."

"I was not aware of it, Dora."

"Nevertheless, it is true. You are eccentric, changeable, irritable. You will not suffer the least contradiction. You interrupt me when I am speaking, if my views do not chance to coincide with your own."

"Is that all?"

"You do not love those whom I love," she went on.

"I was not aware that you loved any one in particular. I have felt surprised sometimes that you had no intimate friends."

"I have never felt the need of them."

"Is that a compliment to me or to yourself?"

"Neither. I was thinking of Minka when I alluded to your dislike of those whom I love."

"*Whom* you love, Dora! Minka,—a little spaniel! I am astonished. I can't help it if caresses and kisses lavished on a dog are disgusting to me."

"I must have some one—something to love," she rejoined, in a tearful voice.

Oh, if he had only known! The man and the occasion were there, but he did not avail himself of his opportunity. If he had only said to her, even playfully, "You have *me*, Dora," the situation might have been saved. But he let it pass. Perhaps it never occurred to him to improve it.

After a moment, piqued at his indifference, she resumed in a more acrid tone than she had hitherto used:

"It is enough that I have an opinion for you to take the opposite view. You pretend to be a connoisseur in music, whereas you know nothing about it—save that you have a pretty good ear. You say that I am an ignoramus where politics is concerned, whereas the contrary is true. My father was not Senator for ten years without my having learned something of politics. You are cross to my maid, and allow your man to drink up all the wine in the cellar. You can not bear low-necked dresses,—will not let me wear

them without a scene; and will not give up smoking when you know I can not endure it."

"I have never been cross to your maid, Dora. I seldom speak to her."

"That is what I mean. You treat her like a machine."

"And what should I say to her? What possible excuse could I have for speaking to her, unless I wished to ask her some question or other as to your whereabouts?"

"You might say 'Good-morning!' now and then."

"Has she complained?"

"Of course not. What a question! But I have remarked it."

"It seems to me, Dora, you are magnifying your woes. With regard to Justin, you know I have given him warning."

"Well, perhaps you have. But he does not seem in a hurry to go."

"I had paid him a month's wages in advance. He had represented to me that his wife was ill. He will leave in a few days."

"You might have told me that long ago, Winston."

"You asked no questions. And to me the matter was unimportant, so far as you were concerned."

"You never explain anything."

"When I endeavor to do so you make me draw it out to such a length that it tires me. And you invariably get angry, and I hate—scenes."

"It is you who get angry, sir, with a cold-blooded, implacable anger which exasperates me. To be brief, we are thorns in each other's flesh. We are constant sources of irritation to each other. I feel and I know that the sound of my voice, of my footsteps, the flutter of my gown are odious to you. This very moment I can see in those cold eyes of yours that you are longing to seize me by the hair and throw me out of the window."

"No, indeed. I was thinking how

becoming to you is a little color, if it were not the result of ill temper."

"You are a monster! I have finished. I shall say no more."

"Forgive me, Dora! I can not take this seriously. We have not lived happily, perhaps,—in fact, I know we have not. But there are others in worse condition."

"It is impossible!" she exclaimed. "No one could be in worse condition. You shall, you *must* take it seriously. I am tired of our manner of life. I will endure it no longer. I have means of my own: I do not ask anything from you. Happily, we have no child to make matters more complicated than they are."

"Perhaps if we had, things would never have come to this pass," he said, sorrowfully.

"It is idle to speculate," she replied. "I am going. I bear you no ill-will. We shall both be happier. I promise you that you will be a different man when I am not here to cross you. Possibly you will think of me more kindly than you do at present; and I shall remember you as a perfectly honest and entirely disagreeable man. Do not let us prolong this discussion. Let me go."

"You have not asked my permission heretofore. My giving or withholding it would matter nothing. I see that you are in earnest. If you are determined to leave me, so be it. But I have still left some shreds of respect for you as well as for myself. Let us not break off abruptly, so as to make ourselves the subject of gossip. You know we had proposed to go to South Carolina this summer. You may not believe me, Dora, but I had anticipated considerable enjoyment from the trip. I still would like you to see the place. Besides, my old friend and governess will be expecting us; she has had everything put in readiness for us. She has been more than a mother to me;

I can not bear to disappoint her. Let us go down there together, as we had planned. I will remain a few days—we can preserve appearances that long,—and then I shall arrange to leave for Europe on business of great importance. You may do as you please,—stay at Longwood for some months if you wish, or leave as soon as you find it irksome. I really believe it will rest and please you to be there. Will you do this much for me, Dora? After I have gone, things will gradually shape themselves. Once out of their sight, people will soon forget us. In a little while we can go our ways unnoticed and unremembered. What do you say?"

"Very well," she replied slowly. "I do not wish to be unreasonable. I am willing to do as you say. I have always loved the country. I may like it there."

"Thank you!" he said.

He looked at her sadly as she passed him. But her glance did not meet his: her eyes were fixed on the floor.

They did not see each other again till the next morning at breakfast.

"Will you take your maid?" he asked, after the usual silence which followed "Good-morning!"

"No," she answered. "She refuses to go so far from civilization."

"Were those her words?"

"Her very words."

"You will be better without her."

"So I think. I can readily do all for myself that will be required."

He agreed with her, but did not utter his thoughts, fearing that, as usual, she might misunderstand him.

"Justin goes to-night," he said. "He has found another occupation. There are a lot of Negroes at Longwood."

Both seemed relieved to be rid of their servants. The situation was too strained for observers.

The evening before they were to

leave Winston came hurriedly to her sitting-room.

"Dora," he said, "I can not go with you to-morrow. There is something wrong at the bank, and they want the directors to be on hand. There may be considerable delay for me. What will you do?"

"Is this an excuse?" she inquired, petulantly.

He bit his lip.

"No," he said, after a pause. "It is the truth."

"Will you come at all?"

"Not if you do not wish it."

"Whose plan was this—yours or mine?" she asked.

"Mine."

"Very well. I shall do my part. I am tired to death, and the rest will do me good. I am longing for change."

She looked worried and fatigued. There were dark rings under her eyes.

"Poor Dora!" he said compassionately, voicing his feelings almost before he was aware of it. "I hope you will have a long and pleasant rest."

She turned away. Kindness from him at this juncture was the hardest thing to bear. She had not calculated on the task which was now accomplished.

Winston proposed to rent the house furnished; and all her belongings had been carefully set aside and packed. He had insisted upon it. Curios, wedding presents—personal property,—he would have none of them.

As she lay down to sleep for the last time in the dismantled room, she could not help thinking what a fitting reminder it seemed of her life. She felt helpless, too; realizing for the first time how he had always assumed every unpleasant care or responsibility, and that in future she would have to think for herself in a more serious manner than she had ever done. It was long past midnight when she fell into a restless slumber, filled with gloomy dreams.

When Jesus was a Child.

(A Legend)

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

THE spring sun was bright in Nazareth, and everyone was happy,—everyone save the little Miriam, the daughter of Josue the shepherd. The boys shouted at their play in the fields, and the girls sang as they circled round and round and round again. But the little Miriam had no heart for play. Instead, she tarried at home and wept; for had she not found her little pet bird dead in its cage this morning? Vainly she held it to her breast, vainly she called its name: there was no flutter of the lifeless wings.

But even as she wept there passed by, going to join His comrades at their play, the little Jesus, the son of Joseph the carpenter and of Mary. (His Mother watched Him from afar off, shading her eyes with her hand, that she might have Him longer in sight.) Hearing the cries of Miriam, He stopped and asked:

"Why do you cry, Miriam?"

"Alas, my bird is dead!" she wailed, placing the lifeless pet in His hand.

The eyes of the little Jesus grew dark with deep compassion. Then He said suddenly:

"Nay, Miriam, your bird is not dead. See where it flies again!"

And Miriam looked. And, behold, the bird flew to its perch, singing more sweetly than ever!

And Miriam laughed for joy. But her parents wondered; and an old man who prayed much, expecting the Messiah, thereafter looked with awe upon the Boy Jesus, who was reputed the son of Joseph the carpenter.

THE end and purpose of life and of time is nothing less than our Father's service.—*Bishop Hedley.*

A White Elephant of a Statue.

IN a recent issue of the *Echo de Sainte-Ursule*, a French monthly magazine published in Rome, we find a bit of high-class light comedy that deserves reproduction. The proper caption for the story would perhaps be "Fools and their Folly; or, The Superfluous Statue"; but our contemporary gives it the simple heading "The Monument to Spedialieri."

It seems that for a period of almost two years the open square facing S. Andrea della Valle in Rome had been the scene of some mysterious labors. A portion of the piazza was enclosed with a high board fence, behind which evidently something was being done. At the expiration of a year and a half, public curiosity was partially gratified by the emergence above the fence of a sort of phantom which was entirely covered with a white shroud. It was a statue.

The explanation was soon forthcoming. A committee had been formed at Bronte, Sicily, for the purpose of rearing in Rome a monument to the Abbé Spedialieri (1740-1795), who, toward the end of the eighteenth century, had written a big book on the rights of man. Certainly such a volume must have been an attack on the Church, and the Abbé Spedialieri was hailed as another forerunner of the Revolution, a morning-star announcing the full splendor of Liberalism's noonday. What a splendid act of defiance it would be to erect a statue to the memory of this hero, just in front of one of the most beautiful churches of the Eternal City!

So the committee sat, advised, formed soliciting subcommittees, gave the order for the statue, secured the coveted site opposite S. Andrea della Valle, waited patiently while the work was being prosecuted, and finally learned that

it was completed and ready for the solemn public unveiling. The unveiling, however, lagged and lagged; and in the end was neither solemn nor public, but supremely ludicrous and utterly private. What had happened? Something quite simple.

One individual, M. Labanca, unfortunately an ex-priest, had taken the trouble to read Spedialieri's book, a proceeding which none of the Bronte committee or their gullible subscribers had considered worth while. Now, M. Labanca had discovered that Spedialieri had never written against the Church, that his works had circulated quite freely in Rome at a time when the Pontifical censure was at the height of its vigor; and, moreover, that he had been the author of a notable refutation of Fréret's "Critical Examination of Christianity."

This was bad enough; but what was worse was that Pope Pius VII., setting aside the Apostolic Constitution which declares that a benefice at St. Peter's can be conferred upon none but Roman citizens, had actually given such a benefice to the Sicilian priest,—an evident sign that the Pontiff not only had nothing with which to reproach him, but considered his writings of real utility to the Church. Irrespective of these simple facts, the full title of the work which the Revolutionists had extolled to the skies was a sufficient proof that they had totally mistaken the purpose of their prematurely selected hero. That title runs: "The Rights of Man. Six Books. In which is demonstrated that these rights find their most faithful guardian in Civil Society and the Christian Religion." There was no republic in those days, and, "lo and behold you," Abbé Spedialieri names the throne and the altar as the surest guarantee of our rights and liberties!

Is it any wonder that the solemn unveiling did not take place, even

though M. Nasi, Minister of Public Instruction and a Freemason of high rank, had promised to deliver the oration at the ceremony? "Idiots!" cried Professor Labanca, "you have erected a statue to a priest who remained a priest, who defended the Church and detested the Revolution. Better utilize your money and reserve the piazzas of Rome for men a little less clerical." At this revelation the whole Masonic clan shuddered with horror. Minister Nasi's speech was stillborn, the members of the committee "folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away"; and poor Spedialieri, it seems, began to grow tired of his enveloping shroud, originally white but now transformed into a dingy yellow.

There was some talk of detaching the statue from its pedestal and sending it to Sicily. The citizens of Bronte might ornament their public square therewith, unless, indeed, seized with the same horror as their confrères at Rome, they concluded to consign it to the foundry. Time went on; no decision was reached; and in the meanwhile the Catholics were laughing at the farcical quandary of the disconcerted Liberals whose attempt to insult the Church had covered themselves with ridicule.

Something had to be done. So one fine moonlight night a chief of police, followed by several carpenters, flanked by patrolmen and agents, appeared on the piazza S. Andrea della Valle. The board fence was rapidly taken down, the shroud was hurriedly snatched from the statue, and everybody ran away as if a shameful act had just been perpetrated. It was one o'clock in the morning. There have been in modern history numerous varieties of inaugurations and unveilings of statues, but that of the Spedialieri memorial was probably unique—as it certainly deserved to be.

Notes and Remarks.

It is a fact of happy omen that "the largest number of converts ever confirmed at one service" in New York was made up of colored Catholics belonging to the parish of St. Benedict the Moor. For twenty-five years the Rev. John E. Burke has confined his priestly ministrations to the Negro population of the metropolis; and he as well as his dusky flock must have been encouraged by Archbishop Farley's words of congratulation: "I have bright hopes for your future. I have watched the progress of this parish with great pride and satisfaction." Archbishop Glennon recently made the remarkable statement that in the populous colonies of Catholic Negroes along the Mississippi lynching is unknown, because Catholic Negroes are not addicted to the crime for which lynching is supposed to be the remedy. He added that "the Catholic Church will save the colored man if the colored man will come to the Catholic Church." That the colored man is beginning to come to the Church may be inferred from the fact that of the ninety candidates confirmed by Archbishop Farley at St. Benedict the Moor's, sixty-one were converts.

The Rev. John Watson, better known perhaps as Ian McLaren, has been writing to the *British Weekly* on positive and negative religious attitudes. His viewpoint is, of course, quite different from the Catholic one; but there is sound argument and some caustic truth in his paper, notwithstanding. This, for example: "Really, for a modern to refuse to believe anything because his fathers believed it, or to be willing to believe anything if it be not in the Bible, is too simple-minded a creed. Yet is it not the case that any book which denies is supposed

on that account to be honest and thoughtful; and any book which affirms, to be by so much ignorant and obscurantist?...If there be a bigotry of orthodoxy which is sometimes intolerant, there is also a bigotry of heterodoxy which is insolent." Quite so; and if by orthodoxy is meant communion with the historical Church and by heterodoxy all other forms of religion, the point is even better taken.

Undue importance is being attached in some non-Catholic circles to the pronouncements of two Protestant authors on the religious outlook in the Philippines. Just how thoroughly impartial, sane, and judicial-minded are the authors in question may be inferred from the statement by one of them that the Filipinos were "superficially converted at first, superficially taught until the present hour"; and from this weighty declaration of the other: "The effect of American political ideas and of American public schools will inevitably be to break the power of superstition and to develop in multitudes that which will make it impossible for them to remain in the Roman Catholic Church as it now exists." Both writers mistake the religious issue. It is not Protestantism or atheism in the Philippines, but Catholicism or infidelity the world over, the Philippines not excluded.

"Children and their Prayers" is the title of an article which, though published in a Protestant periodical (*St. Clement's Magazine*), we heartily wish every Catholic parent in the United States could read. We quote the most notable paragraph, referring to an obligation the importance of which can not be exaggerated:

The fourth point to be observed is this, that parents should see to it that their children do say their prayers. This is the long and tedious part of the training. Children, as a rule, need

constant looking after in other matters. The average healthy boy has to be told to wash his hands several times a day for several years before he really gets the habit of doing it. Almighty God expects an equal diligence in teaching children to pray, and it is fairly reasonable to suppose that this will enter into His judgment on parents. Of course it may be a bother always to get boys or girls up in the morning in time for their prayers, always to be sure they say them at night. But it will be considerably worse to admit to God hereafter that it was too much trouble to teach the children to pray. They may object, just as they object to having clean hands; but the loving mother will pay no attention to such objections. She will require of her children that they show proper respect to God, just as she requires them to show respect to herself.

The valuable collection of old armor recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art is said to include the *bâton de commandement de Charlemagne* and *le casque de Jeanne d'Arc*; though no one seems to know how these pieces came into the possession of the Duc de Dino, who made the collection. The helmet which belonged to the Venerable Maid of Orleans, at least in a Pickwickian sense, has three large dents,—one on the right side and two on the left. The urbane curator of the New York museum will have only to point to these dents when doubts are expressed as to the identity of the helmet. Charlemagne's baton must have been his property; otherwise, his name would not be on it. He didn't have to borrow a baton when he needed one.

The *Literary Digest* quotes Dr. Laloy, who writes in the Parisian *La Nature* to this effect: "If a person records on a phonograph a few sentences pronounced by himself, together with others by his friends, and causes the machine to reproduce these at the end of a brief period, it generally happens that he easily recognizes his friends' voices but not his own. On the other hand, the friends recognize his voice perfectly.

This singular fact proves that every one hears his own voice differently from others." The *Digest* speaks of this as an interesting experiment. It is more interesting than novel. Most persons familiar with phonographs have noticed the "singular fact" time and time again during the past decade. Indeed, it has become commonplace enough to serve as an illustration to the essayist. In January last, for instance, a writer in the *New Freeman*, discussing the sin of envy, said: "If you speak into the recorder of a phonograph and then listen to the reproduction of your record, you will discover that while your voice sounds familiar enough to your friends and acquaintances, it sounds quite unfamiliar to yourself; and many of us know still less about our actual characters than about our real voices."

Archbishop Bruchési, of Montreal, must have been pleasantly surprised recently when one hundred and fifty Chinese of that city petitioned for the ministrations of a priest who speaks their language. The request, it must be admitted, was unusual; but, remembering the heroism and the martyr-spirit displayed by converts in China during the Boxer atrocities, one may readily believe that an apostolate among the Celestials of North America would yield great results. We have Mother Katharine's Sisters, whose special work is the care of the Indians; and communities of both sexes dedicated to the Christianization of the Blacks. Perhaps some day we shall have a religious Order with a special vocation to work among the Chinese Americans.

The creation of a new diocese, an event which always excites general interest in other countries, has become so common in the United States as almost to pass without comment beyond its own immediate boundaries.

Naturally, the division of a diocese occurs most commonly in the thinly populated Western States; yet within a few years we have seen the See of Altoona (Pennsylvania) created; and now Fall River, Massachusetts, has been made an episcopal city. The population of the new diocese is made up largely of Catholics of Irish, French, Polish, Italian and Portuguese descent; and as part of an old, well-settled and well-organized diocese it has a good start in the matter of priests, churches, schools, and charitable institutions. The Catholic population is said to be two hundred thousand, an unprecedented figure for a freshly created ecclesiastical centre in this country. The new Bishop of Fall River is the Rt. Rev. William Stang, D. D., well known to the clergy of the United States by his writings on religious subjects. Like Bishop Cusack, the recently appointed Auxiliary of New York, he has been conspicuous in the work of missions to non-Catholics. Health and length of days to the Bishop of Fall River!

We wonder that Protestant ministers still continue to bear false witness against Catholic missionaries. Whenever this is done, other Protestant persons are the first to defend the accused; and in doing so generally say things which must be extremely humiliating to the accusers. A Baptist preacher in Africa having spoken against the Catholic missionaries of Sierra Leone, the two papers of Freetown, both of which are owned and edited by Protestants, refuted his charges and took occasion to praise the labors of Catholic missionaries, and to show how much more fruitful they are than those of sectarian emissaries. Concluding a long article, the *Sierra Leone Weekly News* says:

The most exacting critic exempts the missionaries of the Catholic Church from the severe strictures to which other religious denominations

and their emissaries are subjected. A wealthy native of Lagos, well known for his charities, not of the Catholic persuasion, has recently given to Father Ciquard, who has established a hospital at Abeokuta, a donation of one hundred pounds "in appreciation of his services."

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Catholic missionaries are the same the world over. Although in many places their self-sacrificing labors may sometimes seem fruitless, they know for whom their task is done, and do not forget that "patience hath a perfect work." Mr. George Lynch is of opinion that Christianity is making no progress whatever in Korea. He thinks the prospect is gloomy, if not hopeless. But, like other travellers, he has praise for one body of missionaries whom, evidently, he considered it needless to name. We pass over the strictures on sectarian missionary methods to be found in "The Path of Empire." More in our line and to our liking are the following paragraphs:

Yet if Christ came to Korea to-day He would find that all had not forgotten the lessons of His teaching. He might visit a little mud-walled hut thatched with straw, where live two ladies who for many years have been telling their neighbors of Him; and all the people round about love them, and some come to pray with them; and they have become hermits in His service amidst the strange people in this Hermit Kingdom.

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constant looking after in other matters. The average healthy boy has to be told to wash his hands several times a day for several years before he really gets the habit of doing it. Almighty God expects an equal diligence in teaching children to pray, and it is fairly reasonable to suppose that this will enter into His judgment on parents. Of course it may be a bother always to get boys or girls up in the morning in time for their prayers, always to be sure they say them at night. But it will be considerably worse to admit to God hereafter that it was too much trouble to teach the children to pray. They may object, just as they object to having clean hands; but the loving mother will pay no attention to such objections. She will require of her children that they show proper respect to God, just as she requires them to show respect to herself.

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The ministry has lost that respect which is justly its own; and, instead of being looked up to as a model, is pointed at with the finger of scorn and disgust, consequent on the conduct of those within its ranks. . . . My remarks do not extend to the Roman Catholic communion, the devotion of whose priests to their work is proverbial.

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Catholic missionaries are the same the world over. Although in many places their self-sacrificing labors may sometimes seem fruitless, they know for whom their task is done, and do not forget that "patience hath a perfect work." Mr. George Lynch is of opinion that Christianity is making no progress whatever in Korea. He thinks the prospect is gloomy, if not hopeless. But, like other travellers, he has praise for one body of missionaries whom, evidently, he considered it needless to name. We pass over the strictures on sectarian missionary methods to be found in "The Path of Empire." More in our line and to our liking are the following paragraphs:

Yet if Christ came to Korea to-day He would find that all had not forgotten the lessons of His teaching. He might visit a little mud-walled hut thatched with straw, where live two ladies who for many years have been telling their neighbors of Him; and all the people round about love them, and some come to pray with them; and they have become hermits in His service amidst the strange people in this Hermit Kingdom.

At the end of a bare room where I write, a

man of fifty is teaching a class. Twenty-five years ago he left Paris. Day in day out he has followed the dull routine of trying to teach these people. It is a far cry to the boulevards, it is easy to return there, yet he stays. Such as these want no extra-territorial rights, want no ministers to send them gunboats. They fear not for their lives: they have already devoted them, and daily in outstretched hands offer them for final acceptance. When one gets a glimpse of the lives of such as these, they stand out in the mind with the illumination of a lightning flash, making in our minds compensation for the multitude of those living in the smart and cosy villas, many of whom appear to look upon their sacred calling as one in which a secure if not a large income can be earned, provided their governments do their duty by affording them complete protection.

A quarter of a century ago, when there was question in France of seeking the basic principles of a neutral morality—the only morality to be taught in the public schools,—the promoters of scholastic reforms talked glibly and enthusiastically of the “religion of country,” the “religion of the flag,” as the all-sufficing incentive to the whole round of social virtues. In those days it was not unusual to hear such grandiloquent statements as: “The God acknowledged by us, citizens freed from the obsolete superstitions beneath whose ignoble yoke our fathers bowed,—our God, our Divinity is France; and our faith, our cult is patriotism.” There is considerably less of this particular brand of enthusiasm in the French market to-day. By a notable number of the up-to-date French teachers, patriotism is looked upon as an old bugle fit at best to figure in the military museums. The ideas which these schoolmasters are imparting to their pupils have been accounted so dangerous that a society has been established, under the name of Union of Patriotic Lay Teachers, for the express purpose of combating such philistinism. “No such organization,” comments a Parisian contemporary, “ever proved

necessary to the Congregational teachers. They all labored for God and France; and they knew how to demonstrate, at need on the field of battle, that patriotism is ever fortified by faith.”

The Abbé Loisy writes to a French journal that of his own free will he resigned his chair in the Sorbonne “with a view to the pacification of minds within the Catholic Church.” For the rest, he declares mysteriously, he has done what appeared to him most fitting. The Abbé’s peculiar views are not the growth of a single night—years ago friends of his had warned us what to expect of him,—and it is not to be looked for, perhaps, that one of his training and temper should submit gracefully to intellectual discipline. No savant relishes a tap from the Pope’s slipper with all the world for witness. What the Abbé needs most of all in this great crisis is the grace of God, good counsellors, and—to be let alone. He has more need of a director than of a theologian, and editors and sermonizers would do well to commit his case trustfully to the fatherly heart of Pius X. Heresy hunters are apt to be too loud and too swift.

Is there to be any limit to the iconoclasm of twentieth-century science? Here is the *American Inventor* condemning the crooning of lullabies to the babies, and quoting Dr. Manaceine to the effect that “the hand that rocks the cradle” is producing brain anæmia and pain at the heart in the said cradle’s occupant. Fortunately, the little ones don’t know anything about it,—and wouldn’t care if they did, provided the rocking resulted in their dropping off to sleep. Science has effected more than one revolution in nursery methods; but in this matter of lullabies and cradle-rocking, we venture the assertion that it is still in its infancy.



A May Carol.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

SINCE Mary is my Mother,
And I her little child,
The year can bring no playtime
To match her own fair Maytime.
Its beauty like none other
My soul has e'er beguiled,
Since Mary is my Mother
And I her little child.

Since love's the richest treasure
The heart can give its Queen,
My song shall never vary
Throughout the Month of Mary.
Fond praise shall fill each measure,
And love and longing keen,—
Since love's the richest treasure
The heart can give its Queen.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.—THE INMATES OF THE CASTLE.

THE figure which so suddenly appeared in the doorway was that of a woman considerably under the medium size, with an abnormally large head, surmounted by a frilled cap, which framed a pale and pasty face, adorned by a big, protruding nose, and eyes of faded blue. Her arms were unnaturally long; her huge feet, encased in stockings of coarse blue yarn, and slippers which turned up at the toes, appeared from under a short skirt of coarse red drugget. The whole effect of this apparition was so singular that Teddy stood and stared, uncertain whether to laugh or to feel affrighted.

The woman, opening her mouth, spoke in a voice which, the boy mentally

observed, was something between a cornerake and a hurdy-gurdy:

"Here I am, master, to do your bidding."

"Let him be fed," answered Teddy's mysterious captor.

Katrinka instantly seized Teddy in a grasp which went to prove that the strength of her arms was proportioned to their length. She threw open a door which led into a passageway, and this in turn led to a kitchen with tiled floor, a great, foreign-looking stove, and tins which were polished till they shone again. She placed Teddy at a snow-white table, and set before him black rye bread and fresh butter, with slices of Bologna sausage and a saucer of stewed fruit. It was not a luxurious meal, but Teddy was hungry,—so hungry that he forgot his surroundings and ate with relish.

Katrinka watched him intently but said no word; and the boy's eyes roved about amongst the shining tins and a dresser upon which stood many curious wooden things, the like of which he had never seen. If this was Katrinka's particular domain, he had to admit to himself that it was a very attractive place, comfortable and cosy, with suggestions of many good things to eat, and of a variety of cooking done by this capable, if repulsive-looking, Katrinka.

As soon as Teddy had finished eating, the woman, without seeming to notice his hastily uttered thanks, led him back in the same swift, noiseless way to where the stranger was waiting.

"What think you of him, Katrinka?" asked the latter.

"He eats well," replied the woman, laconically.

"Anything else?"

"He thanked me when the meal was over, and made signs which I did not understand."

"What signs?"

Katrinka imitated, with solemn deliberation, the Sign of the Cross.

The stranger's brow clouded.

"Never mind that!" he said, waving his hand as though he were dispersing a cloud of smoke. "He will do, you think, Katrinka? We will keep him?"

"You are the master."

"But I ask your opinion."

"Then keep him. He will do."

Now, this conversation had been carried on precisely as if Teddy had been absent. But the boy, hearing the question discussed of his being kept in this place, woke as from a reverie.

"I must go home!" he cried. "It's late. Aunt Sarah doesn't like me to be out so late."

"She is quite right," replied the man, with a peculiar glinting of his dark eyes. "The night is not a time for being out. It is a time for sleep, and you shall sleep, my lad,—you shall sleep."

"I'll sleep when I get home," said Teddy, sturdily.

The poor boy was trying hard to struggle against the overpowering weariness which had seized upon his limbs and the drowsiness which was stealing over all his senses. As he gazed at the man who, under the false pretence of being guided to the ferry, had lured him from home, it seemed to his disturbed imagination that the face before him was black with anger and that the eyes shot lightning; while the flame-colored handkerchief, waving backward and forward in the air, appeared ominous. A sense of awe came over Teddy, and he asked in a trembling voice, which sounded faint and far off:

"Who are you?"

"Who am I?" repeated the stranger.

"You hear that, Katrinka?—do you hear that?"

Katrinka, who stood coldly by,

observing the scene with her faded blue eyes, assented with a nod.

"Well," said the man, "you have heard the question: you shall hear the answer. And you, too, listen, my boy. The child over yonder whom you call Kitty has given me a name which will suit as well as any other: the 'Sandman.' I am, then, the Sandman; and this is the Sandman's Castle, where you are to live, my boy, for the present. Behave well and you may be happy. Misbehave and you shall have cause to rue the error. Katrinka will take care of you. She will feed you, she will keep you clothed; she will be very terrible if you offend, but mild as a summer moon if you obey."

Teddy involuntarily turned his eyes toward the old woman as he listened to this address. There was not a particle of expression in the faded eyes, save, perhaps, a watchfulness which nothing escaped.

"Katrinka," said the stranger who had chosen to call himself by Kitty's nickname of the Sandman,—"*Katrinka*, let the boy sleep."

Katrinka seized upon Teddy with her long arms; and, though her grasp was neither rough nor violent, the boy once more realized that here was a strength which surpassed that of the many muscular lads with whom he had played football or hockey in the days that already seemed very far off.

The woman hurried him up one of those winding stairs which had inspired him with a feeling of terror, though he scarce knew why. How narrow and dark and circuitous it seemed! At last the top was reached, and there was a door—one of the many doors in which the house abounded. Katrinka laid her hand upon the knob, and paused as if reflecting. Then she began to recite a species of rhyme, which sounded like an incantation, and of which Teddy merely caught the concluding lines:

"Whether for weal or whether for woe,
Into the yellow room he'll go."

She flung open the door and turned on the electric light. Teddy's weary eyes were fairly dazzled by the blaze of color. At first he thought the room was on fire, so flame-like was the yellow which pervaded it. There was a low bed, clean and comfortable in appearance, covered with a patched yellow quilt; there was a chest of drawers, over which was thrown a bright yellow scarf; the chairs had cushions of the same color, and upon the floor was a rag-carpet of the same brilliant hue.

Teddy, having been led into the centre of this apartment by Katrinka, stood still, staring into the woman's face, and, even in all the confusion of his thoughts, reflecting that he had never seen so hopelessly ugly a countenance.

"Get to bed now," said Katrinka, "and sleep. You can not keep awake even if you would."

With a parting nod, she turned and left the room, and Teddy fancied he heard the clink of a lock. He hastened to the door, with a vague idea that he would steal out and, running swiftly down the winding stairs, escape. But, alas! the door was fastened on the outside. Teddy, now convinced that he was a prisoner, felt the tears roll down his cheeks; while a burning indignation against the man who had stolen him from home, and this wretched, ugly Katrinka filled his heart. Nevertheless, he was very tired, and the bed looked most tempting. Since he was locked into the room, there was no chance of escape; for he was far too tired even to think of the window.

He removed some of his clothes and threw himself upon the bed. Instantly the electric light was switched off from the outside, and Teddy felt a sudden overpowering terror. It seemed a dreadful thing to be thus left alone in the dark, in this strange place and

amongst these singular people. Stories of robbers which he had read rushed into his mind; of inns whither victims had been lured simply to be killed. He bethought him of his night prayers, which he had momentarily forgotten. He was afraid to get up and kneel down upon that floor, which might conceal a trapdoor; so he blessed himself and began to say them in bed. Somehow, the familiar words gave him a feeling of security. The bed was delightfully soft and comfortable to his tired limbs. Finally his fatigue overpowered every other sensation; his eyes closed, try as he might to keep them open, and he sank into a deep, dreamless sleep.

He did not wake until the morning light streamed into the room, catching the gleam of the yellow coloring and transforming it into a glory. Teddy rubbed his eyes: he thought at first he was dreaming, and forgot all the events of the day before. Surely this was not his dingy little room, with its slate-colored walls, tiny washstand, one chair and a bureau, which he remembered ever since he could remember anything. He looked about in wonder. Each object was a fresh surprise. At last he heard the voice of Katrinka outside his door. This sound recalled him to his surroundings. He sat up in bed. The voice was saying:

"Get up!—get up! Night is the time for sleeping. The morning has come."

Teddy lost no time in obeying. He was determined to go home that day, no matter what these queer people might say or do. He longed to see Kitty again, and even Aunt Sarah. He washed and put on the clothes he had removed; and, having said his morning prayers, approached the door. To his surprise it was unlocked. He went out and stood at the top of the winding staircase. It did not look so very dismal now in the morning light. He descended it quickly to the wide hall below. The door was open; and, looking

out, he perceived a broad bay lying clear and cool, with very blue water. The grounds surrounding the house apparently sloped down to the shore.

Teddy was conscious of a feeling of delight, despite the uncertainty of his situation. He had always been fond of the water, which he had seen only upon those rare occasions when he and his schoolmates had made their way to the East River; or, more rarely still, when, as a great treat, they had crossed in a ferryboat to Brooklyn or Staten Island.

He was roused from his reverie by a touch upon his arm. He turned about, to see close behind him the singular figure of Katrinka. She ushered him in through the hall to where a door stood open, and Teddy found the master of the house just sitting down to a table plentifully served with various kinds of food. The hunchback boy who had driven the carriage on the evening previous was there, sitting upon a chair which raised him to the level of the table.

Katrinka, entering with a great pot of coffee in her hand, closed the door and took her place also at the table. She began to pour out the delicious brown beverage into huge cups of blue delftware. She added thick cream from a glass jug and a heaping spoonful of sugar. Teddy, accepting his share, could not help thinking how different was this coffee from the thin, colorless fluid which poor Aunt Sarah in her rigid economy had dignified by the name.

Some specimens of Katrinka's cookery were quite new to Teddy; but there were also fresh eggs and slices of crisply-cooked bacon, with radishes, hot buns, and a kind of rich sweetmeat which seemed to him delicious.

Teddy occasionally caught the eyes of the hunchback fixed upon him, but they were instantly and furtively withdrawn when Teddy turned in his

direction. He was small and rather sallow, with red hair and a turned-up nose. But there was something honest and kindly in his expression, which pleased the newcomer.

Neither the Sandman, as the master of the house had chosen to call himself, nor Katrinka made any remark during the progress of the meal. The latter busied herself in heaping the boys' plates and in replenishing their cups.

When the meal was over, the Sandman put his arm familiarly about Teddy's neck and led him out upon the broad gallery in the front of the house. As they stood there the man said, pointing to where a bird skimmed away over the horizon:

"Do you see that bird, my boy?"

"Yes," answered Teddy, laconically.

"He can fly both fast and far."

Teddy nodded.

"Can you fly?"

Teddy looked at his questioner in amazement, not unmixed with scorn.

"I guess not!" he said. "No boys can fly."

"Well, until you learn that accomplishment," observed the Sandman, "you need not hope to leave here,—unless, indeed, it is my will to send you when you have had a fair trial. Should Katrinka disapprove of you after a week or two, why, perhaps, you may be sent away. Otherwise you must remain."

"Look here, Mister," cried Teddy, suddenly flaming into indignation, "you can't keep a boy against his will! This is a free country. It isn't any of your foreign places where queer things are done. So you can't steal a boy away and keep him. Aunt Sarah will have the police after you."

"Caw! caw! caw!" mocked the Sandman. "How you can talk when your tongue is loosened! Tell all that to the birds, cry it to the wind, whisper it to the grasses down yonder; or tell it to Vladimir there. He is to take you

down to the water's edge and out in the boat, if so you wish."

He pointed to the hunchback, who had come out also, and who, thus appealed to, immediately descended the steps, looking back for Teddy to come after. Teddy, impelled against his will by the look in the Sandman's eyes, followed him without a word. The lads walked silently along together, Teddy glancing from time to time at the quaint, misshapen figure beside him. When they reached the beach, the two stood looking out over the water,—Teddy picking up a handful of pebbles and throwing them mechanically into the bay and watching the little circles arising upon its surface. But, being of a sociable turn when in the company of other boys, he said suddenly:

"What's your name? He up there called you something or other, but I can't say it."

"My name is Johnny Smith," replied the hunchback, quietly.

"Johnny Smith!" repeated Teddy in astonishment,—the name seemed so much out of place in this establishment. "He didn't call you that."

"It was my name before I came here," returned the hunchback, in the same grimly quiet voice.

"How long have you been here?"

"Five years."

"Five years!" cried Teddy, a kind of horror stealing over him. "Did you ever try to get away?"

The hunchback considered Teddy's face intently, with a pair of shrewdly penetrating eyes that seemed to pierce him through and through.

"You all have queer eyes here!" blurted out Teddy, made uncomfortable by his gaze. "It's enough to make one nervous. But, I say, didn't you ever try to get away?"

The hunchback, having studied Teddy for a moment longer, responded:

"Yes."

"How often?"

"Oh, about a hundred times!" said the hunchback.

Teddy stood appalled.

"You were brought back every time?" he asked.

"Yes, I was brought back every time, until at last I made up my mind that I wouldn't try it any more."

The hunchback spoke in clear, deliberate tones, very correctly, and using none of the slang expressions or free-and-easy forms of speech which Teddy had been accustomed to hear from boys.

"Why, what did he do to you?" asked Teddy, in an agitated whisper.

"Nothing," said the hunchback. "He just looked at me and waved his handkerchief, and told me to go on and try a few times more, and that I should find myself in the green room."

The hunchback uttered this name so portentously, and with so evident an imitation of the Sandman's manner, that both boys shuddered.

"Then," added Vladimir, "he said, if all else failed, there was the trapdoor."

A world of terror was comprised in those last words, which the hunchback uttered in a thrilling whisper. Teddy's imagination took fire and he recalled those terrible inns, in the Black Forest and other legend-haunted spots, where trapdoors opened for unsuspecting victims. A dead silence followed, broken at length by Vladimir.

"He's very awful sometimes. His eyes have such a gleam. He just looks at me when I don't know my lessons."

"Oh, do you have lessons?"

"Yes; so will you. He wants us to be very well educated and to have the new ideas."

"What are they?" Teddy asked.

"Oh, I can't explain! He'll tell you," answered the hunchback, wearily. "Come out in the boat."

Teddy eagerly assented to this proposal, and the two were soon pushing out from shore on the bosom of the bright, sunlit waters.

"This would be a fine chance to get away," remarked Teddy, admiring the skill with which the hunchback sent the little boat skimming along. "You could go on rowing and rowing until we got to land somewhere."

"He would probably be standing there waiting for us," replied the hunchback, placidly. "In any case, I'm not going to try again. And take my advice: don't you do it either."

He leaned forward, laying a long, claw-like hand on Teddy's arm.

"You can just bet anything that I'll try!" cried Teddy, indignantly. "Do you suppose I'm going to stay here?"

"There are worse places to be than here," said the hunchback, shrugging his shoulders. "It is not so bad, if once you make up your mind to it; and I don't suppose the lessons are one bit worse than other boys have to learn at school. And he'll let you swim and row, and drive and ride a pony, if you like. *I can't do that.*"

This all sounded very attractive, and Teddy listened eagerly.

"What's *his* name?" he asked.

"Oh, he has a lot of names! I call him Alexandrovitch. What name did he tell you?"

"The Sandman."

"The Sandman?" cried the hunchback, opening his eyes wide.

Teddy briefly explained the origin of the name.

"It just fits him," remarked the hunchback. "I'm going to call him that. By the way, what's your name?"

"Teddy Tompkins."

"Well, the Sandman will give you some high-flown name or another; but I'll call you Teddy, and we may as well be friends."

To this overture Teddy responded genially. But their protestations of friendship were cut short by the sound of a horn.

"I say, what's that?" cried Teddy.

"It's Katrinka blowing the horn

for us to come in," answered the hunchback, instantly turning the boat shoreward.

"She's a queer-looking woman," said Teddy, eyeing resentfully the figure awaiting them on the bank.

"Yes, but she's not bad,—at least, I think not," said the hunchback. "And she tells splendid stories sometimes when she's in the humor, and knows lots of rhymes; and she makes cakes of figs and almonds, and a lot of other things. I wish you just tasted them!"

These reflections were cut short by the pulling in to shore, where Katrinka stood silently. She marshalled them up to the house, and no further conversation was possible between the new-made friends.

(To be continued.)

Useful Monkeys.

A horse in a treadmill and a dog turning a spit have been in times past familiar objects; but it has remained for the people of Malabar, India, to put monkeys at work. The climate there is torrid and fans are a necessity. Formerly it was the duty of a native servant to keep in motion the great fan called the punka; but an English officer who resided in Malabar conceived the idea of putting the monkeys at the toil.

This punka is suspended from the ceiling and worked by pulling a cord. After playing with one of the monkeys for a while, the officer tied the little fellow's hands to the cord and made him believe that he was playing a new and delightful game. A little candy helped on the experiment, and soon the monkey was very fond of his new employment, never imagining that he was doing very menial drudgery. It is said that there are now in Malabar many hundreds of useful monkeys pulling the strings of punkas.

With Authors and Publishers.

—F. Pustet & Co. have published a fourth and revised edition of "Short Instructions in the Art of Singing Plain Chant," a most timely book in view of the present renewal of interest in Gregorian Music. The Vesper psalms, Magnificat, and hymns for Benediction are contained in the appendix.

—Father Faber never loses his power to charm as well as to move to piety. Among new books we note "Short Readings on Devotion to the Holy Ghost," compiled by a member of the Friars Minor, and published by Burns & Oates. The readings are short and are arranged for every day of the month. These excellent selections might well serve as subjects for pious meditation.

—Among the Vatican exhibits at the St. Louis Exposition will be twenty-four mosaics, the product of the famous Studio del Mosaico in connection with St. Peter's; a selection of precious codices from the Vatican library; a death mask and model of the hand of Leo XIII.; important Papal letters dating from the twelfth to the fifteenth century; and a collection of the several editions of the poems of the late Holy Father.

—"Les Trois Mousquetaires," the first of Dumas' well-known trilogy of tales of adventure, is among the French series of supplementary readers published by the American Book Co. The introduction includes a biographical sketch of the author, useful notes, and a good vocabulary. The story, seven hundred pages in the original, is reduced to about one hundred and sixty-five in the translation; so the book is practically but the outline of the story.

—Mr. John O'Neill, author of "The Rock of Arranmore," is a facile maker of verses, but his copious historical notes permit us to believe that there is more truth than poetry in this "narrative dramatic poem" of more than three thousand lines. Inversions are frequent, the cæsura is evidently placed at random, and in general the blank verse is of the "blankety blank" kind. The theme is Christian, but the machinery is of mixed Christian and pagan quality, the *dramatis personæ* including St. George and the goddess of Agriculture. O'Shea & Co.; Gill & Son.

—The Rev. Dr. De Costa, who arrived in New York recently from Rome, is at work with characteristic energy on two new books. One deals with St. Patrick, and is the outcome of studies begun nearly forty years before Father De Costa became a Catholic; the other discusses the place which the doctrine of the Incarnation

holds in the theology of the Protestant Episcopal Church. An intimate acquaintance, extending over nearly half a century, with theological opinion in the P. E. society ought to be a good preparation for such a work, which will be peculiarly timely on account of recent overtures for "reunion" with the Orthodox Church.

—The late Patrick Farrelly, of New York, was one of the founders of the American News Company and its general manager. Though a man of great wealth and of intense business preoccupation, he found time for supererogatory religious duties, and his charities were as generous as they were unostentatious. One of his daughters is a Sister of Charity. *R. I. P.*

—Helen Keller's autobiography, "The Story of My Life," has been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe. A translation into Hindustani is now preparing for the use of the pupils in the School for the Deaf in Bombay. The book has been fitly named "The Epic of the Blind"; and the knowledge that its author has achieved a complete collegiate education, and preserved her optimistic spirit in spite of the most discouraging obstacles—she has been deaf, dumb and blind from her birth,—can not fail to inspire resignation and courage in persons similarly afflicted.

—Although President Roosevelt's books and magazine articles are not especially esteemed in England, it is interesting to learn from the *Athenæum* that he has a high reputation as an organizer and a strong and just man. His unpopularity as a writer is attributed to the copybook character of his style and to the fact of his being a man of the Martin Farquhar Tupper type. Says the *Athenæum*:

No doubt, also, the style of President Roosevelt is of an exasperatingly "copybook" character, as he invariably prefers platitude to paradox, and seems to write over the top of every page "I am a good boy": "The American people are good boys." But, then, there is no denying the fact that he is a good boy, and that the American people are good boys—as nations go; and it must be noted to his credit that there is not the least suspicion of hypocrisy, or even cant, about him.

—Herbert Spencer's autobiography will enable the world to form a juster estimate of him than would be possible without it. No biographer would be qualified to relate many things which Mr. Spencer tells of himself. He reveals his varied limitations some of which have astonished his admirers. With all his powers, he was incapable, as he naively confesses, of appreciating Plato, whose Dialogues, after a second attempt to read them, he "put aside in greater exasperation than

before." Homer, who has been the admiration and delight of generations of readers, had no charm for Mr. Spencer. He preferred a third-rate novelist, and was simple enough to say as much. And so of other authors whom all the world admires. Of how little value is the opinion of such a man on subjects outside of his own domain of thought! Yet, because he was a master in his chosen field, Mr. Spencer is quoted by many as an authority against doctrines of the Church which he had never investigated.

—Undue importance is attached to the ill-natured, almost scurrilous remarks about his contemporaries in which Carlyle was wont to indulge. Of himself he once wrote: "I am all biliousness and fret." He was a victim of insomnia, dyspepsia, or hypochondria, besides being rough by nature. The recently published collection of his letters affords many samples of the snappish remarks which Carlyle was in the habit of making. Everyone knows what he said about Newman, who was in every way superior to him; but he mocked at or made fun of many others of whom the world has formed a high estimate. Ruskin he called "a bottle of soda"; Darwin, "an ignoramus, unworthy of a thought"; Spencer, "an unending ass," etc. Such expressions prove that Thomas Carlyle was incapable of correctly estimating anything or anybody.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel.* \$1, net.

A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day.* \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., net.

Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham.* 40 cts., net.

Varied Types. *G. K. Chesterton.* \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. *Lady Rosa Gilbert.* \$1.50, net.

A Precursor of St. Philip. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.25, net.

The Storybook House. *Honor Walsh.* \$1.

Belinda's Cousins. *Maurice Francis Egan.* \$1.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. *M. S. Dalton.* \$1, net.

The School of the Heart. *Margaret Fletcher.* \$1.

Divine Grace. *Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

St. Patrick in History. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D.* 55 cts.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—*HBB.*, xiii, 3.

Very Rev. Alfred White, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. J. P. O'Connor, diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. John Driscoll, archdiocese of Boston.

Sister M. of St. Marciana, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Carroll, C. N. D.; Sister Dominic, Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Matilda and Sister M. St. John, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. William Bookman and Mr. Joseph Jockels, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Michael Larkin, Co. Galway, Ireland; Miss Emma Taylor, Oakland, Cal.; Mr. Frederic Green, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Thomas Kilcullin, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Anthony Rowland and Mrs. Mary Rain, Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. Frank McNiff, Co. Leitrim, Ireland; Mr. W. H. Martin, Mrs. Mary Borchering, and Mr. William McGrane, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Bridget Russell, Renovo, Pa.; Mr. John Campbell and Mrs. Barbara Speed, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Dorrity and Miss Katherine Donohoe, New York; Mrs. Margaret Ertle, Massillon, Ohio; Mrs. M. C. Trischler, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. P. O. Burke, Fortune Bay, Newfoundland; Mrs. Mary Brogan and Mr. H. E. Burke, Jackson, Tenn.; Mr. Louis Casella, Ramsgate, England; Mrs. Catherine Dollard, Mr. John Haley, and Mr. Thomas Delahunty, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. H. E. Fuller, Norwich, England; and Mr. Andrew Warren, Lima, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 28, 1904.

NO. 22.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Night-Book.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

WHEN twilight deepens and there comes surcease
Of day-long toil to weary hand and brain,
When Duty's self unlocks the galling chain
Of drudgery and gives the mind release,—
Ah, who that knows it does not prize the peace,
Refreshing as a shower of summer rain,
That swift succeeds the tense fatiguing strain
And wraps the soul in Leisure's grateful fleece?
At such an hour, what tranquil joy to con
A well-loved volume rich in seasoned lore;
To savor choicest wit of ages gone
And think the thoughts of saint and sage of yore;
To smile at poet's mild behest, or weep,
And so drift down to depths of dreamless sleep!

The Great Battles of Christendom.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

VII.—THE SIEGE OF GRANADA.

THE name of Granada seems to
evoke in one's mind a certain
vague yet very real sense of
romance, almost sadness,—
victory though it was for the Christian
arms; an echo, perhaps, from the
memory of that vision of beauty so
famed in song and story, so lamented
by its once possessors, as they sang:

The Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla, on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

The ballad contains twenty-three
verses; and we are told that the effect

of the original, which existed both
in Arabic and in Spanish, was such
that it was forbidden under pain of
death to be sung by the Moors within
Granada. The music, also extant, rises
and falls in a singularly pathetic
wail, like the wind sighing through a
deserted palace, with its sad refrain
after each verse:

Ay de mi, Alhama!

The country round Granada is indeed
one of the fairest of the many fair
lands of the sunny South; a land rich
with olive and vineyard, the vine and
the fig-tree; a land washed by the
ripple of the blue Mediterranean and
warmed by the radiance of a southern
sun; where only to live is joy enough;
and life seems to mean love and high
deeds and blissful rest,—all inter-
mingled and soul-satisfying to a degree
unimaginable by the denizens of the
more prosaic North.

The town itself—as Chateaubriand
has described it in his "Adventures of
the Last of the Abercerages" (a Moorish
dynasty)—is built upon the slopes of
two hills facing each other, a narrow
valley between, down which two slender
rivers ripple gently onward toward
the verdant and richly-clothed plain
beyond. The appearance of these two
thickly-covered hills, just parted as it
were at their base, seems to suggest a
half-opened pomegranate; and it is
from this fruit—*granada* in Spanish—
that the name is, in fact, derived. "An
enchanted sky, a pure, delicious air,

• Byron's translation.

give a feeling of inexplicable languor, almost impossible to shake off," says the writer quoted above; while the riches of Oriental splendor, of which traces still remain amid the world-renowned marvels of the Alhambra Palace, still further enchain the imagination and charm the senses.

During the period which had elapsed between the victory of Tolosa and the reign of those famous Catholic sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella, "Granada had taken the place of Cordova as the home of the arts and sciences. Its architects were renowned throughout Europe; they had built the marvellous Red Palace—Alhambra,—so called from the color of the ferruginous soil on which it stands; and they had covered it with the splendid gold ornaments and arabesque mouldings which are still the wonder of artists of all countries. Granada itself, with its two castles, was a pearl of price. It stands on the border of a rich plain, the famous Vega, lying at the feet of the snowy 'mountains of the moon'—the Sierra Nevada. From the heights of the city, and still better from the Alhambra—which stands sentinel over the plain like the Acropolis of Athens,—the eye ranges over this beautiful Vega, with its streams and vineyards, its orchards and orange groves."*

Though the famous Alhambra Palace has now lost much of its ancient splendor, it still bears traces of the dream of beauty and luxury it once presented to its Moorish occupants. Hall upon hall, garden after garden, delicate traceries and colorings, marble floors and clustering columns, cupolas, minarets, arches,—are not all these "travellers' tales"? "Ill-fated was the man who lost all this!" was an emperor's comment on its beauties; and even now none can tread its

silent courts or look up to its graceful arches without echoing in some wise the words of those who cried:

"Beautiful Granada, how is thy glory faded! The flower of thy chivalry lies low in the land of the stranger. No longer does the Bivarambla echo to the tramp of steel and sound of trumpet; no longer is it crowded with thy youthful nobles, gloriously arrayed for the tilt and tourney. Beautiful Granada! the soft note of the lute no longer floats through thy moonlit streets; the serenade is no more heard beneath thy balconies; the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills; the graceful dance of the Zambra is no more seen beneath thy bowers. Beautiful Granada! why is the Alhambra so forlorn and desolate? The orange and myrtle still breathe their perfumes into its silken chambers; the nightingale still sings within its groves; its marble halls are still refreshed with the plash of fountains and the gush of limpid rills. Alas, the countenance of the King no longer shines within those halls! The light of the Alhambra is set forever."

In the zenith of its greatness, it is said that Granada held within its walls about 60,000 dwellings, sheltering 200,000 inhabitants, of whom 50,000 were renegade Christians, and 30,000 Christian slaves. The annual revenue of its kings amounted to some 710,000 *écus*, or gold pieces, without counting the taxes; and its ramparts contained over 1000 towers. It was, in fact, both from its natural position and its carefully-planned fortifications, "an impregnable city"; and as such, its people rested in absolute security that here at least the Crescent should never give place to the Cross.

From the defeat of the Moors at Tolosa down to the year 1482, the Moors of Granada had been more or less on peaceful terms with their Christian neighbors; and Catholic Spain, though often longing to complete her

* Poole: "The Moors in Spain."

conquest and evict the Moslem from his last and fairest kingdom upon the Iberian Peninsula, had been too much occupied with internal divisions, and disputes between the various rival dynasties and petty sovereigns who shared the land, to dare disturb her still powerful neighbor. But when the two principal kingdoms, Aragon and Castile, became merged in one by the marriage of their respective sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1479, these two most Catholic sovereigns felt, and all Christendom with them, that the complete Christianizing of Spain could no longer be delayed.

The Moors themselves, peaceable though they had shown themselves for many years, gave the first impetus toward a new Crusade, by an insolent message from the King of Granada to the Spanish monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella, to the effect that, instead of the yearly tribute paid by them in formal acknowledgment of suzerainty, "the mints of Granada no longer coin gold but steel." Or as another version has it: "Tell your sovereigns that the kings of Granada who paid tribute are dead: our mint now coins nothing but sword-blades."

This was in 1476; and in the year 1481 Abu-l-Hassan, the Moorish King, without warning or direct provocation, marched across and took by storm the frontier town of Zahara. This led to reprisals in a somewhat curious form; for not the Spanish kings but a certain nobleman, the Marquess of Cadiz, with a body of personal retainers, marched into the heart of the territory of Granada and took by assault the city of Alhama, a place hitherto supposed to be impregnable, and the pearl of the whole Moorish realm. So deep, indeed, was the sensation created by this disaster that no one in Granada was permitted to speak of it on pain of death. The news of this daring stroke helped to spur on the Catholic sover-

eigns to the inauguration of what was now felt to be a necessary campaign; and extensive preparations were begun for what was, in fact, a new Crusade, in which all parts of Europe joined, including Swiss volunteers and English knights. And while the Moors were becoming enfeebled by internal divisions and rivalries, the Spanish forces presently numbered some 100,000 men of all arms.

They advanced very leisurely upon Granada, taking town after town on their way; and finally encamped before it for a siege in all due form. Malaga, its chief source of supplies, was taken, after a brave resistance, in 1487; but, in spite of all disadvantages, the strength and martial qualities of the Moorish warriors proved so great that many months of waiting, relieved only by occasional skirmishes and many deeds of valor on both sides, supervened. The valiant Queen Isabella herself remained in the camp (with a train of ladies, the Archbishop of Toledo, and many other ecclesiastics, among them the well-known Peter Martyr, whose letters from the camp form, according to a modern writer, "the best and most authentic source of the history of those times"); and, when a pestilence broke out among the soldiers, "her presence seemed at once to gladden and reanimate our spirits, drooping under long-protracted vigils, dangers, and fatigue."

The detailed story of the siege of Granada is full of knightly adventures and deeds of individual daring and valor. It reads like a page from some far earlier day, when joust and tournament, and challenge to single combat, formed part of every soldier's experience; when Moor and Christian faced each other daily as veteran antagonists, hereditary yet courteous foes, vying with each other in skill and prowess.

"Musa, one of the Moorish generals, was in chief command, and the gates

were in his charge. They had been barred when the Christians came in view; but Mūsa threw them open. 'Our bodies,' he said, 'will bar the gates.' The young men were kindled by such words; and when he told them, 'We have nothing to fight for but the ground we stand upon; without that, we are without home or country,' they made ready to die with him. With such a leader, the Moorish cavaliers performed prodigious feats of valor in the plain which divided the city from the Christian camp. Single combats were of daily occurrence; the Moors would ride almost among the tents of the Spaniards and tempt some knight to the duel, from which he too often did not return. Ferdinand found his best warriors were being killed one by one, and he straitly forbade his knights to accept the Moors' challenge.

"It was hard for the Spanish chivalry to sit still within their tents while a bold Moorish horseman would ride within hail and taunt them with cowardice. And when at length one of the Granadinos waxed so venturesome that he cast a spear almost into the royal pavilion, Hernando Perez de Pulgar, surnamed 'He of the Exploits,' could no longer contain himself. Gathering a small band of followers, he rode in the dead of night to a postern gate in the walls of Granada; and, surprising the guards, galloped through the streets till he came to the chief mosque, which he forthwith solemnly dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; and, in token of its conversion, nailed a label on the door inscribed with the words *Ave Maria*. Granada was awake by this time, and soldiers were gathering in every direction. But Pulgar put spurs to his horse, and, amid the amazement of the people, plunged furiously through the crowd, overturning them as he galloped to the gate; and, fighting his way out, rode back in triumph to the camp. The Pulgars

ever after held the right to sit in the choir of the mosque-church during the celebration of High Mass."*

Ferdinand's actual tactics—he was the nominal commander of the Crusade, as Isabella was its heart and soul—consisted simply in destroying every vestige of cultivation for many acres round the city, and starving it into submission; while an elaborate camp—or rather a city, which still remains—was built up close beside Granada, and called Santa Fé, or "Holy Faith," where the besiegers awaited in patience the almost necessary surrender of the ill-fated town. The unhappy inhabitants, famine-stricken and despairing, again and again petitioned their King, Boabdil, to surrender; and at length, as no help came to them either from Turkey or Egypt, he was forced to do so, sending a message to Ferdinand to come and take possession of the city.

The fierce old warrior Mūsa, stubborn and indignant, refused to be a party to the surrender; and, like some legendary hero of yore, he armed himself cap-a-pie, and, mounting his charger, rode forth, never to return. His fate is uncertain; but it is believed that he encountered a party of Christian knights without the city, fought them in single combat, one by one; and then, wounded and bleeding, yet disdainful of their offers of mercy, fought on, upon his knees when too weak to stand; and finally threw himself into the river Xenil, and sank beneath the weight of his armor.

Meanwhile the Christian army was filing out of Santa Fé and approaching the walls of Granada. The leading detachment entered the Alhambra, and presently the great silver cross was seen shining from the summit of the Torre de la Vela; beside it floated the banner of St. James, patron of Spain

* "The Moors in Spain."

and lastly the standard of Castile and Aragon was planted by the side of the cross, amid the triumphant shouts of the whole army, and cries of "Santiago!"—the old Spanish war cry. Ferdinand and Isabella fell on their knees and gave thanks to God; the army of Spain knelt behind them, and the royal choir sang a solemn *Te Deum*. At last every foot and rood of Spain was Christian ground.

One is glad to learn that the unhappy Moors were granted most lenient and favorable terms; and no pains were spared by the first Archbishop of Granada to win them by kindness to the Christian Faith. Their former King, Boabdil, after handing the keys of the city to King Ferdinand, was allowed to depart freely. It is recorded that when, at some distance from his beloved city, he turned and looked back upon the beautiful Vega and the glowing towers of the Alhambra, now lost forever, he exclaimed in pious Moslem fashion, "*Allahu Akbar!*" (God is great), and burst into tears. His mother, the beautiful Ayesha, responded contemptuously: "You may well weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man!" And then mother and son passed over to Africa, where their descendants in after years had to beg their daily bread. The spot whence they took their farewell look at fair Granada is still called *El Ultimo Sospiro del Moro* (The Last Sigh of the Moor).

There was crying in Granada when the sun was going down,—

Some calling on the Trinity, some calling on Mahoun.

Here passed away the Koran, therein the Cross was borne,

And here was heard the Christian bell, and there the Moorish horn.

Te Deum Laudamus! was up the Alcala sung; Down from th' Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung;

The arms thereon of Aragon they with Castile display,—

One king comes in in triumph, one weeping goes away.

Thus cried the weeper while his hands his old white beard did tear:

Farewell, farewell, Granada, thou city without peer!

Woe, woe, thou pride of heathendom! Seven hundred years and more,

Have gone since first the faithful thy royal sceptre bore.

Thou wert the happy mother of a high-renowned race;

Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now go from their place;

Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who fought with mickle glee,—

The enemies of proud Castile, the bane of Christianity.

Here gallants held it little thing for ladies' sake to die,

Or for the Prophet's honor, and pride of soldantry;

For here did valor flourish, and deeds of warlike might

Ennobled lordly palaces in which was our delight.

The gardens of thy Vega, its fields and blooming bowers—

Woe, woe! I see their beauty gone, and scattered all their flowers!

No reverence can he claim—the King that such a land hath lost;

On charger never can he ride, nor be heard among the host;

But in some dark and dismal place, where none his face may see,

There, weeping and lamenting, alone that King should be.*

* Lockhart: "Spanish Ballads."

ALAS for those who have had gifts and talent and have not used, or have misused or abused them; who have had wealth and have spent it on themselves; who have had abilities and have advocated what was sinful, or ridiculed what was true, or scattered doubts against what was sacred; who have had leisure and have wasted it on wicked companions, or evil books, or foolish amusements! Alas for those, of whom the best that can be said is that they are harmless and naturally blameless, while they never have attempted to cleanse their hearts or to live for God!—*Newman*.

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

XII.—CLODION'S HEROISM.

AUTUMN was drawing to an end. The rains had come, and the inhabitants of Marcilly were prevented from taking their usual walks in the woods and over the moors. When the weather was fair, the Count de Chazé, who, as Master of the Hunt, kept a whole pack of hounds, used to take his dogs out early, and come back with a brace or two of foxes or some hares, whose sad fate always touched little Madeleine.

Although John was very fond of the chase, he did not accompany his cousin: he was absorbed in his work. The panels of the great hall were finished, and he was now painting on his own account. He took scarcely any rest; and Christiana admired not only his zeal and ardor, but the rare talent he already began to exhibit.

Picture after picture was finished. Landscapes filled the large banqueting hall, which had been turned into a study. John had a deep sympathy with nature: the solitude in which he had lived developed in him a mysterious tenderness for external objects. It was visible in his least works. Perhaps it was only a tumble-down cottage on the edge of a pool, with the trembling reflection of the leaves in the water; a rock reddened by the setting sun; a dusky forest; or an arch of a bridge casting its shadow on the running waters. This was sufficient to reveal to the eye what the poet calls the "immense soul of Nature."

John loved animals, and he was as successful with them as with the landscapes. He loved animals so much that often when lying in wait for a rabbit, at the moment of pulling the trigger he would stop and exclaim:

"I can't do it! It is too pretty!" One of his joys was to slip into some hedge or clump of thorns and vines, and there wait perfectly still. Gradually the solitude awoke about him: something crawled in the leaves,—a rabbit which thought itself unobserved; a hare which had finished its nap; a fox studying the ground; a deer with its roe and fawn, seeking denser shade; or a honey buzzard perched on a tree to watch for prey. John held his breath. Sometimes the animal's eye met his, and then it quickly fled away. Again it remained, fascinated by his gaze. John spoke, to see if the human voice at all times frightens animals. He exchanged cries with the squirrels; he even had conference with the badgers, who are not given to conversation, and do not stay long out of their burrows. In short, he was successful in his diplomacy; for animals are less wild than they are thought to be, and know how to distinguish between a friend and an enemy.

Christiana followed the progress of her cousin with an ever-renewed joy. She came to sit with him while he worked, taking Madeleine on her knees, and passing hours in conversation—about what? About everything and about nothing: the days of childhood and the days to come; or old family tales—of the great-uncle who earned his living during the emigration by painting dolls; of the great-aunt who earned hers by embroidering portfolios; of another great-aunt who had known Josephine de Beauharnais. Christiana related all this gaily. From time to time she touched on questions of deeper weight—religion, philosophy, and even politics. John, whose education had been early interrupted, took pleasure in these lessons, given without pretension and as though by chance.

Christiana was versed in the science of life,—a science quite unknown to her strange cousin; and by degrees

she convinced him that real life is quite a different thing from life as it is usually depicted in novels. She even succeeded in speaking of the Lizardière, and of the improvements which Miss Désormes was making, without rousing his anger. Nevertheless, there was a depth in the young man's mind which she felt she did not reach. It was the mysterious secret of which John had spoken, which he could not reveal even to her at present. This annoyed Christiana a little; but she was as patient as she was strong and gentle, and she knew how to wait and to hope.

This peaceful and happy life had lasted two months, when one day the Count received the following letter from M. Désormes:

MY DEAR COUNT DE CHAZÉ:—It is not only of an obliging neighbor but also of the Master of the Hunt that I now ask a favor.

A drove of boars from the forest of Chinon has taken possession of the forest of Château-la-Vallière. The animals, it is needless to say, are very inconvenient for a model farm; they have destroyed several crops, upon the raising of which a new departure in tillage entirely depended. For the present these disagreeable visitors have chosen their domicile near the ruins of Vanjour. Whenever it pleases you—and the sooner the better—we shall proceed together and endeavor to force them to retreat.

Since I saw you we have been obliged to part with Monsieur Legrand, the worthy adversary of Monsieur de Lizardière. He has gone to Hungary, where he will remain some years, occupied in the construction of several railroads.

Be so kind as to present my best respects to the Countess de Chazé, to whom my daughter also offers her most affectionate remembrances.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

JAMES DÉSORMES.

"What a grand opportunity!" said the Count. "There hasn't been a boar in the neighborhood for ten years. To hunt those poor little stags is better than nothing; but such hunting is fit only for women. The boar,—ah, that is worth while! Will you come, John?"

"No, cousin,—unless you specially wish it. I have a picture to finish."

"As you like, boy. I shall not ask Christiana: she is so timid, so tender-hearted! Besides, we must be up at an impossible hour. Good-night! You won't see me again till late to-morrow, and then, I hope, with the dead body of the biggest boar."

The Count went to give his orders to the whipper-in and huntsmen, while John quietly retired to his den in the Petit-Château.

John's sleep was interrupted before morning by the sound of hunting horns, and the barking of dogs as they went through the village. But he fell asleep again after the noise had subsided, and did not awake until roused by Pieyrard, who seemed anxious.

"What is the matter, Pieyrard?"

"The matter is, sir, that Clodion has gone with the pack. I held him in leash while the dogs went by, and he did not appear as if he were scheming. So a quarter of an hour afterward I let him free. Then he started without drum or trumpet. I called him in vain: the louder I yelled the faster he travelled."

"My poor dog! If he meets the boars, he will surely throw himself upon them and get ripped open with their tusks. Load the guns and let us be off. The meet is at Vaujour. We can cut across the forest and get there in time, perhaps; for the boar requires a great deal of baiting before showing fight."

Five minutes later John and Pieyrard were on the road from Marcilly to Gaugier. Ascending to the top of the hill, they struck the meadows to the

right and plunged into the forest. After going a few hundred yards, they found themselves in ploughed land, on their right a gigantic hedge, on the left the almost impenetrable woods. It was a lovely winter morning; the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and a light breeze from the southeast bore to the hunters the sounds for which they had been straining their ears. Soon these sounds became more distinct, and presently they could distinguish the barking of dogs, which finally drowned the tooting of the horn.

"My Lord, the hunt is coming this way. Attention!"

Each shouldered his gun, fixing his eye on the edge of the forest to the left. Pieyrard was right: the hunt was upon them, and suddenly the boar issued at lightning's speed from the wood. The open space between them was tolerably wide, but the animal had cleared it in an instant. John fired at about fifty paces. Too soon! Happily, the boar was not hurt; for if it had been, it would have turned upon the imprudent marksman. A wounded boar thinks only of vengeance; when it is fired at but not hit, it thinks only of flight. This one proved no exception to the rule. It rapidly turned to the left and, like a ball from a cannon, burst into the brushwood.

Nevertheless, the whole party came in pursuit of the boar,—the dogs in front, and about a hundred yards in the rear the mounted hunters at full speed. Behind the Count and Désormes, who rode at the head, John thought he saw Mademoiselle Raymonde's black riding-habit. But he had no time wherein to assure himself; for he ran to the thicket where the boar had taken refuge, arriving there as soon as the dogs.

"*Tai-au!—tai-au!*" he cried, pointing to the spot where the boar had entered. But the dogs came to a dead stop, their instinct warning them of danger.

In that impenetrable thicket, in that dense entanglement of roots and thorns, of branches interlaced as close as stitches, of plants prickling the damp soil with their sharp points, it was impossible for the dogs to attack the boar except in front, and one by one. In vain did the huntsmen urge the hounds: the courageous but now prudent animals would not budge an inch into that death-trap, contenting themselves with frenzied howlings around the unapproachable fortress.

"Even Piquefort refuses to go in: no wonder the others shy off."

So saying, the Count started to make the tour of the thicket.

John had distinguished Clodion among the other dogs, and had called him to his side. The dog instantly obeyed, following the movements of his comrades in silence if not in sadness. They were pacing about the wood, howling. Clodion seemed quite indifferent to the spectacle, and looked at his master as much as to say: "I am not going,—don't worry!" John patted him on the head. Clodion, taking advantage of this encouragement, leaped forward and dashed upon the boar. Two minutes later a furious barking was heard, then a plaintive howl, and Clodion reappeared at the open, scarcely able to walk and covered with blood.

John, in despair, rushed toward the vanquished hero; but he was not the first to reach the hound. Almost at the same moment Raymonde jumped from her horse and was bending over poor Clodion.

"Let me attend to him," she said; "and send one of the huntsmen to that pond—there, on the left—for some water."

Raymonde had brought with her a little case containing remedies for wounds of dog, horse or man, received in the chase. This justified her presence at a pastime which is scarcely adapted

to her sex. In a moment the dog's wounds were washed.

"Three tusk wounds on the chest and leg, which, though deep, amount to nothing. That on the neck is much more serious."

Kneeling down on the grass, she began to dress the wounds, aided by John, who evidently did not understand the matter as well as she did; for she remarked:

"Monsieur de Lizardière, I am really a better veterinary surgeon than you. But don't be offended, please!"

She continued the laving; and when it was finished, gently caressed Clodion, who turned a sad but grateful glance upon her.

Suddenly two shots were heard; and the Count came up, exclaiming:

"He is dead! Go and get him at the corner of the thicket with the dogcart."

"Who is dead? The boar?" inquired M. Désormes.

"Precisely, sir. And I beg you all to listen to my story, for the instruction and edification of your declining years."

And the Count, calm, majestic, and evidently very proud of his superiority in cynegetics, delivered the following harangue:

"I walked along, literally beating about the bush; and I said to myself: 'The animal will never come out of that unless the dogs force him to do so; and they probably will not. But if one dog were to risk it, the boar, who is an old stager, would think they were all coming, and would get out as soon as possible. Now, what course would he take? Certainly the shortest cut to the forest of Bonne-Fontaine. He would come out at the angle of the wood on the moor. I will wait for him there.' I did not think I should succeed so well. Presently I heard Clodion's bark in the thicket, and from the sound I knew that he had come to grief. I hastened to the angle of the

wood, and had hardly reached it when I beheld the boar on the slope, sniffing the air. I fired and wounded his shoulder. He turned and made a rush for me. His jaws were open, for my ball had gone through his lungs, thus impeding respiration. On he came, though; for he was mad. When he was within five paces he opened his mouth wider, for breath was failing him more and more. I judged it a favorable moment to lodge my second barrel, without hurting his skin; and the next instant he fell all in a heap. Respect to his memory, and all honor to Clodion!"

While the Count was receiving hearty congratulations, the dogcart arrived with the victim stretched upon it. Raymonde begged that room be made for Clodion, and the brave dog was lifted carefully into the cart beside the now powerless brute.

Day was declining, and the hunters prepared to separate, with renewed thanks to M. Désormes and the Count de Chazé. Raymonde evidently wished to bid Clodion an affectionate and a special farewell; for before mounting her horse she patted the wounded hound, saying half aloud:

"Clodion, my peace is made with you, I hope?"

"Certainly," answered John, who stood beside the dog.

"And with your master?"

"Almost now, but entirely later, if you are as kind to the master as to the dog."

As the reader doubtless shares the general interest in Clodion, we may remark that two weeks later he had entirely recovered from his wounds.

Let us add that on the night of that memorable day, when he was alone with Clodion, whose bleeding wounds he was examining a second time, John murmured in a low tone:

"Yes, she is good. She will consent."

The Church in Korea, Past and Present.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

ONE of the first official acts of the new Vicar Apostolic was to select M. Daveluy as his coadjutor. The move was a wise one. For ten years previous, M. Daveluy had been the soul of the Korean mission; his knowledge of the language and the customs of the country made him an invaluable assistant, and in his hands Mgr. Berneux felt that the future of the mission was secure.

Other missionaries had now succeeded in passing the frontier. For the first time since the germs of Christianity had been implanted in Korea, there was held an ecclesiastical synod, composed of two bishops—Mgr. Berneux and Mgr. Daveluy,—four French and one native priest. Remembering the almost hopeless difficulties that had attended the development of religion in the Hermit Kingdom, the little band of missionaries, when they compared the past with the present, were inclined to believe that a period of peace and prosperity had at last dawned for the suffering Church of Korea, and with renewed courage they devoted themselves to their self-imposed task.

This task was one that needed physical as well as moral strength. Each missionary was in charge of a vast district, which he was obliged to visit during the winter months: in the summer the Christians were employed in outdoor work, and it was in winter only that they were to be found at their homes. Their pastors travelled on foot, the two Bishops leading exactly the same life as the others. Half the day was passed in going from one village to another, often through the snow and ice of a Siberian winter.

On arriving at his destination, the

missionary had to attend to the temporal and spiritual affairs of the Christians, who came from long distances to meet him. He heard their confessions, baptized some, married others, and listened to the tale of their difficulties and troubles. After sleeping a few hours on a mat, he rose after midnight, said Mass and gave Holy Communion to the little band of faithful; then after blessing and encouraging them, he resumed his journey before daylight, so as to avoid attracting attention. The persecution, although less severe, never completely ceased; and to the religious fanaticism of the people was added their deep-rooted hatred of foreigners.

Mgr. Berneux was the very ideal of a missionary bishop. He was old and infirm, still suffering from the tortures he had undergone at the hands of the heathens of Tonkin; but he made it a point of duty to share in every detail the life of his priests. He went on foot, like them, through the district committed to his care; was fed, like them, on rice and herbs,—the Christians being miserably poor. He lodged in wretched huts, where the "best room"—which was always given to the missionary—consisted of a tiny chamber, with no furniture whatever, the bare ground serving as bed, with a sheet of paper to keep out the cold from the single aperture which was at once a door and a window.

On one occasion the Bishop wrote: "I have always led a laborious and frugal life, but now I think I have reached the *ne plus ultra*." And one of his priests, a future martyr, speaks thus of his chief pastor: "For the last few months Mgr. Berneux has been exhausted by fever; nevertheless, he does more work than any one else. He has to be carried to the bedside of the sick when he gives them the Last Sacraments; and even during a baptism he has to sit down several times. As

all the work is done at night, you can understand that this system is peculiarly tiring, and without the help of God it would be impossible to hold out long. But no one complains—for God blesses the labors of the missionaries in proportion to the fatigues they endure.”

Even the summer, when the Christians, being scattered for the harvest, could not receive the visits of their pastors, was not a time of rest. Mgr. Daveluy took advantage of his enforced leisure to compose a French and Korean dictionary, besides several books of devotion in the language of the country. He also collected all the information that could be obtained on the earlier martyrs, and it is from his notes that the history of the Korean Church has been written.

The indefatigable zeal of the little band of apostles met with its reward. In 1859 there were 16,000 Christians in Korea, among whom, that same year, the missionaries baptized 607 adults and 17,000 children, heard 1400 confessions, celebrated 200 marriages, and had 7000 communicants. The following year was marked by the arrival of five new priests, whom the Société des Missions Etrangères sent to the assistance of their overworked brethren. Mgr. Berneux welcomed them with joy, and, according to his custom, began by sending them separately to spend several months in a Christian family, where they learned the language and adapted themselves to the mode of life of the country.

Four years later a political event took place which had fatal consequences for the missions. The King of Korea died in 1864. Though a weak man, he was possessed of humane instincts, and it was owing to his influence that several attempts to stir up a fresh persecution had failed. One of the queens, Tcho, seized the reins of government, bestowed the

crown on a prince twelve years of age, and the regency on the new King's father, who was said by the people to have “a heart of stone.” Moreover, he personified the conversative, Old-World party, with its narrow prejudices, its hatred of foreigners and of Christians.

At first he concealed his real feelings, chiefly from fear that the English and French troops, whose recent expedition to China had deeply impressed the government of Korea, might interfere if he molested the French priests. His apparent indifference to the progress of Christianity, however, did not deceive Mgr. Berneux. “It is the sleep of the tiger,” he used to say. “Let an opportunity arise, he will awake and give vent to his hatred.”

The opportunity came under the shape of a political incident. The Russians, whose advance was a source of alarm to Korea, having demanded in imperious terms that Muscovite traders should be allowed to settle in the peninsula, a certain number of Christians urged the regent to conclude an alliance with France and England in order to oppose the alarming progress of Russia. The proposition was an imprudent one: it drew public attention to the foreign priests and roused the regent's dormant detestation of strangers; he resolved to put an end to their existence, and began on the 23d of February, 1866, by arresting Mgr. Berneux.

The venerable prelate made no resistance. He was bound and taken to prison. The Korean prisons were at that time small wooden buildings, with a tiny door and no windows. The captives lay on the bare ground, closely huddled together; they were miserably fed, and suffered as much from hunger and thirst as from the filth and stench of their prison. The tribunal before which they were judged was in the open air; and, according to the law of the country, the prisoners

were invariably tortured while the judges questioned them. Sometimes they were beaten on the legs with a sharp piece of wood till their flesh was torn away; or their legs were bent and their shoulders drawn back till the bones burst from their sockets; or again they were pricked with pointed sticks, hung up by the arms and beaten with rods, or their limbs were sawn with thin horsehair cords. Fainting from pain and loss of blood, they were carried back to prison, thrown on the ground and left to suffer from hunger and thirst; also from the insects that filled the filthy, ill-ventilated building.

Bishop Berneux went through the ordeal with a dignity, patience, and sweet cheerfulness that made a deep impression on the bystanders. Three of his priests—Fathers Dorie, Beaulieu and de Bretennières,—who had been arrested about the same time, suffered like torments with a firmness worthy of their leader. Finally on March 8, after a lingering agony that had lasted over a fortnight, the venerable confessor and his companions were condemned to die.

They were taken to the place of execution seated on chairs, their legs and hands tightly bound. The porters who carried them stopped now and then to rest; and the Christians who followed noticed with what genuine cheerfulness and evident delight the priests seized the opportunity to exchange a few words. Once some of the heathen spectators spoke insulting words, and the Bishop reproved them with his usual gentle dignity. "You ought to weep," he said. "We came here to teach you the way to heaven; this we can no longer do, and you are much to be pitied."

Mgr. Berneux was executed first. He was laid on the ground; water, then lime was thrown over his face; his ears were pierced with arrows; his arms were bound behind his back;

and, a long stick having been passed under his shoulders, he was carried eight times round a large open space. Then, after this display which served only to prolong his sufferings, he was made to kneel down in the centre of the square, while six executioners armed with huge knives executed a war dance round their victim, accompanied by ferocious cries. They were allowed to strike him as they pleased, but at the third stroke the venerable head fell to the ground.

The three other priests—Fathers Dorie, Beaulieu and de Bretennières—were put to death with the same cruel ceremonial; and three days afterward Fathers Pourthié and Petitnicholas, a young Korean named Alexis On, and a catechist, Mark Tieng, gathered the martyr's palm on the same spot, after having endured the same tortures with unswerving faith and firmness. Thus in the space of three days the Church of Korea was deprived of eight of her pastors.

Mgr. Daveluy, Bishop Berneux' coadjutor and second self, was visiting the district in his charge, when a hurried note from Father de Bretennières informed him of the arrest of his beloved chief; and a few days later, on March 11, he himself was made prisoner, almost at the same time as two other missionaries, Fathers Aumaitre and Huin. The three priests were transferred to Seoul. With them was Mgr. Daveluy's servant, Luke Hoang, who refused to leave his master. They were cruelly tortured, suffered with admirable heroism, and finally were condemned to die. Their execution took place on the seashore, at some distance from the capital; and, maimed by torture, they performed the journey on horseback. They arrived at their goal, according to Mgr. Daveluy's ardent wish, on Good Friday, March 30, 1866.

A painful incident marked this execution. Mgr. Daveluy had received a

deep gash on the neck, which wounded without killing him; the executioner then stopped and declined to proceed with his bloody task unless his wages were raised. A discussion followed that lasted a full quarter of an hour, while the Bishop's bleeding form lay quivering on the ground. At last, having satisfactorily settled his bargain, the man returned and speedily dispatched his victim.

The persecution of 1866 is a memorable one in the annals of the Korean Church, from its length and also from the number of its martyrs. The Christians were hunted down like wild beasts. Some few apostatized, but the greater number died, like their pastors, with unflinching courage. Their sufferings were terrible. Some were strangled, others buried alive; and a mandarin, in order to exterminate them with greater rapidity, invented a species of guillotine by means of which twenty or twenty-five persons were executed at the same time. It is difficult, the missionaries being either dead or in concealment, to estimate the number of Christians who perished for the Faith; but it is supposed that at least 8000 persons were put to death in the space of four years.

After the martyrdom of the two bishops and five priests, whose passion and death we have briefly related, there remained in the country only three French priests—Fathers Ridel, Féron and Calais. Father Ridel, in a narrative of thrilling interest, tells how he spent over a month concealed in the house of a Christian named Andrew. An atmosphere of generous devotion to the persecuted Church pervaded this poor dwelling. From his hiding-place he used to hear the children talking over the events of the day. "I will do like papa," said the little boy. "I will never renounce the Faith; and if they cut off my head, I will go to God."—"Yes," replied his eldest sister, a girl of twelve,

"we will die and go to heaven with papa, mamma, and the Father. But we must pray hard, for they will hurt us. They will pull out our hair and our teeth and beat us with a big stick. The Father says that only those who pray well can hope to resist."

After some weeks Father Ridel was able to communicate with his colleagues, Fathers Féron and Calais, who were concealed in the neighborhood; and the three decided that one of their number ought to go to China for the purpose of seeking assistance. Father Féron, the oldest of the party, who acted as superior, appointed Father Ridel as the envoy of the mission. It was no easy matter to leave a country so closely guarded. At last, however, accompanied by a few resolute Christians, he embarked in a tiny boat, where he had to act as captain and pilot, and thus reached Wei-hai. Here he represented the miserable condition of the Korean mission to the French Admiral Roze, who promised to avenge the death of his countrymen.

Alas, the intervention of the French fleet was worse than futile! In October the French squadron appeared in sight of Korea, and the Admiral sent a letter to the King requesting that the ministers who had been instrumental in putting the missionaries to death should be given up to him. The letter remained unanswered; and, after a slight skirmish with the native troops, the fleet returned to China. Its empty threats had been followed by no results, and this useless intervention only increased the boldness of the Korean government and also the sufferings of the Christians.

Father Ridel, who had vainly urged Admiral Roze to march on Seoul, spent the next few years in Manchuria, where, under the direction of Mgr. Verrolles, he labored as a missionary. In 1870 he was made a Bishop and Vicar-General of Korea. But for a long time he found

no opportunity of entering his diocese, which was now deprived of the presence of any Christian priest,—Fathers Féron and Calais having joined Father Ridel in Manchuria. At last, in 1877, the Bishop succeeded in crossing the frontier of the land to which he was bound by so many tragic memories, and made his way to Seoul, where three other missionaries joined him. It seemed to him that now, after so many weary years of struggle, suffering and disappointment, he was about to reap the result of his perseverance. But if Mgr. Ridel was not, like his predecessors, destined to die for Christ, he was in a special manner called upon to sacrifice his best and most generous hopes and projects to the will of God.

In January, 1878, when he was absorbed in the task of reorganizing his diocese, he was arrested and imprisoned. In an account of his captivity written for his family, he tells us in simple language how he made up his mind that he was to be put to death. On a page of his Breviary he wrote these lines: "In a few minutes I shall probably be executed. I belong to God. In a few minutes I shall be in heaven."

But the Korean government seems to have feared the indignation of France, should another French priest be executed; and Mgr. Ridel was left in prison. He describes the horror of those miserable cabins, where rotten straw served as a bed for the captives, where they were fed with a few handfuls of rice, never allowed to change their clothes and linen. "If I had much to suffer," he writes, "I was often comforted by the sight of our Christians. Gentle, patient and docile, they were always ready to help others; they never spoke an unkind word. They began their morning by prayer, they meditated during the day, and often at night they again recited long prayers."

Although he humbly ignores himself

in order to admire and praise his spiritual children, Mgr. Ridel was the worthy leader of these generous, heroic souls. His patience, courtesy, unflinching good temper, and perfect resignation to the will of God, never failed. At last, at the request of the French Minister at Peking, he was set free, but compelled to leave Korea. His heart remained faithful to the people for whom he longed to live and die. On crossing the frontier, he blessed his diocese with the utmost tenderness; and at Peking, at Tokio, and in France, where he died in 1884, he never ceased to act and to pray on behalf of his distant flock.

His natural impulse had prompted him to make another effort to force an entrance into Korea; and it was only in obedience to the distinct advice of the Holy See that he refrained from doing so. His personality was so well known that he could not hope to escape notice, and it was thought that his presence might entail new sufferings on the native Christians and on the five French missionaries who remained in the peninsula.

However, happier days were now at hand for the long-suffering Church of Korea. In 1887 a treaty was concluded with France that permitted French subjects to practise their religion within the kingdom, to travel as they pleased, and to teach freely. The following year the nuns of St. Paul de Chartres settled at Seoul, where in 1890 Mgr. Mutel, the Vicar Apostolic, opened a seminary, and built a fine cathedral, which was inaugurated in 1898. The yearly bulletin of the Société des Missions Etrangères gives us an encouraging account of the progress of the Church in a country that no longer deserves its name of Hermit Kingdom. The facts and figures that are quoted contrast strangely with the record of suffering that we have laid before our readers.

The *Compte-Rendu* of the Society

for 1903 informs us that there are in Korea at the present moment 52,539 Christians among a total population of 15,000,000; there are 44 churches or chapels, 41 French missionaries and 11 native priests, who are governed by one Bishop. At Seoul there is a seminary, with over 30 ecclesiastical students; also 2 religious communities of women. In the course of the last year 5807 pagan adults and 2111 children were baptized. There exist 53 Christian schools, with an aggregate of 623 pupils; and two orphan asylums, where 870 children are cared for. The same annals give us an interesting picture of the docility and faith of the native Christians, the worthy descendants of the martyrs and confessors of the last century. They describe that an abundant spiritual harvest rejoices the hearts of the devoted priests who are laboring for Christ in the far-away peninsula.

These consoling results will hardly surprise those who know that God's best gifts are bought by suffering. During a hundred years the history of the Korean mission presents a disheartening succession of vain attempts, hopeless failures, keen disappointments, and heroic sacrifices. Time and again the Christian community of the Hermit Kingdom seemed doomed to ruin. In the sufferings of the past lies the secret of the success of the present. The noble pioneers, like Bishop Berneux, who died for Christ, were, no less than the twentieth-century missionaries, the builders of the now flourishing Church of Korea. Their patiently borne trials have, we may feel sure, largely contributed to the present welfare of the mission they so faithfully loved and served.

DEATH was precious to God of old, because Jesus was to die. It is precious to Him now, because Jesus has already died. — *Faber.*

Home Hours.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSKY.

WHEN dusk drops down like a mothering bird,
And gathers us close in its drowsy arms,
When the sparrow's chirp 'neath the eaves is heard,
I sink me deep in fireside charms.

Let the prince in his hall drink deep of wine,
Let the worldling bask in Fame's red glare;
But for me the glow of a fireside shrine,
And the tender love which awaits me there.

The sweet, pure face of the mother-wife,
The halting prayer of the sleepy tot;
Shut in from the world's unholy strife,
We bend in love o'er our baby's cot.

This hour the veil is thinnest drawn
'Twixt now and the future of which we dream;
This hour we glimmer the last great dawn,
And catch from an angel's wing a gleam.

The Incompatibles.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

WHEN Winston found himself at home again, after he had watched the train steam slowly out of the station, hoping vainly that Dora would glance through the window at the spot where he stood, he felt like one returning from a funeral. Some of the servants still remained, as he had determined to stay where he was until the house was rented.

For a long time he sat in the library, smoking, and his thoughts were mostly bitter ones. Page by page he reviewed their life together. He had meant well in the beginning; they both had, he was sure. At first her girlish spirits had amused and pleased him; later he had grown weary of them. He had wanted a companion: very soon he had decided that his wife and he could never be comrades. "But," asked a self-accusing voice, "did you ever make

the effort to lead her thoughts, her desires, her tastes in the direction of your own?" No, he acknowledged he never had. On the contrary, he had done the very thing best calculated to defeat his own wishes: he had complained of her frivolousness without suggesting anything to take its place.

On her part, she had found him too serious, and had resented what she called his indifference. She had been a lighted-hearted girl, and had tried at first to coax him out of the languor which later she had learned to call coldness and selfishness. There had been a few quarrels, but latterly none, because she had grown contemptuous of him; and, to do him justice, he had no idea of the length to which her resentment of his conduct had gone.

After a while he rose and gave a few orders to the servants. He passed through his dressing-room into her apartment. Everything was in disorder. On the dressing table a bit of pink ribbon lay beside a fading rose. On the satin cushion a solitary stick-pin, pearl-mounted, still remained. It was comparatively valueless; either she had forgotten or did not care about it. He lifted the flower, wrapped the ribbon about it, confining them with the pin; then he carefully placed both in a compartment of his memorandum-book and put it in his pocket. Why he did this he could not have explained. It was as though some one had resolved to treasure thus a memento of the dead. As he looked about the deserted room a chill went through him; he felt desolate. He hurried out and down the stairs. In another moment he was walking rapidly up the street.

III.

In the lovely twilight of a delicious day Dora arrived at the little station, where a carriage was to meet her. Comfortable and old-fashioned, it stood awaiting her. A beautiful elderly lady sat inside, and from the platform a

smiling, white-headed Negro advanced to take her small luggage.

"My dear," said the old lady from the carriage, as Dora hurried after the driver, "you will forgive me for not getting out when you hear that I am slightly lame. Come, I want to kiss you."

In a moment Dora was beside her.

"How nice you are, cousin Rachel!" said Dora, nestling close to her new friend. "Somehow, I had not imagined you like this."

"And how *had* you imagined me?" asked cousin Rachel. "Not a Gorgon surely! Winston would not have so described me."

"Oh, no! But you know he is not expansive. Description is not one of his strong points. I had thought you quite old."

"I *am* old — nearly seventy, — but young at heart, thank God! You are not far from what I had pictured you: very nice also. And how is my dear boy? When is he coming?"

"He is quite well," rejoined Dora, ignoring the last question, which she did not know how to answer.

"He was lovely to send you. And it was so very good of you to come without him."

"I know I shall like it here," said Dora, as they bowled along, behind a fine pair of horses, over the smooth, sandy road. "I have always longed to live in the country."

"I am glad to hear it. How delightful if you could be persuaded to live here always! Winston used to love this home."

So she went on with gentle garrulity till they reached the house—a long, broad white building, with lower and upper porches all around it. The garden was delightful: fragrant, rambling, shady. Dora felt that she would love to wander there.

The next morning was spent in roaming about the place, in company

with a half-grown mulatto girl whom cousin Rachel had deputed to wait on her young mistress. In the afternoon, her usual siesta finished, the old lady tapped on the door of Dora's room.

"I am going to show you everything that belonged to Winston when he was little," she said. "I know that will please you more than anything else I could do for you. I want you to get acquainted with it all, so that when he comes you will be able to renew old memories with him. He will enjoy it so much better then."

Dora smiled as she took the small withered hand in hers. She felt it incumbent upon her to say something.

"You love Winston very much, don't you, cousin Rachel?" she remarked.

"Love him! I adore him. Everybody here does. No one could help loving Winston."

She looked radiantly up into Dora's face. The young wife looked as radiantly down upon her. She had always been susceptible to the moods of others, and who could do aught, by word or glance or inopportune silence, to sadden the thoughts of this dear old lady, in whose eyes she was a loved and happy wife? No: let that come later, when it must; for the present she too was going to be happy.

"First, I am going to show you the room Winston had when he was little. Really, there were two rooms, one opening into the other. This was the nursery. It would still do for one."

The room was filled with games and toys of every kind. A hobbyhorse stood upon the broad hearth awaiting a rider. A low seat ran around two sides, close to the broad windows, which commanded a charming view of the surrounding woods and fields.

"See! here is even a little doll that Winston loved," said cousin Rachel, pointing to a battered specimen of dollhood, attired in a red dress and white apron and seated in a little

rocking-chair. "He used to call it his wife. He thought it the most beautiful thing in existence. How I have laughed behind his back when he would caress the ridiculous thing! Poor doll! she has sat there lonely and unloved for many a year. Winston has something dearer now."

Dora said not a word.

"Doesn't it touch you to the bottom of your heart to see and hear about these little things?" continued Rachel.

"Yes, it does," answered Dora in a low voice.

Cousin Rachel opened another door.

"This is where he slept," she said.

"This room is smaller, of course; but it is very pleasant."

And so it was. A child might have slept in the little white bed the night before. Thin, ruffled sash curtains partially concealed the windows. In the closet two small sailor hats were on the shelves, a pair of knee-trousers hung inside the door. On a table between the windows were a Latin grammar and old geography and two or three well-worn storybooks.

"'The Swiss Family Robinson' and 'Cecil and His Dog,'" said cousin Rachel, opening them. "He did love those books—when he was little. He used to read them over and over again. And here, on the lower shelf of the table, are his copy-books—from the very beginning. And this is his first French dictation book. '*Aimons nous les uns les autres.*' Dear child! he took that for his motto; and he has always lived up to it. He was never anything but kind to everybody."

Dora took the book from her hand. On the front page, in large characters, she read the words aloud, translating them: "Let us love one another." They seemed to ring in her ears,—she was growing dizzy.

"Let us go into the garden," she said.

"I do not feel very well."

"Yes, yes, of course. I thought you

seemed silent, my dear. You are really more quiet than I had imagined. Winston had given me the idea that you were very lively."

"I used to be, I think," said Dora, slowly. "But I may have changed in that respect since my marriage. No doubt I have."

They went downstairs and into the garden. Cousin Rachel led the way to a miniature lake at the lower end. They seated themselves on a bench near it. Presently two beautiful swans sailed out from beneath the shade of some overhanging bushes.

"There are Jupiter and Juno," said cousin Rachel. "They have been in the lake for a great many years: long before Winston was born. He gave them those names—when he was little. He was about eleven, I think,—just after he had begun to study mythology. Once he fell into the water over there, under that tree, where it is deepest. He was nearly drowned. I shall never forget it. Scipio heard him call, and jumped in. The poor little fellow was so brave about it."

Dora got up.

"Let us walk," she said,—“unless you are too tired, cousin Rachel."

"No. When I walk slowly it does not tire me. Shall we go down to the edge of the wood?"

"Come, lean on me," said Dora.

"It is so nice to have you here," answered the old lady; "and to know that you are Winston's wife! Do you see that bench yonder?" she went on, as they neared the first group of trees. "Winston always came here to read in summer,—when he was little. Just behind it, between four sycamores which form a square, he made what he used to call his 'steady garden.' Violets grew there, and lilies of the valley. If you had been here last month you would have seen them. Ah, there are a few violets left! I am going to gather them for you."

Dora leaned back on the green bench. In a few moments cousin Rachel came to her with a little bouquet of the sweet-scented purple blossoms.

"Let me pin them on your bosom," she said. "How delighted Winston would be to see them there: children of the flowers he planted—when he was little!"

The next morning they visited the stables.

"Here is Boniface!" said cousin Rachel, stroking an old grey donkey that stood quietly nibbling grass. "Has Winston never told you about Boniface, the donkey he loved so—when he was little?"

And so they continued, step by step, through the stables, to the Negro cabins, where the people all inquired for Mars Winston with the tenderest affection, especially the old men and women who had known and loved him—"when he was little." And by degrees Dora learned how careful of their comfort he had always been, and still was; of the sweets for the children and the bright bandannas and tobacco for the elders that came regularly every Christmas to Longwood, addressed to each by name.

Then they went across the plantation to the cemetery where his parents were buried. A tombstone of dark granite had been placed at the head of each grave. Both were carefully tended, and enclosed by a heavy iron fence.

"They have been dead a long time," said Dora, bending over to read the inscriptions.

"When Winston was eleven his mother died," answered cousin Rachel; "his father, when he was fifteen. Let us sit here while I tell you about them,—something he would never do." Dora readily consented; and, seated on the sward at the foot of the graves, with her arm around the young wife, cousin Rachel went on:

"I am going to tell you because I

think you ought to know. Winston's parents were eccentric, both of them. They were as good and honorable as it is possible for two persons to be, but they were not well-mated—were not congenial. They realized this all too soon, and, instead of quarrelling, decided to live practically apart. His father remained abroad a great deal; when he was here the mother visited about among her relatives. Both loved the boy, their only child; but neither was so unjust as to wish to deprive the other of him. Consequently he lived here alone with me for the greater part of the time. He was very fond of them, though, poor little fellow! I tried to make up to him all that his life lacked—when he was little. I gave him of my best, and he has returned it a hundredfold. Oh, how happy I felt when he wrote me that he was about to be married! And ever since his letters have been full of you, my dear; and it has rejoiced my poor old heart."

"He writes to you of me, then, cousin Rachel?" asked Dora.

"Always, always. You are his life."

"Poor Winston!" thought Dora. "It is kind of him to keep up the fiction of happiness with this poor old woman. He does not wish to grieve her doting heart."

"I tell you all this," resumed cousin Rachel, "because being the child of such a marriage, and having been thus peculiarly situated, you must not be surprised if in some respects he may be also a little eccentric, perhaps reserved, perhaps nervous, perhaps even at times apparently self-absorbed and cold. I do not say that you have ever observed these things in him. I hope and believe marriage may have opened for him a vista of joy and content that his infancy and childhood unfortunately missed. But I have seen these things in him at times; and although, as I said, you may not have known them,

they may still recur, under certain conditions."

"He is good, — he is very good!" murmured Dora. "But—you are right."

"He is sometimes—strange, then?"

"A little, sometimes,—yes."

"Well, dear, if it is so—whenever it is so—only remember that he would be different if things had not been so—so disagreeable—when he was little."

Dora pressed the wrinkled old hand to her lips. When she drew it away it was wet with her tears.

"He was so fond of me always!" cousin Rachel went on. "At times, after his father or mother had gone, he would throw his arms about my neck and cling to me silently, as though he felt that here at least he could always find a loving heart—a home. Once, after such an experience, I followed him to the nursery, fearing to find him moping there. He was standing by the window, that old red-cheeked doll in his arms. 'Wifie,' I heard him say, 'when we are grown up we shall go everywhere—together. We shall never be separated. We shall *always* live at home *together*,—always, always!' He was born reserved and silent, but affectionate to his heart's core. And after that I knew—that he knew."

Darkness was falling when the two women went in. Had cousin Rachel suspected anything, or was it only out of the exuberance of her love for Winston that she had spoken? Dora never knew. But early next morning she wrote a long letter to her husband, and in it she folded a little bunch of violets. Three days later he came to Longwood, and Dora met him at the station.

They have made the old Carolina plantation their permanent home. Three beautiful children—two sturdy boys and a darling little girl—are petted and spoiled by cousin Rachel. And they are all as happy as the day is long.

Russian Religious Statistics.

UNDER the caption "A Voice from the Russian Camp," we gave, a few weeks ago, a somewhat extended notice of Chaplain von Maltzew's liturgical calendars, and commented on some aspects of the religious question in the dominions of the Czar. It may be well to supplement what was said on that occasion by a few religious statistics gathered from several recent studies of the churches in Russia by the French writer, M. Gondal.

Notwithstanding the undeniable loss of prestige which Russia has been experiencing during the past month or two, it must be remembered that the immense Muscovite Empire, with its one hundred and thirty or thirty-five million inhabitants, extends over almost the half of Europe and Asia. It is a disquieting thought that, with the exception of a few millions, all this multitude are living outside the Fold of Peter; and as the multitude is increasing by about two millions a year, simply through the excess of births over deaths, there is every reason to fear for the religious future of a considerable portion of the globe.

The Russian Empire takes in more than one-sixth of the habitable land in the whole world; and if its cold but fertile soil were cultivated to the utmost, it could readily support a thousand millions of men. In the natural order of events, these suppositions should one day be realized; and then, unless in the meantime God has drawn these peoples back to unity of faith, there will be a whole world inimical to the true Church. The future, however, belongs to God alone. Let us confide in His Providence, since we know that His Church possesses the words of eternal life; and, dropping these sombre hypotheses, let us speak of actual conditions.

The Russian State recognizes the self-styled "Orthodox" Church not only as that one which counts the greatest number of adherents within the limits of the Empire, but also as the Empire's official church. When there is question, however, of determining the number of the adherents of "Orthodoxy," it will be prudent not to repose unfaltering trust in the statistics given out by the government; for it seems thoroughly established that in these statistics are very often enrolled, as orthodox, members of the different sects of "Raskol"; and the Raskolniks no more belong to the official church than do Protestants or Old Catholics to the Catholic Church. They either never recognized the State church, or they left it voluntarily, despite the persecutions to which they have been incessantly subjected by both the civil and the religious authorities.

In his pamphlet on the Russian Church, M. Gondal does not fix the number of Raskolniks with any definiteness: he simply says that there are from fifteen to thirty millions of them. Father Palmiéri, one of the best-informed Orientalists, estimates that there may be twenty-five millions of Raskolniks in the Czar's Empire. Accepting these figures as the more probable, we find that there still remain the very respectable number of some eighty million counted as adherents of the official church, though there are a great number of religious sects in Russia. The so-called Orthodox Church is not the united body it is commonly supposed to be.

The Catholics number from eight to ten millions; they have seven episcopal sees in Poland and five others in Russia proper. Catholics would be two or three times as numerous had it not been for the persecutions waged against them in the course of the nineteenth century; persecutions which cost the Church about all the faithful of the

Greek rite living on Russian soil,—and they were many millions in number. There are still some remains of the old Ruthenian church; but these several thousand Uniates, who despite all the sufferings they have been forced to endure are still faithful to Mother Church, are deprived of the priests of their rite; for Russia tolerates none within her limits. To find their own priests, the Uniates are obliged to go to Austrian Galicia. As for priests of the Latin rite, woe to them if they should think fit to give absolution to a Uniate or to bless his marriage! Deportation to Siberia would be the immediate consequence of such temerity. Under these conditions, it may be said that the Ruthenian church in Russia has practically ceased to exist.

Of other baptized Christians, we find in the Empire Protestants and Armenians. There are about five millions of the former, living mostly in Finland and the other Baltic provinces. They, too, have much to suffer from the malice of the government, which uses all imaginable means to substitute Russian for the Finnish and German spoken by the Protestants. The Armenian subjects of the Czar number seven hundred thousand.

Among the non-Christians, first mention is due to the Jews, who number four millions and are pretty well scattered, though they are in greatest numbers in Poland and Southern Russia. Then come the Mohammedans, perhaps as numerous as the Jews; they dwell beyond the Caucasians and the Caspian Sea. The others are pagans, living in Siberia and ordinarily belonging to the Mongolian race.

Imperfect as are these statistics, they yet serve to show that Russia need envy no other nation, even England or our own, on the score of multiplicity. Like the British Empire, the Russian embraces nearly all forms of faith within its immense territory.

The First American Republic.

THE Exposition now being held in St. Louis brings almost forgotten bits of American history back to mind. Most people suppose that the United States was the first republic on the Western Continent: instead, the first one was the republic of Louisiana. This territory, as everyone knows, extended from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada on the north, thence westward to the Pacific, curving around what was then called California.

When France ceded Louisiana to Spain in 1764, the colonists strenuously objected to their new owners. They sent a delegate to Louis XV. protesting against the change. The King sent this delegate back with orders to his former subjects to submit. This they refused to do. A rebellion broke out, and on the night of October 28, 1768, the colonists seized New Orleans with the French forts in the neighborhood, and declared a republic. Nicholas Chauvin de Lanfrenière was named president, or protector. The Spanish Governor, who had but just arrived, deserted the field and sailed for Havana.

This republic lasted for nine months; then Spain sent over twenty-four ships and two thousand men, and the colonists saw their government overthrown. The president and four of his chief supporters were ingloriously put to death. Thus ended the first American republic.

I BELIEVE philosophers have not noticed one thing—the absorbent character of the soul. Marvellous is its power of receptivity. It is a wonderfully impressionable substance. An hour in the company of saints is enough. The whole heart is revolutionized. All Scriptures bear testimony to this blessed influence.—*Anon.*

Notes and Remarks.

There may be no little exaggeration in the statement of a well-known writer and prominent publisher that 'not only are patent medicines making thousands of drunkards, but unborn babes are acquiring the liquor and drug habits on account of their mothers having recourse to medicines containing alcohol, morphine, etc.'; the fact remains, however, that many well-known and widely-advertised patent medicines are a danger to health and a menace to morals. They have been analyzed over and over again and found to contain a large percentage of alcohol and injurious drugs. It is a sad fact that advertisements of these and still more objectionable "remedies," to which the better class of secular journals will not give space, appear in many religious periodicals. Indeed it is asserted by the writer already quoted that—

there are no papers published that are so flagrantly guilty of admitting to their columns the advertisements not only of alcohol-filled medicines but preparations and cure-alls of the most flagrantly obscene nature, as the so-called religious papers of this country. Unable, owing to their small circulations, to obtain the advertising of discriminating advertisers, they are all too ready to accept the most obscene class of advertising-business, which the average second-rate secular paper would hesitate or refuse to admit into its columns.

Here again there is exaggeration. The writer might have excluded one class of religious papers; though we sometimes meet with advertisements in Catholic exchanges, even journals with sacred titles, which reputable secular publishers invariably "turn down."

It seems to be the impression of not a few Catholic missionaries that, whatever outcome the war in the Far East may have, the net result will be unfavorable to the missions. "If the Japanese win," we are assured by an experienced priest, "they will look

down on the missionaries, and will not condescend to inquire into their doctrine. If they are beaten, they will detest with a deadly hatred the missionaries and their teaching." Regarding the religious temper of the Japanese, the missionary corroborates what has often been stated in these columns: "The so-called savants of Japan are for the most part materialists. They believe in nothing except worldly interests and pleasure. The youth of the greater schools, brought up without religion, grow more and more corrupt, forgetting the fine maxims of honor and patriotism of old Japan." It may be of interest to note that the four bishops of the country are French, as are nearly all the Sisters and most of the missionaries; and the same is almost as true of Manchuria and Korea, the other Oriental countries that figure most prominently in the war news. The Catholic population of Japan is about 90,000; of Korea, 60,000; of Manchuria, 34,000. For ourselves, we have no fears for the future of the Church in any of these countries, let the outcome of the war be what it may.

An interesting article on devotion to the Blessed Virgin in Wales is contributed to the *Franciscan Annals* by Mr. John Hobson Matthews. We quote the concluding paragraph, which shows that the loss of the Faith among the people of Wales is not so complete as to have destroyed all veneration for the Mother of Christ:

The Wales of old was second to no country in her devotion to the Blessed Virgin; and the intensity of the popular love for Our Lady is attested by the prevalence of prayers, hymns and practices which linger on in spite even of the bitter Puritanism of the Wales of to-day. In illustration of this, and as a fitting conclusion to my essay, I may mention the case of a Protestant carpenter whom I myself knew. He was a native of Cardiganshire but had settled at Cardiff. At his prayers he had always been accustomed to say, in Welsh, the Hail Mary in

its medieval form (i. e., without the final invocation). The good man had learned this as a child from his grandmother, and was astonished to find the same words in common use by "Papists." This led to further inquiry into Catholic doctrine, and to the Welshman's reception into the Church. It was a direct illustration of the lines:

Faith of our fathers, Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee.

It is unfortunate that everything runs to politics in this country, more especially during a Presidential year. In spite of the risk we run of being accused of partisanship, we feel obliged in fairness to reproduce this gratifying acknowledgment from Father Ketcham's report of the Catholic Indian Bureau: "President Roosevelt was the first President to recognize the right of Catholic Indians to be represented by those of their own Faith; and his courage and sense of justice in appointing two Catholics on the Board of Indian Commissioners will ever be remembered with gratitude by his Catholic fellow-countrymen. That action of our President marked the turning-point for the better in the tide of Catholic Indian affairs." In another place Father Ketcham says: "It can now be truthfully stated that the Bureau has no grievance against the Administration."

Reviewing Secretary Long's story of our war with Spain ("The New American Navy"), an English writer protests against the familiar and often-repeated statement that the battle of Manila Bay was won by American valor. "Such a statement," he says, "must strike any impartial reader as absurd when compared with the account of the battle itself, and the immediate results of 'seven men slightly wounded and no damage of any account to our vessels,' on the one side; and on the other, 'ten ships destroyed, three batteries silenced, and 381 killed,' to say nothing of very

many wounded. No doubt the 'victory, at the outset of the war, produced a moral effect of incalculable advantage, and demonstrated to the world the powerlessness of our enemy.' But few battles are won by mere valor; and at Manila the brightest display of valor was given rather by the 'powerless enemy,' who, in the dire straits to which they were reduced, seized the 'opportunity to show to Spain and to the world how bravely a Spaniard could die.' That the Americans were better sailors, better engineers, better gunners, and had better ships, better engines, and better guns, was clearly demonstrated; but a crushing victory over a half-armed, untrained enemy is no proof—if anybody supposed that proof was wanting—that, when duty and honor demand it, Americans can meet death like brave men."

The Emperor of Germany is a ruler to be looked up to. He is constantly doing things which make greatly for his popularity among his own subjects and are scored to his honor by all Christendom. Having learned that the wife of a poor miner had given birth to an eighth son, the Kaiser expressed his intention to be represented at the christening. Accordingly he sent a member of his court to act as godfather for him, with directions to sign the baptismal register, For William II., Emperor of Germany. By such acts as this the Kaiser intensifies patriotism, and probably does more than all the Lutheran preachers in Germany to combat Socialism, which seems to be the only enemy the Fatherland has to fear.

The *United Irishman* has rendered precious service to the memory of Cardinal Persico by publishing the letters addressed by that prelate to Cardinal Manning during his much-discussed mission to Ireland. It is one

of the hardships of such a position as Mgr. Persico filled that his lips are nearly always sealed when a word of explanation or denial would lift a load of undeserved censure from his acts. It has commonly been assumed, for instance, that the condemnation of the Plan of Campaign was chiefly the fruit of Mgr. Persico's report to Rome: the correspondence, on the contrary, shows that the decree of condemnation was published the day after he had received official word that his report had not yet been received in Rome. He himself felt keenly the pain of being suspected of hostility to a race whom he specially cherished, but his duty imposed silence on him. To Cardinal Manning he wrote: "Your Eminence understands the Irish question thoroughly; I wish others in Rome understood it as your Eminence does. So far as I am concerned, I shall not fail to make a proper exposé of things."

It is more than hinted, too, that certain advisers of the Pope in Rome were thinking more about the establishment of diplomatic relations with England than about an unbiassed judgment on the policy of the Irish Nationalists,—but on this unsavory subject the least said among honest men the better. Mgr. Persico's opinion, like Cardinal Manning's, was that "the true nunciature for England and Ireland is the episcopate"; and he repeatedly urged Rome to summon the Irish bishops to a conference in the Eternal City, rather than trust to lay and clerical politicians. Respect for truth, and justice to Mgr. Persico, demand that this much at least be known. We could say more.

It was to be expected that difficulties would be met with in carrying out the Pope's instructions concerning church music. Although Plain Song is to be largely restored, and secular music—secular as to character or associ-

ations—abolished, modern music under certain conditions will be admitted; but it must not be of a theatrical kind, whether as to form or contents. The musical critic of the *Athenæum* declares it is not only difficult but impossible to draw the line actually dividing the sacred from the secular.'

The Pope exhorts bishops to seek the advice of persons "really competent" to judge what is sacred and what is not. But tastes and opinions must differ: the severe school of the North, as represented by Bach, would appear cold and formal to dwellers in the sunny South; while the florid Masses of Haydn and Mozart and some Italian music of a still lighter kind would appear to staid North German or British folk frivolous, not an aid to devotion. Even the impression which music makes upon persons of the same race and country differs considerably. No hard-and-fast rule can be laid down. The Salvation Army hymn, with its tambourine and drum accompaniment, may rouse devotional feelings in some minds, yet it would be regarded with disdain by those who are able to feel the grandeur and solemnity of such a work as Bach's mighty Mass in B minor. The carrying out of the "Instructions" will, no doubt, cause friction in some cases; also in trying to gather up the tares the Pope may root up some of the wheat with them. His intentions are, however, of the best, and deserve the serious consideration of all who wish, as he does, for the purest and best music in religious services.

The ethical code of physicians is admittedly high; but, for the realization of that code in practice, the profession will be none the worse for the recent organization in Rome of an International Society of Catholic Physicians. The object of the association is twofold: the application of the Christian virtues and charity in the practice of medicine, and the special study of certain medical questions that closely touch faith and morals. St. Luke, "the good physician," and Saints Cosmas and Damian have been chosen patrons of the Society, the charter members of which have recently edified the Romans by a round of pious pilgrimages, by loudly proclaiming in their meetings the harmony between

faith and science, and by bestowing reverent study on such questions as the miraculous cures at Lourdes. Obviously, the future of such a society is a matter of speculation; but that every country in the world would be the better for a vigorous organization of learned Catholic physicians is a matter of unquestionable fact.

The Protestant Episcopalians have decided to retain their name, at least for another year. There was the usual wrangle about it at the recent conference in Los Angeles. The prelates and presbyters—the majority of them—wanted the name changed; the laity, on the contrary, were for retaining it. They hold that the title adopted at the first General Convention after the Revolution is the correct one. The clergy are ashamed of the title and consider it a falsification of their position in the eyes of the public. They should thank their stars, as the Rev. Dr. Ewer did thirty-five years ago, that the laity have not laid violent hands upon the Creed and made it read: "I believe in the holy P. E. Church of the U. S. A."

"Are Catholics wrong in supporting parish schools at great expense?" asks the editor of the *New England Journal*; and he answers: "Not if a man be worth more than a dog." The whole passage is so striking that we feel obliged to quote it in full:

But there is one Church which makes religion an essential in education, and that is the Catholic Church, in which the mothers teach their faith to the infants at the breast in their lullaby songs, and whose brotherhoods and priests, sisterhoods and nuns imprint their religion on souls as indelibly as the diamond marks the hardened glass. They ingrain their faith in human hearts when most plastic to the touch. Are they wrong, are they stupid, are they ignorant, that they found parochial schools, convents, colleges, in which religion is taught? Not if a man be worth more than a dog, or the

human soul, with eternity for duration, is of more value than the span of animal existence for a day. If they are right, then we are wrong; if our Puritan Fathers were wise, then we are foolish. Looking upon it as a mere speculative question, with their policy they will increase; with ours, we will decrease. Macaulay predicted the endurance of the Catholic Church till the civilized Australian should sketch the ruins of London from a broken arch of London Bridge. We are no prophet, but it does seem to us that Catholics, retaining their religious teaching and we our heathen schools, will gaze upon cathedral crosses all over New England when the meeting houses will be turned into barns. Let them go on teaching their religion to the children, and we go on educating our children in schools without a recognition of God and without the reading of the Bible, and they will plant corn and train grapevines on the unknown graves of Plymouth Pilgrims and of the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and none will dispute their right of possession. We say this without expressing our own hopes or fears, but as inevitable from the fact that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

The burden of organizing and supporting a first-rate parish school is one that often weighs heavily on both pastor and people; but it is a necessary burden. The future belongs to the Church by many titles, but by none more unmistakably than because she is forming the men and women of the future to religion by systematic instruction and practice from infancy. Every Catholic school to-day means a dozen flourishing parishes thirty years from to-day.

The *Catholic Transcript*, which hails from the Nutmeg State, is authority for the report that a divorce was recently granted to a wife who had married when her husband seemed at the point of death. He recovered, however, and she promptly sought for legal separation on the plea of cruelty and fraud! The cruelty, we suppose, consisted in preventing her from attending a funeral; and the fraud, in depriving her of an annuity. There was mortification and anguish, too, on the part of the gentle and generous plaintiff.



The Children's Hymn.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

I.

GENTLE Mother of the King,
Take and bless our offering,—
Not the flowers at thy feet
Blossoming so pure and sweet;
Nor the lights that softly shine,
Shedding splendor 'round thy shrine:
But these little hearts of ours
Glowing like the lights and flow'rs.

II.

Blessed Mother of the King,
Hear our voices gladly ring,
Telling all our love for thee
In a simple melody.
He who is thy Blessed Son
Loved and blest each little one,
When they gathered 'round His knee
Long ago in Galilee.

III.

Gentle Mother of the May,
Bless thy little ones to-day!
We are thine, O Mother,—thine!
Bless us with a love divine.
All the lights will burn and die,
As the hours hurry by;
All the flow'rs will fade away,
But our love will live for aye.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

IV.—THE SANDMAN EXPLAINS.



S Katrinka marshalled the two boys before her up the broad pathway which led from the bay, Teddy cast many a wistful glance backward; for the vast expanse of water, brilliant in the light of the sun, stretching away into some far distance, seemed a very type of freedom. He felt a great longing for those homely

surroundings which represented all that the poor boy had ever known of home.

The boys were ushered solemnly into the Sandman's study. It was a bright room, severely plain, and garnished only with books. The man himself, arrayed in a species of dressing gown, seemed to fill the room with his personality, more than ever weird and uncanny. But his countenance wore a much milder, a more benignant aspect, as he greeted the boys cheerily.

"So, Vladimir, you have shown the beauties of the bay to Alexieff?"

"My name's Teddy!" corrected the newcomer, dryly.

"What are names, my boy? Teddy there, Alexieff here,—it represents one and the same thing."

"I like Teddy better," said the boy, sturdily.

"You and I disagree upon that point. I like not Teddy. To me, to this company here"—he waved his hand to include the woman and the hunchback,—“you will always be Alexieff.”

Teddy argued the point no further, and the Sandman continued:

"Come with me. We shall take a walk before the midday meal, and learn to know each other better."

Teddy was not at all inclined for the proposed expedition. He did not want to know the Sandman any better, and he had a decidedly unpleasant recollection of his powers of walking. Still, he felt that it would be useless to refuse. The Sandman's will, however enforced, was evidently law in his castle.

He turned in the direction opposite to the river, holding up his gown majestically as though it had been a royal robe. They passed along a pleasant country road, Teddy lagging somewhat in the rear. The spring had

not yet lost its delicate beauty. Sweet clover was there in all its fragrance; wild violets were hiding in the low grass; honeysuckles and an occasional lilac bush perfumed the air deliciously. To Teddy country sights and sounds were a revelation: he had never known anything more of green trees and green grasses than he could discover by an occasional trip to Central Park, or by a glimpse of them in some of the city squares. He could not help enjoying the new sensations.

Presently the Sandman, by an imperative gesture, summoned the boy to his side, and stood still an instant gazing down upon him. His figure, in its great height, seemed truly majestic, enfolded in the voluminous gown.

"Listen, my little lad, with attention, and I will tell you why I have brought you here and what I mean to do with you. I am no vulgar kidnapper who seizes upon children and decoys them from their home merely to sell them again, or for some other sordid motive. I have their good at heart."

He paused, and waved his hand as toward some vast horizon. Teddy mechanically followed the movement, but did not in the least understand what the man was talking about. He was conscious only of resentment against him for talking in so barefaced a fashion about decoying him from his home.

"I do not wish to sever natural ties," went on the Sandman. "I can not take a child from a mother's love nor deprive a father of his son. You know Vladimir is an orphan; while you, Alexieff, are, I may say, bereft of all natural protectors."

"I have my aunt and sister!" retorted Teddy. "Aunt Sarah took care of me ever since mother died. I wasn't always very good to her, but I guess she was kind to me and did the best she could."

"My boy," said the Sandman, looking

down with a thoughtful eye upon the little figure standing before him, "I am going to read to you a page or two from my notebook."

He paused impressively.

"I am glad, of course, that you appreciate the efforts made in your behalf; but this conversation which I have noted here will show you that there are two points of view. It most certainly made it clear to me that you were a fitting subject for my project; that your disappearance would harm no one,—would, in fact, rid an excellent woman of the burden of your maintenance and of the too great responsibility of your upbringing. For I understood from what I heard that you were in need of a firm hand to govern you, a strong mind to control you, and a wise guidance to restrain you from many follies. You shall be brought up to serve humanity, to be a perfect example of ethical culture—"

"I don't want to be an example of anything!" cried Teddy, interrupting the flow of the enthusiast's discourse.

"Permit me, then, to read and you will be convinced," said the Sandman, descending to earth and producing a notebook from his pocket.

The conversation therein recorded had been overheard and noted down in a grocery shop on Third Avenue, just round the corner from Miss Sarah Tompkins' dwelling. It was between two women, the chief speaker being the mistress of the shop holding forth to a customer addressed as Mrs. Maloney:

"The care of them two children was a terrible burden to lay upon poor Sarah Tompkins, that never had chick or child of her own. The parents died and she had to support them and bring them up ever since."

"Were they boys or girls?" asked the interested customer.

"There was one girl—a weeny creature—and a boy; and I tell you, Mrs. Maloney, he's a caution. Sarah's

heart is broken with him,—keeping him fed and clothed and trying to give him some schooling. And he's a terror, that's what he is. He's so wild and frolicsome that you might as well try to tame a wild colt, so Sarah tells me. It isn't that he's downright bad, but he's in every mischief that's going."

During this arraignment Teddy's face had flushed to a deep scarlet which reached to the very roots of his hair, and an indescribable choking feeling came over him. But the Sandman relentlessly went on with his notes:

"Strong and stirring lads are mostly mischievous," said the customer. "But God pity a poor single woman that has the care of such, without any man's hand over them to keep them in order!"

"And Sarah's that poor that she do have a terrible struggle to keep the bit and sup in their mouths, not to speak of her own. I wouldn't blame her if she prayed God every day she rose to rid her, in some way or other, without wishing him any harm, of that troublesome boy."

Poor Teddy's heart swelled. Shame, remorse, anger strove for the mastery within him; and mingling therewith was a certain sorrow that the only home and the only protectress he had ever known had been in reality nothing more than a name. He had been from the first a heavy burden, a constant care and trouble to Aunt Sarah; and the neighbors had known it: Aunt Sarah had complained to them of the trial. It seemed to harden him, as a bitter sorrow sometimes does, and to turn him in a measure against his aunt, whilst at the same time he felt a curious pity for her.

"What do you think of that, my lad?" inquired the Sandman.

"I think," blurted out Teddy in the soreness of his heart, "that people ought to mind their own business and not be talking about other people's affairs."

"Yes, but was I not right in taking you away to a congenial atmosphere? You are welcome here: it is your home. You will be well fed and will be a burden to no one, since I have the means and the desire to care for you. It will be a great relief to your aunt, and—the colt will be tamed by wise, firm guidance."

This last sentiment aroused something like defiance in Teddy's mind; but when the Sandman put the question to him once more, "Was I not right?" he answered, swallowing as best he might the lump in his throat:

"I suppose so, if Aunt Sarah wanted so badly to be rid of me, and if I was such a burden to her. But Kitty will almost break her heart for me, and I want Kitty."

The boy's face worked pitifully in an effort to restrain his tears; though it afforded him much consolation to remember that some one did care for him and would want him. He had always been kind and devoted to his little sister, and it pleased him to remember this now.

"Your sister?—your little sister?" mused the Sandman. "We must inquire into this matter of Kitty. We shall see,—we shall see. But in the meantime I suppose you realize that it's best for you to stay here?"

"I'll stay here for the present," said Teddy slowly; adding as an afterthought, and with a quick upward glance into the Sandman's face: "If I should change my mind, I'll let you know."

Something like a smile passed over the grim countenance into which Teddy gazed, as the Sandman said, briefly:

"Frankness is always best. It is an ethical quality of the highest value."

Teddy, not knowing or caring what "ethical" meant, quietly followed the Sandman, who had turned his steps homeward, in a frame of mind which completely blotted out the beauty of

the landscape. The grief or the anger of boyhood may be fleeting, but it is intense while it lasts; and Teddy was deeply wounded. He had known, it is true, that his aunt was often offended with him, and that he had sorely tried her patience; but it had never occurred to him that she could have taken the matter to heart, or that she would make it the subject of conversation in the neighborhood.

He did not know that it was merely an illustration of the evils of unguarded speaking. The grocery woman, who had more than one grudge of her own against Teddy, had enlarged upon a chance remark of Aunt Sarah's. One day, when the latter was discouraged and out of temper, she had observed that other people's children, especially when one of them was a strong-willed boy, were a heavy charge for a lone woman. But, though Aunt Sarah had thus complained, she was in reality very much attached to both children; and sat at home disconsolate and forlorn at the loss of Teddy, just when the boy was walking with the Sandman through pleasant country paths and vowing in his heart that he would never be a burden to any one again.

The hunchback at once perceived a change in Teddy, and wondered by what arts the Sandman had reconciled him to a prolonged residence in his castle. He half suspected the old man of magical powers, and thought he might have cast a spell over the boy's high spirits.

"I am going to stay," Teddy had announced, when the two boys were left alone. "I won't try to escape—at least for the present."

"Why?" inquired the hunchback. "I thought you were just wild about getting home!"

Teddy laughed bitterly; but he could be reticent when he chose, and he did not care to tell this stranger that his

own aunt had declared him a burden and was only too glad to be rid of him.

"What's the use when I can't get there?" he cried, desperately. "And there's no use talking about it either."

The hunchback took the hint.

"I'm glad, anyway, you're not going to try to escape," he observed, quietly. "It would be a waste of time, for you couldn't do it. Either of them would be sure to catch you, and then—"

"Then what?" asked Teddy, with a gleam of curiosity in his eyes.

"They'd send cold chills down your spine with their threats," said the hunchback,—*"with their talk about the green room and the trapdoor,—oh, and lots of other things!"*

The hunchback shuddered and Teddy looked grave.

"But if you don't vex them," Vladimir went on hastily, anxious that Teddy should accommodate himself to the new life, "they treat you all right; and we get lots to eat, and you can learn if you want to. *He* knows everything."

"He's a queer old fellow!" whispered Teddy, with a sudden burst of confidence. "I wonder what he wants going round catching boys, just as we used to catch flies in a box?"

"I shouldn't think he'd want boys," agreed the hunchback. "They're a good deal of trouble. I hope he won't catch any more. I like you and I'm glad you came. I often wanted some fellow to go with. But he might bring in others that we couldn't stand."

"That's so," assented Teddy, looking thoughtfully down upon his companion's quaint figure, and feeling a momentary regret that he could neither climb nor run nor wrestle, and that it would be impossible under any circumstances to fight him. But still it was better having this friendly hunchback, whom the Sandman called Vladimir but whom he meant to call Johnny, than no one.

"Can you spin a top?" Teddy asked abruptly. He was trying hard to pull himself together, and to repress his indignation and his poignant grief.

"No," answered the hunchback.

"Can you play any games?"

The hunchback shook his head, saying humbly and with a touch of wistfulness:

"I don't know any games. I came here when I was a little chap."

"I'll teach you some," said Teddy, at once taking the hunchback under his protection. "We'll begin with marbles."

He dived into his pocket for a handful,—the very same with which he had been amusing Kitty the day before. The remembrance smote him with a pang. Still, he wanted to be brave, and it would be a kindness to teach this little fellow something in which he himself delighted.

They sat down together. Never had master a more devoted disciple than had Teddy in the misshapen boy, who sat and watched him divide the marbles and the alleys into equal parts. The bright-colored balls of glass elicited exclamations of admiration from the hunchback; and he was presently intent on fathoming the mysteries of the game, which Teddy, forgetting his troubles, no less eagerly expounded.

The Sandman's face was pressed against the glass of the door, watching them; but neither noticed him.

"Happy youth!" he muttered,—
"happy youth! A world crumbles and is rebuilt in an hour. But I was justified; the boy sees it himself, and will be happy here. Destiny brought me to that particular grocery store upon a certain afternoon, and I heard that conversation about this lad and his circumstances. It was a benevolent act to relieve his aunt of the care of him. No woman could manage him."

He retired softly into his study, still pursuing his soliloquy:

"He is a remarkable boy, full of life, active, with a strong will, a rugged

honesty. He has a good face, looks you squarely in the eyes. He will do. I will make a man of him, perhaps a great man."

He continued his self-congratulation for some time longer, after which he rang a little chime of bells that sounded silvery sweet and clear, and Katrinka immediately appeared.

"Give them a good supper to-night, my Katrinka," he said, genially,—
"a very good supper. It is now the time to feed and not to make them fast."

"It shall be as you say, master," Katrinka answered, and withdrew to her kitchen, where, like the alchemists of old, she experimented with all sorts of materials, and produced not gold but the very choicest of viands.

And so the second day of Teddy's captivity in this weird castle of the Sandman drew to a close, and toward night the boy's spirits sank lower and lower. He stole out, when he thought none was heeding, into the darkness upon the gallery; and the ever-watchful Sandman heard the sob which burst from his overcharged heart and his wailing lament for Kitty. This made an impression upon the listener and had important results, as shall be set down in another chapter. A thought then occurred to him, which he did not put into words nor confide even to Katrinka.

(To be continued.)

Our Lady's Dowry.

There is a legend which relates that Our Blessed Lady appeared to St. Simon Stock and told him that she took England for her Dowry. This has been discredited by some pious scholars, but it is well known that at the end of the fourteenth century England was officially given the title of Our Lady's Dowry by a mandate of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

With Authors and Publishers.

—At a recent sale of valuable books and MSS. in London a copy of the first edition (c. 1470) of *À Kempis' "Imitatio Jesu Christi"* fetched eighty-five pounds.

—The author of "The Blue and the Gray" is not Gerald Finch, as has been so generally stated of late; but Francis Miles Finch, for many years dean of the Cornell Law School, and this year made Professor Emeritus. Mr. Finch is not a Catholic.

—"Petit Mois de Marie" is published by Desclée, De Brouwer et Cie, in two styles—paper and cloth. The devotions are arranged for each day of the month, and consist of reflections, examples and short prayers to the Blessed Virgin. Three editions of this little May book testify to its worth.

—"Flora's Review," by Mrs. C. Harris Leonard, and arranged by the Ursulines of New Rochelle, New York, is one of the most attractive plays for young folk that we know of. It is easy of presentation, is for sixteen speaking characters, and affords opportunity for the introduction of marches, drills and songs. The setting of the play is simple but effective. The Ave Maria Office.

—Three Marian books just published by Messrs. Burns & Oates are sure to be widely appreciated: "The Land of the Rosary," by Mrs. Archibald Dunn; "Petals of the Mystical Rose," from the French of Père Marie Augustin, O. P.; and a new edition of "A Lytel Boke for ye Maryemonth," compiled by the late Edmund Waterton, author of "Pietas Mariana Britannica."

—From 1892 to 1895 the late Antonin Dvorák was artistic director of the National Conservatoire, New York; and of his five symphonies, "From the New World" is the one most frequently performed. The two works by which this great Catholic composer will be held in special remembrance are the noble setting of the *Stabat Mater* and "The Spectre's Bride." Both are acknowledged masterpieces.

—Among new and forthcoming books by English publishers we note a new popular edition, with illustrations, of "The Little Flower of Jesus," by Sister Therese (Burns & Oates). "Christian Worship: its Origin and Evolution," by Monsignor Duchesne, translated by M. L. McClure from the third edition of "*Les Origines du Culte Chrétien*." "St. Cyprian on the Lord's Prayer," an English translation with introduction, by the Rev. T. Herbert Bindley, M. A., D. D. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.) "A Fourteenth-Century English Biblical Version, consisting of a

prologue and parts of the New Testament, now for the first time edited from the manuscripts." With an Introduction by A. C. Paves, Ph. D. (Upsala), Fellow of Newnham College, Cambridge. (Cambridge University Press.) "The Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise," by Father Sheehan. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

—"Mater Mea, Thoughts for Mary's Children," written and compiled by Madame Cecilia, religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham, England, is full of inspiration to lovers of our Blessed Mother. This little book is made up of thoughts for morning and evening; and one can hardly open it at random without finding a helpful and inspiring sentiment. Benziger Brothers.

—The American Book Co. have published a useful handbook for use in secondary schools—"French for Beginners," by V. E. François. In this work are presented a short body of grammatical rules in English, examples, a vocabulary, drills in words and forms, also translation exercises. The arrangement of the lessons is such as to enable teachers to make use of the conversational method from the start.

—To say that Mr. James Jeffrey Roche's new book, to be published in the autumn, will be of the same flavor as "Her Majesty the King" is enough to whet the appetite of all who have read that delicious mock-romance. No contemporary humorist has a lighter touch or is more unerringly inspired by the spirit of pure and reverent drolery. We have had the privilege of reading a portion of "The Sorrows of Sap'ed" in manuscript and are in a position to assure those critics who prophesied that no American humorist would ever produce another book so delectable as "Her Majesty the King" that the thing has been done by the only man who could do it—Mr. Roche himself. Take the chapter "On the Education of Parents," for example. What could be better than this:

Bethink thee of the tale of the wise astrologer who could foretell the winning numbers in any lottery for the nominal sum of one piaster, and how he was once reproached by a client who had staked heavily on the prophecy and lost. "Thou art an impostor," cried the man, "and I always thought so!"—"Blasphemous wretch," exclaimed the holy man, "and I trusting in thy faith did predict accordingly! But the stars, which never err, saw thy doubting soul and changed their courses to confound thee. O people, what should be done with a miscreant who thus trifles with the solar system?" And the people, righteously indignant—for they, too, had wagered on the losing number—arose and stoned the infidel to death.

Let this be a warning to thee, my son, that a mother can forgive anything, and generally she has to. Thou art a man. Thou wilt marry, as thou hast already; but bear in mind, when thou art a father, that a rooster trying to

hatch out a porcelain door-knob is a bird of wisdom compared with a man seeking to make a match for his daughter.

The conclusion of the chapter has both the crack and the sting of a whip—a quality, be it said, less in the spirit of Shacabac than of the philosopher of Archey Road. The Queen Mother speaketh:

"Do not blame your parents, my son, for having brought you into the world. Mayhap they are not proud of it. Thou wilt marry. But forget not that most men marry fools."

"And how is it with women?" asked the King, hoping to entrap her.

"All women do," she replied sententiously.

—The art collection of the Mame family dispersed last month in Paris contained many precious pictures, some of which fetched unusually high prices. The collection had been forming for nearly a century and a half, though the more important additions to it were made by the late M. Paul Mame. The many fine books which bear the imprint of Mame will always remain splendid memorials of the enterprise of this great Catholic publishing house. Among their notable publications might be mentioned: "La Touraine Illustrée," the "Sainte Bible" of Doré, the "Chefs-d'œuvre de la Langue Française," the "Chanson de Roland," the "Sainte Louis" of Valton, the "Sainte Elisabeth de Hongrie" of Montalembert, and the recent "Vie de Jésus" by Tissot.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel.* \$1, net.

A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day.* \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., net.

Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham.* 40 cts., net.

Varied Types. *G. K. Chesterton.* \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. *Lady Rosa Gilbert.* \$1.50, net.

The Storybook House. *Honor Walsh.* \$1.

A Precursor of St. Philip. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.25, net.

Belinda's Cousins. *Maurice Francis Egan.* \$1.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. *M. S. Dalton.* \$1, net.

The School of the Heart. *Margaret Fletcher.* \$1.

Divine Grace. *Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

St. Patrick in History. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D.* 55 cts.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. E. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1 50, net.

The Velled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly.* \$1 60, net.

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—*HAB., xiii, 3.*

Rev. A. Schilling, of the archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. Joseph Galewski, diocese of Pittsburg; and Rev. Joseph Putzer, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Simplicius, of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word; Sister M. of St. Etienne, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Augustine, Sisters of St. Francis; Sister Othelia, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Josephine, Order of Mercy.

Mr. William Long, of Ellicottville, N. Y.; Mrs. J. Wambsgaus, Algiers, La.; Miss Julia White, Mrs. Margaret Collins, and Mrs. Catherine Greelish, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Joseph Fragley, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Charles Devlin, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Agnes Hill, Fall River, Mass. Miss S. V. McDewitt and Mr. Charles Hookey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. William Derig, Emmetsburg, Iowa; Mr. J. H. Hanley, St. Joseph, Mich.; Mrs. Catherine Cummings, Hamilton, Canada; Mrs. Sebastian Wimmer, St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss Mary Fitzmaurice, Jewett City, Conn.; Mr. F. A. Fournier, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. John C. Falk, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Anna O'Connor, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mr. Michael O'Shea, Mt. Clemens, Mich.; and Mrs. Anna Fulton, Kansas City, Kansas.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 4, 1904.

NO. 23.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Real Presence.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

You believe that Christ the Son of God was born for you in the flesh? ... Believe, then; and with a firm faith receive the body and blood of Our Lord.

ST. EPIREM (A.D. 308-373).

TWO mysteries of love our credence claim—

The Incarnation and the Eucharist,—

Both deeper far than finite analyst

Can fathom, unillumed by Faith's clear flame.

Yet all may see in both one single aim;

Nor can pure Reason, freed from Error's mist,

Ignore that both on equal grounds subsist,

The motive for belief in each the same.

Who grants that God the Son became true man

Admits a wonder that all else excels,

Nor leaves himself for protest any room

'Gainst faith in Love's divinely perfect plan,—

That Jesus Christ now really indwells

Each Sacred Host, as erstwhile Mary's womb.

Corpus Christi.

A SWISS MEMORY.

HOW few, even of Catholics, among the thousands of visitors who pass through Lucerne every year, know that they are within an hour or two of one of the most famous places of pilgrimage in Europe; a shrine which attracts worshippers comparable in numbers even to the devotees of Lourdes; a shrine, too, with a history of more than a thousand years of almost continual graces obtained at the intercession of our Blessed Lady! In fact, after St.

James of Compostella, Loreto, and Our Lady of Lourdes, Einsiedeln is the most frequented pilgrimage of Europe, and certainly as easily accessible as any.

The little village nestles in a valley of high altitude midway between the precipitous western side of the Lake of Lucerne and the sloping eastern shores of that of Zurich, and is approached by the railways which skirt both lakes,—a junction on the great highway of the St. Gothard line being only a few miles distant. But the Swiss tourist, though forever complaining of the "overcrowding" of his favorite resort, seldom departs from the beaten track; and is as a rule quite ignorant of the most charming places around Lucerne, Berne or Coire. Who has not heard that the Rigi is "spoilt"? Yet how many know that up its less frequented side there climbs an old pilgrims' path, marked with the Stations of the Cross, with a little village halfway, named the "Rigi Cloister," or "Rigi-Klösterli"? Here, instead of the old pilgrims' hospice, one finds a clean native hostelry, where one can stay for five or six francs a day,—they charge anything from fifteen upward at the vast modern caravansary on the top.

It was a day or two before Corpus Christi some years back that I was sitting in one of the large Lucerne hotels at dinner. I felt a sudden and uncomfortable sensation as I heard the remark a few places down the table: "Oh, no, we can't go on Thursday! There's going to be a big show in the

town and we must stop and see it. Haven't you seen them putting up the decorations?" I did not care to enlighten my neighbors as to what the "show on Thursday" would really be; but, instead, I promptly altered my own plans.

I had been so struck during my few days in Lucerne with the beautiful and solid devotion of the town, that I had made up my mind to spend the feast there, and go on to Einsiedeln only for the Sunday. But the incident of the *table d'hôte* reminded me that a midday festa in the midst of gaping Anglo-Saxon tourists would be a very different thing (and far less helpful) from the long early mornings I had so happily spent during the past week, or the Rosaries and Benedictions each evening in the crowded churches, while the visitors were listening to the Schweizerhof band and talking small talk under the lime trees on the edge of the lake.

So by six o'clock on the feast-day morning, after a Mass in the town at five, I was on my way along the lake shore, passing under the shadow of the Rigi and through the "Goldauer Schutt," where, after a hundred years, great rocky fragments of the shattered Rossberg still testify to the effects of one of the most terrible of modern catastrophes. A change of trains, and yet another change, and well before eight o'clock I am in the valley of Einsiedeln, and at a final climb and turn of the railroad come full and suddenly upon the village and its giant "Kloster."

It is a different world from that I left so short a time back. Every shop, from Benziger's great factory downward, is shut, and will not open again till after the procession; men, women and children, all are flocking toward the great church, though it is an hour before High Mass will begin. There are certainly no tourists to gaze at

what they do not understand (the few that there are, are Catholics who have come here to keep the feast); but instead there is a pilgrimage, some two hundred strong, from Alsace.

I am tempted to linger and watch the onward moving crowd, and put together the features of the scene spread out before my eyes. At the top of the village street there is a vast open space gradually rising toward higher ground, on which stands the enormous pile of the monastery — a Benedictine house and the seat of the once powerful prince-abbots of Einsiedeln. In the middle of the front is the western face of the church, flanked by two great towers; and from the central door a broad flight of steps leads down the slope. From either side of these steps branch out arcaded galleries, making a semicircle in front of the buildings. The arcades are given over, as is so often the case at pilgrimage places, to the somewhat distracting business of the venders of candles, medals, and various objects of piety. In the midst is a large and elaborate marble fountain, with fourteen spouts from which pilgrims are accustomed to drink. On the site of a well of immemorial fame, this fountain has been re-dedicated by modern devotion; for the gilded statue above it commemorates the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady. Behind and all around rise rough wooded heights; to the south is the hill and chapel of the holy hermit Meinrad, frequently the scene of torchlight pilgrimage processions at night, recalling the famous scenes at Lourdes. And in the background rise Alpine heights, dominated by the summits of the two Mythen.

But, lingering on the outskirts of the crowd, I have nearly lost my chance of hearing the High Mass; for on approaching the church I am barely able to squeeze in at the west end, and have to stand wedged in amongst a closely packed crowd against the

door. It is said, though perhaps with exaggeration, that every one of the four thousand inhabitants of this little town hears Mass every day; but at least they all seem to be here for the great Mass of the feast. It is a lengthy function, and as elaborate as the elaborately ornamented building, which latter is a vast, open, eighteenth-century fabric, covered every inch of it with the most vivid gold and coloring. Such a building has nothing in common with the dim impressiveness of a medieval church,—nothing of the mystical, contemplative spirit. It is clamant for open-mouthed, open-hearted praise; and one thing alone can justify it artistically. That one thing it has to-day—a living, surging crowd of worshipers.

The Mass over, we pour out of the church to take our places in the open square for the procession; for the bulk of the people do not fall into its ranks till it re-enters the church at the close. The procession is to make the circuit of the "Platz," and altars are erected in the open at each point of the compass. In so large a space the crowds soon thin out; and I find a place where I may kneel alone, yet within a few feet of one of the altars.

I need not describe the procession, which was as rich as the devotion of one of the richest abbeys in Christendom could make it. But the moment of Benediction at that western altar brought an unforgettable emotion. As the procession paused and the abbot mounted the few steps, the clouds parted and the sun shone out; the stillness of the scene was broken only by the quiet rustling of the breeze, as our Saviour received the homage of faithful hearts and of the inanimate world He had made so fair. And then He blessed them all—the mountains and the woods, the busy town, the faithful who worshiped Him so constantly there, the heavily-burdened who had

come from so far to His Mother's shrine, and one poor sinner kneeling at His feet and begging for the Light of Truth,—a prayer that in His mercy He did not leave unanswered long. The moment quickly passed, the cannon on the hills thundered their salute, and the procession moved onward.

I have said nothing yet of the shrine and pilgrimage of Einsiedeln. Its story is soon told. In the first half of the ninth century Meinrad, a prince of Hohenzollern, forsook the world to live an anchorite's life in the then wild forests of the Etzel; and brought with him a famous image of Our Lady given him by the Abbess of Zurich. After his death his hermitage, where Our Lady's image remained enshrined, became the scene of many miracles and a noted place of medieval pilgrimage. Soon a Benedictine abbey was built on its site, and the church miraculously consecrated by Our Lord Himself on September 14, 861, before the day fixed for the ecclesiastical ceremony. This date is still observed as the feast of the Divine Consecration. For only a short time since then, during the days of revolution, has the shrine been deserted, when the monks had to fly into the Tyrol with their treasured image and the relics of their founder.

In 1803 they were triumphantly borne back to their present resting-place—the "Holy Chapel." This chapel is a small and richly adorned building within the church, at the west end of the nave. Above the altar, where Masses are said continually every day from early morning, stands the famous image, now black with age, and clothed in gorgeous jewelled robes. Innumerable ex-votos hang all round the chapel, and on the adjacent walls; and from morning till night it is besieged by crowds of eager worshipers, whose overflowing devotion, especially at the time of a great pilgrimage, is a thing not soon to be forgotten.

Einsiedeln is particularly a home of spiritual favors; but miracles of other kinds are frequently witnessed, and include some most remarkable supernatural cures. Amongst notable pilgrims from America we may mention Archbishops Spalding and Kenrick. The Catholic branch of the House of Hohenzollern still maintains a special devotion to its holy ancestor, as is testified by the portraits of King Charles of Roumania and his wife, "Carmen Sylva," which hang in the library of the convent. In addition to pilgrimages from a distance, vast numbers of Swiss Catholics make an annual visit of devotion.

Considered simply as a Benedictine abbey, the Monastery of Einsiedeln will well repay a prolonged visit. Perhaps better than any other house in Europe, it enables one to form an idea of what a great abbey, with its dependencies, was like in the days of the Church's temporal grandeur. The library is peculiarly rich in manuscripts, especially of the Plain Chant in its golden age; and the apartments of the Lord Abbot contain some fine pictures. The learned traditions of the Order are fully maintained, and its universal spirit is beautifully illustrated in this old Swiss canton, where the people's religious home is also their centre of light and leading in all the activities of life, secular as well as sacred.

A word more of the feast-day as it draws to its close. We end at Our Lady's feet; for each day after Vespers Einsiedeln follows the beautiful Dominican custom of coming down in procession to sing the *Salve Regina* in her honor, to the grave, slow chant that we have received across so many ages. It is a touching close to the long, bright day, as the monks pass within the "Holy Chapel" to kneel and sing their evening hymn; the faithful crowding around for one last word of prayer and praise.

H. S. D.

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

XIII.—THE LION OF THE SALON. THE CURÉ'S SECRET.

SOME days later M. Désormes and his son Raoul came to bid adieu to the family at Marcilly; but Raymonde had left for Paris the evening before, in company with her lady companion. She preceded her father for the purpose of arranging their house: the Chambers would soon be in session, and his senatorial duties recalled the agriculturist from Bruyères.

The farewells were cordial. John presented Clodion—now more valorous than ever—for M. Désormes' inspection; and he requested the Senator to renew his expressions of thanks to Raymonde for her prompt and skilful surgery.

The remainder of the winter passed uneventfully. John worked with a zeal which never flagged, and Christiana admired this salutary change in the character of her cousin; Madeleine now displayed marvellous love for the piano; while the Count fulfilled his functions as magistrate to the satisfaction of all.

During these winter months the restoration of the Lizardière advanced rapidly. The architect, spurred on by Raymonde's letters, did not spare himself; and the same progress was made with the convent and hospital at Château-la-Vallière.

In the month of March the Count and Countess de Chazé were enlightened as to the motive of John's zeal in painting. One day, at a favorable hour, he took them to his study and showed them a dozen landscapes, saying:

"Tell me now honestly which two of these you consider the best."

The Count, whose impatience never permitted him to examine anything for long, answered:

"This 'Fox Hunt' and this 'Boar Hunt.'"

Christiana, more of a connoisseur, did not decide so quickly.

"Yes," she observed, "I agree with Leopold as to the 'Boar Hunt.' That young woman, whose lineaments are somewhat vague, leaning over Clodion; you, Leopold, whom John has reproduced not in face, but in figure and style; the landscape, where the keen air seems to vibrate through the trees and the few dried leaves; the boar on the grass, still looking formidable; the dogs, half afraid; the horses, panting after their long gallop,—all that is truly admirable. I care less for the 'Fox Hunt': the tone is too red and too much like the skin of the animal. I prefer the 'Sunset on the Meadows,' where the only living thing is that bird of prey flying among the blood-red clouds. It is simple yet grand. These two are my choice."

The Count held to his own opinion, which was that no sunset could ever equal a hunt.

"Now let us hear what Madeleine has to say," continued the Marquis.

"Well, first, what are you going to do with the pictures, cousin John?"

"A fair question, my little girl! I am going to send them to the Exposition of Fine Arts at Paris."

"Bravo!" cried the Count.

"Then," said Madeleine, "I would not send two 'Hunts,' because people might say that you did not know how to paint anything else."

"Isn't she keen,—like her mother?" said the Count, delighted.

Christiana kissed her daughter, and it was settled that the "Sunset" should be one of the two pictures which were to go to Paris.

A month later, John de Lizardière was famous. His success was instantaneous, electrical. The fact that his name in the catalogue of the Salon was all that

was known of him increased rather than diminished his popularity. The Parisian public has betimes these sudden enthusiasms, and there are two causes for them. First, a craving for change: the mob may not take pleasure in breaking its idols, but it likes the sensation of replacing them. Secondly, painters and sculptors have so large an audience that the market for paintings, statuary, and bronzes is unlimited; and, practically, there is no such thing as rivalry. Each annual Exposition may have its lion without discouraging the young whelps that are sharpening their teeth.

Our friend the Marquis de Lizardière was, then, the lion of the year 1868. The critics ranked him with Corot and Courbet, and even above them. The reporters, eager to appear well informed, searched for items about the new and brilliant star. As nothing was known of him, the field was clear for all sorts of conjecture. It was rumored that John de Lizardière was a pseudonym; later, that the real painter of the "Boar Hunt" was a Benedictine monk, whose superiors had commanded him to remain unknown; again, that the *artiste* was a young English governess; while still another declared that the "Boar Hunt" was a Flemish picture, discovered in an old castle, and restored by a professor of the Lyceum of the Flèche. Of all these contradictory reports, perhaps the one nearest approaching the truth (owing to an indiscretion on the part of M. Désormes) was embodied in an article giving a tragic account of a duel, in which John de Lizardière slew a Hungarian engineer, from whom he had received a cowardly insult.

John learned all this through a letter from a picture-dealer, who begged him to proceed to Paris without delay. He also urged him in the name of a wealthy American and a Russian prince, who were disputing about "Sunset on the

Meadows" and the "Boar Hunt,"—both bidding for the pair.

As may be imagined, this letter caused great rejoicing at Marcilly. Christiana was gentle and gay; the Count was exuberant, as usual.

"You will go to-morrow!" he cried. "Don't keep the American and the Russian waiting."

"No, dear cousin, if you please. To-day is Saturday and I shall not go until Monday."

"Why not?"

"Because to-morrow will be Sunday," replied a soft and gentle voice.

It was the pastor of Marcilly, who chanced to enter at this moment.

"Aha, Father, so you give me an admonition the minute you open the door!" laughed the Count. "Well, I deserve more than that, I must admit. But if I sometimes come to Mass just before the Gospel, I have a charge against you too, Father. For nearly a month you seem to have bewitched my cousin. Ever since those two paintings were sent off, he is at the parsonage all the time. I ask myself what black designs have you upon him? I read in some paper the other day that the clergy are daily becoming more aggressive. This must be an instance of it."

"Very good indeed, Count. You have guessed aright; and soon—to-morrow perhaps—you will know my secret."

Next morning the Count and Countess noticed that the crowd before the church door and in the little churchyard was much larger than usual. Madeleine, whose eyes missed nothing, had scarcely knelt in the family pew when she motioned to her mother to look at the altar. Christiana was as surprised as her daughter. A great blue curtain hung over the white walls of the little Romanesque church, and Christiana's attention was somewhat diverted from her prayer-book.

The solution was not long in coming. After the Gospel the venerable priest

ascended the pulpit, and, at the close of the sermon, announced to his parishioners, in a voice full of emotion, that their pious wish had been realized, and that the church of Marcilly had now a painting worthy of the sacred edifice. At the same moment the curtain was drawn aside by an invisible hand, and a beautiful representation of the Adoration of the Magi, handsomely framed in gilt appeared before the astonished eyes of the congregation.

After a silent prayer, the good Father continued:

"To whom do we owe this princely gift? To a son of our country,—to a painter whose name now echoes throughout Paris,—to my Lord the Marquis de Lizardière. On the eve of exhibiting to the public the fruit of his rare talent, he wished to dedicate it first to God. This act will surely bring him happiness as well as fortune; and a grateful old priest now thanks him in your presence, and gives him his blessing."

The priest quitted the pulpit and went on with the Holy Sacrifice. But the congregation, it must be said, remained a little distracted until the end of the Mass by the glittering frame and the brilliant tints of the painting.

The Count and Countess, somewhat embarrassed by this joyful surprise, were the last to turn their eyes toward the picture. But Madeleine was not so affected, and could hardly be restrained from whispering during the *Credo*:

"See, papa! The King of the Magi—the one who is offering gold—looks like you. That is Gaspar. The other one, offering incense, is the image of grandpapa. And King Balthasar, who is offering myrrh, is the image of grand-uncle the admiral. See, mamma! The Blessed Virgin, who is holding the Infant Jesus, looks like you. And the little girl kneeling by the Crrib,—whom does she look like?"

"You, my child."

"Oh, how nice!"

"Now, be perfectly quiet, dear, and read your prayer-book."

The Count was anxious to examine the Magi more closely. He moved uneasily in the pew, remained standing when he should have knelt, and gave other signs of growing impatience. The Mass over, he rushed to the picture; surrounded by the municipal council and other leading citizens, he explained its beauties, unconsciously posing for King Gaspar the while.

John, anxious to escape from the crowd, and from the consequences of his triumph, set out with Christiana and Madeleine for the castle. While the child ran before them, gathering the first flowers of spring from the hedgerows, Christiana, taking John's arm, said with her usual gentleness:

"You have done well, my son. You must love those who love you. It is a sweet and simple law. There are only three really great things in existence—God, the family, and one's country. You have united the first two by homage and tenderness. You will serve the third by your work and by the conduct of your life. You are about to leave us for a while: be on your guard against the intoxication of glory and the snares of success. You will be rich now: take care that wealth may bring you grace. And forgive me, my distinguished cousin, for adding this little peroration to the homily of our venerable pastor."

"Thank you, cousin! Have no fears on my account. If I desire wealth, you will know the reason later."

"Oh, yes! I remember there is still a secret,—something like the 'Adoration of the Magi,' perhaps. And, by the way, you follow the Spanish school in giving black hair to Our Lady."

"Not as a rule, cousin. But having painted your features, I had also to give your hair."

"Why 'had to'? It would have been

more striking had you painted the hair light."

"Besides, I do not like golden locks."

"You do not like fair hair? I am amazed—"

"King Gaspar salutes thee, Signor Raffaello!"

It was the Count, who had come up unperceived behind them. He patted John on the shoulder and cried:

"Well done, my boy!—well done!"

(To be continued.)

The Great Battles of Christendom.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEEBING.

VIII.—THE GULF OF LEPANTO.

Auxillum Christianorum, ora pro nobis!

OF all the battles undertaken more or less directly in defence of the interests of Christendom, that one which is known as the naval victory of Lepanto is perhaps the most widely remembered and recognized by modern readers; whether from the lateness of its date or because it is connected with the feast instituted in its honor—that of the "Most Holy Rosary," the First Sunday in October.

For many centuries, as we have already seen, the presence of the Mahometan in Europe—Moor, Saracen, or Turk, it mattered not under which name he held his ground,—was a standing menace to all Christian States and peoples. And this because his doctrines, his very religion, connoted not merely the profession of monotheistic principles, or the adherence to one special form of worship, but an active, virulent hostility to Christianity as such. "The Crescent against the Cross" was no mere picturesque symbolism, but a war cry and an expression of fierce antagonism; a reiteration of the old, dogged formula, "There is but one Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet"; and to those who would

not bow the knee to 'Allah and his prophet,' a short shrift and no mercy; the sword, and nothing but the sword.

Small wonder, then, that those watchful guardians of the faith of Christendom, the Roman Pontiffs, should so patiently but persistently, century after century, have called upon prince after prince, ruler after ruler, to leave their endless feuds and differences, their ceaseless striving after place and power, and combine together, so far as might be, to withstand the enemies of God and of His Church.

Although the two principal branches, so to speak, of Mahometanism, the Arabs and the Moors, had been broken by Charles Martel and Charlemagne, Alfonso of Castile and Ferdinand the Catholic, as we have seen in preceding papers, there still remained a third and vigorous one, that of the Turks proper, which had grown into fearful proportions and vigorous power during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Constantinople, once the seat of Eastern and Christian emperors, had become the centre and capital of Mahometan rule since that fatal day, May 23, 1453, when Mahomet II. had entered it as conqueror; and since that date fleets and forces, lands and treasures, had augmented the power of the Crescent in Europe. Armies of something like 200,000 men menaced the European States from time to time; pirate fleets scoured the seas, while more legalized navies lay ready in the Bosphorus for attack or defence when called upon; and hideous tales of rapine and torture came all too frequently from coast or island, harried by the Ottomans, raided and seized by their ferocious commanders.

At length the cup of horrors was full; and Philip II., King of Spain, wrote to the Pope, St. Pius V., that he was ready to fight for Christendom. A league was formed—Spain, the Papal States, and Venice,—their armies to be commanded

by Don John, the natural brother of the King of Spain, under a treaty of alliance, the first clause in which stated that "the Pope, Pius V.; Philip II., King of Spain; and the Republic of Venice, declare war, offensive and defensive, against the Turks, to recover all those places which they have usurped from the Christians, even those of Tunis, Algiers, and Tripoli."

When, after some delay, Don John, with the Spanish contingent, arrived off the coast of Messina, he was greeted with acclamations by the rest of the allies, who had already heard wondrous tales of his prowess in the field. The Pope sent a special message of encouragement and of benediction to his chosen generalissimo: "Let his Highness ever bear in mind the cause which he is charged to defend; and let him rest assured of victory, for I promise it to him in the name of God." Mark Antony Colonna was put in command of the Pope's own little fleet,—a "Pontifical navy" of which history has, perhaps, taken too little note. When the commander and his officers came to beg the Papal Blessing before embarking, he bade them farewell with the same prophecies of success. "Go," he said,—“go, in the name of Christ, to fight His enemy! You will conquer."

So on the 15th of September, 1571, the Christian fleet weighed anchor and sailed eastward. It was composed of 207 galleys and some smaller vessels; and they contained 1800 cannon, 28,000 soldiers, 12,000 sailors, and 43,000 rowers, probably all galley slaves, who worked in chains, between decks, at the oars, and who, as events afterward showed, contributed not a little to the fleet's ultimate victory; while its commanders were drawn from the *élite* of the Roman, Spanish and Venetian nobility. Don John, of Austria, held the centre of the fleet; Andrea Doria, of Venice, the right wing;

another Venetian, the extreme left; and Colonna, the Papal vessels.

When they came in sight of the Turkish fleet—a far more numerous and powerful one than their own,—the great banner of this new Crusade, presented by the Pope to Don John, and representing the figure of Christ, was unfurled amid shouts of joy and veneration from all. The Christian commander, leaving his flagship for a small pinnace, or *chaloupe*, went from one galley to another, here and there throughout the fleet, examining and superintending the last preparations everywhere, and giving words of encouragement to all. Then, returning to his ship, he knelt before the sacred banner, and, praying aloud, implored the favor of God upon the soldiers who were about to fight for His glory. The signal for prayer was given, and immediately all those thousands prostrated themselves, and, with faces uplifted to the crucifixes held on high by pious hands, they implored the divine mercy, and pardon for their sins.

Moment by moment the Turkish fleet advanced, until about midday the two opposing forces found themselves face to face. At length they came within range, and the Turkish squadron fired the challenging cannon. It was accepted by a counterblast from the Christian fleet, and the two were soon engaged in fierce combat,—300 Turkish ships against the 200 Christian ones. The Turks, too, had the further advantage of being stimulated by constant successes; among others, the recent taking of Cyprus, conquered from the Venetians with terrible slaughter. The very place, too, was in their favor: they knew every inch of the Mediterranean, and their own ports and homes were near them on all sides; while the Christian fleet, on the contrary, felt themselves to be in alien and almost unknown waters, surrounded by hostile populations. Moreover, the wind was dead

against them, and blew the very smoke of their cannon blindingly over them, so that they could scarce distinguish the movements of the enemy.

The battle raged for over five hours, with much of the hand-to-hand fighting necessary in those days; and it would probably have gone hard with the allied forces had not the wind, which beat in their faces, suddenly veered round and driven smoke and flame toward the enemy. The opposing vessels were by this time so close together that Don John, by a sudden inspiration, adopted the bold expedient of setting free a number of his chained convicts or galley slaves, with promises of complete freedom in case of victory; and they, leaping wildly upon the decks of the Turkish vessels, cut down all before them in a mad, reckless dash for liberty. The Turks, seeing this, followed the same example; but their slaves, who were for the most part Christians, immediately turned their arms against their master and fraternized with his foes.

Finally, after a loss of 30,000 men, less than 5000 of whom were prisoners, the Turks owned themselves beaten; and night fell upon a scene of almost indiscriminate slaughter, in which "mercy found no place in the heart of the Christians, who were carried away by the heat of conflict." We may remember, in extenuation of this terrible carnage, that they were avenging the memory of centuries of lust, rapine and cruelty, "the sound whereof had gone forth into all the world."

No sooner had the victorious fleet been safely anchored in various neighboring ports, the wounded cared for, and the weary refreshed, than the combined generals of the allied forces drew up dispatches announcing their victory; and a courier was sent Rome-ward to give news, through the Pontiff, to all Christian nations that the power of the Crescent had fallen before the Cross.



But meanwhile in far-away Rome a strange and never-to-be-forgotten scene was at that moment being enacted. It was five o'clock in the afternoon of October 7. Pope Pius V. was at work in his study, surrounded by busy monsignori and piles of papers and documents,—now a low-voiced consultation with his treasurer, Mgr. Bussoti; and now absolute silence, save for the turning of a leaf or the scratching of a quill. An important affair was being treated, and the minds and thoughts of all were bent on its political import, recking little of distant scenes of carriage and strife. For Rome was a kingdom then, with its States, its officials, its ambassadors to all the courts of Europe; and many and varied were the interests which centred in that quiet chamber, one of the "ten thousand rooms" of the Vatican.

All at once, and even as Mgr. Bussoti was bending forward and speaking on some point under discussion, some knotty question awaiting a solution, the Pope rose from his seat and made him a hasty sign for silence. Going over to the window, he opened it, gazed earnestly upward to where the clear blue Italian sky showed cloudless and pure above them, and remained for some moments rapt in thought—or, rather, in prayer,—while the little group of secretaries round the table were exchanging glances of surprised inquiry, and mute but expressive Italian gestures of wonderment.

The countenance of him whom they thus watched showed signs of strong emotion; and presently his face lit up with some strange, unearthly look of triumph. Turning to the expectant onlookers, he exclaimed: "We will discuss business no more at present! Let us go and give thanks to God in His church, for our army has gained the victory." Dismissing them with a wave of his hand, he passed quickly into his oratory, and, the tears flowing

down his cheeks, he prostrated himself in prayer. The wondering monsignori, thus apostrophized, hastened with the story to the cardinals; day and hour were noted; and, as was afterward proved, they were those of the great Christian victory on the blue waters of the Gulf of Lepanto.

Meanwhile, as Don John and the other commanders were drawing up their report of the just finished battle, one of their number, the Venetian, Venieri, was tossing, wounded and fevered, upon his bed of pain. And the thought troubled him grievously that while the Pontiff and, through him, all other countries were about to receive the glad tidings of their victory, his own beloved Venice would receive the news only from and after Rome. And the Senate of Venice and the Venetian people were passionately jealous of Austria and of Rome. Rightly so, perhaps; for Venice, of all nations, had been the sturdiest, the most indomitable foe of the Turk for centuries past. It was she who had sent forth expedition after expedition against them, who had joined in Crusade after Crusade, who had cleared the seas again and again of pirate vessels which lay in wait for her richly-laden traders. And Venice, as her latest historian writes, 'was an exacting mistress, and all who served her had to abrogate self and devote themselves heart and soul to her interests.'

So when his young lieutenant, Justiniani, came down to see and inquire after his superior officer, Venieri confided his trouble to him; and Justiniani at once proposed to take ship and sail with the glad tidings to their native city. It was undoubtedly an act of insubordination, and Don John, the commander in chief, was justly incensed when he heard it; but the fact remained that, without leave or license, knowledge or consent, young Justiniani sailed off, in one of the Venetian galleys,

for the home port, to north. And so it befell that while the Papal envoys encountered adverse weather, and could not make their port, the Venetian messenger, after a quick passage of nine days only, sighted the water-city of many palaces.

The prescribed salvo of artillery as the homeward-bound ship threaded her way among the many islets which stud Venetian waters, called hundreds of his fellow-townsmen to crowd every available post of observation; and the sight of their own flag side by side with a row of captured Turkish pennants evoked loud cries of joy and applause from the excited populace. As the galley drew up beside the quay, Justiniani leaped ashore into the midst of the cheering crowd. The Doge himself, hurrying to ascertain the cause of the tumult, clasped him in his arms, crying, "Victory! victory!" And, without even taking the time to put on his robes of ceremony, Doge and soldier together passed quickly onward to beautiful St. Mark's, their cathedral, so thronged in a few moments with priests and people that the slower senators were unable, as we are told, to obtain entrance and take their official places beside the Doge. So Venice, in her thousands, patrician and plebeian together, gave thanks to God,—for it was still the Ages of Faith.

There was, indeed, a delirium of rejoicing, all the more maddening because so unexpected; and all thought of rank or ceremony was laid aside, as noble and commoner, master and servant, clasped each other's hand, strangers greeted one another with the glad tidings; and the letter of the wounded commander, Venieri, was read aloud in St. Mark's amid shouts of triumph. Nothing would satisfy the excited populace but to carry the young herald of good tidings in triumph to his family *palazzo*; and the crowd which surrounded and accompanied

him was so great that for some time his mother, who had been praying in St. Mark's at the hour of his arrival, could not reach her own house or clasp her beloved son in her arms, until her tears and entreaties won her a passage through the excited crowd.

And, after all, it was Venice which, by a special messenger from the Doge Mocenigo, apprised the Pontiff of the Christian victory. The Venetian envoy arrived at the Vatican about midnight, and was forthwith conducted to the sleeping apartment of the Pontiff, who, as we have seen, had already received a supernatural intimation of the Christian victory, and was anxiously awaiting further details. He rose at once, prostrated himself in humble thanksgiving, exclaiming: "God hath regarded the prayer of the humble, and hath not despised their petitions!" And then he sent round to awaken the rest of the inmates of the Vatican, that they too might without delay give thanks to God.

The solemn *Te Deum*, processions, the chiming of bells and shouts of the populace filled many succeeding days; the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary crystallized for all time the memory of that October morning; and a new invocation in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin—*Auxilium Christianorum, ora pro nobis!*—has echoed, for three hundred years and more, the same thanksgiving.

O Salutaris Hostia!

TRANSLATED BY R. O'K.

FOOD of the weary! Host of Love!
To sinners opening heaven above,
Behold in pity all our woes,
And save us from our myriad foes.

Thee Triune God, with hope and fear,
We praise and bless in exile here;
And Thou wilt give us home and rest
And life eternal with the blest.

The Man who Saved Brown.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

DANIEL HOLMAN was planting peas in his garden. A fine large village garden it was; its soil a dark sandy loam that gave promise of fruitfulness. Orchard trees blossomed around him; birds flitted through the air with wisps of straw in their beaks, intent upon home-building. The very atmosphere had the invigorating breath of Spring. The old man dropped the seeds with a liberal hand in the furrow he had opened; then walked backward, treading it down as he drew the moist earth over it with his hoe. There was a subdued joy in his kind old face, a zest in every movement: the joy of willing labor performed in a glad faith of the harvest.

A voice called sharply from the house: "Daniel! Daniel Holman! Come right here!"

"Yes, mother!"

He gathered up his tools and the tin bucket that held his seeds, and plodded toward the house, glancing wistfully back in the direction of the vegetable patch. In the doorway his wife awaited him, the frown that had graved deep lines on her forehead drawing her face into unlovely lines. She had on her best black cashmere dress and her bonnet, and was drawing on a pair of long-wristed black taffeta gloves.

"Daniel Holman, what you been a doing now? Ain't you a pretty sight to go and see a dying man?"

He looked guiltily down upon his muddied shoes and the earth stains on his garments.

"Why, you see, mother," he said meekly, "you wasn't quite ready; and I've been so late getting in those peas, and the shower last night made the ground just nice and moist. I guess a little brushing'll make me pass muster."

He wiped his feet on a grassplot back of the house, then came up the steps. From a shelf on the back porch he took down a blacking-brush and did his best to restore the polish to his muddied boots, following the process with a violent brushing of his shabby best clothes. Hurriedly scrubbing his face and hands at the kitchen sink, he went into eclipse himself in the big roller towel that hung beside it, emerging rosy of countenance and serene of mind.

"Here I am, spick and span and handsome as the day you married me, mother!"

Upon the woman's face there was no answering smile.

"You've never made anything of yourself, and you never will, Daniel Holman. The idea of your joking and planting garden seeds when your old friend and comrade, Eben Miller, lies dying! A hero like him, too!"

Had she been looking at him, Mrs. Holman might have seen a quiver of pain that shot for an instant over his placid face; but she straightened her bonnet before the little glass on the kitchen wall, then passed out into the sunshine, herself waiting to lock the door and to hide the key under the doormat outside.

As they passed along the village street, lined with tall trees just coming into leaf, the sunshine, filtering through the half-clad branches, made a dancing fretwork on road and sidewalk. Early as it was in the forenoon, other friends and neighbors were out, clad in their best Sabbath clothes, silent and decorous and grave of face, all going in one direction—toward Eben Miller's house; for word had been sent around the night before that the old soldier, measuring the little space of life still left him, as a brave man may, had expressed the wish that all who had loved and honored him during his lifetime should gather at his home for a last farewell.

Ever since the day when young Eben Miller had come staggering into camp at Fort Donelson bearing in his arms the insensible form of his Colonel, shot through the thigh, he had been the hero of his native Northern town. The Colonel had been retired because of permanent disability; but Eben, serving until the war was over, had on his return been met at the train by a band of music and flying colors, to take his lifelong place among the most distinguished men of the community. Colonel Brown had succeeded to the estate and interests of his father, the old Judge, one of the richest and most influential men in the county; and Eben, who before the war had been accounted a young fellow of less than average promise, helped along by the Colonel's backing, and borne aloft on the flood of popular favor, had built up a prosperous mercantile business and become known as one of the "solid" men of the place, serving a couple of terms as president of the town council. Living as he had in a cloud of glory, it had been reckoned as not least among his virtues that he had always borne his honors modestly, deprecating all references to his gallant deed; and been faithful to his old friends and obscure comrades, chief among these Daniel Holman.

"Strange how luck favors one and slights another!" said Mrs. Holman, as she saw the straggling villagers focusing into a veritable procession near the Miller house. "Take you and Eben Miller. You started out in life together, in this very town, and enlisted in the same company!"

"Yes: we fought side by side," assented Holman. His thoughts were far away, on a Southern battlefield.

"I remember the day you marched away," continued the wife, softening at the memory. "Daniel, I never told you before, but I was so proud of you! You were the handsomest man in all

the company,—handsomer than the Colonel. You know," she added shyly, "I could have had Brown."

"I know," he said, and for a moment age and the years, with all their disappointments, fell away as they looked into each other's eyes.

"I was prouder of you than he ever was of his commission," said Holman.

"I thought you'd come back with a general's stars," added the grey-haired woman, and her voice took on a bitter tone, with reminiscence. "But see how it all turned out. Of course the Colonel had his start made for him; but the fact that he served three months in the War of the Rebellion has done a lot for him. It sent him to Congress, and it's made him one of the first men of the State. And Eben Miller's been a big man all his life, and they say his name's got into history. While you! All you got out of that very battle was a flesh-wound in your arm, that's made it a little stiff and given rheumatism a chance at it; and you re-enlisted, and fought the whole four years, and came out the same high private you went in, and nobody's cared. You wouldn't so much as ask a pension; and here you've grubbed and toiled all your life, and I've slaved and slaved, and our children—"

"Don't, Maria!" protested Daniel.

"I'll say my say," insisted the woman. "'Tisn't often I speak. Our children have never had a rightful chance. They're nobodies," she went on drearily, "with just the same miserable outlook. And you know as well as I, Daniel, we'll never be able to meet the next interest on the mortgage; and our home—"

There was no need to speak further. The threatened loss of their comfortable little home, where they had dwelt during all the years of their union, and where their children had been born and reared, was the heaviest shadow that overhung their lives.

They had come up with some of their neighbors and were included in the slow procession. A carriage dashed up the street, and a portly gentleman threw the lines to the man in livery beside him and descended to the pavement, walking with a slight limp. Meanwhile glances were exchanged. It was fitting that the village magnate should honor with his presence the deathbed of the man who had saved his life.

At the gate Daniel Holman, who had been singularly reluctant to join his wife in the proposed visit, held back.

"I think I won't go in, Maria. You tell Eben I'll come in after a while, when the people are gone. You know it ain't as if I hadn't been going to see him pretty much every day since he was taken sick."

"Daniel Holman, you come right along with me!" said his better half in a fierce whisper.

The room in which Eben Miller lay was a large apartment on the first floor. Even with the curtains drawn, the light filtered in so that the face of the veteran, with its lines of pain and age, was plainly visible to the friends who stood about the bed or gathered about the open doors leading into adjoining rooms. As they drew near they heard his voice, in the piping tones of extreme weakness, ask:

"Where's Daniel Holman? Hasn't Dan Holman come yet?"

"Here's Mr. Holman, father," said his eldest daughter, a matronly woman of middle age.

Colonel Brown, sitting at the head of the bed, moved aside to let Holman approach. His recognition of the newcomer was not a cordial one. Like the rest of his fellow-townsmen, he held Daniel Holman in light esteem, regarding him as a man of little force of character, harmless and well-meaning but somewhat of a failure in life. Few

men are friendly to failures among their kind.

But Eben Miller caught at Holman's hand with the first sign of animation he had shown that day, and conversed with him in whispers. Those who looked on were surprised to see the eagerness in the sick man's face; and more surprised still to see Daniel Holman shake his head and frown, in sullen denial, or refusal of his request.

"I just got to, Daniel!" persisted Miller, raising his voice. "I've lived with it. I can't die with it."

Holman turned abruptly away. The circle about the bed opened to let him pass, then closed again. His wife, witnessing the incident, wished she might sink through the floor. Obstinate and self-willed as she knew Daniel to be, how could he have the heart to refuse anything to a dying man, and with so many people looking on?

Eben Miller himself did not seem to be in the least dispirited or surprised. Always a man of eccentric humor, a queer smile hovered around his lips as he spoke to his daughter:

"Prop me up on the pillows, Jean; and give me a taste of that stuff the doctor left."

She arranged the pillows deftly, then lifted the glass to his mouth. The strengthening draught caused the flames of life to leap high. The odd smile glinted from his eyes, his utterance grew clearer.

"Friends, I've called you here to tell you something. Away back in the Sixties I got the credit for doing a brave deed. I never deserved it. It's true I lugged Brown into camp the day he was wounded at Fort Donelson; but another man picked him up from where he fell in the field, under fire, and had a bullet through his own arm for doing it. He'd got him to the rear when he himself sank down, faint from loss of blood, right where I was standing. Friends, I—I've got

to tell it. I wasn't running away, but that first battle made me sick—sick all over,—and I had just dropped down and let the boys pass on, meaning to follow them as soon as I could stiffen up. In the rush and the smoke and the bellowing of the guns, nobody had time to look at his neighbor; and when I staggered into the camp with the Colonel, they thought I'd done the whole thing. The man whose arm was hurt kept still. Next day, when I found my name had gone into the reports. I was for telling the truth, but he stood out against it,—the man who had really done it. We hadn't much time for disputing or splitting hairs those days. I—fought through—to the end—of the war,—and I think my worst enemy—if I have one—can't say—I didn't—make a good fight."

He moved his hand feebly, and again his daughter hastened to give him of the strengthening draught. After a little he went on:

"When I came back you all made a hero of me, and after a while I got used to it and liked it. It was fine fun sitting on platforms at public meetings, and riding in carriages, with the Colonel, at the head of processions. But the sight of—that other man—overlooked and neglected—kept me from getting too vainglorious. I tried hard—I honestly did, Colonel,—to get him to shoulder the credit. At first he said he'd taken your girl from you, and he allowed it would be rubbing it in to lay you under the obligation of saving your life. He said he'd only half saved it, anyhow, when he reached me."

The Colonel, who held fast to Miller's hand, was looking into the face of a stern-visaged woman with whitening hair, calmly, thoughtfully, as a man who has been happily married for thirty years can afford to look at his old sweetheart. Mrs. Holman gazed back wide-eyed, with something like terror gripping at her heart. Across the

room, out of the range of vision, a man stood with folded arms resting on a window-sash, his eyes, unseeing, turned toward the street.

Again the tonic was offered the dying man, but he refused it. His voice was failing; however, he held steadily on:

"Lately we've had it hot and heavy. He's argued it didn't matter now for him, and it'd be a bad example for the children, destroying their faith and upsetting the fine example I've been to them. But I believe it'll teach them a lesson worth more—to know the truth. Besides, it matters to me. I've been a thief the better part of my life. I've stolen another man's reputation, and I'm not going to die with it on me. Colonel, Decoration Day comes next week. Promise me—you'll have him—in your carriage—Daniel Holman,—the man who saved your life!"

There was a stir in the room—a movement toward the lonely man at the window, whose head had dropped on his folded arms. The Colonel rose from his chair and limped across the room; but the first to reach the lonely figure was a woman, who put her arm around his shoulders and pressed her wrinkled cheek, wet with tears, against his own.

On Memorial Day Daniel Holman rode in the Colonel's carriage. But at the head of the procession rode Eben Miller, in a carriage with nodding plumes; and the kind hands of those who had forgiven and loved on heaped his last resting-place with flowers.

Thy Purity.

BY S. M. R.

AS pure as star-rays in the stilly night
 That silvery through the darkness gleam,
 As spotless as the flash of angel's wing
 That brightens childhood's sinless dream,
 Art thou, O chosen One, thou Lily fair
 Upon time's dark, sin-troubled stream!

In St. Peter's.—Pius X. as I Saw Him.

—
BY A PILGRIM.
—

"HALF-PAST eight, *sharp*. I will meet you at the end of the colonnade in the Piazza of St. Peter's."

The words came buzzing through the telephone by means of which I had, with much difficulty and amid many interruptions, been communicating from my pension under the Pincian Hill with my Benedictine friend in his cloister on the Aventine. It was the last intelligible phrase that reached me; and I was left wondering exactly where our rendezvous was—at which end of the colonnade, and indeed which colonnade; for, as everyone knows, there are two, inclosing in their mighty semicircles of round pillars the great Piazza with its tall obelisk and leaping fountains. Whatever happened, I must not fail to meet my kind monk, armed with the little yellow ticket which was to admit me, a pilgrim from far lands, to a privileged place in the Basilica for the great festival,—a place under the very shadow of the baldachin, the central point of the august function of the morrow.

It was only a few minutes past eight next morning when, resolved to be in time, I stationed myself at the end of the north colonnade nearest to the Bronze Door of the Vatican,—the likeliest place, I thought. *Illuc enim ascenderunt tribus, tribus Domini*. Cardinals and *contadini*, prelates and pilgrims, men and women of all races and all ages, were arriving in scores and hundreds,—afoot, in carriages, in cabs; advancing in orderly crowds through the Porta di Bronzo, where the black and yellow Swiss Guard scrutinized each comer, and pouring up the great stairs to the side doors of the Basilica. Black-cowled monks, too, there were in plenty, each and all

furnished with their Gregorian music-books—but where is *my* monk, without whom I can not cross yonder threshold? It is after half-past eight, and the throng grows visibly thinner, but he comes not. Ah, here he is! A hurried greeting—"It was at the *other end* of the colonnade that I was waiting! No matter!"—we too pass up the stairs, then a few steps along a corridor, through a great double door, and we are in St. Peter's.

It is like getting into the open air again, so vast is the space, and so distant seem the towering walls, hung with their festal damask of crimson and gold. Everywhere a surging sea of faces, from end to end and from side to side. But in the middle of the nave a broad passage is kept clear by the Palatine Guard, in their sombre, telling uniform of black and white. Our yellow tickets pass us through into this clear road, and so we move on unimpeded, right up to the Confession, with its cluster of golden lamps burning over the Tomb of the Apostles, and into the right-hand transept, where are mustered the great array of singers, monastic and secular, who are to render to-day the Church's own especial music, her traditional Plain Song, in the most glorious temple of Christendom.

There is a pause now, while monsignori pass to and fro, canons in violet and spotless lamb's-wool tippets, and chamberlains of honor in their dress of ceremony—black doublet and cloak, sword and cambric ruff. But soon there is a stir at the far end of the great Basilica: the opening chords of the Pope's March, played by the Pope's own trumpeters, break upon the silence, and one sees in the distance the beginning of the long procession. Stately and slow it advances up the wide nave,—prebendaries and canons, prelates and abbots, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, all in order due. Some fifteen or sixteen mitred Eminences

there are, conspicuous among them Rampolla, with his strong, clear-cut features; and Merry del Val, the young Secretary of State, tall, dark and handsome, with an expression of countenance singularly winning and attractive.

Immediately preceding the Pontiff walk the members of his Noble Guard, in their rich uniforms, good-looking, well-set-up men all; then the heads of the Orsini and Colonna, princes assistant at the Pontifical Throne. Now we catch sight of the tall *flabelli*, the ostrich feather fans waving on either side of the Pontiff's chair. A thousand white handkerchiefs are waving too, fluttering in the hands of the faithful as the august procession passes by. It is the only sign of welcome; for the Pope has most stringently forbidden the cries of greeting that were wont to salute his predecessor as he entered St. Peter's. And the silence is, in truth, far more impressive than used to be the shouts.

So, borne high on his *Sedia Gestatoria*, with the folds of his long embroidered *manto* gathered round him, and wearing the sacred pallium, symbol of his supreme office, Pius X. passes through the serried ranks of his children gathered to-day from many lands, and blesses them as he goes. Serious indeed is his look, but not sad, as some have described it. His thoughts, one may believe, are partly of the multitudes who throng round his feet, but more of the sublime mysteries which he is about to celebrate. Peace, benignity, and perfect recollection,—that is the impression, deep and unforgettable, which the sight of his countenance makes on me as the procession sweeps round the entrance to the great transept, and we, the children of St. Benedict, whose special festival it is to-day, kneel low to receive his blessing as he passes onward to his throne.

Catholic Young Men and State Universities.

IN an address delivered at the recent conference of non-Catholic missionaries in Washington, Judge William Robinson, dean of the law school of the Catholic University of America, declared that Catholic young men could pass through any great non-Catholic university without losing their Faith, provided they had been rightly trained at home. He might have added that a golden opportunity would thus be afforded them of communicating that precious gift to others, and that without such training Catholic young men may lose their Faith anywhere.

It is not true, as is often asserted, that the majority of the young men attending State institutions are indifferent to religion, or that the professors, for the most part, are infidels or agnostics. On the contrary, a great many of them are deeply interested in religious questions, sincerely desirous to know the truth, and curious to hear what any one may have to say in explanation or defence of the Catholic religion—the religion of men like Newman and Brownson and Pasteur,—whose head in recent years has become the most prominent figure in the world, and whose ever-increasing influence excites the admiration of every intelligent man.

In spite of decreased church attendance and other tendencies that would seem to indicate a general decay of religion and morality, there was never a time when interest in religious questions was deeper or more widespread in our country than at present. There are reasons why the attraction of pulpits has diminished. Preachers of real power are few and far between, while books and periodicals in which religion is ably discussed have become abundant and easily accessible. The

extent to which they are read by men and women of all sorts and conditions shows that questions of the soul are uppermost in the minds of the masses, whatever may be said by the pessimists about the materialist spirit of our age and country.

The opinion expressed by Judge Robinson is corroborated by President Angell, of the University of Michigan, who says (writing in the *Andover Review*): "In twenty of the State institutions—from all of which I have facts on this point,—it appears that 71 per cent of the teachers are members of churches, and not a few of the others are earnestly and even actively religious men who have not formally joined any communion. . . . It must be conceded that the pupils in the State institutions are not exposed to much peril from their teachers. . . . If you go to the cities where those institutions are planted, you will find a good proportion of these teachers superintending Sunday-schools, conducting Bible classes, sometimes supplying pulpits, engaged in every kind of Christian work." It is not true to assert that the higher education of American youth is in the hands of men who sneer at Christianity as "a creed outworn," and make ponderous assaults upon it in books and periodicals. In fact, the convention which met in Chicago last year to devise means of popularizing Christian instruction was mainly composed of leading university presidents and professors. And now it is announced that Columbia University has established a Sunday-school for the purpose of preparing teachers to instruct youth in Christian doctrine.

And not every professor or preacher is an anti-Catholic or a bigot. An eminent convert in England declares that his road to Rome was made easier by association with men of mark from leading American universities; and he mentions that Professor Toy, one of

the most prominent Biblical critics of Harvard University, once gave a course of lectures at that institution, in which he demonstrated that every Catholic doctrine to which Protestants most strenuously object is an inevitable consequence of the teaching of the Gospel, provided ordinary methods of reasoning be employed. A few years ago the president of Johns Hopkins University promptly suspended a series of lectures in the course of which an attack was made on the Faith of Catholics.

The Rev. Father Hall, an English convert, relates that his first real sense of spiritual responsibility resulted from attending the earnest sermons of a zealous clergyman of the strictly Evangelical type; and he adds: "During those years I attended a Baptist Sunday-school, and I do not forget, even at this distance of time, my indebtedness to a still respected inhabitant of the district for his earnest and manly teaching and his own personal goodness. Even more was I indebted, in after years, to a gentleman in the parish, who on Sunday afternoon held a Bible-class for young men in his own house, to which work he sacrificed a large portion of his only holiday—for he was a busy city man."

Mr. James Britten, Esq., K. S. G., of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, well known the world over as the indefatigable director of the English Catholic Truth Society, bears witness that in the church which he attended from his earliest days until the age of eighteen, he never heard a single sermon against Catholics or an uncharitable word regarding them.

There was a time when tirades against the Church of Rome were freely indulged in by professors and preachers; but that time has happily passed, except with the professors of second-rate sectarian institutions, and preachers whose voices echo only in the backwoods. The sooner we Cath-

olics realize this fact the better. The presence of Catholic students in all our State institutions, and of relatives of converts and friends of Catholics in almost every large Protestant congregation, is not without effect.

Nowadays Catholic priests are often requested to address exclusively Protestant audiences; not unfrequently institutions of learning invite an expression of Catholic thought within their halls; the books of Catholic authors sometimes find the most interested readers among open-minded Protestants. Only last week a United States Senator applied to us for back numbers of a Catholic magazine containing an article which he wished to read and had sought for in vain; and we know of learned and influential Protestant ministers who read everything Catholic that comes in their way,—writers who are able and seemingly quite as eager to defend the Catholic Church as Catholics themselves. Times have changed, though many of us do not realize the fact. The warning of Cardinal Manning, sounded many years ago, needs repetition: "One of the most deadly dangers to the growth of the Church is a shrinking from, a lack of sympathy with, a languid interest in, and a feeble love for our country and our age."

As regards Catholic young men, they are in danger of losing their Faith only when they cease to practise it. Religion lived up to never dies. Men whose own Faith is weak or unenlightened are always in great dread that other men will make shipwreck of it. Far from being in any danger of losing their Faith, Catholic young men in State universities, provided they know their catechism thoroughly and are faithful to their religious duties, will lead others into the Church. Knowing their catechism thoroughly supposes capacity enough to be convinced that no fact of science can

contradict any truth of religion; that there is an answer for every objection that can possibly be made against the Church, though it may not be immediately forthcoming. Surely Catholic young men old enough to take up a university course must be convinced of this. Their Faith ought to become all the more precious to them by contact with those who do not share it, and all the more strong by combating those who oppose it. Our own fears are for the young men who go into business and give themselves up to money-making,—that they will become liars and cheaters like the great majority of those with whom they are brought in daily contact. Is there a more immoral maxim than the one by which the conduct of so many men engaged in traffic is regulated—"Business is business"? Everyone knows what this means. An editorial opinion was given some time ago that if business in New York were to be conducted on Christian principles—telling no lies, cheating nobody—three-fourths of the business houses of the city would be bankrupt in six months.

If the dangers to which our young men are exposed who enter non-Catholic universities have not been exaggerated, at least they have been adequately exposed. Now let the danger to those who go into business be pointed out; it is the greater of the two, though little or nothing is ever said about it.

THE repose which lies on the heights of life is born of the vast and unclouded vision which looks down on all obstacles, over all barriers, and takes in at a glance the mighty scope of human activity, and the unbroken sky which overhangs it continually like a visible infinity. On such heights it is the blessed reward of a few elect souls to live; but the paths thither are open to every traveller.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Notes and Remarks.

The Anglican Bishop of London recently employed his heaviest epithets to characterize the folly of "British parents who send their children to convent schools and then are surprised to find that they want in later life to join the Roman Church, to which they themselves have bound them by ties of affection and gratitude." It will be remarked that the Bishop's lament is not that they are beguiled into joining "the Roman Church" while still pupils of the convent schools, but that in later life, with maturer minds and fuller opportunities to contrast the religious life of Catholics with the religious life of others, these convent-bred women feel an irresistible homesickness. We think that the Bishop is quite right, from his point of view: a convent school is by no means an ideal place for nurturing the sectarian spirit. And we may add that parents who place their children under the care of Sisters and who are, nevertheless, doggedly determined that those children shall not under any circumstances become Catholics are laying up future heartaches for themselves and their offspring.

This piece of advice from the Sovereign Pontiff is applicable to larger bodies of Catholics than the group of Belgium pilgrims to whom it was specifically addressed:

"You must prevent the introduction among you of division and strife. It is by concord that you will arrive at victory. Once your adversaries succeed in dividing you, they will compromise the fruit of all your efforts. It is by unity of aim, unity of means, and unity of endeavors that you will effectively promote the defence of the Faith. Without doubt, each may exert himself according to his own nature. You are like an army in which there are different

bodies, infantry, cavalry, artillery. Each body fights with its own arms, at its own post, and in its own way; but all contribute according to the orders they have received to the common end,—in your case, the triumph of Faith and the victory of Christ. See that you strive for this end in union and concord. 'Union is strength.'"

It is probable that few Catholics have any patience with the sneers with which certain of our papers greet the efforts of the sects to check the divorce evil. It is true that their ways are not our ways, and we can not fight under their colors; yet we can agree that divorce is a great cancer in the public body, and we ought to look with sympathy on any serious effort made for its healing. Fifteen of the most influential sects were represented at an inter-church conference on marriage and divorce in New York two months ago; and a committee then appointed for the purpose has now issued an appeal to the public which sounds not a little like a page from the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. For example:

Marriage is a holy thing. Marriage is the institution of God Himself, and is sanctified under the solemnities of the old sanction by our Blessed Lord. This is the root of the matter. Reformation must begin here. Children must be taught it. Young men and young women must be made to feel it. Protected in purity, boy and girl, man and woman alike, must be trained to look with reverent eyes upon the holiness of this estate, upon its mysteriousness as something higher and deeper and larger than can be measured or reached by the low ideas of convenience, of worldly advantage, of the gratification of passion, or by the light and easy estimate of the consent of the passing personal fancy and the mutual recognition of the civil contract.

The hope of curing and crushing the horrible tendencies to facile and frequent divorce rests, we believe, upon impressing and inculcating such an intense conviction of what marriage is and of what marriage means that it will cease to be entered into "unadvisedly or lightly"; that the

festivity which accompanies it shall be sobered and consecrated by the conscious presence of Him "who adorned and beautified the marriage at Cana in Galilee by His presence and the first miracle that He wrought"; that neither man nor woman shall dare to enter the precincts of betrothal without the tested certainty of love, without the full recognition of the mutual duty of service, forbearance and faithfulness which it involves.

Of course we do not here find matrimony referred to as a sacrament, but surely these paragraphs are edifying reading for people who seldom hear or read anything in this spirit. And when we remember that there is one divorce to every six marriages in Maine, and that almost the same proportion holds good for seven other Eastern States, we may rejoice that non-Catholics are to be confronted with the question even in the vague, impersonal form of a printed appeal without penalties.

The following paragraph, from the Papal decree on the subject of the beatification of the Venerable Curé of Ars, is an admirable summary of his claims to the reverence of the faithful and the honor of the Church:

"During the past century France admired Jean Baptiste Vianney, leader and guide of only a small flock, it is true, but equal in greatness of soul to an apostle. In the midst of a gloom brought about by violent disturbances, he was truly a beacon diffusing radiance afar. Attracted by him, the faithful, throughout a considerable number of years, crowded into the village of Ars, thronging thither from near and far. This venerable servant of God possessed in truth an admirable suavity, joined to a singular holiness of life and gravity of demeanor. Thousands of men of every rank and condition, drawn by his virtues, had recourse to him as an indefatigable confessor and a most prudent director. An assiduous preacher, thoroughly in earnest, forever applying himself to the contemplation

of the things of God, severely mortifying his senses, and possessing the most humble opinion of himself, he was the refuge and the consolation of the unfortunate, the orphaned, and the afflicted."

"Private versus Corporate Morality" is the caption which one New York periodical gives to a discussion of the lawfulness or criminality of a great telegraph company's dealings with illegal poolrooms. The charge is made that the annual income of the company from the poolroom service is no less than \$5,000,000. The names of the company's directors are published, and a strenuous district attorney questions them thus: "Are you going to assist in carrying out the will of the people, you high respectabilities, or will you aid what the constitution and the laws of the State have defined as a felony?" To the statement that the company "is bound under the law to transmit all messages offered, if couched in decent language," the reply is made: "This principle would oblige the Western Union to deliver a message from one burglar to another making an appointment to rob the house of Russell Sage."

To an unprejudiced reader of both sides of the question—and no little casuistry is manifested in the discussion,—it looks as though the company's directors, or at least its managers, know perfectly well that they are conniving at criminal practices, and are being handsomely paid for the connivance. So the interesting old question again arises: Is the moral law less binding on a citizen as a member of a corporation than on the same citizen as an individual? Does an act which is clearly vicious in Jones the man, become an indifferent act in Jones the director of a company? Or does the criminality that is participated in by a board of twenty, thirty, or forty directors grow less in proportion to

the numbers engaged in it, until what is a felony in the individual becomes a mere peccadillo in each member of the board?

A cognate question is: Does the corruption of the elector in a political campaign—an indictable offence in the actual bribe-giver—entail no accountability on the part of the “eminently respectable” members of the committee who supply their agents with the money to effect the corporation? Boyle O'Reilly's advice to editors, “Do nothing as a journalist that you would not do as a gentleman,” may well be modified nowadays to run in this fashion: Do nothing as a director of a company or a member of a committee that you would not do as an honest individual man.

The late Father William Amherst, S. J., who passed away last month in England, was a fine type of the “hereditary” English Catholic of a generation ago who looked with something very like coolness on the Oxford converts. A brother of the late Bishop of Northampton, he was, says the *London Catholic Times*, “the last representative of a stanch old Catholic family that traced its lineage back beyond the Norman Conquest into Saxon times. Considerably over six feet in height, a magnificently formed figure in his prime, of a sterling character, though a trifle impetuous in temper, he was a grand specimen of the Catholic of the ancient régime. Indeed, to the end of his life he could ill tolerate the customary laudation of the work done by the Oxford Movement, vigorously maintaining that its merits were grossly exaggerated, and that the writings of those pertaining to this school almost invariably do grave injustice to the old Catholics.” Born in 1820, Father Amherst took pardonable pride in remembering that a three-days' vacation was granted in his first school on

the passing of the Act of Emancipation; and his “History” of that great measure is said to contain the most reliable and interesting account of how England and Ireland escaped being bound up in a concordat with the Holy See, which would have given the English Prime Minister the same power as good Monsieur Combes in the nomination of bishops. R. I. P.

We have more than once quoted Hawthorne's saying, that “no man who needs a monument ought ever to have one”; but we venture to suggest that even that great shy genius himself would look with favor on the suggestion of one of his admirers for the celebration of the centenary of his birth next month. The suggestion is that the noble charity instituted by Hawthorne's daughter be endowed in such a way as will best secure its permanence and efficiency. It is well known that Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, shortly after becoming a Catholic, founded a hospital for the relief of incurable cancer patients, and, amid poverty and discouragements, has held bravely to her purpose for several years. The need of such an institution will scarcely be questioned; though, as Dr. James J. Walsh said recently in a letter to the *New York Times*: “Only physicians know the sad conditions which develop among the poor when cases of cancer become incurable.... If ever there was a special need in the charities of a great city, this care for incurable cancer patients is one.” If every reader who has found enjoyment in the pages of Hawthorne's works would contribute the smallest coin toward the hospital in which his daughter unostentatiously ministers to humanity afflicted with disease in one of its most hopeless and repulsive forms, the heart of that daughter would be gladdened and her hand immeasurably strengthened for the work; and if every lover of the

heroic in American womanhood would contribute a mite, the hospital would not only be permanently established but its capacity and efficiency increased a hundredfold.

A perusal of recent debates in the French Chamber of Deputies is illuminative as to a number of points concerning which the dispatches in our daily papers give little if any information. Not all the measures which go through the Chamber enjoy the approval of the majority whose votes carry them through; nor are the majorities so large as fully to reassure M. Combes as to the continued support of his party in the campaign which he is so strenuously pursuing. A prominent Liberal Deputy, M. Ribot, declared the other day: "I recognize in our Republic, which ought to represent organized liberty, a marked decline in liberal ideas. Nowadays we are enamored of force even when accompanied with some brutality; we like blows inflicted by majorities. In weakening the spirit of equity and fair play, we are weakening the Republic itself."

On the same day M. Georges Leygues, discussing the everlasting subject of liberty of teaching, pointed out that the government's projects in connection with the matter of instruction would increase by three hundred millions of francs the annual budget of expenses from 1905 to 1910.

French ministers have by no means the plain sailing and unclouded skies with which the general newspaper reader on this side of the Atlantic is apt to think them favored.

The serious damage that may be done to fabrics by ivy and other forms of out-of-place vegetation is shown by the wrecked roof and tottering walls of an interesting old church situated a few miles to the north of London, a notice of which appears in the

Athenæum. It dates from the self:teenth century, but was largely rebuilt in the century following. About sixty years ago, when the church was to some extent abandoned, ivy was suffered to spread over roofs and walls; and it grew with such luxuriance that from time to time it became necessary to prop up the roof and windows and doorways. (The chancel and churchyard were in use until recent years.) A false idea of picturesque beauty prevented the use of axe and saw, until a few weeks ago the green parasite gained the mastery, and the whole roof of the nave and south aisle collapsed in a complete wreck, shaking and imperilling the walls, which are bound speedily to follow. In the ruin of the old Essex Church of All Saints, Chingford, there is a lesson for those who consider churches more picturesque for rank vegetation.

No optimistic predictions of what is to come or ingenious explanations of what has already occurred in the present war between Russia and Japan can alter the conviction of the world at large that Russian prestige within the past three or four months has been very materially lessened. Be the war long or short, one result is even now unalterable: Japan stands higher and Russia lower in the estimation of Europe and America than either power has ever stood before.

Notwithstanding the alarmist press dispatches concerning the tensely strained relations between France and the Holy See, it is just possible that matters are not so serious as the omniscient correspondents are making them out to be. Corroborative evidence of truth is peculiarly necessary when the scribes of the daily press get to philosophizing on the outcome of Papal diplomacy.



The Wee Birds.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

UP in the treetop, rocked by the breeze,
 Hid in a world of blossoming trees,
 Little birds cheep,
 Baby birds sleep,
 Lull'd by the hum of the droning bees.
 Feeling so safe in the wee brown nest,
 Snuggled up closely to mother's breast;
 Blue skies above,
 Guarded with love,
 High in the treetop the wee birds rest.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

V.—TEDDY'S FIRST LESSON.

TEDDY, in spite of the great homesickness which weighed upon him, and his real grief for the loss of Kitty, was, nevertheless, so impressed by the conversation in the grocery store which the Sandman had overheard and repeated to him, that he reconciled himself to stay for a time, at least, in this singular place,—until he was older and better fitted to earn his own living and become independent of his aunt. He was fully determined, however, to seek out Kitty as soon as that happy time should come, and provide a home for her, where they might live together in great peace and contentment. In some of his more generous and kindly moods, he resolved magnanimously that he would permit Miss Sarah Tompkins to be a member of the little household; at other times, when the resentment which the wily Sandman

had instilled against her burned more fiercely, he imagined himself the head of a house, to which Aunt Sarah should be invited indeed, but where she should never be permitted to live.

At night, in the solitude of the yellow room, he lay awake planning out all these things, until the ideas in his mind grew misty, running into one another, and gradually being lost in sound sleep. But these castles in the air afforded him a great deal of pleasure, and enabled him to endure that perpetual sense of the loss of freedom, which he found to be one of the worst evils of his present existence. For the rest, there was all the charm of novelty in the outdoor life, and of mystery in the Sandman's castle, which was forever exciting his curiosity, or that love of the hidden so common to all boys.

Teddy had been more than a week at the castle before anything was said about lessons, and during this time he saw very little of the Sandman except at meals. At last he was suddenly notified that on the following morning he was to appear in the Sandman's study and begin a course of instruction, which, in so far as he could find out from the hunchback, was carried on in a very peculiar manner, without any formal lessons, and according to the capricious will of the Sandman, who acted as schoolmaster.

"Is he cross?" asked Teddy of his fellow-pupil on the evening preceding the newcomer's introduction to the classes.

"Cross? No, I suppose not," was the reply. "He's nearly always in his 'shivery' humor when he's teaching. I mean he makes you feel like shivering."

Teddy nodded. He had already seen the Sandman in these humors.

"You never know what he's going to say or do," went on the hunchback, reflectively. "And when I say any lesson or anything he's taught me, the words seem to be jolted out of me as if I were a machine."

This account was not encouraging, and next morning Teddy went down from the dazzling brightness of the yellow room into an atmosphere which was not exactly fitted to rouse his spirits. The room into which he and his companion were ushered was not so dark as it was bleak and cheerless, bereft of ornament of any kind, unless a few stiff, wooden-looking pictures on the wall could come under that appellation. Two tables, provided with writing materials and two books, were placed in front of the Sandman's desk, which looked ominously like a place of judgment; and a great office chair stood awaiting its occupant, with a threatening air as though it would have said, 'Wait till *he* comes and sits down here!'

The two boys sat down upon the chairs prepared for them, and, staring before them, shivered, they knew not why. It seemed not without design that they were kept waiting for several minutes. Both started, as if they had been caught in some criminal act, when at last a green baize door swung open with a loud creaking and the Sandman, arrayed in his Oriental dressing-gown, stepped into the room, waving his crimson handkerchief. He sat down in the office chair, which swung around once or twice with discordant creaking.

Suddenly he let his gaze rest upon the boys and kept it there, preserving absolute silence for a few moments. His nearsighted eyes were shaded by glasses so powerful that the eyes themselves showed magnified through them, which gave him a terrifying appearance, in the opinion of the two boys at least. By the time he spoke, Teddy was in as abject a state of

submission as the hunchback himself: prepared to do the bidding of this strange schoolmaster absolutely, and afraid even to move his eyes from the face before him.

"Alexieff," said the Sandman, in a voice which penetrated to the very depths of Teddy's heart, "I am going to ask you some questions—some vital questions,—which will show what your thoughts are, and reveal you to me."

There was a pause, during which Teddy waited expectantly and with some dread. Then came the query:

"For what purpose are you upon this earth?"

Teddy was staggered an instant by the form of the question. But presently his face brightened and he responded quickly, eagerly, as he had been wont to do of old:

"To know Him, to love Him and serve Him, and to be happy with Him forever in heaven."

"To know whom?" thundered the Sandman, breaking the stillness which had fallen after Teddy's ready answer; and, arising, he rested his two hands upon the desk, with his spectacled and magnified orbs fixed upon the boy.

"God," replied Teddy, likewise rising to his feet in astonishment and growing excitement.

Somehow, the word seemed to vibrate in the dead silence of the room. The hunchback was vaguely terrified, and felt that Teddy had answered wrong and in some mysterious way given offence. The Sandman had sunk back in his chair, much as if he had received an electric shock, when the childish voice rang out in that monosyllable.

"Boy," he said, after a pause, "you do not understand. You have mistaken the purport of my question. Vladimir will enlighten you."

Vladimir, nervous and agitated, arose and gave a not very clear explanation about it being the duty of everyone to

seek first the highest good, and then to do good to other men, and live altogether for others.

Teddy's brow clouded and he watched Vladimir with a puzzled air, until suddenly, just as the hunchback sat down, Teddy's face cleared and he addressed his fellow-pupil:

"I know that, only you say it differently. We've got first to love the Lord our God with our whole heart and our whole soul, and love our neighbor as ourselves for His sake."

He was somewhat proud of his own proficiency. He had got a yearly prize for catechism, and could explain its meaning in a straightforward and convincing manner, as his teacher had often observed. He was therefore surprised that the hunchback looked more blank than ever, and that the Sandman said, with chilling severity:

"Be silent, Alexieff, until you are bidden to speak! You are too glib. You make use of words, words! But what do you know of the abstract being you converse about so freely? You will have to wait and learn."

Teddy relapsed into silence, more puzzled than ever. He had thought himself very solid in his catechism at least.

The Sandman, bidding Alexieff listen attentively, began to question the hunchback, who put forth principles and opinions which were as Greek to Teddy, and would be equally so to most readers of this story. In conclusion, however, the Sandman turned to him, saying:

"Behold, boy, in what a noble mould you were formed!"

"Yes," answered Teddy, brightening up again,—"in God's own image and likeness."

Once more the stillness of the room seemed appalling; and the Sandman, in a voice cold as a morning mist, through which showed a suppressed anger, cried:

"Vladimir, you are dismissed! Alexieff will remain here to copy fifty times upon paper a maxim which I desire to impress upon his mind."

Vladimir, with one wistful glance at his companion, readily enough left the room; while poor Teddy remained reluctantly at his post, writing down some words, which his strong common sense classified as gibberish, about the highest good being found in ourselves and in our neighbors about us. Teddy mechanically scribbled the words, as the sunshine fell across his desk—"God's own sunshine," his teacher used to call it. The words had a new meaning now, as this strange old man seemed trying to take God away from him. Teddy's honest young heart rose in rebellion; but he said nothing, and went on with his task until it was finished and the Sandman briefly dismissed him.

Teddy went out and found the hunchback upon the gallery. Both felt like culprits; though Teddy was at a loss to know why he, for his part, should be condemned for something for which he had hitherto been commended. The two stood uncertainly upon the gallery till the Sandman's voice from the window called out:

"Go and take a walk! Go down to the bay!"

They started off at a quick trot, as if they had been shot, and did not speak a word until they had left the house far in the rear and were down upon the shore. Then they drew a deep breath as of relief. The hunchback seated himself upon a stone which was surrounded by a clump of marshy grasses; and Teddy swung himself up to the top rail of a fence which separated the Sandman's property from the narrow strip of sand that constituted the beach. Both lads were in a dejected frame of mind, and stared moodily out over the bay in a silence which lasted for some moments. Then Vladimir arose and, looking cautiously

about him on every side, drew close to his friend.

"Teddy," he asked in an eager whisper, "who is God?"

Teddy was so astonished that he all but lost his balance.

"Why, the Creator and Lord of heaven and earth!" he stammered, giving the catechism answer. Then he added more forcibly: "And you and the Sandman and the others up there are the queerest people I ever saw."

Tears slowly gathered in Vladimir's melancholy eyes as he murmured:

"It isn't my fault, Teddy."

"I suppose it's his fault, then," snapped Teddy, darting a wrathful glance over his shoulder up at the house. "I guess he's crazy. As if everybody doesn't know who God is! It's one of the first answers in the catechism. Every fellow knows that, even the kids down in the baby class."

"I thought *he* knew everything!" mused the hunchback, doubtfully, as he thus beheld an idol shattered.

"Well, what is he talking about, then?" cried Teddy, angrily. "Why, I guess one of the little fellows could teach him a lot. If there isn't any God, how could there be sun or water or any of those things?"

The hunchback did not pursue the subject. His mind was in somewhat of a whirl, and he was almost as much disturbed by Teddy's indignation and evident contempt as by the Sandman's cold severity and impressive anger. He timidly ventured a remark about the water, which was bright green that morning and lashed into tiny waves, that broke upon the shore with a pleasant ripple, sending up a shower of white foam like some miniature sea.

But Teddy's angry amazement was not to be so easily diverted.

"What kind of a fellow are you, anyway?" he asked, eyeing the hunchback as if he were some new species.

That little lad, not being in a position

to answer the question satisfactorily, remained silent.

"Of course you must know about God?" said Teddy, argumentatively.

The hunchback shook his head.

"How do you say your prayers, then, Johnny?"

The poor little fellow, looking sadly disturbed, answered nothing.

"Don't you ever say your prayers?" demanded Teddy.

"Never," replied Vladimir. "I don't know what prayers are."

Teddy gave a long whistle.

"You don't say your morning or night prayers?" he exclaimed. "Why, when I forget mine I think it's awful, and I'm not a saint or anything like that, you know."

The hunchback still remained silent.

"What do you do when you're bad?" questioned Teddy.

"I hide, but Katrinka nearly always finds me," said Vladimir promptly.

"Oh, I don't mean that! Don't you ever say an act of contrition?"

The hunchback stared stupidly.

"And church? Come now, you must go to church on Sundays."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Teddy," replied the hunchback, driven to desperation. "And I wish you wouldn't ask me all those questions. It's worse than the Sandman."

Teddy was nonplussed. Here was he—the wild boy of the class, who generally knew his lessons, but was always up to any mischief—placed in the position of censor, and filling his companion with incomprehensible dread! He continued to regard him steadily, and at last he said, with a brightening of his face:

"I guess, Johnny, you're a heathen or a pagan; though I didn't know there were any so near New York. I thought they were all off in infidel countries, where the missionaries go. Yes, that's it,—you're a pagan."

Johnny, seeing his companion's face brighten and break into a smile, smiled

happily in response, and seemed quite willing to accept the appellation; while Teddy observed:

"It's a pity there isn't a priest to preach the Gospel to you."

"What's a priest?" inquired the hunchback.

Teddy, tickled by the question, went off into a peal of laughter so loud and clear and infectious that the hunchback joined in it. The echo was caught up and repeated; and the birds hovering about the water's edge, scared at the unaccustomed noise, wheeled and eddied about, soaring at last into the upper air.

"Never mind," said Teddy, when he could speak again. "I guess I'll have to teach you. I'll tell you how to say your prayers; and if I could only get hold of a catechism, I'd teach you the first chapters."

To this proposal Vladimir joyfully assented, only he warned Teddy:

"We mustn't let *him* know."

"Why not?" asked Teddy.

"I'm sure he would be very angry," said the hunchback, with surprisingly quick instinct. "Perhaps he'd put us down the trapdoor."

"The trapdoor?" repeated the other, curiously.

"Yes: he's got a trapdoor that leads somewhere,—I don't know where. He often talks about it when he's mad, and Katrinka let me see the iron ring of it once."

The little fellow was quite pale and trembling as he talked. This had evidently been an object of dread to him for a long time, as nearly all children have some one object of terror, which is often purely imaginary.

"If he put us down there for learning prayers and the catechism," said Teddy, "we'd be something like the martyrs."

Teddy was rather pleased by the notion, and vaguely elated by the suddenness with which he had sprung

from the position of a wild boy, frequently punished for various kinds of mischief, to that of a catechist and possible martyr. The hunchback, of course, had no idea what a martyr was, and did not seem ambitious to enjoy that distinction, especially if it entailed a closer acquaintance with the dreaded trapdoor.

"I suppose you don't know what a martyr is, either?" Teddy observed pleasantly, being still in high good humor. "Whom do you know about, anyway?"

"I know about great and good men who have shown the perfection to which man might aspire," answered Vladimir with parrot-like facility.

"Why, halloa! What's all that?" exclaimed Teddy.

"I have studied their lives and deeds with my master," continued the hunchback, elated in his turn, and anxious to display his knowledge to a friend. "There are Plato and Socrates and Francis of Assisium—"

"Stop there!" cried Teddy. "You've got hold of a saint. I thought you didn't know anything about saints?"

This caused a break in the stream of Johnny's eloquence, as he had no idea of the meaning of a saint.

"Let us stop talking now," he said dejectedly, "and go fishing. I know where there's some tackle."

Teddy caught at the idea, only he remarked gravely as they walked down over the sands, warm in the rays of the sun:

"I'll teach you, though, all the same, when I get a chance, because you ought to know your prayers and things. I guess he's an infidel or pagan or something. But I tell you what, Johnny. I'm going to church on Sundays, no matter what he says. I'd like to see the man that would make me miss Mass!"

"I don't know where you'd find a church," said the hunchback doubt-

fully, "even if he'd let you go there."

"He'll *have* to let me go to Mass," Teddy declared, resolutely, all his sturdy manliness rising to the support of his resolution.

This being settled, Teddy was quite willing to come down to more earthly matters, and engage in the very tempting sport of fishing, under direction of the hunchback, who understood far more about those things than his new friend. They took off their boots and waded through the water to an old boat which was moored some distance from the shore. Teddy, as they went, enjoyed letting the wavelets break cool and fresh over his feet. At last they were in the boat, and, having cast out the lines, sat perfectly motionless, as Vladimir directed. For some time the surface of the water was undisturbed by so much as a ripple. Then suddenly little circles were seen thereupon, and finally Teddy cried out in high glee:

"Something's pulling!"

"Keep still!" commanded Johnny.

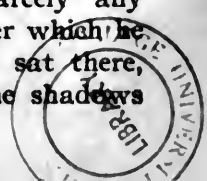
"You've got a bite."

And so it proved, only that the object which came up on the hook was neither very beautiful nor very useful. It was indeed a sea frog.

Teddy, whose previous experience of fishing had consisted in throwing an occasional cord fastened to a hook from the end of the dock at one of the city ferries, was delighted at having caught anything, and quite indifferent to Johnny's contemptuous depreciation of the useless and uneatable catch. He threw it back again, however, at his companion's bidding, and devoted himself more eagerly than ever to the fascinating sport. After this both boys were more successful; and a heap of shining minnows and other larger and more profitable fish lay upon the shore, their scales glittering silvery bright in the rays of the sun, when Katrinka's horn summoned the fishers to dinner.

Meanwhile the old man had remained for some time alone in deep reflection. In taking Teddy, as it were, from the streets, a boy without parents, who had been foisted on a needy relative, it had never occurred to him that the little fellow would have any education at all, much less religious training. It was the Sandman's darling dream to train up boys fashioned after the heroic models of antiquity. Not that he objected to use, as he said, the good from any system, or to offer as exemplars those who had shown in any way the perfection of humanity. He knew that there were schools, primary and otherwise, in New York city to illustrate these very methods, and bring up good children without any reference to religion at all. But he preferred to have his own school and bring up boys after his own fashion. The hunchback had never given him any trouble. He had come thither at a very early age, an orphan; and if his dead parents had had any religion, they had certainly not imparted it to their offspring. But with Teddy, the Sandman already realized that the case was different. A sturdy, somewhat headstrong boy, of quick intelligence, he had evidently been grounded in the doctrines of the Catholic Faith, which the Sandman distrusted most of all; though he acknowledged that it had supplied him with many exemplars. He pondered deeply as to whether or no he should keep Teddy or return him to his aunt and seek a more docile subject. But something in the boy attracted him; and the very difficulties were incentives to this singular man to persevere in the object he had in view, and to attain his end at any cost.

He took his dinner in an abstracted frame of mind, paying scarcely any attention to the boys; after which he returned to his study, and sat there, still pondering. At last the shadows



began to deepen weirdly about his motionless figure; and then, suddenly, there came back to him out of the dimness, with strange impressiveness, the voice of the boy calling out "God" and repeating that long-banished name over and over,—the name which he had indeed banished from his lips and from his heart. The shadows seemed to fling it back at him mockingly. He rose and paced the room, striving to fix his thoughts on a project half formed in his mind, which now recurred to him with greater force. It was a means by which he hoped to attach Teddy to the place, or at least compel him to remain there for an indefinite period.

(To be continued.)

Dumb-Bells.

Not many persons know the origin of the word "dumb-bell." In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries dumb-bell ringing was part of the education of an English gentleman; and in the fine country houses there was always to be found a dumb-bell gallery, where there was a curious machine much resembling the windlass used for hauling up buckets from a well. A rope passed around the roller and into the room beneath. At the end of the roller were four iron arms, each with a ball of lead attached. A person pulling the rope would cause the arms to revolve, thus giving him the sort of exercise obtained by bell ringing. After a while every contrivance used to develop the muscles received the name of dumb-bells; and the small iron weights used at present are simply the reminders of the awkward machinery employed long ago.

At Knole Park, in Kent, England, there is still preserved a fine old dumb-bell gallery, which was built by the first Earl of Dorset, in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

A Strange Old Custom.

There is a strange old custom observed in the city of Cork, Ireland. Every third year the mayor goes in great state to the mouth of Cork harbor, and taking in his hand a dart which has a head of gold and a shaft of mahogany, he throws it into the sea and says: "I cast this javelin into the sea, and declare that so far seaward as it falls extends the right and dominion of the corporation of Cork to and over the harbor as well as the rivers, creeks and bays within the same."

This is called "throwing the dart," and is so ancient an observance that no one knows its origin.

The Origin of Some Common Expressions.

The cruel and disreputable amusement of cockfighting is responsible for the expressions "crestfallen" and "in high feather." "To show the white feather," meaning to be a coward, is also from the same source; as a white feather in the tail of a game cock denoted his lack of bravery.

Many other common expressions are those used in ancient games or medieval tournaments. Thus we talk about "going at full tilt," or "breaking a lance," or being "in the lists"; "reaching the goal," or "winning the palm."

A Monster Bell.

What is said to be the largest hanging bell in the world is at Mandalay, India. It measures twelve feet from height to crown, and twenty-one feet to the top of the metal monsters surmounting it. Its diameter is sixteen feet and three inches, and the metal is from six to twelve inches thick. Its weight is about eighty tons.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Rev. Joseph Putzer, C. SS. R., whose death at Ilchester, Md., we lately chronicled, was a valued contributor to periodicals for the clergy. His "Commentarium in Facultates Apostolicas" is the standard work on the subject. *R. I. P.*

—Mr. Dudley Baxter has compiled and published through the Art & Book Co. a calendar of the principal martyrs of England. It was a happy idea to name the place of martyrdom and to state where the relics repose. There is an interesting and edifying preface to this booklet, which will be welcomed by English-speaking Catholics all over the world.

—The *Irish Weekly* announces that, in connection—the connection is not quite clear—with the Louisiana Exposition, Mr. D. J. O Donoghue will edit a volume of original essays by contemporary Irish authors. The proceeds of the sale of the book will be devoted to three purposes—"the publication of unpublished Irish MSS., the provision of a fund for the erection of memorial tablets or statues to deceased Irish authors, and the encouragement of young writers by the foundation of annual prizes for literary works."

—When Mr. Newman Howard's drama, "Kiar-tan the Icelander," appeared a year or two ago, an unknown admirer was so pleased with it that he sent the poet a check for five hundred dollars as an expression of his admiration. Mr. Howard has now produced a new play entitled "Savonarola: A City's Tragedy." We do not yet know how satisfactorily the theme is treated, but of its literary quality the *Athenæum* says: "If we know anything of that rare thing called poetry, this play is the true matter, great in theme, great in conception, and great in form. An assurance of style, a dignity without parade, a plain poignancy of thought and expression are essentials for lasting work; and all these gifts are Mr. Howard's."

—In spite of the repeated announcements "by a high ecclesiastical authority" that the Holy Father has no intention of approving a particular edition of Plain Song for universal use, Pius X. himself declares in a new *Motu Proprio* that, "in order to furnish to our Roman Church and to all the churches of the same rite the common text of the liturgical Gregorian melodies, we have decreed to undertake with the type of our Vatican printing-office the publication of the liturgical books containing the chant of the Holy Roman Church restored by us." The work of seeing the text through the press is entrusted to the Benedictines of Solesmes; and the approbation bestowed on this edition is so

special that "it will no longer be lawful for any one to approve of liturgical books," except such as conform strictly to the Vatican text. The literary proprietorship is reserved to the Holy See, but any reputable publisher who undertakes to issue a trustworthy reproduction will be given the right to do so.

—The Rev. J. G. Hagen, S. J., is preparing a complete edition of the works of Leonard Euler, the great Swiss scientist. Euler lived before Andrew D. White discovered that there is a warfare between religion and science; and his treatise in refutation of atheism has an honored place in Father Hagen's edition, which will have the distinction of being the first to render the work of the great mathematician accessible to the general student.

—While it may savor of hypercriticism to question the lucidity of Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Hymn of the West," written for the opening of the World's Fair in St. Louis, we must allow ourselves to say that we have been rather surprised that none of our contemporaries have pounced on one patent fault in the poem's second stanza. Throughout the first stanza Mr. Stedman addresses the Almighty,—“O Thou, whose glorious orbs on high. . . Eternal Light, Fill with Thy might,” etc. Then comes this quatrain:

Illumine Thou each pathway here,
To show the marvels God hath wrought
Since first Thy people's chief and seer
Looked up with that prophetic thought.

The change from the second person "Thou" in the first of these lines to the third person, "God hath wrought," in the second line, is, we submit, at least a big "spot on the sun," if not a partial eclipse of the luminous clarity one expects from the author. We are aware, of course, that an ingenious explanation may justify, or seem to justify, the change of person; but, on the face of it, the line is far less clear than would be, "To show the marvels Thou hast wrought"; or "To show the works Thou, God, hast wrought."

—For the generality of readers, perhaps the most attractive feature of Herbert Spencer's Autobiography as well as of Lord Acton's Letters is the comment on contemporaries. According to the latter, Carlyle was "the most detestable of historians, excepting Froude." Remembering what Carlyle called Spencer, it is interesting to know that Spencer found Carlyle "a queer creature, perpetually grumbling at everything and everybody," and "anything but a philosopher." There is a touch of unconscious humor in Spencer's declaration that he must either listen to Carlyle's "absurd dogmas in

silence, which it was not in my nature to do, or get into fierce argument with him, which ended in our glaring at each other. As the one alternative was impracticable and the other disagreeable, it resulted that I dropped the acquaintanceship." Spencer was fond of a laugh, and he relates a witticism of Huxley's at his expense. "He was one of a circle in which tragedy was the topic, when my name came up in connection with some opinion or other, whereupon he remarked: 'Oh, you know, Spencer's idea of a tragedy is a deduction killed by a fact!'"

We have already referred to Spencer's limitations. On the same subject a writer in the *Athenæum* remarks: "Nowhere does he show any appreciation of the fact that, as the philosopher of evolution, he was almost completely ignorant of the evolution of philosophy. Nowhere is he conscious that history in the large sense is worth study; or, to descend to particulars, that Egypt, for instance, could be anything to the observer but 'a land of decay and death,' and that Rome has other attractions than 'the forms and colors of time-worn walls and arches.' His dislike of all linguistic studies he inclines to attribute, partly at least, to his 'aversion to everything purely dogmatic.'"

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel.* \$1, net.

A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day.* \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., net.

Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham.* 40 cts., net.

Varied Types. *G. K. Chesterton.* \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. *Lady Rosa Gilbert.* \$1.50, net.

A Precursor of St. Philip. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.25, net.

The Storybook House. *Honor Walsh.* \$1.

Belinda's Cousins. *Maurice Francis Egan.* \$1.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holy-days. *M. S. Dalton.* \$1, net.

The School of the Heart. *Margaret Fletcher.* \$1.

Divine Grace. *Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

St. Patrick in History. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D.* 55 cts.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HAN., xiii, 3.

Rev. Methodius Vaculik, of the diocese of San Antonio; Rev. John Gratz and Rev. E. P. Grome, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. John Singleton, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. Marcus Thienel, O. F. M.; and Rev. Bernard Austermann, C. P. P. S.

Sister Francis Xavier, of the Sisters of Charity, Denver, Colo.; Sister Estella, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Perpetua, O. S. B.

Mr. F. L. Griner, of Del Rio, Texas; Mrs. — Merritt, Toronto, Canada; Mr. Bernard Doyle, Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. Emma Scott, Houston, Texas; Mr. James McGee, Ottawa, Canada; Miss Mary Ahern, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Anthony Hillebrand, —, Germany; Mr. Charles Steel and Mr. John Kerr, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine McCarthy, Bellaire, Ohio; Mrs. Rebecca Lambing and Mr. Louis Wolf, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Anne Hurley and Mrs. Anna O'Donnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Carey, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. J. H. Reubelt, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. John Delaney, Mr. Thomas Nolan, and Mrs. P. J. Maloney, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Savage, Susquehanna, Pa.; Mr. Frank Clark, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mrs. Alice Couhig, Mr. J. A. O'Drain, and Mr. Thomas O'Hanlon, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Alice Gunn, St. Louis, Mo.; and Mrs. Elizabeth Bechtold, Indianapolis, Ind.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Gotemba Lepers:

W. D., \$5.

The Indian and Negro Missions:

W. D., \$10; Mrs. F., \$1.

The Cause of the Curé d'Ars:

Sr. M. I., \$2; W. V., \$1.

St. Mary's Mission, Omak, Washington:

Friend, San Francisco, \$1; F. D. N., \$1; Mrs. D. Ryan, \$1; Josephine Smith, \$2; Friend, \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 26.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 11, 1904.

NO. 24.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

In June.

BY JOSEPH R. KENN.

THROUGH the keen heat of June
A soft breeze wanders by;
The woods rouse from their swoon,
And gently sigh.

And far and far withdrawn,
Lingers that gentle air;
Faint as the breath of dawn,
Sweet as a prayer.

Until a memory dim
Of sounds like these
Stirs in my heart—the hymn
Of other trees

Weaving a dirge o'er one earth has not missed,
Whose brow of snow
I gazed on there for the last time, and kissed,
Years, years ago.

Marienthal im Rheingau.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

BESIDES the more noted sanctuaries of Our Lady, such as Kevelaer, Bornhofen, Altötting, there are others in once Catholic Germany which were formerly of widespread but now are merely of local celebrity. Amongst these is Marienthal in the Rhine provinces, whither thousands of pilgrims from the vine-clad banks of the Rhine, from the towns and villages around, from the palatinate of Hesse, from the forests of the Hunsrück, yearly flock to seek

solace and succor from the Mother of Sorrows, the consoler of the afflicted. And the numerous votive offerings and tablets around her altar bear witness that the prayers of the suppliants have been graciously heard and granted.

Let us join in spirit a little band of pilgrims who, starting from Rüdesheim in the grey dawn of a morning in the Octave of the Nativity of Our Lady, are wending their way on foot; for no modern means of conveyance—train, cycle or motor car,—and but few carriages, approach the picturesque and secluded valley (the Vallis Speciosa of olden days), surrounded by wooded heights carpeted with gay and fragrant flowers, where stands the chapel containing the Pietà, the image of Our Lady of Dolors. While the pilgrims pursue their toilsome path along rough and unfrequented roads, over steep hills and through leafy woods, let us look back to the origin and past history of the shrine whither they are journeying.

The pilgrimages to Marienthal date from the beginning of the fourteenth century. At that time, on the spot where the church now stands was a spreading tree, in whose hollow stem some pious hand had placed a figure, carved in wood, of the Sorrowful Mother holding in her arms the body of her Divine Son. For some time but little regarded, this image became an object of devotion on account of a miraculous cure effected in answer to devout prayer offered at its feet.

In the year 1309, tradition tells us, a huntsman in the employ of the lord of the manor had the misfortune to lose his sight through some accident. This was a great calamity for one who in the pursuit of his calling was so dependent on the use of his eyes; and his master appealed to several physicians in the hope of obtaining relief for the servant whom he valued. All, however, agreed in declaring the sight to be irrecoverably gone. Then the pious huntsman, finding human aid of no avail, bethought himself of the Help of Christians, whose image he had so often passed while in search of game. With firm faith in her intercession, he caused himself to be led to the well-known tree; and, kneeling there, he prayed long and fervently. His confidence was rewarded: the longer he prayed, the more the darkness was dispelled from his eyes; and at length he rose up, saying, like the blind man in the Gospel: "Whereas I was blind, now I see."

The news of this cure spread far and wide; many other persons who were sick and afflicted visited the lovely valley—now rightly called *Marienthal* (Mary's valley), and numerous wonders were worked there; so that in the course of a few years it was a favorite place of pilgrimage. In 1313 Squire Hans Geoffrey, the owner of the land, out of gratitude for the restoration of his servant's sight, erected a small chapel, in which the Pietà was placed. But after a time this proved insufficient for the pilgrims who came to offer their homage of prayer and praise; and in 1326 a new and more spacious church, in Gothic style, was begun. Liberal contributions in thanksgiving for favors received at the shrine served to defray the expenses of the building. Four years later, on the 8th of September, the church was consecrated by the Archbishop of Treves. A house was also erected for the accommodation

of a provost and four priests, who ministered to the spiritual needs of the ever-increasing number of pilgrims; and lands for their support were given by the proprietors of the estate in which Marienthal was situated.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century the spirit of innovation and insubordination began to infect all classes in Germany; the heretical doctrines of the so-called Reformers spread to such an extent in Mayence that the citizens rose up against the clergy and expelled many of them. No wonder that in such evil times religious life declined in Marienthal as elsewhere. With a view to reviving it, the descendants of Hans Geoffrey, heirs of the faith and piety as also of the property of their forefathers, intrusted the care of the chapel to a religious community called the "Kugel Brethren" on account of a peculiar headdress they wore. This Congregation, founded in the Netherlands at the close of the fourteenth century, spread rapidly throughout Germany. In addition to their sacerdotal functions, the members devoted themselves to the education of the young, the transcription of valuable manuscripts, and the furtherance of the art of printing. Their school at Deventer was very famous; amongst other celebrated pupils were Erasmus and Thomas à Kempis. Under the superintendence of these "Brethren," a printing press was set up at Marienthal (the newly-invented movable type being brought thither from Mayence), by means of which many useful books were given to the world.

God blessed the active zeal of the excellent priests. A fresh impetus was given to piety in the valley; they preached popular discourses against the errors of the day, which were well attended; processions once more visited the sanctuary, and many wonderful cures are recorded in the chronicles of the shrine. We read of several young

children being cured of various diseases; of the blind, lame, deaf and dumb recovering the use of their senses and their limbs; and of one case of epilepsy being cured in a moment.

But on the death of the able and learned superior of the Kugel Brethren the prosperity and usefulness of the Congregation began to decline. The teaching of the Reformers soon gained ground, and the secular authorities deprived the ecclesiastical institutions of their incomes and their privileges. Duke Albert of Brandenburg in the religious wars of the time overran the country with his troops, pillaging and plundering conventual establishments. Marienthal was not spared. The community was forced to disperse, and in 1585 the Bishop of Mayence dissolved the Congregation.

For some years Marienthal was forsaken. In 1612, however, the Jesuit Fathers, who had been for a considerable time established in Mayence, undertook the charge of the church and conventual buildings; the former grants of land and tithes having been renewed in their favor. Through the liberality of Duke William of Bavaria, they were able to restore and beautify the church, which before long was again filled with devout worshippers. A confraternity of Our Blessed Lady of Marienthal was founded, to which, as well as to visits to the shrine, many indulgences were attached. The neighboring country being ravaged by pestilence in consequence of the wars, a procession on a large scale was organized to Marienthal, and from that day forth the plague ceased in the land. In gratitude for this favor a statue was placed in the church of a neighboring town.

Not long after, however, the prosperity of this favored spot began again to decline. A disastrous fire occurred, by which the Fathers' house was entirely burned down. In addition to this

loss of property, the devotion of the inhabitants of the adjacent towns was diverted to other places of pilgrimage; so that the pinch of poverty was keenly felt even before the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War, when Gustavus Adolphus, the King of Sweden, invaded Germany under the pretext of furthering Protestantism, but in reality for the love of conquest. On his troops entering the Rhine provinces, the Jesuits resident in Mayence sent about thirty chalices and other sacred vessels to Marienthal for safety; there, enclosed in an iron chest, they were buried in the garden. No one knew of the place of concealment except one woman, the miller's wife, and she betrayed it to the invaders. Many valuables belonging to the church of Marienthal including a silver statue of the Mother of God were carried off with the sacred vessels.

On the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773, the estate of Marienthal was sold to the Count of Ostein, and the Kurfürst of Mayence gave orders that the church should be levelled to the ground. The roof and arches were already demolished, when one of the men engaged in the work of destruction fell from a great height and was taken up dead. The others, seeing in this catastrophe a sign of God's displeasure, refused to continue the sacrilegious work. Thus the ruined walls remained standing. The venerated image had already been removed to the parish church of Geisenheim, a town not far distant.

The property presently changed hands. The new owners took up their abode in the Jesuits' house and placed another image amid the ruins of the church for the veneration of the faithful. The number of pilgrims gradually revived; and lovers of nature also frequently visited the peaceful valley, for the sake of the picturesque scene presented by a lofty and beautiful lime tree which had grown up amid the

débris in the nave of the church, and, overshadowing the whole with its spreading branches and luxuriant foliage, formed a natural roof to the dilapidated walls. Beneath its shade a bench and priedieu were placed, and the newly-carved image rested against the trunk.

During eighty-four years desolation reigned in the sanctuary, the crumbling walls testifying to the religious indifference of the inhabitants of the valley. In 1837, however, they were roused from their slumber; the light of faith was once more kindled in the Rhine provinces, and the desire became general to restore at least one of the many shrines that had been devastated. Providence ordained that Marienthal should be the one chosen.

In the year 1857 a generous benefactor came forward, offering a considerable sum toward rebuilding the sanctuary. It was gladly accepted by the Bishop of the diocese; and Prince Metternich, into whose possession the property had passed, not only gave his consent to the restoration of the sanctuary, but liberally endowed it for the maintenance of the clergy. The Bishop's appeal for the remainder of the requisite amount was quickly responded to; and on the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady in the following year, five hundred and twenty-eight years after the dedication of the original chapel, the new edifice was consecrated, and the venerated image was carried in procession, attended by thousands of the faithful, from its temporary resting-place at Geisenheim and placed over a side altar in its former home, amid the rejoicing of the inhabitants of the Rhine provinces.

The care of the church was confided to secular priests until the return of the Jesuit Fathers in 1870; but these latter remained for only two years, as the deplorable Culturkampf obliged the sons of St. Ignatius to quit German

soil. Their place was taken by the Franciscans; but they in turn were banished. One of the community, however, remained—ostensibly as organist, in secular dress,—to minister to the spiritual needs of the Catholics of the valley, until in 1888 his brethren in religion were permitted to return. This excellent and indefatigable priest, Father Guido by name, is still to be seen there, once more attired in his brown habit. Since the return of the Franciscan Fathers, Marienthal is again visited by numerous pilgrims.

Let us now rejoin the pious band who have by this time reached their destination, and with them survey the shrine before assisting at the High Mass. The valley in which the little Gothic church stands, in the midst of verdant meadows, surrounded by wooded mountains, is a picture of peace and tranquillity. The tumult and turmoil of the busy world find no entrance there. Only the murmur of the rivulet and the rustling of the trees and the hymns sung by the pilgrims break the quiet of that secluded region. The walls of the church are in a great measure the same as those of the original structure; the arch over the principal entrance was there from the first; the space is divided into two compartments, each containing a bas-relief of Our Lady.

On entering the church, we proceed up the nave to a side chapel where is enthroned the image of the Mother of Dolors, blackened by the hand of Time. Rich garments and a costly cloak embroidered with gold and jewels almost entirely cover the figures both of the Sorrowing Mother and the dead Christ upon her knees; the effect is peculiar. The thorn-crowned head of the Saviour alone is seen resting on the shoulder of His Mother, so that the image is scarcely to be recognized as a Pietà. A large and beautiful crown is on the head of our Blessed Lady. The

chapel is richly decorated through the gifts of pious pilgrims in acknowledgment of favors received. On the opposite side of the church is an altar dedicated to St. Anthony; and over the high altar, a painting of Our Lady, the patroness of the Rhine district.

Outside the church, on the north side, a wooden erection, a kind of external choir, adjoins the building. The roof and walls, clothed with the luxuriant growth of the wild vine, shelter a very ancient representation of the Crucifixion, below which stands an altar, where the Holy Sacrifice is celebrated. A harmonium, placed in the open air, accompanies the voices of the thousands of pilgrims resounding through the valley; while from the trees above the birds swell the melody with their harmonious notes. How impressive is this Mass in the open air! How grand and solemn the hushed silence of the adoring multitude at the elevation of the Sacred Host!

In the afternoon a sermon, likewise preached in the open air, an act of consecration to Our Lady of Dolors, and a procession round the valley, conclude the services of the Octave of the Nativity. And as the pious pilgrims disperse to their respective homes, they do not fail to salute the life-sized statue of our Blessed Lady that stands upon the height, a crown on her head, a sceptre in her hand; reminding them that the Sorrowing Mother from whom they have sought solace in the pains of this mortal life is also the glorious Queen of Heaven through whose powerful assistance they hope to gain the victor's crown.

THE end which at present calls forth our efforts will be found when it is once gained to be only one of the means to some remoter end. The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleasure to pleasure, but from hope to hope.—*Johnson.*

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

XIV.—JOHN'S SECRET.

YOUNG De Lizardière found Paris echoing with his name. His presence was sought at assemblies and parties of all descriptions. He was from the first a complete success, owing to his simple manners, his natural modesty, and his innate benevolence. The picture-dealers had only one fault to find with him—namely, that he did not give his pictures *their* prices. He brought with him a dozen paintings, and put his own prices on them. A month later, thanks to the sales he made and to the orders he received, he had placed three hundred thousand francs in the bank.

The distribution of prizes at the Salon came, and John received the medal of honor. The minister wished to add the Cross; and, being witty and gallant, he remarked in a note:

"Monsieur de Lizardière, I know that you are a Royalist. Accept, nevertheless, this Cross of Chevalier from the hand of a Bonapartist minister. Perhaps it will be a Royalist minister who will give you the Cross of Officer."

Our hero remained in Paris four months. He wrote every week to Christiana, who answered regularly. We shall give only two extracts from their correspondence:

MARCILLY, June 15, 1868:

MY DEAR CHILD:—I am quite put out with you. Your last letter was only seven pages, written in your largest hand: the one before was eight full pages. Leopold says this indicates something, and I leave you to exercise your imagination as to the possible and impossible explanations he gives. I know you better, and I think you mean to come back to us soon; and that if you do not write long letters it

is because you are reserving something to talk about in the long evenings and in our tramps across the hills. My own letter to-day shall be short, and shall treat only of business.

Now that you are rich, my cousin, it is time to think about investing your money. My husband and myself do not much fancy investments in stocks and bonds,—mere bits of paper that are blown about by every wind. So Leopold has thought of this. La Mairie (you know the farm near the village of Braye, on the hillside facing Marcilly) is for sale. They ask eighty thousand francs for it, and it brings in two thousand a year. It is a good investment for this part of the country. Besides, La Mairie was formerly a real castle. With thirty thousand francs, you can transform the farm into its original condition. It will suit your tastes admirably, and you will be quite near us. Madeleine suggests that, to avoid useless trips, we can raise a signal flag on the tower of La Mairie and on the donjon at Marcilly. The child is really very clever. Leopold, more serious, considers that if La Mairie belongs to you, it also belongs to him to shoot in; and you know it is his dream to be *the* nimrod of the neighborhood. Our eleven hundred acres are not large enough for him.

Let me hear from you soon on this subject, my dear John. I am surprised at one thing in your letters: you never mention Mademoiselle Désormes. You have probably met her in the social world of Paris, where we are told she is quite a belle.

With homage to Your Celebrity, I am
Very affectionately,

CHRISTIANA.

John's reply was not long in coming:

PARIS, June 18, 1868.

MY DEAR, GOOD COUSIN:—You guessed rightly. If my last letter was shorter than the preceding ones, it is because I hope to be with you in a few days.

How happy I shall be to see you again! And how proud I am of all that has come to me, knowing that, under God, I owe it to you!

Yes, of course I shall purchase La Mairie, since you wish it. But I have another plan also,—the secret that I have thus far kept, fearing my hopes might not be realized. The plan is—to buy back the Lizardière. For this I have worked without flagging, for this I have grown rich. *I want it, and I shall have it!* That is my motto, and I will add it to the arms of the Lizardières when I shall have won back their old nest.

This brings me to the subject of Mademoiselle Désormes. I had not encountered her, and I did not seek the meeting. But two days ago (after sending my last letter), at a party given by the Duke de M., I suddenly found myself face to face with her. She was surrounded by a flying squadron of the Emperor's aids, guards, and auditors of the State Council. She seemed to be ordering them about with the airs of Calypso before the arrival of Ulysses. She is very beautiful in that rôle; but still she is too imperious and too disdainful for so young a girl. One would think she wore her father's millions in an invisible diadem. A wreath of violets would suit her better.

I may be ungrateful, for she was exceedingly kind to me. She inquired affectionately for you all; she congratulated me on my success with the most perfect grace; and finally, to cap the climax, she said gaily: "And Clodion! How is Clodion? You know that I recognized him in the boar hunt?" She did not say whether she recognized herself or not. In short, I repeat, she was charming, though she certainly is lacking in simplicity.

On my side, as I had an end in view, I tried to play the diplomat to perfection. I took Gaëtan de Cambry for my model. You have probably seen him

paying attentions to the pretty women of Tours and Mans. There is something respectful and calm in his demeanor; his admiration of those women is deep, though so veiled as to be scarcely perceptible,—an apparent forgetfulness of their personal charms and an evident appreciation of their intellect. He speaks only on the most elevated subjects. So I did likewise.

Do not imagine, however, that I have given up any of the reserve of my habits of life. No, certainly not. I have listened a great deal and said little. A political theory regarding the liberal Empire was laid before me, and I listened with a flattering surprise. In short, I know that I have not exactly an irreconcilable enemy in Mademoiselle Raymonde, and that was the object of my little diplomacy. I am sure now that she will not refuse to give me the Lizardière,—provided, of course, that I pay all the expenses of the restoration.

Scold me if you wish, dear cousin,—I deserve it. It was rather a mean trick, I know; but I have a grudge against that girl. She humiliated me by her superb generosity and her disdainful munificence, not to mention the rather unpleasant episode of the sword-thrust that I just missed. Clodion alone speaks in her favor. I may be too severe upon her; but, let me tell you, the circle in which she moves does not spare her. She is called the "heartless belle of the moors." The title has been given her because of her haughty refusals to all offers of marriage. It would seem as though she felt insulted by the aspirations of ordinary mortals to her hand, and the rejected admirers club together in their dislike. So far as I am concerned, when she shall have restored the Lizardière to me, I will forget and forgive with all my heart the disagreeable hours she has brought into my life.

I forgot to say that Mademoiselle Raymonde leaves early to-morrow for

Touraine, and will pass several days at the Lizardière, which is now ready for occupancy.

I hope my money will hold out for the two purchases. I shall have the Lizardière because *I* want it, and I shall have La Mairie because *you* wish it. Madeleine's idea in regard to the two flags is admirable. They shall be the white and the tricolor,—*n'est-ce pas?* I shall hoist the white, of course; Leopold, whose allegiance is somewhat shaky, will hoist the tricolor. This sounds well from one who has just been decorated by the Empire! Please ask the Count to prepare a bottle of white Saumur to wet my *red* riband.

Good-bye, my cousin! I have chattered on because you are dear to me and because I am very happy.

JOHN.

One can easily imagine the joy with which John was welcomed on his return. It is in misfortune that we learn who our friends are, says the time-honored proverb; but we also learn it in moments of success and joy. A misanthropic moralist has remarked: "There is something in the misfortunes of our best friends which does not wholly displease us." The thought would seem to have for corollary: "There is in the happiness which comes to them something which displeases us." La Rochefoucauld would never have written that pessimistic line had he been present at John's arrival. There was gentle gayety, as well as smiles and glances which said more than words, pauses prolonged to hear more distinctly the mysterious dialogue of hearts, and tales often twice told.

Madeleine, especially, could not keep still. She had tied and untied John's red riband at least twenty times, and she wanted to know all about everything. Suddenly, putting her finger on his forehead, she inquired:

"But where is your star, cousin John?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, we read in the newspaper: 'Monsieur John de Lizardière will return to Touraine with a star on his forehead.' Where is the star?"

"What a child you are! A star on the forehead means simply a brilliant reputation. It is a metaphor."

"What is a metaphor, please?"

"It is a way people have of not calling things by their right names."

"Then I don't like metaphors. They only deceive children."

"Notwithstanding," said the Count, "let us proceed to water this riband."

The dessert of this first dinner at home had been placed on the table. The wine of Saumur was solemnly brought. The Count filled three goblets with the frothing white liquid, and, vainly trying to conceal his emotion, exclaimed:

"To the glory of our dear cousin the Marquis de Lizardière!"

The Count and Marquis emptied their goblets. Christiana, who never drank wine, touched her lips to her glass; and Madeleine, by a special favor, was accorded a swallow of the famous Angevine nectar.

According to custom, the Count took his after-dinner nap; and John, leading the Countess aside, said:

"You must do me one more favor, my cousin. Come with me to-morrow to the Lizardière."

"So soon?"

"Oh, yes! Mademoiselle Raymonde arrived yesterday; and, after what I have written, you will understand that I am in some haste."

(To be continued.)

O WHAT is death to life! One dead could well
Afford to waste his shroud, if he might wake;
Thou canst afford to waste the world, and sell
Thy footing in it for the new world's sake.
What is the world? It is a waiting place,
Where men put on their robes for that above.
What is the new world? 'Tis a Father's face
Beholden of His sons—the face of love.

—Jean Ingelow.

The Great Battles of Christendom.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

IX.—THE DELIVERANCE OF VIENNA.

WHEN we pass in thought from the naval battle of Lepanto to that "crusade" which history calls the Siege of Vienna, we seem at once to have transferred our interests from the cumbrous methods of Middle-Age warfare to the more familiar outlines of modern military tactics. Only a century has gone by, yet we find ourselves for the first time contemplating the modern conditions of battle, under—or rather on behalf of—one of the now great powers of Europe. True, the foe is the same: Islam, the great enemy of Christendom; but this time the Church's champion hails from a land whose very name is synonymous with suffering—and with suffering for the Faith which once was Christendom's only creed.

Mahometanism, under "the unspeakable Turk," repelled again and again by Christian warriors, and persistently creeping onward toward its coveted prey, had spent as many as ninety years in preparation for a great and final struggle; and had begun its active movement in 1664, when, advancing toward Austria, its forces were met by those of the Christian State, under the illustrious Austrian general, Montecuculi, and vanquished with a loss of 15,000 men. At Candia they were more successful, and had succeeded in wresting it from the once powerful hold of Venice, after a siege of two years. It is said that Pope Clement IX. died of sorrow on learning the news.

Some years passed. Montecuculi was dead; and on the Turkish side an ambitious, able leader, Kara-Mustapha by name, had risen to supreme favor with the reigning Sultan; had married

his daughter, and dreamed of nothing less than "to found a new Turkey in Europe, with Vienna for its capital." It had been wittily remarked of his predecessor, the conqueror of Candia, Achmet Keprilu, that "the Grand Vizier would never rest until he had converted the Basilica of St. Peter into stables for the Sultan's horses"; and Kara Mustapha believed himself destined to carry on the work begun by his predecessor. So men and arms, vessels and provisions, were stored up or made ready during seven long years; and at last, in the winter of 1683, a huge army advanced across Hungary and encamped on its vast and desolate plains.

While the sovereigns of Europe, from Louis XIV. of France onward, were too much absorbed in their own political interests and petty jealousies to remark these ominous preparations, the ever-vigilant eye of the Head of the Church had perceived the danger in prospect, and had sent forth an urgent appeal to all Christian countries to resist the Moslem invader. The King of France, whose chief desire was the conquest of the Low Countries, and the humiliation of Austria at any cost, answered contemptuously that 'were Austria beaten, he could easily crush the Turks by himself, anywhere.' No other power possessed the means of successfully offering resistance; and finally the Pope turned to one who was universally considered the greatest military hero of the day—the King of Poland, John Sobieski.

When Michael Korybut, the weak and incapable sovereign over a high-spirited but turbulent people, had been laid to rest after a brief reign of four unhappy years, the Diet of Poland proceeded, as was its custom, to meet for the election of a new sovereign. Many candidates among foreign princes were suggested or had offered themselves; but in the midst of a stormy discussion

one of the nobles was heard to cry: "Let a Pole rule over Poland!" Others echoed the appeal, and the thoughts and votes of all fell upon one who already had won his laurels as a soldier, and who was finally proclaimed under the title of John III.

He was the son of James Sobieski, the castellan of Cracow, and was born in 1629. The only reminiscence of his childhood which seems to have survived him is the fact that his father wrote for his use a short treatise on education, which is still extant, and is said to give an instructive picture of the state of Polish society then. At the time of which we are writing John was in what is usually called the prime of life—fifty-four; but the anxieties and exertions of a very troubled reign, joined to physical obesity, had aged him and rendered him less active than of yore. His name, however, was still a terror to his enemies, a tower of strength to his friends; and when he consented, at the entreaties of Pope and Emperor together, to take the field, the hopes of Europe revived.

Meanwhile the Turks had begun their march from Belgrade about the 30th of June, 1683, burning and plundering as they went, and committing fearful massacres of the helpless inhabitants of the country along their line of march. As they approached Vienna, the terrified Emperor with his family, and all the wealthier townspeople and nobles, to the number, it is said, of 60,000, fled precipitately into Bavaria; leaving the city to the soldiery and to its poorer inhabitants,—the former of whom amounted to only 20,000, and the latter to about 60,000. These unhappy beings were thus left to the usual fate of dwellers in a besieged town—famine, want, and plague,—all of which were soon rife within its walls; while the soldiery were busily employed in mining and countermining, assaults, sorties, and defence.

The governor of the city, a brave and energetic commander, spared neither himself nor his forces, — watching, encouraging, directing; sleeping among them on a rude mattress upon the ground, that he might be ever at hand, and exercising his ingenuity in devising new defences for the beleaguered city; while the Bishop of Neustadt organized ambulances and personally superintended the removal of the wounded, venturing unflinchingly into the thickest of the fight. "His presence, his calm, his confident piety, encouraged the garrison and cheered the inhabitants" of the unfortunate city, now invested in all due form by the victorious Ottoman. Interesting tales are told of messengers dispatched to beg for help, of signals and hairbreadth escapes, too long to be recounted here, ere any sign of life or hope of succor came to the almost despairing garrison.

The spirit in which John Sobieski undertook a campaign against the Turks at the request of Pope Innocent XI. may be gathered from the following letter addressed by him to that Pontiff:

"HOLY FATHER AND MOST CLEMENT LORD:—We have received, I and the generals of my army, the benediction of your Holiness' nuncio; and to-day, the Feast of the Assumption, I mount my horse to go forth to the Holy War, and, with the help of God, to bring liberty to Vienna. While informing your Holiness of my intentions, I must also acknowledge the impression which your paternal exhortations have made upon my heart, and how deeply I feel the solicitude of your Holiness toward the Christian Republic. I willingly offer my person, my life, my most tender family affections for the good of the cause, well assured as I am that the benediction of your Holiness will ever follow me in the combat on which I am entering for the glory of the Cross and for the preservation of Christianity."

It was, indeed, in no spirit of worldly aggrandizement nor from any merely human policy that he did so; for, on the contrary, in so doing he was forced to displease both the French King and those of his own subjects who feared the encroachments of Germany; and it is impossible to read in this action any save the most single-hearted design of defending the Faith, which has caused him to be compared to a new Godefroy de Bouillion. He began his campaign, like a true Crusader, by visiting and praying in all the churches of Cracovia; and then fixed the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, for the departure of his troops; while, when a certain nobleman pointed out to him on a map the disposition of the Turkish forces, he merely smiled and said: "They are ours: God delivers them to us."

So, his eldest son by his side, and his wife with her sister accompanying him as far as the frontier, the Polish hero of many battles at last made his appearance upon the banks of the Danube. As he passed from village to village, the whole population turned out to salute and welcome him; old men and women wept for joy, while the young men enrolled themselves under his banner. When they reached the point where the Danube should be crossed, they found to their surprise that Duke Charles of Lorraine, their ally, whose forces they joined here, had been able to throw a bridge across it without hindrance from the Turks; and Sobieski's laconic comment was: "The general who, with 300,000 men, has allowed this bridge to be constructed, can not fail to be beaten." So they crossed the Danube.

As they advanced, messenger after messenger, who had traversed the Turkish lines in one disguise or another, brought urgent prayers for haste, addressed to the Duke of Lorraine. "Monseigneur, hasten! There is not a moment to be lost." Within the city,

the governor, redoubling his energies, declared to the Bishop and to his subordinate general that only three or four days more of resistance were possible. Almost all his officers were wounded; his ammunition had failed; a feeling of lassitude and despair had taken possession of his men, after a siege of sixty days, in which they had taken part in eighteen assaults and twenty-four sorties. All through the nights and days the bell of the great Cathedral of St. Stephen continued to ring, "calling the soldiers to the ramparts and the women to prayer"; and the weeping population christened it *angstern*, or agony,—the bell of suffering.

Suddenly, as the eyes of the weary watchers were once more scanning the horizon, from whence they expected, yet almost despaired of, help, a vivid tongue of flame, "a signal fire," leaped up from the summit of a far-off mountain—the Kahleberg! Sobieski, by a daring and hazardous move, instead of proceeding by the plain, had brought his entire army up an all but impassable mountain, causing its trees and brushwood to be cut down by thousands of willing peasant hands as they marched upward; and thus saving some two or three days' march,—saving, in fact, as time proved, the city. The bells of Vienna rang through the entire night, no longer in "anguish" but in hopefulness; and when morning dawned the imprisoned citizens could descry the shining lances of the Polish legions afar off.

It was an anxious moment for the leaders of the relief expedition; for a steep mountain side had to be descended under no small difficulties. But, happily for the Christian forces, their Turkish foe was wrapped in fancied security,—in such supreme confidence that when a few wandering soldiers from their camp encountered by chance a group of the Polish advance guard reconnoitring the

mountain paths, and asked who or what they were, when the answer was returned, "It is King John!" they went back to their camp laughing heartily, and told the story as a good joke.

It was on a Saturday evening that the allied armies of Lorraine and Poland reached the summit of the Kahleberg, whence a wide and extended view was spread out before them. On the plain beneath lay the Turkish camp; farther off, the Austrian capital, with its spires and pinnacles, its grey old walls, and the anxious watchers behind them; the "beautiful blue Danube," renowned in song and story, threading its way like a silver streak across the plain; and far, far northward, the mountains of their own land, the Carpathian ranges.

An ancient castle, a Camaldolese monastery, and a church crowned the summit of the hill where they now found themselves; and in that monastery a council of war had been held during the night. Then as morning dawned the two commanders, arm in arm, repaired to the church, where the Papal Nuncio, a Capuchin Father, and a crowd of princes, nobles, and others, awaited them. Mass was said, served by the King of Poland, who communicated at it; and after the Last Gospel, beckoning to his young son, he laid his sword upon his shoulder and created him knight. Then the Papal Nuncio, holding a crucifix in his hand, came out of the church, and, standing in full view of the entire army drawn up in battle-array, he gave them his blessing; and, turning to the princes who surrounded him, he said: "I declare to you in the name of the Holy See that, if you have confidence in God, victory is yours!" And as he spoke King John leaped on his horse, exclaiming: "Let us march on with confidence! God will aid us."

They were just in the nick of time. The Grand Vizier had commanded a general

assault upon the already enfeebled town; for that morning, when a handful of prisoners, purposely released by Sobieski to spread the tidings, rushed into the Turkish camp with the news that the King of Poland was upon them, their words carried confusion into the Turkish ranks; and hastily did they set their army in array before the advancing allies, in all their tremendous numbers and strength—Transylvanians, Wallachians, Arabs, Tartars,—under old and well-tried generals.

The battle raged all day, with varying success and many feats of valor on both sides; as, for instance, we are told that when ammunition failed among the Christian troops, one French officer loaded his cannon with his gloves, his wig, and a bundle of *Gazette de France* newspapers. Finally, by an incautious movement, Kara Mustapha left his flank undefended. Sobieski flew to take advantage of this error, brandishing his sword like one of the heroes of old, and shouting as he rode forward: "*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini Tuo da gloriam!*"

Tartars, Spahis, Arabs,—all fled before him. His soldiers followed, with ringing cheers and the national war-cry, "God bless Poland!" Four of the Ottoman leaders fell; while Kara Mustapha, bursting into tears, called to the Khan of the Crimea: "Art thou not coming to my assistance?"—"I have told thee already," replied the Khan, turning his horse's head toward the frontier, "that I know the King of Poland. With him there is nought to be done save—to fly!" Then, pointing to an eclipse of the moon which was at that moment taking place, he added: "Behold the heavens! See if Allah himself is not against us!"

So Vienna was saved. Its deliverers did not enter that night; but the next morning, through the last breach made in its walls by an already triumphant enemy, the allied and victorious legions

passed in, to receive the acclamations of almost delirious joy of a wasted but rejoicing population. Sobieski went straight to the nearest church, where he himself intoned a *Te Deum*; then on to the cathedral, where a solemn Mass of Thanksgiving was sung,—the preacher taking as his text the words, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John."

Throughout all Europe the joy was intense. In Rome itself the Pope burst into tears on receiving the news, and public rejoicings continued for a month, while princes and kings of every nation sent congratulations to the noble victor. One of these, from the Queen of Sweden, reveals very clearly the feeling of her fellow-monarchs. "It is to your Majesty, after God, that all other kings owe the preservation of their kingdoms."

One sovereign, however, and that the one most nearly affected by their victory, was too ignoble in character to acknowledge his indebtedness to his preserver. The pusillanimous Emperor of Austria, who had fled at the first approach of the Ottoman invader, and abandoned his people to their fate, now rode back to his reopened capital; and, reluctantly meeting its deliverer, was constrained to murmur some sullen words of gratitude. "I am very glad, sire," replied Sobieski, with a quiet smile, "to have rendered you this little service!" And he turned his horse's head and rode back to his army.

(Conclusion next week.)

DEPEND upon it, vanity is human,—native alike to men and women; only in the male it is of denser texture, less volatile, so that it less immediately informs you of its presence; but it is more massive and capable of knocking you down if you come into collision with it; while in women vanity lays by its small revenges as in a needlecase, always at hand.—*George Eliot.*

Invocatio ad Mariam.

A rendering from Chaucer—"The Second Nun's Tale."

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

I.

O THOU that art the flower of virgins all,
 Of whom that Bernard loved so well to write,
 To thee at my beginning first I call!
 Our sorrow's comfort, make me to endite
 Thy maiden's death, dark path to heavenly light
 And life eternal; victory over hell;
 So men may read hereafter what I tell.

II.

Thou Maid and Mother, daughter of thy Son,
 Thou well of mercy, cure of sinful stain,
 In whom, for pity, God our flesh took on,
 And of thy lowliness had no disdain.
 Since that in thee our nature low did gain
 So high nobility, God did not spare
 His Son our robe of human flesh to wear.

III.

Within the cloister blissful of thy breast
 Took human shape the eternal Love and Peace
 That ruleth earth and sea and heaven blest;
 Whom earth and sea and heaven do not cease
 To praise alway; whom thou for our release
 Bare of thy body, and wast a maiden still,
 His Mother who made all things by His will.

IV.

Assembled is in thee magnificence
 With mercy, goodness, and such ruthless love
 That thou that art the Sun of Excellence,
 Not only helpest those who would thee move
 By prayer, but oft thy kindness thou dost prove;
 Full freely ere that men thine help require,
 Thou goest before and grantest their desire.

V.

Now help, thou meek, thou fair and blissful Maid,
 Me exiled in this land of bitter gall:
 O think on her of Canaan who said
 That dogs may freely eat the crumbs that fall
 From off their master's table! So may all
 Thy bounty share; e'en this poor son of Eve
 Who, sinner though I be, in thee believe.

* "The Second Nun's Tale," one of the "Canterbury Tales," is an account of the martyrdom of St. Cecilia. The teller invokes the aid of the Blessed Virgin before beginning the story. Part of this invocation is a free translation by Chaucer of a passage in Dante's *Paradiso*, Canto xxxiii.

VI.

And, for that faith withouten works is dead
 That I may work, O give me wit and space,
 That I may fly the land of darkness dread,
 O thou that art so fair and full of grace!
 O be mine advocate in that dread place
 Where God's high praise is sung since time began,
 Christ's Mother dear and daughter dear of Anne!

VII.

My soul in prison lighten with thy light,
 That troubled is by the contagion
 Of sinful flesh and also by the might
 Of earthly love and false affection;
 O haven of refuge, O salvation
 Of them that are in sorrow and distress,
 Now help as to my work I me address!

A Notable Event in Canada.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE capital city of the Dominion of Canada saw a notable celebration on what is known as Victoria Day—that is to say, the 24th of May, the birthday of the late Queen of England, which in all the English colonies is still regarded as a holiday. The celebration was the laying of the corner-stone of the new arts building of the University of Ottawa, and the various ceremonies civil and religious in connection with that event.

On the 2d of last December the whole country was startled by the tidings of a conflagration, which had reduced to ashes the main building of this well-known seat of learning, and resulted in the death, after severe suffering, of two of the most popular professors—the Rev. Fathers McGurty and Fullum, O. M. I.,—with other tragic details, with which the daily papers at the time made everyone familiar. The Oblate Fathers in that hour of tribulation were the recipients of the deepest and most widespread sympathy. They had lost not only their splendid buildings, their gem-like chapel which had been the admiration of

every visitor to Ottawa, but an invaluable collection of books and all those appliances which had constituted the educational equipment of the house. The only consolation of the rector and faculty was that not a single student, of the large number collected there from various parts of Canada and the United States, was killed or injured.

The institute had been associated with that primitive Ottawa which was known as Byetown, from its founder, Colonel Bye; and as Byetown College it had originally arisen, in a temporary wooden structure, near the Basilica on Sussex Street. Father Guigues, O. M. I., afterward first Bishop of Ottawa, was its first director, in that year of 1848; being succeeded respectively by Fathers Chevalier, Migneault and Gaudet. It was soon removed to more commodious quarters; but the present site, upon what is known to residents of Ottawa as Sandy Hill, was not chosen until 1854. At that time it was felt that larger accommodation was requisite to meet the growing needs of the population; and a man was raised up, providentially, to undertake the onerous task of building a college, and of supplying it with skilled professors and the necessary equipment for the various departments of science, of arts, of theology.

This man was Father Tabaret, who brought to bear upon the new foundation the high attainments, the unflagging energy, the glowing enthusiasm, which the work required. He was justly regarded as the founder of the institute, and his statue in bronze was erected before the door of the main building. It stood upon its pedestal, unscathed, through the fiery ordeal of last December; and while the buildings which had been the work of his hands fell in ruins all about, that silent figure in immortal bronze remained, at once as a symbol and a promise,—a symbol that what lofty courage and unweary-

ing effort had once accomplished could be accomplished again; and a promise that the saintly priest would look down from high heaven on the work to which he had devoted the best years of his early life, and which had already reaped so fruitful a harvest in the interests of religion and Catholic education.

He had gathered about him in those earlier years, after the institute had been incorporated as "Ottawa College," a staff of efficient coadjutors in every department of learning, sacred and profane; and to them he intrusted the task which fell from his hands in 1886, when, full of years and honors, he passed to his reward. He did not live to see the full fruition of his labors—when the College was, in 1889, raised to the rank of a university by his late Holiness Leo XIII. This happy result was in great measure due to the efforts of his Grace Archbishop Duhamel, also an alumnus of the establishment and a member of the Oblate Order. The Rev. Father Payrer, O. M. I., was at that time rector; but he was shortly succeeded by the late learned and saintly Father James McGuckin, who had a clear perception of the new demands upon the institute, and made the most strenuous efforts to broaden and extend its curriculum and appliances, and bring them into harmony with the scope and character of a university. During the incumbency of the next director, Father Constantineau, O. M. I., the new science building, which happily escaped the ravages of the fire, was completed.

It remained for the present rector, the Rev. Father Emery, O. M. I., to behold at once the destruction of the noble pile of buildings over which he presided and the first step toward its reconstruction. In conjunction with Archbishop Duhamel, the members of the faculty and many generous friends, Father Emery, with admirable initiative, lost no time in causing the ruins to be

cleared away and the site marked out for a new University. The plans have been supplied by Mr. von Herbulis, an Austrian residing in Washington, who designed some notable educational buildings in Washington, Notre Dame, Georgetown, and elsewhere. The new structure promises not only to surpass the old, but to offer a magnificent specimen of architecture which shall be an ornament to the capital of a great country.

The fundamental step of laying the corner-stone was therefore taken on the 24th of May, of this year 1904, and was the occasion of a truly grand demonstration, participated in by all classes and creeds in Ottawa. It was a glorious day; and the beautifully shaded streets of the little town, fragrant with the breath of lilacs and countless blossoming trees, were fairly alive with people hastening toward Sandy Hill to witness as much as might be possible of the celebration or to hear fragments of the speeches.

The proceedings opened with a Pontifical Mass in St. Joseph's Church (precisely opposite the site of the University), at which Archbishop Duhamel, chancellor of the institute, officiated, in presence of Mgr. Sbaretti, Papal Delegate to Canada; Cardinal Gibbons; the Archbishops of Montreal, Toronto, Kingston; the bishops of London, Pembroke, and Valleyfield; the rector of Laval University, representatives of religious Orders from all parts of the Dominion, and a host of secular clergy. When Mass was over, the procession, enlivened by the red robes of the Cardinal and the purple of the bishops, passed from the church to the southwest corner of the newly cleared site.

The corner-stone was laid by the Papal Delegate, and speeches commemorative of the occasion were delivered by Lord Minto, his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and Bishop Emard, of Valley-

field. The Governor General spoke of "the cruel fire which reduced to a tottering skeleton the edifice we all knew so well, and cast grief upon the community for the loss of brave lives which could ill be spared; but in this day's ceremony is being celebrated the inauguration of a new building that shall be architecturally worthy of the capital of the Dominion." He expressed the hope that many distinguished men "may go forth thence to contribute to the history of their country, and that the possibilities of the future may offer the benefits of a university education on broad lines to a great and growing city, opening a fitting home not only to students of literature and art but to the scientist, the surveyor, the engineer and the electrician, on whose early training the development of the mighty resources of the country so directly depends." He paid a high tribute to the Cardinal, whom he welcomed to Ottawa, and in whom he recognized one who has not only for many years occupied the position of a great dignitary of the Church of Rome on the continent of America, but who has done much by his "distinguished influence to direct and control the modern thought and the religious tendencies of the New World."

Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield, one of the foremost pulpit orators of French Canada, and an alumnus of the University, next spoke in French. He rapidly summarized, in a powerful and dramatic address, the losses inflicted by the fire, and the renewed hopes with which the reconstruction was now being attempted of a seat of learning which had proved an incalculable boon.

Some extracts from the address of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, which was fully in keeping with his high reputation and the importance of the ceremonial which he attended, will no doubt be read with interest. The address took precedence of all others, and formally

opened the proceedings of the day. It is not too much to say that the reception accorded to this eminent prince of the Church partook of the character of an ovation. Everywhere the people crowded upon his footsteps to catch a glimpse of this prelate of international fame; and those in a position to do so were eager to extend a hospitality, which his Eminence's limited stay compelled him to decline. He was the guest of the Archbishop of Ottawa; but he had the place of honor at dinner with the Papal Delegate, with Lord Minto, and with the Speaker of the House of Commons; and he attended a public reception at the Russell Theatre, where a multitude of people of every creed and class and nationality filled the building.

"Notwithstanding the length and fatigues of this journey and my advancing years," remarked the Cardinal in his inaugural address, "I could not hesitate to comply with an invitation which I regarded, indeed, in the light of a command, especially as we are assembled here in the sacred cause of Christian endeavor. . . . A traveller in passing through the various States of the Union and these Provinces of Canada, as I have done, can not fail to be struck by the splendor of these institutions of religion and of education which confront him on every side."

Having ascribed this circumstance to "those sturdy immigrants who in past days and generations came from Europe and settled upon our shores," he proceeded to pay a tribute to the three great countries which have chiefly contributed, here in the New World, to this result. England, in the first place, which settled his own primatial See of Baltimore, and proclaimed there "the sacred doctrines of civil and religious liberty, declaring that in that colony no person should be disturbed or molested on account of his religious belief. And this was the first procla-

mation of religious freedom on the shores of America."

Then the distinguished speaker went on to refer to the debt which Religion and the world at large owe to Ireland:

"You will all agree with me that Ireland has contributed not a little to the temporal and spiritual prosperity of the United States and of the British colonies. I venture to say that there is not to-day a town or village of the United States or Australia or the British Empire where the Christian Faith has not been proclaimed and supported by clergymen of Irish birth or Irish descent. Whatever may have been the unhappy causes which led to the expatriation of so many of Ireland's sons and daughters, Divine Providence has regulated their exile and made it subordinate to higher and holier purposes. Daniel Webster, one of the foremost statesmen of the United States, delivered an eloquent address in the Senate upon the vast extent of the British Empire, using these beautiful words: 'England has dotted the whole surface of the earth with her forts and military possessions, whose morning drumbeat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth with one unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.' May we not say with equal assurance that wherever England has planted her flag, there the Irish missionary has endeavored to plant the cross, the symbol of salvation? Wherever England has proclaimed her laws, there the Catholic missionary has announced the Gospel; and wherever England has built a fort or a custom-house, there the missionary of Christ has raised a church or a chapel to the service of Almighty God."

He then referred to that third nationality which has had so potent an influence on the destinies of the Church in every land,—“a nation which should be dear to the heart of every Canadian, which centuries ago sent to this country

her sons and her daughters, who were the pioneers of religion and civilization. For three centuries after the discovery of the American continent, missionaries from France crossed the ocean and explored our rivers, our mountains and our lakes, carrying with them the civilization of the Old World. They held the torch of Faith in the one hand and the torch of science in the other, and the charts and maps which they sent back to Europe are regarded even to this day as models of topographical accuracy."

After paying a further tribute to these apostolic soldiers in the vanguard of civilization, his Eminence turned the current of his remarks toward the great event of the day. "I have reason to hope and believe," he said, "that this new temple to be devoted to science and religion will, like the Temple of Solomon, surpass the old in the majesty and beauty of its architecture, in the splendor of its appointments, and in the number of its patrons and attendants." And having quoted the sublime words of Isaiah, as to the light which is come and the glory which is arisen, in sons coming from afar to see and abound, as a light to the Gentiles, the distinguished orator concluded in a passage of remarkable eloquence:

"God grant that these fair words of Isaiah may be realized in the future glory of this University, when thousands of the sons of Canada shall issue from its portals, clothed in a panoply of truth and justice, and carrying the words of truth, in behalf of God and of their beloved country!... Where the bishops and the clergy and the people are united, there is no such word as 'fail.' You form a triple cord which can not be broken,—a triple alliance more formidable than any political alliance, because it is in the cause of humanity. Consider the great aim which you have in view. Are you

not all children of the same Father, brothers and sisters in the same Christ? There are diversities of congregations, but the same spirit; diversities of ministries, but the same Lord.... We are all in the same bark, tossed about by the same storms, and starting toward the same eternity,—prospective children of God."

Urging them, therefore, to unite in the building of the spiritual Sion, his Eminence ended amid a storm of applause.

The luncheon which followed the laying of the corner-stone—served in the Rideau Rink, to accommodate the great number of guests,—was attended by the leaders of both political parties and the various dignitaries of Church and State. Cardinal Gibbons proposed the health of the Pope, which was felicitously responded to by the Papal Delegate, who dwelt upon the support which the Catholic Church has ever extended to the cause of education. Archbishop Duhamel followed, thanking all who had in any way contributed to the success of the celebration, and calling upon Lord Minto to propose the health of the King. The Hon. Richard Harcourt toasted Canada and its Prime Minister, and called forth one of those polished and effective gems of eloquence for which Sir Wilfrid Laurier is proverbial, but which space forbids us to reproduce here. Other speakers were: the Rev. Dr. Herridge, the well-known and popular Presbyterian divine, who gave the toast of the United States, replied to by the Consul General, Mr. Foster. Dr. Herridge was one of many clergymen of the various denominations who were present and added by their evident good-feeling and liberality to the pleasure of the occasion. Toasts were also given by Mr. Belcourt, M. P., Speaker of the Commons; Mr. Murphy, M. P.; Major Ellis; and Dr. Fallon, O. M. I., formerly pastor of St. Joseph's Church, who

was so warmly welcomed by a wide circle of friends and parishioners.

And in concluding this brief article, descriptive of an event which is truly of national as well as religious importance, it would be decidedly pertinent to recall the debt which Canada owes to the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate for their untiring labors in the missionary field. Their apostolic work has rivalled in the wilds of the Northwest the glorious deeds of those earlier missionaries who have made the name of Canada forever illustrious. They have traversed the ice plains of the Far North, in Arctic temperature, crossed mountains, forced a path through hitherto impenetrable forests, and in frail canoes followed the course of once unnavigable rivers; carrying everywhere the Gospel message to the fierce aborigines, and opening up the paths of civilization to the adventurous colonists who are now founding, as it were, a new empire at the base of the Rocky Mountains, which is destined to exercise a wide influence on the future of this continent.

The record of the Oblate Order is a noble one. It has given to Canada such apostles as Archbishop Taché, late metropolitan of Winnipeg; and Mgr. Langevin, his worthy successor, who has fought so gallant a fight for Catholic education; also the venerable Bishop Grandin, who spent half a century in the remotest wilds of the Northland; and Father Lacombe, whose hair has grown silvered in his journeying, whose tireless foot has never wearied carrying the glad tidings to every point of that boundless region.

It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure and pride that we should witness the reconstruction of that pile which is to be for the English-speaking Catholics of Ontario a veritable landmark, and which has already accomplished so notable a work in the cause of Catholic education.

The Finger of God.

COMMENTING on the fact that the Fathers of the Holy Ghost who are engaged in missionary work in Central Africa have brought under their ministration the Holo people, a tribe rather noted for their ferocity, Father Wendling tells, in *Les Missions Catholiques*, of the first attempt at their evangelization.

It was in 1901 that the Reverend Father Santos, despite the sinister predictions of some friendly Blacks, penetrated to the heart of the Holo country. Confiding in Divine Providence, and obeying the Saviour's mandate, "Going, teach ye all nations," he set out on his dangerous journey, armed only with his missionary cross.

At the entrance to the first Holo village, he was met by a deputation, who bluntly told him he must proceed no farther. "Go back the way you came!" was their greeting. "No white man can enter here." Father Santos, however, did not consider it necessary to take their prohibition seriously; and for answer merely touched up the steer astride which he was riding, and soon dismounted in front of the first cabins of the village. At sight of him, men, women, and children poured out of the huts, crying out in fury: "Get out! Go back!"

Realizing that the moment was an unfavorable one, and that he could scarcely hope to effect any good just then by remaining, the missionary bowed to the inevitable and remounted his steer to take his departure.

Then the scene took on another aspect. "Death, death!" was the cry that burst forth on all sides. The men brandished their rifles, women and boys belabored the steer with sticks and pricked its breast and flanks with their sharp-pointed javelins, until the poor animal, infuriated by its sufferings,

upset its rider. No sooner had the missionary fallen to the ground than one of the Blacks pressed his rifle against the priest's breast. It was a perilous moment. The savages were in a murderous mood, and the missionary was probably as near death as he will ever be without actually experiencing it. With the most perfect self-possession, however, he remarked: "Take care, my friend, I am the man of God, and your crime may cost you dear." The tranquil gravity of his words affected the crowd. They drew back for a while, and Father Santos profited by the opportunity to regain his steer, mount, and ride away.

Soon afterward, much to the surprise of the Fathers, a deputation from that very village arrived at the mission and begged the priests to accept several head of cattle; assuring the Fathers, moreover, that thereafter they would be well received among the Holo.

The explanation of this transformation was simple enough. On the very day of Father Santos' dangerous adventure, the fellow who had threatened to shoot him dropped dead as he entered his hut; and the next day the terrible plague which has made such ravages among the Holo appeared in the village. Even as of old the magicians said to Pharaoh, "The finger of God is here," the Blacks, if they did not say so, recognized the fact.

As a result, not only in the village where these happenings occurred, but throughout the whole region, delegates were chosen to seek the missionaries and beg them to banish the plague. Two large crosses, which thirty thousand people kissed on their knees, were erected on this occasion, and the disease ceased.

It was certainly a most propitious beginning of the new mission. Father Wendling states that, in company with Father Santos, the hero of this narrative, he has visited all the Holo

settlements in the Congo district. They were everywhere well received. In each village an ox was killed in their honor. The good work of the Gospel has already prospered. A chapel is in course of construction on the right bank of the river; and on the left bank three churches have been finished, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, St. George, and St. Victor.

A Benefactress of the Blind.—Remarkable Accomplishments.

IT is one thing to be blind," says Coventry Patmore, "and another to be in darkness." Until, in the last century, Valentine Haüy conceived the idea of teaching the blind to read by means of characters in relief, their condition was one of unrelieved darkness. He proved that the sense of touch, in them more delicate than in those possessed of sight, could be greatly developed and variously trained. Others took up his idea, and the sad lot of many blind persons was immeasurably alleviated. But there was no notable improvement in, or extension of, the system invented by M. Haüy until in 1829, when M. Louis Braille introduced a conventional alphabet, comprised of six raised dots ingeniously combined, by means of which the blind were enabled to write words, figures, and music, also to communicate among themselves. This system is called after its celebrated inventor and is the one now in general use.

It remained for a woman to extend and perfect the work of these great benefactors of the blind. Mlle. L. Mulot is the inventor of a system which, besides being more complete, though not less simple, than that of M. Braille, enables the blind to communicate freely with others. By her ingenuity and perseverance, this remarkable woman has placed the

blind *en rapport* with those who see, and removed obstacles to their education which seemed wholly insurmountable. The superiority of Mlle. Mulot's system is in the employment of letters instead of characters; and it is so easily mastered that her pupils are able to write with astonishing ease and rapidity. Another advantage of this new system is that study is rendered not only much more interesting, but much less fatiguing to the mind and trying to the nerves. The importance of this advantage could hardly be exaggerated. Dr. Jules Voisin, an eminent French scientist, is of opinion that a large per cent of the pupils under Mlle. Mulot's care would have been classed as imbeciles, or surely become such, had they been subjected to a different system of instruction.

That the blind are susceptible of higher education, and that Mlle. Mulot's system is the right one, is shown by the fact, extraordinary though it may seem, that two of her pupils have been graduated with high honors at the Sorbonne. She is the founder and directress of a school for the blind at Angers, which at present numbers sixty pupils; and she has just begun the foundation of another "maternal school" for small children. Experience has shown the necessity of removing blind children at an early age from all influences—there are many—which militate against their intellectual development. It is not too much to say that, in the case of blind children, everything depends upon the way in which they are managed when very young. Their education must begin almost with infancy.

It would be useless to attempt to explain the method of instruction introduced by Mlle. Mulot, or to describe the ingenious stylographic guide of which she is the inventor. The system must be examined in order to be thoroughly appreciated; and the surprisingly

successful result of an ordinary blind child's efforts in composition must be seen to enable one to judge of the importance and completeness of Mlle. Mulot's invention. It seems incredible that a little child born blind should be able to produce anything legible; yet this was the pathetic message written for us at a moment's notice—written more clearly than we could write it—by a boy hardly ten years old: "I am glad to see you, my Father. André Merland." We are assured that André is not among the brightest of Mlle. Mulot's pupils, but we venture to say that it would be hard to find anywhere a child of his age with a more thorough knowledge of geography. He also knows arithmetic, plays the piano, etc.

It is to be hoped that Mlle. Mulot's visit to the St. Louis Exposition, in company with one of her devoted colaborers, will result in making her admirable system of instruction more widely known, and in the establishment of a school for blind Catholic children in the United States. So far as we know there is none. These lines are written with the prayer that, among American Catholics, Mlle. Mulot may find some generous souls disposed to co-operate with her in the noble work to which her life has been nobly devoted. The sacrifices she has made and the importance of what she has accomplished entitle her to rank among the greatest benefactors of the blind; and surely a work so urgent and so meritorious as hers should have many supporters.

Communications for Mlle. Mulot may be addressed in our care; and it will afford us more pleasure than we can express to receive contributions for the extension of her work and the support of her charges, many of whom are objects of charity as well as pity.

ERROR itself is always invisible: its nature is the absence of light.—*Jacobi*.

Notes and Remarks.

Our English exchanges chronicle the opening of a Catholic church at Northenden on the Mersey, in Cheshire. It was the first celebration of Mass in that village since Reformation times. The church, which is dedicated to St. Hilda, was erected three years ago by a Protestant lady; but there was some disagreement about the form of service to be followed, and the edifice was offered for sale, the Bishop of Shrewsbury becoming the purchaser. The pastor of Northenden is a convert to the Church and the happy successor of a martyr priest. The last Mass in the village was offered by the Venerable Father Barlow, O. S. B., who was put to death on September 10, 1641, for exercising the ministry in a neighboring parish. So it goes in England and many, many other lands.

A comparison has been instituted between this country and Germany as to their respective expenditures for pensions. From statements compiled at Washington, it appears that seven-ninths of all the survivors of our Union armies are drawing pensions aggregating one hundred and thirty millions a year. On the other hand, hardly one-seventh of the survivors of Germany's wars of thirty odd years ago are on the pension list, and they draw from the national treasury the annual sum of only two millions and a half. So notable a difference will impress the ordinary citizen as significant—of other things than a country's exuberant gratitude to the oldtime "boy in blue."

— "If there were to-day missionaries for the work—zealous, earnest, self-sacrificing men," says the official Report of Mission Work among the Negroes, "there is not a considerable city or town in the whole South in which

within twelve months a Negro congregation of fair size and good promise could not be established." In another part of the Report we are told that the dearth of missionaries is by no means due to lack of vocations for the colored apostolate: "There are young men in plenty up and down the country,—good, generous, enthusiastic souls, full of faith, zeal, and youthful buoyancy, ready at a beck to go even on a forlorn hope with a chance of saving souls." But neither these young men nor the bishops in whose dioceses they would labor can afford to pay the seminary expenses; and the amount of the annual collection for Negro missions shows that either the needs of the apostolate are not vividly realized by the laity of the country, or that the apostolate itself does not appeal to American Catholics. Yet the missionaries themselves, who have the best opportunities of judging, are full of enthusiasm and confidence. We quote the Report once more:

It is frequently asserted that nothing can be done with the Negroes,—that results are not permanent: that they are made Catholics and unmade again by the first adverse influence under which they come. Facts controvert and absolutely disprove flippant assertions such as this, recklessly made by those who either attach no meaning to their words, or in whom zeal for the Negro is not a characteristic. Not only do they persevere, but they become zealous and successful missionaries. Among the conversions being made in the South at this very day there are some people—physicians, lawyers, merchants, and master-workmen, as well as the more humble,—who prize their Faith as highly as do most white men, and have an abiding sense of the obligations it imposes.

The bishops, especially those ruling over Southern Sees, could place one hundred priests among Negro parishes; but where are they to come from, and how would they be supported? Yet even while we ask these questions we are obliged to confess that the sects have found no difficulty in answering them, so far as their own missions

are concerned. One Protestant society collected at a single meeting as much money for Negro missionary work as is contributed annually by our whole Catholic population to both the Negro and Indian apostolates.

Two Japanese officers engaged in a daring attempt to dynamite bridges and destroy telegraphic communication on the Eastern Chinese road were captured by the Russians and promptly condemned to death. The press dispatch that reports the occurrence continues: "One of the men was a Catholic and made his final confession to a Russian priest, there being no representative of the [Roman] Catholic priesthood in Harbin." The Catholic Japanese officer did the right thing in the circumstances, of course. It must have been an edifying—and mystifying—spectacle to the onlookers to see the brave Japanese kneeling beside the Russian priest to confess his sins and to beg absolution. We venture to say that nothing in all the world save Catholic Faith could have brought about that marvellous act of humility and confidence. The conduct of Catholic soldiers during our Civil War had much to do with the lessening of anti-Catholic prejudice in this country; let us hope that one result of the Eastern cataclysm will be to teach the Japanese people that the conversion of their countrymen to the True Faith would in nowise interfere with their duty to the Mikado.

There is an element of romantic adventure, somewhat refreshing in these matter-of-fact days, in the voyage upon which the United States cruiser *Tacoma* set out at the end of May. It recalls memories of Captain Marryat and Clark Russell and Cooper and Stevenson and Jules Verne, to read of a regular search-party exploring Southern Pacific waters in quest of mariners who sailed from an Hawaiian

seaport forty-five years ago and have since been unheard of. The war sloop *Levant* left Hilo in 1859; and as no news of her subsequent movements or fate ever reached our Navy Department, she was believed to have foundered. Recently, however, it has been discovered that a spar of the *Levant* had been washed ashore on the south coast of Hawaii,—an indication that the vessel had been wrecked instead of foundering. On the chance—admittedly a slim one—that the vessel may have gone ashore on Degreaves Island, about nineteen degrees west of Hilo, and that some survivors of the officers and crew may still be living there, the present expedition has been sent out. Degreaves, the discoverer of the island—or islet, rather—that has taken his name, is at present a leper at Molokai. Many of our younger readers, and possibly a few of our young-hearted older ones, will envy the men of the *Tacoma* the voyage to Southern latitudes for a purpose so unusual.

Three or four years ago the most notorious of latter-day Italian brigands vaingloriously declared: "Even the foreign newspapers are interested in me. I must really be one of the best known men in Italy." Possibly the Morocco bandit Raisuli is congratulating himself on having attained a similar world-wide notoriety. His seizure of Messrs. Perdicaris and Varley, an American and a British citizen, has, in any case, brought both himself and his country into a prominence that is fairly certain to prove disastrous to the continued independence of either. Whatever be the upshot of the immediate efforts to release the bandit's prisoners—and the departure for Tangier of three or four American warships indicates that the efforts will be sufficiently strenuous,—it can scarcely be doubted* that the ultimate effect of Raisuli's criminal escapade will be the practical occupa-

tion of Morocco by France. For all practical purposes, this Moslem country of Northern Africa is in a chronically anarchical state; and the nominal ruler, Sultan Mulai Abdul Aziz, either can not or will not protect life and property. An agreement between France and England will very likely terminate this unsatisfactory condition of affairs, and a few years hence the Raisulis will probably find their occupation gone.

Just as one of the signs of the times in matters educational, we note that, in an Eastern city the other day, at a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the mayor of the city suggested that coeducation should be abolished in the public schools. He urged "that recent cases in which small girls figured made it necessary to adopt measures to increase the Society's usefulness." The suggestion as to the separation of the sexes was opposed by the superintendent of schools on the sole ground, so far as is reported, of financial expenditure. "It would mean the employment of twice as many teachers as are now engaged." That is probably a fallacy, in the first place; and, in the second, the safeguarding of morality ought to be the paramount consideration.

"The wages paid in Porto Rico are, on an average, fifty per cent less in many instances at present than under the old Spanish régime." This is the surprising report made by Mr. Samuel Gompers after a careful investigation of labor conditions on the island. But far more disappointing is the following: "Having witnessed poverty, misery, and absence of the possibility of delicacies among the members of a family, millions of men and women dying from starvation, and knowing that there is a death-rate there of 450 to 500 a month from starvation, I can say that

the conditions obtaining in Porto Rico reflect no credit on our country." It is incredible that a man of Mr. Gompers' standing should make such an assertion as this without having facts to support it; yet it seems equally incredible that a country so rich in resources as Porto Rico should lapse into such a deplorable condition under fair economic conditions. We have not had much experience in the gentle art of governing populous colonies; but if the death-rate from starvation in Porto Rico be anything like what Mr. Gompers reports, it is high time to organize a relief expedition—and to revise tariff laws.

We have already more than once referred to the excellent series of articles by Dom Maternus Spitz, O. S. B., appearing in the *London Tablet*. They deal with the status and prospects of the Church in countries where, until recent years, it was without foothold. The ruin and desolation of the Reformation was nowhere, perhaps, more complete than in Norway, once called the "Patrimony of St. Olaf." Three kings—notably Olaf, saint, confessor, and martyr—converted the Norwegians to the Faith in the tenth century; three kings robbed them of it in the sixteenth century; and, by a strange coincidence, three kings contributed to its restoration in the century just closed. It was not until 1845, however, that the corner-stone of the first Catholic church in Norway since the Reformation was laid at Christiania; and the present Bishop, Mgr. Fallize, is the first Catholic prelate in the land of St. Olaf since the days of Luther. Fire and sword, violence and brutality, penal laws and exile, had all but extinguished the light of Catholic truth in Norway.

According to Dom Spitz, the number of Norwegian Catholics in 1869 did not exceed two hundred; to-day there are

many signs of a bright future for the Church, the dispositions of the Lutheran population are so favorable. The Feast of St. Olaf is now a general holyday; and he is venerated as the chief patron of the nation, though all know him to have been of the Old Faith. Catholics enjoy full liberty of action, and (since 1894) are eligible for public offices. Priests hold the rank of State officials, and are acknowledged as registrars of births, marriages, and deaths. Dr. Krogh-Tonning, formerly Lutheran pastor at Christiania, who was received into the Church three years ago, is sometimes referred to as the "Newman of the North," and his influence throughout Norway is compared to that of the great Cardinal in English-speaking countries.

Senator Chauncey Depew lectured at Yale recently on "Practical Politics"; and in a letter of thanks which has been made public those who attended assure him that his discourse "was the best and most helpful, as well as the most appropriate and eloquent, address that they have ever had the privilege of hearing." Mr. Depew is practical in other directions than politics. Here is one of his brief essays:

Most unhappy people have become so by gradually forming a habit of unhappiness—complaining about the weather, finding fault with their food, with crowded cars, and with disagreeable companions or work. A habit of complaining, of criticising, of fault-finding or grumbling over trifles, a habit of looking for shadows, is a most unfortunate habit to contract, especially in early life; for after a while the victim becomes a slave; all the impulses become perverted, until the tendency to pessimism, to cynicism, is chronic.

Mr. Israel Zangwill is apprehensive of an anti-Semitic outbreak throughout Great Britain; besides the Aliens Bill introduced in Parliament by Lord Balfour's ministry, there is, says the Jewish writer, "Jew-baiting in Wales, Jew-boycotting in Ireland, and anti-

Semitic pamphleteering in Scotland." It is a common complaint that the persecution of the chosen people is a practice peculiar to Catholic countries; yet England, Scotland and Wales are far from being Catholic countries. As for France, if we may believe M. Leroy-Beaulieu, who has just completed a series of lectures at Harvard University, and who has been noisily welcomed by Jewish leaders in this country as a friend of their race, "it was Ernest Renan who contributed more than any one writer to open the doors of France to the anti-Semitic movement."

As a matter of justice we note that M. Leroy-Beaulieu, while admitting that the French Jew affiliates readily with Freemasonry, denies that he is the moving spirit of the malevolent brotherhood. "Freemasonry in Europe," he said, "is indeed a deadly enemy of Christianity; and Jews, seeking eagerly for such means as may help them to the social position and to the influence they crave, have not neglected this opportunity. But there is no significance in the coincidence."

It is gratifying that the students of Harvard should be enlightened as to the nature of French Masonry by so unexceptionable an authority as M. Leroy-Beaulieu; it will help them to understand many questions affecting the Church in Europe. And hardly less gratifying was his positive statement in the same lecture regarding the policy of the government of that curious "republic." We quote:

In France, throughout the vast republic, the government has been constantly at odds with the Catholic Church; consequently a non-Christian has had an advantage in the competition for government positions—a very fertile cause for discontent among Christians and a very important source of anti-Semitic feelings. Not that the average Christian begrudges a position to the Hebrew who has the intelligence and the activity to earn it and fulfil its functions: the reproach is rather for the government, which seems to prefer Jews to Christians.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

VI.—THE GREEN ROOM.

AFTER breakfast on Sunday morning, Teddy, having dressed himself as neatly as possible, presented himself, cap in hand, before the Sandman, who was sitting at ease in a great armchair on the gallery, smoking a huge pipe, with his feet stretched out upon a bench. When Teddy came and stood beside him, the Sandman regarded him through a cloud of smoke; but, despite his steady glance, the boy, who had nerved himself for the ordeal, began resolutely:

"I say, Mister, where is the nearest church, please?"

"Church!" cried the Sandman, taking his pipe from his mouth in amazement. "Church, boy! Why, there you have the great Temple of Nature, with the sky for roof, the grass a rarer carpet than ever was woven, the birds for choristers, the sun instead of tapers."

"But I want to go to church," said Teddy, doggedly.

"Go to the woods, boy,—go to the woods and worship there."

"There isn't any Mass in the woods," persisted Teddy. "It's Sunday, and I have to go to Mass."

"Cease this nonsense, Alexieff," said the Sandman, suddenly dropping his affectation of lightness.

"It isn't nonsense, sir," answered Teddy boldly. "I never missed Mass on Sunday in my life, and I am not going to begin now."

The Sandman's face hardened. He leaned forward and seized Teddy's arm in a vise-like grasp.

"Do you see that speck in the distance?" he asked, pointing over the bay to where the sun lay in a golden haze along the shore.

Teddy followed the direction of the Sandman's finger, but was not sure whether or no he could distinguish any particular object.

"I believe," went on the Sandman, "that is what you call a church,—a Roman Catholic church. Now, you see what the chances are of getting there, unless you, Alexieff, suddenly develop wings and fly."

He paused impressively; and then continued, shaking a warning finger in Teddy's face to emphasize his words:

"Besides, I tell you, if that edifice were down here upon the sand in front of us, I would not let you, nor any one else in this house, enter it. You understand?"

Teddy's face took on an expression which his aunt knew well, and which had often caused her to say that he was perfectly unmanageable, and so headstrong that no lone woman could control him.

"Go now," said the Sandman,—"go and amuse yourself. Worship in the woods, if you will; though what is Sunday? All days are the same."

Teddy, without further argument, walked down the steps and presently disappeared. The Sandman, chuckling at the boy's discomfiture, puffed away at his pipe, and finally dismissed the whole matter from his mind.

It was recalled to him just at dinner time,—the early midday dinner which was the rule of the castle. Katrinka blew her horn and the hunchback answered alone, looking somewhat pale and scared.

"Master," said Katrinka, suddenly

appearing at the Sandman's elbow just as he was about to tear himself from his comfortable chair and from his reveries, which were mounting upward into the blue air with the smoke of his pipe,—“Master, there is but one besides yourself for dinner.”

“What?” cried the Sandman, starting to instant attention. “Where is the other boy?”

“Only one is here,” said Katrinka.

“Which?” he inquired, though he seemed already to guess the reply.

“Vladimir,” she responded briefly.

“Where—where is the other?”

“I do not know.”

“Vladimir!” called the Sandman in a terrific voice.

The hunchback appeared, pale and trembling. He expected to be questioned, and had already thought out the whole matter in his mind. He had resolved to tell any lie which should shield his friend and conceal his own knowledge of what had occurred. “For,” he argued, “he tells me to be perfectly truthful, but he also wants me to do good to others. I shall do good to Teddy and myself, and he has no right to frighten me.”

“Where is your companion?” was the first question.

“I do not know, sir,” answered the little fellow firmly. “He went for a walk and I have not seen him since.”

The Sandman's eyes searched the boy's face. It was perfectly impassive, and he thought it wiser not to express the doubt which arose in his mind.

“How long is it since you saw him?”

“About two hours, I think.”

“Why did you not tell me he was absent?”

“I thought he was in the woods.”

The Sandman rose.

“Come, we will have our dinner,” he said, “and then we shall seek him. Katrinka will look for him. He has walked too far. He must not walk so far again.”

The hunchback shivered at the threatening sound in the Sandman's voice, but he followed him to the dining-room without further remark. The boy did not feel particularly comfortable. Somehow, Teddy's words about God kept coming back to him, and he remembered how he had said: “What do you do when you're bad?” Who was this God, and how could He possibly know when a boy was bad?

These thoughts occupied him during dinner; and after it was over he went out into the bright sunshine, and strolled about aimlessly, watching the white butterflies flitting about, and listening to the chirp of the grasshoppers. He missed Teddy very much, and only hoped that he would come back soon. Every once in a while he caught glimpses of old Katrinka's ungainly figure darting in and out amongst the trees and bushes like some strange animal. He followed her down to the shore, and watched how her big shoes made grotesque marks upon the sand. She could find no trace of the missing lad for all her diligence, and came back with the brief announcement:

“Master, he is gone!”

“He shall be found! He shall come back!” cried the Sandman, in great anger. “He shall not escape me!”

Katrinka made no reply, but retired to her own kingdom, where, despite the warmth of the day, she stood in the full blaze of a fierce fire and brandished her iron spoon, thinking all the time those strange thoughts which she seldom put into words.

A very dark night followed the beauty of that glorious sunlight, and ruthlessly shut out the charms of the spring day; though the air was soft and still, and the trembling stars stole out in silvery clusters. The Sandman, greatly disturbed in mind, paced up and down the gallery, stopping now and then to peer out into the gloom. It must

have been all of half-past nine when his quick ears caught the sound of feet coming up the path from the beach,—slow, reluctant feet, laggard and halting, as of one fatigued; and Vladimir, whose nose was flattened against the glass of his own window, as well as the watcher on the gallery, cried out:

"It's he!"

The hunchback was overjoyed at Teddy's return, though he trembled for what might happen; and the Sandman was little less rejoiced, though he had no mind to show his gratification.

A little later a figure, considerably dishevelled and showing weariness in every movement, appeared in the square of light before the door. It was Teddy. He crawled up the steps, to find himself confronted by the Sandman, who, drawn to his full height, was undoubtedly a terrific figure in his wrath. About the doorway hovered Katrinka; at the window was the eager face of the hunchback.

The Sandman transfixed Teddy by a look so long, so piercing, so terrible, that it was in itself a punishment for many offences; but, perceiving that the boy was overcome by fatigue and in no condition to answer questions, he calmed down, and merely said:

"Katrinka, come and take him away to bed. To-morrow we shall inquire."

Katrinka, with her great strides, hurried the lad away and thrust him into his room, saying not a word. Teddy was too tired to care very much what was said or done, and did not allow even the anxiety for the morrow to weigh upon his mind. It was the hunchback who, with strained, unsleeping eyes, watched in his violet-colored room till the white dawn came in drearily and showed every object in the apartment.

It must be owned that Teddy felt anything but cheerful as he descended to breakfast next morning. To his great

relief, the Sandman did not appear; only the pale, frightened face of the hunchback stared at him across the table and helped to increase his nervousness. Teddy strove to keep up a brave appearance, but he had no heart for conversation and could scarcely eat a morsel.

It was some time before the summons came to the study. The Sandman understood perfectly the advantages to be gained by delay. He knew that suspense and uncertainty were in themselves a punishment. Teddy pulled himself together, striving to present as brave a front as possible; and comforted himself with the reflection that, after all, he had only tried to do what he thought right.

The Sandman sat at his desk; the flowers on his robe seemed fairly to glare at Teddy like angry eyes, while the flame-colored handkerchief waved to and fro like some avenging weapon.

"Well, my lad!" cried the Sandman. "And again I say, well!"

The word, ordinary as it was, had, somehow, an ominous sound.

"What have you to say?"

Teddy was silent and stood motionless. His hair was brushed down very smoothly, and he had dressed himself with great care, as a criminal going to execution.

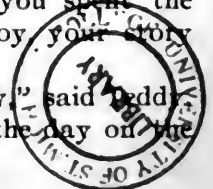
"You have absented yourself for an unlawful length of time. You have gone beyond the boundaries of my property. Where did you go?"

"I went on the water, sir."

"Ha!" cried the Sandman, a gleam of comprehension coming into his eyes. "You went out in the boat, you enjoyed the cool breezes on the water; you did not see fit to take your companion with you, and you spent the whole day thus! My boy, your story is incredible."

"I didn't tell any story," said Teddy.

"You said you spent the day on the river."



"No, sir, I didn't say I spent the day on the river."

"What then?" asked the Sandman, his voice growing hard as metal.

"I went to church."

"You went to church, though I had forbidden you to enter such a place?" queried the Sandman, his eyes gleaming ferociously.

"I wasn't going to stay away from Mass on Sunday for you or anybody else," Teddy answered defiantly, though he was literally quaking with fear.

"Oh, he wouldn't stay away from Mass on Sunday!" sneered the Sandman. "So he flew across the bay, not being able to row a heavy boat several miles by himself; and, having flown that far, he set himself to walk two or three miles, and then he brings back this pretty fairy tale to amuse us!"

"I went to church," repeated Teddy, doggedly.

"Alexieff," cried the Sandman, beating furiously upon the desk, "I very much fear that you are telling me a lie."

"It isn't a lie," answered Teddy. "I went to church."

The Sandman was convinced at last; he knew that the lad was speaking the truth, and he regarded him with involuntary admiration. But he was more angry than if he had been telling a lie; for his innate hatred of the Catholic Faith was strong and deep.

"I suppose," he remarked, a sardonic smile curving his lips, "you went to confess your sins or, perhaps mine, to the priest?"

"No, I didn't," replied Teddy. "I just went to Mass, and came back here."

"Well," said the Sandman, somewhat relieved by this announcement, "I'll see to it that you don't go to Mass next Sunday. I have a great mind to put you down through the trapdoor into the dungeons; for you shall not disobey me with impunity. Above all, you shall not enter the Temple

of Mammon you call a church."

"Yes, I will, though!" cried the boy. "I'll go to church whenever I get a chance, and I don't care what you do. I guess you're just a heathen or an infidel."

The Sandman fairly glowered; his breath was taken away. He raised his powerful arm and for a moment it seemed as if he would bring it down with full force upon Teddy, who stood gazing up at him, very red in the face and full of an honest indignation of his own.

"I don't know what prevents me from striking you to the earth!" he cried furiously; but, instead, he let his arm fall at his side.

Turning sharply, he rang the silvery chime of bells.

"Katrinka," he said, "take him away out of my sight, lest I kill him. To the green room with him, and let him stay there till you have orders to let him out."

"Yes, Master, he shall go there," answered Katrinka, seizing upon the reluctant Teddy, who, kicking and struggling, was led out into the hall. The wailing voice of the hunchback followed him down the corridor.

"I knew it! I knew it would be either the green room or the trapdoor! That awful, awful green room! It nearly killed a boy once."

Katrinka hurried Teddy on before he could say a word of comfort to his companion, and Vladimir miserably wrung his hands and wept. Teddy made some attempts to escape from Katrinka's grasp: he might as well have tried to escape from bonds of steel; and, moreover, it would have availed him nothing. The woman urged him on through one passageway after another, up one winding stair and to the foot of another. At last she paused and passed her hand several times over a certain part of the wall. A door appeared as if by magic; and Teddy

was thrust through the aperture, which instantly closed.

He found himself in one of the strangest places it would be possible to describe. The room was green,—hideously, lividly green, like some strange phantasmagoria. The walls were covered with great, crawling lizards and vipers, which Teddy at first thought were real, and which seemed about to disengage themselves and swarm the room. The floor was covered with something like green matting, painted over likewise with reptiles so hideously lifelike that Teddy involuntary took great pains lest he should step on them; and he was at last so overcome by this feeling of loathing that he climbed into a queer, prison-like bunk which was fastened to the wall at the far end of the room. He raised his eyes to the ceiling; but there again were the same array of green monsters, writhing and struggling, as it seemed, and gazing downward with gleaming eyes.

Teddy turned toward the window—a square of glass high up in the wall, of the same dull, sinister color that everywhere prevailed, even in the counterpane covering the pallet, upon which he now sat crouching tailor-fashion. The light from the window hurt his tired eyes, but it was a relief to escape from the myriads of crawling things; the glass of the window was at least smooth and transparent. Teddy was aching in every limb from the unusual exertions of the previous day and the excitement of that dreaded interview with the Sandman, and altogether about as miserable as any boy could be. It was fortunate for him that he was not of a nervous temperament, or he would have been even more impressed by these surroundings, which had been purposely made as dismal and as terrifying as possible. For the Sandman's unbalanced mind was full of all sorts of fads and theories, and one of

them was that colors might be made to play a part in the training of the youthful mind.

Teddy had no means of knowing the time, and every moment as it dragged by seemed an hour, till at last, when he supposed it must be night, he heard a faint click in the wall. It was Katrinka, who told him it was noon, and brought him some black bread and a jug of water.

"It's a wonder you didn't dye the bread green," cried Teddy, "and bring me some colored water!"

Something like a smile passed over the wooden face of the woman, who stood regarding him intently.

"And look here," he went on, "you'd better tell him to let me out. He hasn't any right to shut me into a horrid place like this just for going to Mass."

The smile on the woman's face gave place to a laugh, which gurgled deep down in her throat.

"Ha! ha!" she cried. "Ho! ho!"

And her peal of elfin-like laughter seemed repeated by all the creatures upon the wall and the floor and the ceiling. It reminded Teddy of stories he had read about dwarfs and other uncanny folk, and it sent a chill down his spine. But he did not want to show that he was afraid, and he said angrily:

"I don't know what you're laughing at, anyway! But the Sandman—as he calls himself—is just a bloke."

He blurted out the last word as if it had been a missile aimed at the Sandman's head; but Katrinka only laughed and laughed till she fairly doubled herself in two. Teddy eyed her wrathfully, maintaining a sullen silence; and the woman suddenly laid down the jug and plate, and, passing her hands once or twice over the apparently solid wall, vanished as noiselessly as she had come.

Teddy would not even look at the black bread at first, but after a while

he was conscious of a very hollow feeling and broke off a crust. He devoured this, and found it so appetizing that he had soon consumed not only one but even three slices, gathering up the last crumbs from the plate.

As the afternoon wore on he was more and more oppressed by the silence and loneliness. He would have given a great deal to hear the hunchback's voice, and even the sound of Katrinka's weird laughter would have been more tolerable than the stillness. At last the light began to fade from the square of green glass, and the gleaming eyes of the creatures about the room seemed to stare into his own. He had a feeling that as soon as it was quite dark they would come down and crawl upon him. The light faded and faded till not a glimmer was left, and Teddy knew that it was night. He gathered himself close together, in shuddering affright; still, after a while he began to find a certain comfort in the obscurity. The view of those horrible reptiles was, at least, shut out from him.

But he had scarcely begun to draw some comfort from this reflection when it seemed as if his thoughts had been divined. A light was suddenly turned into the room,—a ghastly, lividly green light, showing every object at its very worst. Teddy shut his eyes and kept them closed for a long time, till at last he heard the same faint click. Peeping out, he saw Katrinka standing beside the bunk with some bread and a bowl of savory broth. Never had anything tasted so good as this latter beverage. It warmed and comforted him and disposed him to sleep. He stretched himself, without undressing, on the hard pallet. His excessive weariness served him well. With one arm thrown over his head, he slept the deep, untroubled sleep of boyhood,—the sleep which "little Boy Blue will not know when the years are flown."

(To be continued.)

The Eyes of Insects.

If we have studied the subject, we are aware that the eyes of human beings are much like little photographic cameras, with lenses necessary to throw a little picture on the retina. But the eyes of insects are differently constructed. To begin with, their eyes are, compared with ours, quite out of proportion, often being larger than the head itself. They are lacking in both pupil and iris, which is another difference. But the strangest feature is in the numberless little cells of which they are formed, and which are fitted together, side by side, exactly like the handiwork we call mosaic. In fact, each eye of an insect is many eyes in one; and when it wishes to look at an object, it does not have to turn its head as we do under similar circumstances, but simply uses any piece of this compound eye which may be most convenient. Often it looks through all of them, and then the world must seem like the numberless bits of colored glass in what we call a kaleidoscope.

Thus you can understand why an insect knows little about form, but detects shades of color perfectly; and you also know why it can tell so quickly if anything near it moves.

The Oldest Man in the World.

The oldest man in the world, according to the *Liverpool Post*, is Bruno Cotrim, of Rio Janeiro, authentic documents showing that he is now in his 150th year.

THESE two lines illustrate the various ways in which the termination *ough* may be pronounced:

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough
me through,
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"St. Cyprian De Oratione Dominica" (Part I. text. Part II. translation), edited by the Rev. Henry Gee, is among the latest publications of George Bell & Sons.

—Benziger Bros. have just published a revised edition of "Spiritual Despondency and Temptations," by the Rev. P. J. Michel, S. J. It is a useful manual for reference as well as for spiritual reading.

—"Thought-Echoes" is a reprint of what the author, the Rev. T. J. O'Mahony, calls "a self-thought sequence." It is an attempt to combine poetry and philosophy, and some of the excellences of both are achieved. Though strictly orthodox in matter, the manner of this production is somewhat suggestive of the writings of Mrs. Eddy. M. H. Gill & Son.

—"The Heart of Rome," Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel, has been added to the Macmillan Co.'s series of Copyright Novels in Paper Covers. If the high standard set by the first few issues of this series is maintained, the publishers' experiment can hardly fail of popular success. "The Heart of Rome" is one of the best novels of the day. We rejoice to see a cheap edition of it,—cheap only as regards price.

—The famous Hungarian novelist, Maurus Jókai, who recently passed away in Budapest, was a remarkable man in many respects. "In fifty years," his nephew assures us, "Jókai wrote three hundred and fifty-one novels." Yet his energy did not all go into books. In his youth he devoted much time to painting and sculpture, and he was one of the leading spirits in the movement, headed by Kossuth, for the liberation of Hungary. It was his custom to rise at five o'clock and to work almost steadily until sunset.

—The "literary agent" seems to be a natural outgrowth of the modern tendency to arbitration. A gentleman of some reputation, and of twenty years' experience as editor of a literary journal and as adviser of publishing firms, advertises that he is placing at the service of authors his intimate knowledge of the publishing business. "He undertakes the placing of manuscripts of all kinds—stories, novels, essays, etc.—disposing of periodical rights, as well as the right to publication in book form." Our own impression, derived from the sort and quantity of fiction that actually sees the light in magazines and books, is that no literary agent is needed by any one with a saleable MS. under his arm; but so expert a witness as Mr. Kipling deposes that the middleman is a person of importance. "The reason for his being is to meet the publisher as one trained man of

business meets another. His capital is experience and knowledge of a highly specialized trade. . . . He saves the author the mass of profitless temper-wearing detail connected with any extensive market-work."

—The admirers of M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell), author of "Pastorals of Dorset" and other books no less delightful, will welcome a new novel from her pen—"Lychgate Hall,"—just published by Longmans, Green & Co.

—The sermons of Blessed John Fisher on the Seven Penitential Psalms were modernized and edited in 1888 by Father Kenelm Vaughan. These quaint discourses of the saintly Bishop of Rochester, possessing sweetness and unction as well as substance, are now reprinted by the Christian Press Association.

—"Industries of To-day" is a capital book for supplementary reading in grammar schools, from the points of view of interest and instruction. It is a collection of chapters on such subjects as cod fishing, ranch life, peanut growing, etc., by various writers, some of whom are well known. Edited by M. A. Lane; published by Ginn & Co.

—The checkered career of the late Sir Henry Stanley ought to be a rare subject for the right biographer, and a great boys' book might be written about the brave explorer whose name will be forever associated with Africa. He began life humbly enough as John Rowlands. His father was a poor man, after whose death the son, destined to become so celebrated, was sent to a workhouse. A cabin-boy in a New Orleans trading vessel sailing from Liverpool; a merchant's clerk in the Southern city, where fortune favored him for a time and he received the name of a generous benefactor; a soldier of the Confederate army, a prisoner, a sailor in the Federal Navy; after the war, a newspaper correspondent, a traveller and explorer, an author and member of Parliament—surely this was enough of variety and excitement and honor for one man. The world owes much to Stanley, and the great river which has already become one of its highways should be called by his name. He was a native of Wales and was born 1841.

—"Our Puzzling Language" is the *Inland Printer's* caption for the following extract from *Thresher World*, showing how puzzling English verbs and prepositions are to the average foreigner. No wonder our language is found one of the most difficult to learn:

A professor in Columbia School of Mines tells of the troubles of a Frenchman with the verb "to break."

"I begin to understand your language better," said my

French friend, M. De Beauvoir, to me; "but your verbs trouble me still. You mix them up so with prepositions. I saw your friend Mrs. Berky just now," he continued. "She says she intends to break down her school earlier than usual. Am I right there?"

"Break up her school, she must have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember! Break up school."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes! And, indeed, since fever has broken up in her town—"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"No: she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No: that engagement is broken—broken—"

"Yes, broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard that!"

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow—a breaker, I think."

"A broker and a fine fellow. Good-day!"

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel.* \$1, net.

A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day.* \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., net.

Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham.* 40 cts., net.

Varied Types. *G. K. Chesterton.* \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. *Lady Rosa Gilbert.* \$1.50, net.

A Precursor of St. Philip. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.25, net.

The Storybook House. *Honor Walsh.* \$1.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holy-days. *M. S. Dalton.* \$1, net.

Belinda's Cousins. *Maurice Francis Egan.* \$1.

The School of the Heart. *Margaret Fletcher.* \$1.

Divine Grace. *Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

St. Patrick in History. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D.* 55 cts.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. *Rev. F. Meschler, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Priest, His Character and Work. *James Keatinge.* \$1.50, net.

Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers. *Rev. W. B. Randall.* 50 cts., 85 cts.

A Bishop and His Flock. *Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D. D.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1.50, net.

The Velled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly.* \$1.60, net.

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan.* \$1.10.

Lex Orandi. *Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$1.75.

Elements of Religious Life. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. *Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.* \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Meredith, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. Patrick Scanlan, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Joseph Brouillet, diocese of Springfield; Rev. Peter Mazuret, diocese of Little Rock; and Rev. Joseph Guillard, O. M. I.

Mother M. Bonaventure, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Mother M. Anastasia, Community of St. Joseph.

Mr. Joseph Frederick, of Delphos, Ohio; Mr. Samuel Brent, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. John Grubert, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland; Mr. George Tait, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret Casey, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. F. Wendels, Houston, Texas; Mr. John Harkins, Miss Margaret Harkins, and Mr. John O'Neill, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Herbert Butler, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Joseph McGlensey, Phoenixville, Pa.; Mrs. Arthur Van Heule, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. James Mullen, Mrs. Mary Mullen, and Miss Mary Mullen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Sylvester Grant, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Victor Huot, Davenport, Iowa; Major Patrick Devine, Manchester, N. H.; also Mr. F. R. Brillion and Mrs. Charles Patterson, Cleveland, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1., 46.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 18, 1904.

NO. 25.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Content.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

○ SOUL, why ever deem the skies too far,
And lowly clod less lofty than the star?
Gaze humbly down: in violets at thy feet,
The azure heavens and the brown earth meet.

○ soul, why ever yearn for Hope, whose leaves
So quickly wither when the cold wind grieves?
Seek more for Peace: in nooks thy footsteps pass,
The sweet herb, not the rose, grows thick as grass.

○ soul, why ever call the cloud too cold,
And dawn of mist less lovely than of gold?
Learn thou content: in vales where no winds whirl,
The gray day's lustre shames the shining pearl.

○ soul, why ever seek a royal road,
And deem thine own too weary for thy load?
Walk bravely on: in joy shalt thou soon see
The common paths all lead to Arcadie.

The Church's Own Music.

SOME PRACTICAL THOUGHTS ABOUT PLAIN SONG.

BY HERBERT S. DEAN.



WHAT is Plain Song? Once let us get a clear answer to this question, and we shall find half the controversies that rage around the subject of church music settling themselves, or at least resolving themselves into a few simple and broad questions of principle.

Now, Plain Song is not merely a class or division of music; to be discussed and adjudicated upon by comparison with other kinds of music;

neither is it an oldtime art, sought to be revived out of mere archæological interest or as a protest against modernity; nor is it an ascetic discipline in the matter of worship, designed to detach us from sentiment or sensuousness therein. All these are points of view from which Plain Song may be considered. But Plain Song itself—or "Plain Chant," or "Gregorian music," or "the Gregorian melodies"—is simply a power or a function of the Church's united worship. Add to the liturgical text the speaking voice, and you have Mass or Office *said*; add the ceremonies, and you have them *performed*; add the Plain Song melodies, and you have them *chanted*, or "sung" in the technical sense of the word. There is no question of "enriching" worship, but simply of completing its outward and united expression.

And it is just this principle that gave birth to the melodies. The general character of their origin is obvious, though the separate stages of their history are very obscure; and the researches of the last twenty years, though they have set the central principle in clear relief, have raised quite as many problems as they have solved. But this we know for certain: Plain Song is an art, not of putting the Liturgy into a musical setting, but of reciting it in common.

Assembled together for worship, the Christian congregation wove around the central Act of Sacrifice a garment

of vocal prayer, in Mass, Office, and all the ancillary rites. Priest and people now united, now responded in prayer and praise, with psalm, collect, lection, canticle, and all manner of spiritual song. They simply followed Nature (you may see the process in the making in any school where infants are learning their multiplication table together) in pitching upon some common note for their recitation, and in rising or falling at a pause, a question, or a full stop. By degrees the rises and falls took upon them certain easy melodic forms, some of which remained simple, while others became more and more ornamented and elaborated. Of the former we still have examples in the tones of the collect, gospel, and psalms.

As the Liturgy slowly developed into its most highly-organized form, so did the chant. But the principle was never lost; and to this day we can analyze the most elaborate pieces in the Gradual and Antiphoner (where the editions give us an unmutilated text) into this recitation, rise, and fall; or we can point out where the recitation has disappeared, owing to contraction of the verbal text or to other causes. And even then, in elaborate pieces like the *Hæc Dies* of Easter, where single syllables of the text are drawn out into whole sentences of melody, those sentences—"songs without words"—always take upon themselves the free rhythm of prose-speech.

A difficulty often put forward may here be answered, by the way. Advocacy of a Plain Song revival does not imply an insistence upon the restoration everywhere of these difficult pieces,—and many of them are very difficult. The Ordinary of the Mass, the psalms and antiphons, the litany tones, provide plenty of material easily within the range of congregations, schools, and amateur choirs; while authority provides for the simple recitation on one

note of the gradualls and other elaborate pieces. Some simple settings in psalm tone or antiphon form may well be provided later; but, in any case, the one wrong way of dealing with the matter is that adopted in some modern editions, of cutting down the old melodies without rhyme or reason, on no principle, and with no regard for their structure, under plea of simplification.

But to return. This question of rhythm, of recitation with rise and fall corresponding to the modulations of speech, brings us to the essential matter of Plain Song. Contrast it with modern music. The latter is the art of constructing a web of musical sound, a fabric consisting of woof and warp which must be necessarily symmetrical,—a music of fixed rhythm, to which you can "beat time." But the rhythm of speech—even of poetic speech—is not symmetrical: it is indefinitely varied; it is as variously and as finely graduated as thought itself, though its forms can be classified in a general way as certainly as can those of fixed rhythm. Now let us illustrate all this practically: let us take an example, building it up bit by bit.

Open the Missal at the *Credo*, read it aloud, naturally but deliberately; giving each phrase, word, syllable its proper sense. Then go through it again, singing it on one note, preserving exactly the same rhythm, but with the average pace a trifle slower,—as will necessarily be the case when numbers are reciting together. Then turn to the Gradual and master the notes of the *Credo* "*de Angelis*"—it is not an original Plain Song melody, but is in the same free style, and will serve for this purpose,—remembering that as you "sol-fa" or vocalize the notes, you are simply learning *tune*, not *time*; and that the notes have absolutely no value of their own as to length.

or stress, but await the verbal text which is to determine them.

Now put the two together—words and notes. Let the accent, length, grouping of the syllables remain just as before, only give them the tone-value of the notes. The result is an artistic whole, which is neither words set to music nor music accompanying words, but simply musical recitation—the Liturgy chanted. At times you will find the rhythm of the words enlarged a little, for at recurring intervals a full or an accented vowel has a little group of notes instead of only one note; but the proportion is not destroyed: the natural force is simply intensified, raised to a higher power. Again, at the end of each sentence or “distinction” you enlarge the natural fall of the speaking voice, you spread it out a little, by closing *rallentando e diminuendo*.

At the end you have on the *Amen* a little—but easy—bit of the elaborated kind of melody. By the time you have got so far you will be singing it quite naturally, and will see at once how, so far from overlaying the Creed as with an embroidery of foreign art, this elaborated or “melismatic” section simply prolongs the idea that has run through the whole; utters forth in a “song without words” all that lies hid, too deep for speech, in the mystical word *Amen* that closes the Creed. It is of the same order as the *jubila* of which St. Augustine so frequently speaks, and which made so deep an impression upon him in the church at Milan. “The heart rejoiceth without words, and the surpassing flood of our joys suffereth not the restraint of syllables.”

In the same way we might go through the whole Plain Song system, pointing out how naturally all the simple forms—and they form the bulk—will flow from the tongues of a congregation, however untrained, which has

first of all got the feeling for the Liturgy; and how easily the great part of the rest will come to the *schola*, or choir, however limited its resources, which has made up its mind that its first and all-important work is liturgical prayer. It is not suggested that modern music, when really artistic and conceived in a manner suitable to its purpose, has no place. But assuredly the spirit in which it is sung, the choice of pieces, the general effect both on singers and on hearers, will become vastly more spiritual, more “worshipful,” where choir and people are accustomed also to the proper use of Plain Song, and therefore look upon Christian worship as a whole, and not as a kind of sandwich with alternate layers of divine worship and musical display.

It is clear from the foregoing considerations that the practical question of reviving Plain Song is simply a part of the larger question of reviving united liturgical worship; and that the way to set about it is to propagate the view that when Catholics meet together in church, they do so not only to participate in a great act, the offering of sacrifice, but also to offer with that act a tribute to God of united vocal prayer and praise.

But in any such restoration one must go by steps. For instance, adults can not be expected all at once to start singing in a body for the first time in their lives. But children can be taught to do so; and the writer's practical experience is that, when properly taught, they will “take to” a simple Plain Song *Gloria* and Creed like ducks to water, as the saying is. So in schools and institutions, or by means of our “children's Masses,” foundations for the future could be laid. In our mission churches, choirs of boys and young men might supplement the present singers, and lead the congregations gradually to sing the responses of the Mass, and

then one or more portions of the Ordinary. Neither fine voices nor musical knowledge are necessarily required, but simply a little careful training in the structure and meaning of the Liturgy, in Latin, and in the Plain Song method.

Again, in the evening, the singing of Compline, for a time at least, might prepare the way for a more congregational use of Vespers than we have at present; for the former Office is simple and practically invariable, and perhaps is the most easily understood and appreciated by people unused to liturgical prayer. At any rate, one practical certainty will emerge out of any attempts in these directions; and that is that, whatever space be allowed to modern music, the preponderating element, the substantial matter, of such a liturgical worship, taken in the gross, is Plain Song.

But where are we to find the true Plain Song? For, whether it be the fault of the singers or of their books, the dismal and uninspired thing usually known by that name can hardly be thought to fulfil the conditions of naturalness and spirituality that have been laid down. The question is a practical one, and can be answered only by touching very briefly upon a large subject.

We have seen that, even when they reached their most elaborate form, the Plain Song melodies preserved their essential characteristic as a form of recitation, in the free rhythm of prose-speech. The system reached its height by the tenth century; from that time began a movement of unhealthy efflorescence which overweighted the already highly elaborated chant and took it more and more out of the hands of the people. At the same time the rise of measured music diverted the attention of the musical; and since the melodies were largely taken as the basis of the new art, they were both cut down to

suit the more deliberate movement of counterpoint, and by the necessities of the case lost their very *raison d'être*—the free rhythm which fitted them, as a glove fits the hand, to the freedom of a prose text.

As the centuries passed on, the manuscripts became more and more altered, and the spirit of the melodies more and more lost, till the general paganism of the Renaissance, and the fight for life at the Reformation, brought about a common loss both of the liturgical spirit and of its exterior setting. The remnants of Plain Song remained, but its text was hopelessly mutilated and its spirit gone. The two things must be kept distinct in the mind—the text and its rendering—for reasons which will be at once apparent.

From time to time movements toward reform took place. Pope Gregory XIII. charged the incomparable Palestrina with the task of revising and reducing to uniformity the books of that day, believing that a collocation of the existing remnants—they are demonstrably remnants—would give St. Gregory's chant. Palestrina showed his greatness when he relinquished the task as impossible; but his successors were bolder, and the result was certain editions which have given us respectively the present Ratisbon and Mechlin versions.

Another great outburst of zeal was witnessed in France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the reasons for whose failure would be too long a story to tell here. The *tons oratoriens* and Dumont's Mass are products of this era. And so matters went on till scientific methods of history made sounder and more radical work possible. The gathering doubts and surmises, the varied tentative productions of students between 1840 and 1880, made the way clear for the authoritative work of Dom Pothier and the Benedictines of Solesmes.

From the practical point of view, it is well to note here that the Benedictines did two separate things: they produced a Plain Song text, and they elucidated the Plain Song method. The distinction is important, because our Holy Father, in his present work of restoration, has been particular not to bind us down to this or that text of Plain Song. And we are not to suppose that the great work of Solesmes which he has approved consists absolutely in the text the monks have put forward, or necessarily implies the use of that text to the exclusion of all others. Like all successful workers, the Solesmes Fathers have incurred a certain amount of opposition from rivals; and as regards their text there is undoubtedly plenty of room for technical discussion, of which opponents have not been slow to take advantage.

It is fair subject for debate, for instance, how far the restored melodies can historically be connected with St. Gregory the Great; to what extent they represent a mediæval elaboration of the old Roman chant, now irrevocably lost; and so forth. The present writer's view is that they represent in the best form the nearest approach it is now possible to get to the old chant; that, in regard to all the simpler melodies, they give at once the purest and the most practicable text possible; and that, in regard to the elaborate pieces, Authority may well provide us with alternatives constructed on true lines by men who thoroughly understand what they are doing; but that the restored Solesmes text has a complex and elaborate beauty unapproachable elsewhere,—a gift from the great age of worship placed afresh in our hands by the men whose tradition and whose work it is to keep alive the liturgical spirit.

But these are open questions. The other great work accomplished by Solesmes has been to gather from

wide and minute historical research, to demonstrate and elucidate, and to carry forth into the whole Church, the true principles and methods of Plain Song, of liturgical singing. The *raison d'être* of the chant as a recitative; the consequent free rhythm; the consequent importance of accentuation, phrasing, and the like; the reduction of all these matters to practice; the revolution in one's view of the relation of the chant to the verbal text,—all these things are the achievement of the Solesmes Fathers, and may be seen set forth in Dom Pothier's monumental but quite popularly written book, "*Les Mélodies Grégoriennes*."

This revival has exercised its influence far and wide, extending to quarters not generally amenable to Solesmes influences. In fact, the later editions of the Ratisbon "*Magister Choralis*" quote largely from Dom Pothier's practical directions, and refer their readers to his book for instruction on the essential subjects of note-grouping, and divisions in reading and chanting. To have restored the true principles of Plain Song is the inalienable accomplishment of Solesmes, and the mastery of those principles must be the first step in any attempt to revive Plain Song in practice.

The present writer would urgently advise any who are making a fresh start in this matter to adopt the Solesmes books. But the chanting of the psalms, and of the simpler pieces such as antiphons, *Gloria in Excelsis*, Creed, can be made natural, seemly, and congregational by singing according to the true methods from Mechlin or from Ratisbon books. Even the graduals and tracts can be made to go simply and straightforwardly from these editions, though they can not become things of beauty.

Nothing has been said here of Plain Song on its musical side: the modes and their characteristics—a wide and

obscure subject,—the melodic forms and their beautiful and delicate structure, and the like. It is sufficient to have laid stress on the essence of the matter—the unity of chant with text, the entire plasticity of rhythm, resulting in a consistent whole, utterly impossible of attainment where a prose text is sought to be fitted on to a metrical accompaniment.

But a lover of Plain Song finds his thoughts constantly drawn on to the larger subject of liturgical worship; since, as was said at the beginning, the former is but a function of the latter. His real aim is toward a wider restoration of that form of prayer which is most closely in accord with the tradition and mind of the Church; which gives to the soul that element of solid devotion and abiding strength which an exclusive use of modern devotions, however helpful, may tend to miss; which gives to Christian society its immemorial expression of united prayer and praise; and which gives to God the tribute of reason, of voice, and of heart which is His due, in His own words of inspired canticle and psalm.

To see the good in people is not so much a matter of charity as of justice. Our judgments of others fail oftenest through lack of imagination. We fail to see all the facts: we see one or two very clearly, and at once form an opinion. To see the whole range of a human character involves an intellectual and spiritual quality which few of us possess. There is so little justice among us because we possess so little intelligence. I ought not to pronounce judgment on a fellow-creature until I know all that enters into his life; until I can measure all the forces of temptation and resistance; until I can give full weight to all the facts in the case. In other words, I am never in a position to judge another.—*Mabie*.

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

XV.—RAYMONDE'S SECRET.

MONSIEUR DÉSORMES has gone with his son for a walk in the woods, and Mademoiselle Raymonde is sitting alone in the great hall at Lizardière.

It is no longer the dismantled manor which we visited at the beginning of this story. The old farm buildings have disappeared; a wide lawn, surrounded by tall trees and decorated with urns of flowers, extends in front of the principal façade. The lower story, raised several feet from the ground, is reached by a magnificent staircase. The balusters intertwine and form the supports of a portico, above which rises the second story, ornamented by superb caryatides at the corners and on the piers. The lateral and posterior façades are very plain. The roof has great stone dormer windows. Altogether it is a work of art,—a veritable "restoration," to use the fashionable phrase.

The interior is no less elegant and rich. An artistic taste prevails everywhere. There is, perhaps, too great a profusion of furniture—Florentine cabinets and chests of carved wood, rare enamelled flasks, Venetian glasses, beaten copper chandeliers, Flemish tapestries. In short, it is a Cluny Museum in miniature.

Mademoiselle Désormes had finished reading, and was vaguely gazing at the Lizardière arms, which still remained over the yawning fireplace, when the door opened and a servant announced:

"The Countess de Chazé, the Marquis de Lizardière."

Raymonde trembled slightly; but, immediately recovering herself, hurried forward to meet the Countess, who entered, followed by her cousin.

"Mademoiselle, although I am at least twenty years your senior, I come to make the first call on you. But we are here—my cousin and I—not only as visitors, but as suppliants. My cousin has a favor to ask of you; and, if there is need of it, I will lend him my cordial support."

"Unless it be something absolutely impossible, Madame, it is already granted. Distinguished people have certain privileges, one of which is to confer an honor by asking a favor."

"It is a favor truly, Mademoiselle, that I ask."

"Let me know at once what it is, Monsieur de Lizardière," said the girl, evidently very much puzzled.

"You know, Mademoiselle, after how much resistance and with what sorrow I saw the house and lands of my family pass out of my possession. Happily, it is to you that the old manor has fallen, and I beg you to give it back to me at whatever price you choose to ask."

Raymonde became very pale, looked steadily at John for a moment, and then said in a voice that sounded almost harsh:

"That is impossible, Monsieur."

"Why so, Mademoiselle? Can this house have any special value to you, whose past is in no way connected with it?"

"It can. You are right, in a sense; but the reminiscences of the heart are not the only things to be considered. There are preferences, tastes. I like this old house, which but for me would still be a ruin. Allow me to remain here. When it was yours, you refused to sell it to me. Now it is mine, and I shall keep it."

"Legally it is yours; morally, Mademoiselle, I dare to say that it is still mine. In order to buy it back, I have worked like a galley-slave; I have passed days and nights in hope and fear. Give it to me, if you are just and good. What loss will it be

to you? These stones, these walls on which are blazoned the arms of my ancestors, these tombs where rest their remains, are nothing to you: they are my very life. It is more than a year since the bouquet of heath and wild flowers has been placed on my mother's tomb. Mademoiselle, give me back that grave."

Raymonde seemed to hesitate. She looked again at John, and then answered in a strained voice:

"Impossible, Monsieur!"

"I insist no longer, Mademoiselle. I have already forgotten my dignity. I leave you with my cousin. There are agonies that seek solitude. I shall go home by the path over the heights, and shall see for the last time the spot that is so dear to me, and I shall breathe for the last time the air of my beloved home."

And, bowing to Mademoiselle with icy hauteur, John hastily left the room.

Raymonde followed him with her eyes; and when she was sure that he had really gone, she advanced to the Countess de Chazé, took her hand, and, without saying a word, drew her almost violently along the salon, down the stairway, and, opening the door of the chapel, pointed to the tomb of the late Marquise, John's mother. Upon the pedestal of this tomb, beneath a gold lamp that shed a gentle radiance, lay a bouquet of wild flowers and a garland of heather, freshly gathered.

Raymonde stood a few moments looking at the lamp and flowers, still holding the hand of the Countess. Then, softly closing the chapel door, she lay her head on Christiana's shoulder and burst into tears.

Christiana put her arms around the head and tresses of the young girl, leaned over and kissed her forehead; and, when Raymonde's sobs had become gentle tears, she said in a low voice:

"You love him, then?"

"Yes."

"Since when?"

"Since the first day I saw him. But he—I know it—he *hates* me!"

"No, no, my child. You misunderstand each other."

"It will never be any different." And Raymonde's tears burst forth afresh.

Christiana looked at the weeping girl, and listened in silence. Then, re-entering the chapel, she led her to the altar rails and knelt down, Mademoiselle Désormes flinging herself upon the marble pavement in an abandonment of grief.

"That is not the way to pray to our Blessed Mother, dear," said the Countess. "Kneel here beside me. Let us pray together, and you will be strengthened and comforted."

After a while the Countess arose.

"Come," she said, pressing her again to her breast. "Come, don't cry any more. Listen to me. I am not old enough to be your mother, but I could be your elder sister; and I shall act as such, if you will, and be your good counsellor."

"I would be so glad and grateful! But that will not change matters."

"You are mistaken, child. There is nothing irreparable between you and John, and it is better that you should clash now than later. John has his faults, the gravest of which is his pride of race. I have worked hard, and shall yet cure him. You too, perhaps, have your faults; but if you will, they may be quickly eradicated."

"Only tell me what I must do, and you will see how well I shall obey."

"I believe it, Raymonde; and before the year is out, with God's help, I shall have made a piece of perfection of you."

"But first," said Raymonde, who was beginning to smile, "here is a project which I should like to submit to your judgment. It was not a mere whim which induced me to buy this ruin and to make of it what I have. As I—I told you, I—I loved"—here a

beautiful blush overspread her fair young face—"John from the very first moment, because of his noble bearing in his poverty, his pride, his anger, and the strange flashes in his eyes. He is not like any man I have ever seen in society, and that is why my heart went out to him. I resolved to give him back some day this house, which is his,—for he is right: it is morally his. I would have given it to him the moment he asked for it, at his first word, at his first look; but I hoped in the depth of my heart that perhaps, in coming back to the house, he would not tell me to leave it. I hoped that my spirit would attract his, and—and—people say that I am beautiful."

"Yes, very beautiful, Raymonde!"

"Without stopping to heed this dream of my heart, I would have yielded if he had made the request differently. But if you had felt as I did the secret disdain in his words and the scarcely concealed scorn of his looks! Then I revolted. It is true I am not of noble birth—of purple blood,—but the red blood of a working race leaped in my veins under the insult, and I said 'No!' in a sort of rage. I was wrong. You may tell him this very evening that I have changed my mind, and that I no longer value this house. He may take possession when he pleases."

"No, my child, he is not angry with you,—I am sure of it."

"Well, in any case, it will be something gained if he suffers no more."

"Will he like you any better for it?"

"No, but I shall better deserve his love."

"That is not enough. John *shall* love you. Leave it to me. You have made me like you, and I am not easily won. I wish for your happiness and John's,—one through the other. We will begin to-morrow. You will come every day to Marcilly, and sometimes I shall come over here. We shall mingle our thoughts and our lives. If there is

anything good in me I will try to teach it to you, that he may find it in you. Above all, we shall pray to the Blessed Virgin,—pray for guidance and for grace."

"Yes, but in the meantime I shall be obliged to meet him at your house, talk to him, and it would be for me a torture too great to bear."

"Set your mind at rest, Raymonde: you will not see him for a long time."

"For a long time?"

"Yes. I have my own reasons for thinking so. And believe me it must be. Would you like better to undergo the misery of seeing him?"

"Alas, perhaps!"

"It must not be. Come, good-bye, Raymonde,—good-bye, my beautiful pupil! No one but myself shall know your secret."

"I believe that it will be sacredly kept."

"I have kept secrets before, and I have rendered my account of them to God."

Christiana's face as she said these last words grew sad almost to melancholy, but the serenity of her soul soon reappeared. She kissed Raymonde again, and they slowly walked out together to the carriage. As she drove off she said in a low tone:

"Courage, courage!"

Raymonde watched her out of sight, and Christiana said to herself as she waved a farewell:

"How sweet and pleasant a thing is the duty of making others happy!"

(To be continued.)

No calling in life but is honorable; no one is ridiculous who acts suitably to his calling and estate; no one, who has good sense and humility, but may, in any station in life, be truly well-bred and refined. But ostentation, affectation, and ambitious efforts are, in every station of life, high or low, nothing but vulgarities.—*Newman.*

The Dew Divine.

FIRST POEM OF SŒUR THÉRÈSE DE L'ENFANT
JÉSUS. TRANSLATED BY S. L. EMERY.

MY sweetest Jesus! on Thy Mother's breast
Thy little face is radiant with love;
Deign to reveal to me the mystery blest
That drew Thee down to exile from above;
Let me hide with Thee 'neath her veil of snow,
That now conceals Thee from all human sight.
Alone with Thee, bright Morning Star, I'll know
On earth a foretaste of heaven's deep delight.

When dawn awakens in the far-off east,
And the first sunbeam strikes athwart the skies,
Looks for a precious balm—its daily feast—
The unfolding floweret, with expectant eyes.
Those spotless pearls of clear translucent dew
Are full of a mysterious, vital power;
They form the sap that ever doth renew
And ope the petals of the half-blown flower.

Thou art the Flower with petals still unclosed;
I gaze upon Thy beauty undefiled.
Thou art the Rose of Sharon long foretold,
Still in Thy glorious bud, Thou heavenly Child!
Thy dearest Mother's arms, so pure and light,
Form for Thee now a royal cradle-throne;
Thy morning sun is Mary's bosom white,
Thy sunlit dew her virginal milk, my Own!

Ah, little Brother, shielded safe from harms!
In Thy deep eyes Thy future clear I see,—
Soon shalt Thou leave for us Thy Mother's arms;
To suffer, even now Love urges Thee.
But round Thy very Cross, Thou fading Flower!
Still clings the fragrance of Thy cradle-throne;
I recognize the pearls of Thy first hour:
This blood drew life from Mary's milk, my Own!

Those pearly dews on all our altars rest;
Fain would the angels slake their thirst thereby,
Offering to God these words forever blest:
"Behold the Lamb!"—St. John's adoring cry.
Yes, see the Word made bread for famished men,
The Eternal Priest, the Lamb on altar-throne!
Since God's own Son is Mary's Son,—ah! then,
This Bread drew life from Mary's milk, my Own!

On love divine, on joy, on glory's light,
The seraphs feed with rapture ever new:
I, a frail child, in the ciborium bring
See but a milk-white Host, like pearly dew.
And since 'tis milk that suits with childhood most,
And Thou art love itself upon Thy throne,
So, tender Love, in my white daily Host
I see Thy Mother's virginal milk, my Own!

The Great Battles of Christendom.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

X. —PETERWARDEIN.

AFTER the defeat and flight of Kara Mustapha from the plains of Vienna, several reverses befell the Turkish arms. Mustapha himself suffered the penalty of failure, and was strangled and beheaded by order of the Sultan. One of the greatest military leaders of that time, Prince Eugene of Savoy, had now come prominently forward; and for the first time the Turks owned themselves beaten, and were forced to sign a treaty called the Peace of Carlowitz, in virtue of which for fifteen years Europe heard no more of Mussulman aggressions, and was occupied only with its own internecine warfare.

At the end of that time a fresh wave of Mussulman zeal and fanatical intolerance swept over Turkistan; and, by a sudden swoop from the Dardanelles, the then reigning Sultan invaded the district of the Morea, massacred its Christian inhabitants, with a revival of all the old horrors, and seized the country.

While a murmur of amazement and terror was resounding through Europe, the supreme pastor and defender of the Christian Faith, now Pope Clement XI., again came forward in defence of his people. He sent legates and dispatched Apostolic Briefs to all the courts of Europe, collected large sums of money for the furtherance of a new Crusade, and is said to have exclaimed: "I will sell every chalice and ciborium in Italy, if needs be, to provide funds for this enterprise!" His enthusiasm bore fruit: stimulated by his entreaties, Spain, Portugal, Genoa, Tuscany, and the Knights of Malta professed their readiness for action and manned vessels to join the Pontifical fleet.

The Emperor of Germany and Austria, Charles VI., now summoned the Turks to abide by the Peace of Carlowitz. He was answered by a formal declaration of war from Constantinople; while the news soon came that an immense army, under the standard of the Prophet, was being gathered together. The like preparations were then begun by several princes of the Germanic Confederation, with the Emperor at their head; and his generalissimo, Prince Eugene, was soon ready for action.

The name of this celebrated general recalls instinctively those lines of Southey, familiar to one's childhood:

Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene.

And, alas! one feels inclined to agree with the "little Wilhelmine," in her reflections on war, that

'Twas a very wicked thing!

were not the hopelessness of any gentler suasion ever and oft borne in upon us even to this day.

The occasion of which we write was indeed, like all those former campaigns of which we have been treating, a veritable Crusade for the defence of Christianity; and Pope Clement gave a tremendous impetus to the already widespread preparations by according an indult whereby a special tax was levied on all ecclesiastical and royal properties, for the purpose of contributing toward the expenses of the war.

The commander in chief, who was soon to add another to the many laurels on his well-won wreath, was, as were so many others at and before his time, a soldier of fortune. He had served several campaigns under the generals of Louis XIV. of France; but, disgusted at his slow promotion, had entered the imperial service, and was now its most trusted general.

According to the descriptions given of his personal appearance, the "little abbé," as Louis XIV. had nicknamed him, presented a far from prepossessing

appearance: "An ill-made, shabby blue surtout, with large tarnished brass buttons, hung in folds about his meagre figure; whilst his head, loaded with one of the enormous wigs then in fashion, and surmounted by a battered and napless cocked hat, seemed too heavy for the feeble little body which sustained it. And as he rode through the ranks, perched on a tall rawboned charger, the soldiers could scarcely conceal their laughter at his grotesque appearance. But his personal bravery, the kindness of his manners, and above all his attachment to the country of his adoption, soon rendered him popular among the troops; whilst his great and varied talents, and the unspotted integrity of his life, procured him the unbounded confidence of Leopold, who invested him with an authority which no commander in chief had been permitted to exercise since the days of Wallenstein."*

He was one of those men who are "soldiers before everything"; and it is related of him that, years before this campaign, when the famous Pragmatic Sanction was being discussed, he had characteristically exclaimed: "Bah! Two hundred thousand soldiers are much more valuable than all the 'sanctions' in the world!"

On the 11th of July the Emperor and Empress were present at a Solemn High Mass offered for the success of the undertaking; and another solemn function followed—that of the benediction of seven war vessels destined to defend the Danube, and named respectively: *St. Mary, St. Joseph, St. Leopold, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Elizabeth, St. Francis, and St. Stephen*,—this latter, we may explain, being the patron of Hungary.

Prince Eugene now took supreme command, and sent out a strong reconnoissance toward the Turkish

forces, which were slowly advancing across Hungary. A band of seventy thousand Turkish cavalry met and routed this advance guard, which was forced to retreat, leaving some four hundred men upon the field of battle; and the remainder regained the main body and reported the disaster to the Prince, who, after assembling a council of war, decided on advancing in force to meet the enemy. It was, indeed, his invariable course of action; for it is said of him that he never, under any circumstances, waited to be attacked, but always took the offensive.

The council of war had been held where they were already encamped, round about the town of Peterwardein. It was decided to make their headquarters there; while the Prince, in all probability, proposed to push the main body of his army farther on, leaving the town as reserve to fall back upon. But if this were so, he was forestalled in his design by the Turks, who advanced swiftly and unhesitatingly until only about a league separated the two forces, and then rapidly threw up earthworks and formed themselves into position as if investing a besieged city; "as was the custom of this nation," says Mauvillon, the historian.

Prince Eugene thus found himself, as it were, besieged in his own camp; and, this situation being not at all to his liking, he forthwith prepared one of his dashing attacks. His army, when drawn up in battle-array, consisted of "one hundred and eighty-seven squadrons and sixty-two battalions" (according to the same historian), occupying about a league of ground, and so ordered that its left wing was protected by a bog, and its right by a precipice; for it was one of his chief cares never to leave his flanks undefended,—a precaution too often neglected by his opponents, whom we find defeated by flank movements again and again. On this occasion the

* Markham.

Turkish force was composed of about one hundred and fifty thousand men; and their line of battle was even more extended than that of the Christian army, only less compact and well formed. As for their artillery, it was too heavy for rapid movements; and, though numerous, appears for various reasons to have proved of little use.

At seven o'clock in the morning Prince Eugene gave the signal for attack; and the engagement was begun by a cavalry charge, led by Prince Alexander of Wirtemberg. A second followed, scattering the Turks right and left as they swept the plain. But after this the tide of fortune turned, and for some hours the Crescent was in the ascendant; while the battle raged fiercely, more especially round the right wing and centre of the Austrian forces. Furious charges of well-horsed janissaries—as the Turkish cavalry were called—descended upon the Christian ranks, sabring men and horses in masses, like corn cut down in harvest time, and sowing confusion as they passed. Two of the Austrian generals fell, mortally wounded, while striving to rally their men; and even the ubiquitous and indomitable Eugene seemed unable to restore confidence to the wavering troops. One can picture him, as Thackeray describes him in his "Esmond": "Possessed with a sort of warlike fury, his eyes lighted up, he rushed hither and thither, raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and barking his bloody war dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt."

A little episode is recounted, which we may be pardoned for interpolating with some personal memories here.

Some time ago, while staying in a village in Savoy, near Chambéry, the present writer had occasion to remark the aristocratic and high-sounding name of the driver of a very modest and old-fashioned vehicle which plied

daily between that village and the neighboring town. Its driver was a "De Bonneval," or "De Bonnivard"; and we learned that, though humble of station, he came of a noble and warlike family which had given names to history; a fact of which the good omnibus-driver was justly proud. And so it chanced that, reading of this battle of Peterwardein, the last of Christendom's campaigns, we come upon the story of the Count de Bonneval.

He had been separated from his column, and found himself, with only two hundred men, in the midst of the Turkish legions. But he neither surrendered nor gave himself up for lost; only, forming his handful of men into a steady, compact square, in the place where they found themselves, almost a "forlorn hope," behind the Turkish intrenchments, they fought their innumerable and savage foes for the space of some half hour, until only twenty-four of them were left. Then, making one dash for liberty, the Count and his men, he leading them, rode straight at the living wall of janissaries and broke it through. Ten more of his men fell as they rode; he himself received a lance wound which threw him to the ground. But, leaping up, he ran his sword through his assailant, and rode on in safety to the Danube, where, as we may suppose, *La Sainte Marie* and her sister vessels rode at anchor.

Well is it, indeed, that the "De Bonnevals" of Savoy have remembered their illustrious ancestor; for the glories and brave deeds of the past are a priceless treasure to posterity. And the omnibus-driver of to-day, trudging beside his patient horses along a lonely road, is the better man for his pride of race and his memory of the dead.

While the right wing of the Christian army was thus being repelled by the Turks, its left, on the contrary, was

faring somewhat better; and Prince Eugene at this moment had what is called by our historian "an inspiration of genius." The Turks, exhilarated by their successes on the right, were carelessly leaving too long and wavering a line of defence on their other flank, and the Austrian commander was not slow to profit by their blunder. As rapidly as possible, therefore, he gave the order to detach two thousand cavalry and charge the enemy's flank. It was done; and while their wavering line was broken by the impetus of the charge, and the Turks fled in confusion, Eugene rallied his own right wing of infantry, artillery was brought up, a simultaneous charge was made on centre and flank, and—the day was won!

At midday precisely the victorious Christian general entered the abandoned tent of the vanquished Grand Vizier,—a scene of barbaric splendor, as were all those of the Turkish commanders. All around lay the deserted and devastated camp, the dying and the dead. As he entered the richly-hung tent of his vanquished enemy, the Prince—true Christian warrior that he was—knelt and bowed his head in prayer and in thanksgiving to the God who giveth victory. Then, by a general order, the whole army, horse and foot, scattered over the field of battle, paused in their breathless pursuit of the panic-stricken fugitives, and bent the knee in prayer.

The Turkish losses are said to have numbered some six thousand, while those of the Christian army were about half that number. Rich booty was sent to Vienna, where a commemorative medal was struck in honor of the event, and the churches and streets rang with the sound of the *Te Deum*.

Pope Clement, to whom the glorious tidings had at once been dispatched, sent the brave victor one of those

special presentations which the Holy See had from time to time made to kings and princes who had fought in defence of Christianity: a cap of honor and a sword—*stocco et berettone*, as they were called,—together with a very flattering letter, or Apostolic Brief, in which these words occur: "It seems as though one might compare you to that famous Roman captain for whom *to come, to see, and to conquer* were one and the same thing." The presentation was made at High Mass, and with all solemn ceremonies, by an episcopal delegate of his Holiness, in a Hungarian cathedral.

The battle of Belgrade, which closed this campaign, was followed by "the most glorious treaty which Christianity had ever registered in its annals"—that which ceded Belgrade, a portion of Wallachia, and Servia, to the Christian rule; and Eugene died in 1736, leaving, as he hoped and believed, a Christian Europe, protected by both verbal and actual defences against further Mussulman encroachments.

It was reserved for the nineteenth century to witness the spectacle of Christian nations at war with one another in defence of Mahometan interests.

(The End.)

THE real rank of these four virtues—prudence, justice, courage and temperance—if they are to be called "virtues," is properly expressed by the term "cardinal." They are virtues of the compass—those by which all others are directed and strengthened. They are not the greatest virtues, but the restraining or modifying virtues; thus prudence restrains zeal, justice restrains mercy, fortitude and temperance guide the entire system of the passions; and, thus understood, these virtues properly assume their peculiar leading or guiding position in the system of Christian ethics.—*Ruskin*.

How Peggy Brady Found her Boys.

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

I.

IT happened through the home-coming of Owen Ward in the spring—young Owen from Ardclougher, he used to be called,—who had gone over the sea to push his fortune in bad times; and returned, after years of absence, rich and portly, but at heart as much a child of that kindly Irish valley as ever. And the welcome he received! It was enough to bring the grateful tears into his eyes as the soft, sweet Gaelic tongue greeted him, recalling memories of hours when he had lain in the long grass by the side of Finn Water, listening to the tales the old schoolmaster loved to tell him about his bardic ancestors who had harped to O'Donnell in the far-off days of romance and bravery. He had never forgotten those wonderful stories in all his wanderings; but now it was his turn to narrate, instead, wonderful adventures, as curious to the homely people who had rarely cared to travel beyond their native environment.

Around Peter McGrath's hospitable hearth the talk regarding the rich Irish-American ran freely; and when Owen walked in one night there was a general request that he would give them full particulars of his experiences since he had left the valley. They were so sincere in their admiration of his prosperity, handling his watch and thick gold chain without a trace of jealousy in their look or tone, and feeling with careful fingers the texture of the fine black broadcloth that wrinkled, in truly Yankee style, across his stalwart shoulders. Only too glad to gratify them, he began at the beginning, telling all the details of his penniless landing in New York, and the days of misery and starvation that followed.

"But I found a good friend in time to save me dying of hunger, and that was James Brady. You all remember the Brady boys—Jim and Pat,—I'm sure. Their father was Hugh, and their mother Peggy Magee, to her own name. Well, Jim is a great man now in New York. He has a dry-goods store of his own, and Pat has a big hotel out in 'Frisco. Guess they have made a pile, both of them; but they're just the best fellows you ever met, and the humblest-hearted; though Jim's American wife wants to make a grand gentleman of him,—as if he wasn't that by nature already. I saw the familiar name over his place one morning when I was nearly giving up the struggle altogether, and went in to ask for a job. By good luck, Jim was standing near and heard me appeal to a consequential clerk. He came over at once; and when he heard that I had just arrived from Donegal, he grasped my two hands before them all and wrung them long and silently. I couldn't speak with joy at having met a friend in that big, noisy city at last; and he couldn't speak either, because of the gladness he felt at the sight of one of his own people. He took me into his employment, fed and clothed me and got me comfortable lodgings, until I was able to pay my way; and all these years he has been my friend and benefactor indeed. Everything he touches turns to gold; and 'tis himself deserves the good luck, fine fellow that he is."

"Well," said Molshie, sudden anger blazing in her usually cheery face, "'tis little he deserved the like in my opinion, leaving his poor old mother to beg her bit around the country; and only that the Careys took her in she'd be in the poorhouse by now."

"Oh, it can't be the same Bradys!" replied Owen. "Jim and Pat broke their hearts over their mother's death years ago. She died the year they left, and

they've never ceased sorrowing. They wrote to the parish priest about it, too; and he wrote back that Peggy Brady had left the place and he had never heard more about her. Many a time Jim told me how much he had meant to do for his mother, and how his wealth didn't bring him half the pleasure it would have done had she been alive to share it."

"But I'm telling you, man, that she is alive and well," cried Molshie; "waiting day after day for the letter those boys promised to write her, and fretting all these years for them. She's poor and dependent on the strangers, but she's *their* mother all the same. The Careys 'll be coming this way next week, so you can see her and judge for yourself."

Surely this was startling information. But all doubt vanished from Owen's mind when he came face to face with Peggy, and saw in her old worn features a strong, unmistakable likeness to his friend Jim.

She was considerably puzzled when the handsome, well-dressed gentleman shook her hand so warmly, saying over and over again:

"Thank God, thank God, I've found you!"

"What is it, ma'am?" she asked, trembling, turning to Molshie.

"'Tis good news for you, Peggy dear, that he's after bringing,—the best of good news,—ay, better than any letter! He's come to take you out to your boys."

The joy that chased the dimness of years from those sad old eyes, the rapture that made her hands tremble as she raised them to Heaven in thanksgiving, were so holy that all near gazed in wonder at her transfigured countenance.

By degrees the silence of her sons was explained, and then she would brook no delay in setting out. The best homespun dress and cloak to be

had in Ballybofey came to her from Owen Ward; and never were such snowy, befrilled caps seen as Molshie's deft fingers fashioned for the traveller, nor such warm stockings as sorrowful Mrs. Bill Carey knitted after her hard day's work. As for Bill and Shawn, they were "neither to hold nor to bind" at the prospect of losing Peggy, and glared at Owen defiantly for a "meddling interloper." That was before they understood the comfort she was going to. Then, good, unselfish souls, their hurry to get her off was even greater than hers to go.

Ward had written to Jim apprising him of their coming; and great were the lamentations in the valley when Peggy started on her journey,—dressed in all her homely finery, and clung to by the three little Carey children, whom she clasped and kissed over and over again, crying through her tears:

"Maybe it's coming back I'll be soon, darlings; and then I'll bring ye toys the like of which were never seen before in these parts!"

The train and its rapid motion caused her great uneasiness, but the sea voyage thoroughly prostrated her; so that her delight on landing at New York, after the wearisome experience of weeks, was pleasant to behold. Then the meeting between herself and her son, as he held her in his arms and kissed the beaming old face, from which the repressed mother-love of years shone out like a glory, was touching in its pathos. She could only sit, holding his hand in hers and stroking it as she used to do when he and Pat were twin babies long ago. One regret she gave utterance to, and it made her listener catch his breath:

"It'll be terrible lonesome for yer poor father, now that we're all over the sea away from him; won't it, darling? There'll be nobody to look after his grave, nor cut the clover when it gets too high. And he always wanted me to

lie beside him when my time comes to go. How'll we do then, my boy? I'd like best to be with my own people in the valley; but if it would give trouble to you and Pat, why then I'll stay here, and God's holy will be done."

The grandeur of Jim's New York mansion took her completely by surprise; but the stately lady who held out a white, heavily-ringed hand, and greeted her in a chill, patronizing voice, was her first real trouble. She had no idea but that her boy's wife would be glad to welcome her; and the sudden disappointment, as she heard the calm, well-bred accents, made her heart grow faint. Then her grandchildren came in—dainty people, who spoke in clear staccato tones, and looked over her inquisitively before acceding to her petition for a kiss. She tried to draw one little brown head down to her bosom, half fancying for a moment that she had Jim in her arms a baby again; but the child sprang away disdainfully, striking at the hand that would have held him.

For the first few days the wonder lasted, then she began to feel the strangeness of the place. The sparkling dinner table frightened her and made her nervous. Jim—brave, true-hearted Jim—noticed her embarrassment, and, under the contemptuous gaze of his wife, came to her assistance, and gently told her to eat her dinner in her own way. She complied gratefully, but after that the mistress of the house said it would be impossible for her to dine at the table with his mother. Her *faux pas* were quite too many, and would set a bad example to the children. The difficulty was solved by Peggy herself begging that her meals might be served in her own room. "I'd only affront you, dear," she told her son; "and I'd be more comfortable to think there was nobody looking at me."

She could never be convinced that San Francisco was a long way off

from New York; and the desire to see Pat once more grew and grew in her affectionate heart until it found vent one day in an expression that proved to Jim how futile his efforts to enlighten her had been.

"Isn't it terrible strange, *alanna*, that there's no word reaching us from Pat? Do you think there'd be any chance of him running over to spend the Sunday?"

"Oh, no, mother dear!" he replied, soothingly. "He's too far away for that. It would take him about a fortnight's travelling, and he could hardly spare the time. The hotel needs a lot of looking after, he says."

"Well, is he nearer Ireland then, darling? If I knew for certain that he was I'd go back and be there to meet him whenever he'd have time for a run to see us."

The American wife, in her dignified way, immensely enjoyed these speeches of Peggy. She guessed that her husband, fond as he undoubtedly was of her, winced frequently at his mother's unsophisticated ejaculations of piety and wonder, which sounded so out of place in the fashionable atmosphere of their daily life. Still there was no touch of impatience in his manner toward her, nor any feeling but tenderness—evident in the kindly attentions he paid her so willingly. His sole desire was to make her happy and content, surrounded by love and comfort such as he and his brother had dreamed of for her in the distant days of their boyhood. Surely his children ought to be more with her; their bright, winning talk should keep her from brooding too much over bygone memories; and there were many small services that young hands could render to one whose feeble steps were already nearing the borderland.

With this thought in his mind, one day he entered the nursery, where he found a noisy group wildly excited over

a new and most interesting game. In an armchair sat his youngest daughter, decked out in a figured counterpane, with a handkerchief round her head and knotted under her small chin, while an apron—borrowed from one of the maids, no doubt, and much too large for its present wearer—enveloped her tiny form. She seemed to be the central character of the play, and was addressing the others in a peculiar voice which caused them all to shriek with laughter, throwing up her hands with "Well, now, glory be to God!" and "Who ever heard the likes of that before?"

"What new game is this, children?" said the father, as he stepped in smilingly.

They all flushed red with embarrassment, and made no reply.

"Is it a secret?" he asked again.

"No: it's grannie we're playing, father," said one, hesitatingly,—"*grannie*, you know, that's down stairs,—the funny old woman that talks so queer. Well, we're playing *her*."

"Who gave you leave to do this?" he queried sternly.

"Mother," came in a hasty chorus, afraid of reproof, and ready to lay the blame on shoulders better fitted to bear it. "Mother said we could make any game we liked of *that* old woman."

The speech was so unexpected and cruel, issuing from those careless lips, that he had no word to say as he turned and left the room. They had *their* mother's permission to do this thing, and it was *his* mother they were caricaturing,—his little children to whom he thought she would have been so welcome, with her gentle ways and stores of wondrous tales from far Donegal! How did the hours pass for her during his absence at business? It struck him now that she must often be lonely and sorrowful; for a smile of relief would break like sunshine over

her dear old face at sight of him in the evenings.

And his wife had casually remarked that the Irish, as a race, were gifted with a scanty supply of self-control. That was when they had returned once from dining out, to find her seated in the grand wainscoted hall, with the wrinkled hands folded patiently in her lap, waiting to say "Good-night" to her son. She had started up and thrown her arms round his neck, kissing his bearded cheek with all the fervor of a great gladness, and crying in her soft accents:

"You've come back, *asthore machree*, God be thanked! I got frightened to think of them wicked streets, and you out so late. 'Tis worse than the road through the Gap at night,—and *that's* a fearsome enough place, as many a one can tell. Don't go out any more so late, my boy; for it makes me very uneasy, and I can't sleep for thinking."

He noticed a smile passing quickly between the black footmen who stood like ebon statues on each side of the hall; and his wife's French maid tossed her head in flippant disgust as she followed her indignant mistress up the stairs. His blood boiled in rage at their open contempt of the anxious tenderness that had never learned to restrain itself, but had been fostered and deepened in the distant Northern valley during the long years she had spent in waiting for news of her wanderers.

Clearly, his hopes of cheering her declining days were doomed to failure. Better, far better, that she had never crossed the seas to share his wealth, if scorn and dislike from her nearest and dearest were to be her daily portion. No blame could be attached to her, anyhow. She had striven so perseveringly to ingratiate herself with his boys and girls, making shadow-rabbits on the wall to amuse them, and fashioning little limp men-dolls out of her cotton

handkerchiefs. They would have none of her, those cute New World youngsters. She was a "greenhorn," and they 'didn't believe she was father's mother at all,' though she begged them to call her "grannie," as the children she had left behind in Donegal had done.

When Jim asked her once if she felt lonely in his house, she gave him an answer so clearly evasive that he knew his surmise had been true:

"Ah, no, darling, not lonely, so to say, when I have you and the thought of seeing Pat some day to keep my heart up! But I do be wishing often for a sight of the neighbors that used to come into Molshie's on the winter nights; and the Careys, and the wee childer I nursed. No, not lonely, my boy, but homesick; maybe *that's* the better word."

(Conclusion next week.)

The Propagation of the Faith.

ON May 3, 1822, there was founded one of the most beneficent and far-reaching works of the past century. The magnificent results achieved since that date by the Propagation of the Faith have done much to console successive Vicars of Christ in their severest trials and to edify the Catholic faithful the world over. In no previous century, perhaps—at least since the Apostolic Age,—was organized missionary effort so multiplied and so effective. There was ample justification, therefore, for the solemn celebration, last month, of the eighty-second birthday of the association. In Lyons and Paris especially the anniversary was observed with fitting religious pomp and splendor.

A circumstance that materially enhanced the glory of the occasion was the reception of a Papal Brief in which his Holiness Pius X. awards the highest praise to the work, and proclaims

St. Francis Xavier its patron for the universal Church. Premising that nothing more befits his position than to accord his hearty good-will and favor to everything that contributes to the diffusion of the Gospel light and the extension of the Church's boundaries, the Holy Father continues:

"In the first rank, by reason of its utility and activity, must be placed that supremely praiseworthy work which has received the illustrious name of 'The Propagation of the Faith.' It seems to have been born and to have grown up among men by an inspiration quite divine; for it is conformable to the plan of God's Providence that the faithful children of the Church, who have not received the mission to preach the doctrine of Christ, should nevertheless, by their alms and subscriptions, give effective aid to the heralds of the Gospel. This is why love of Christ the Redeemer, moving the hearts of excellent men, prompted them to unite in one association the faithful of all climes and all nations, to induce them to contribute toward the holy expeditions of the missionaries, to aid the dispensers of sacred things by the co-operation of their prayers, and so attain the object of all our desires—the progress of the reign of God upon earth...."

After mentioning signal spiritual favors which he grants to active members of the association, the Pope proclaims St. Francis Xavier its special patron, and raises the feast of that saint to the liturgical rank of double major. "There exists," says the Brief, "between this saint and the Work of the Propagation of the Faith special and personal relations. As a matter of fact, during his lifetime Francis devoted himself with such zeal and such success to carrying the truths of Christianity to the very hearts of nations that in him there seemed to reappear a choice instrument of Divine

Providence, as in the very persons of the Apostles."

Touching on the means by which the faithful may further the progress of the work, and cause the light of the Gospel to illumine those who are still in darkness, Pius X. gives this bit of practical advice: "This result will doubtless be greatly assisted by the generous efforts of Catholics, even if they contribute with individual liberality; but nothing can be more profitable than the organization, according to prudent rules, of groups of ten among Catholics; because the less cohesion there is among efforts, the less is the resultant effect; and, on the contrary, united and organized efforts are most powerful. We would say that to act individually is to act well; but to act together is to act as we should."

The signal encouragement which the Holy Father thus gives to a work which we have often had occasion to praise can scarcely fail to quicken the fervor and stimulate the generosity of many of our readers,—if, indeed, any stimulus is needed to urge devout children of Mary to do their utmost in extending the empire of Mary's Son, Christ our Lord.

The Christian Creed.

(Dr. Brownson.)

THE dogmas of faith as laid down in the *Credo* are expressed in forms as clear, as exact, as precise, as sober as Philosophy herself can aspire to. The dogmas of the Trinity, of the Incarnation, of Transubstantiation, as formal propositions to be believed, are as simple and as intelligible as the proposition two and two make four. They are, no doubt, great and impenetrable mysteries; but the mystery is not in the form but in the matter, not in the expression but in the thought.

Notes and Remarks.

General Miles recently made the impressive statement that the money expended in the Philippine campaign alone would be sufficient to irrigate all the arid lands in the West, and endow a long list of great universities besides. One can easily believe the declaration after hearing that "the estimates for the United States Navy the coming year amount to nearly one hundred millions of dollars. In eighteen years the naval budget has increased 700 per cent. The population of the country has increased only 50 per cent, and its wealth only 100 per cent. We are at the present time building more war vessels than any other country except Great Britain." Here is a tempting opportunity to ask the characteristic American question, Does it pay? The irrigation of the barren lands would add more available territory and more substantial wealth to the United States than may ever be expected from the Philippine campaign; and the navy budget seems a big price to pay for the melancholy privilege of running a man-of-war aground or furnishing a murderous explosion aboard.

"The paternalistic and essentially feudal and aristocratic communion of Rome is rapidly losing touch with the producing classes, so far as she has ever controlled them," says the Rev. Dr. Hall in the June *North American Review*. No doubt members of "the producing classes" sometimes fall away from the Faith just as individual capitalists do; but a visit to any Catholic church on Sunday morning would convince any open-minded judge that the working man has no desire to "lose touch" with the communion of Rome. Just as the late Mark Hanna, speaking for the capitalist, declared shortly before his death that the Catholic Church is

the only force that can hold society together in a coming cataclysm that may be worse than the Civil War, so labor leaders like John Mitchell publicly declare that in the struggle for industrial equity they find their strongest allies in the Catholic priesthood. Dr. Hall is a professor in Union Theological Seminary; may we suggest that such a phrase as "the aristocratic communion of Rome" sounds strangely from one who might reasonably be expected to know something of church history? At least he might be expected to know the history of the past year. Does he forget that less than a twelvemonth ago a conclave was held for the purpose of electing a supreme head of "the aristocratic communion of Rome," and that of the five candidates prominently mentioned for the office, one, Cardinal Gotti, is the son of a dock-laborer; another, Cardinal Svampa, is the son of a shepherd; and a third, Cardinal Sarto (elected), is the son of a letter-carrier? Curious sort of aristocracy, isn't it?

Under the caption "Absentminded Building" we find in an exchange the following item:

At a town in Bavaria, where a high school has just been erected and completed ready for opening, it has been discovered that all the chimneys have been forgotten—like the means of ventilating the House of Commons.

As over seven-tenths of the people of Bavaria are Catholics, it is safe to assert that, if the material school-building is thus ludicrously incomplete, the school-curriculum is far and away more adequate than that of the typical high school in our country. The Bavarians are sufficiently primitive to believe that you can not banish God from the school-room and expect Him to be found later on in the counting-house, the trades, or the professions. Absentminded some of them may be, but they are not simple-minded

enough to imagine that morality can have any other basis than religion, or that Godless class-rooms and lecture-halls can graduate God-fearing young men and women. We need a goodly number of schoolhouse chimneys in this free and enlightened land of ours,—moral chimneys that will suffer the smoke of materialism and almighty-dollarism to escape from the precincts where youthful intellects are being surfeited and youthful souls systematically starved.

The most significant and hopeful aspect of the Total Abstinence movement in this country at the present time is the impulse it is receiving among priests and clerical students. The Rev. Father Siebenfoercher has visited nearly all our seminaries in the effort to propagate the Total Abstinence conviction, and his success may well be a source of much gratification to the friends of the cause. It has been repeatedly observed that the number of priests who are total abstainers is far larger than it has ever been before. The Priests' League founded at Pittsburg last year will naturally strengthen the tendency, and continue the work begun in the large societies now existing in nearly all the seminaries of the United States. The outlook for Total Abstinence is particularly encouraging, and not the least reassuring sign is that the movement seems to be equally popular among seminarians of all nationalities.

Commenting on a novel species of rascality recently brought to light in New York, the *Sun* notes that "some of the business men of the communities in which the swindler operated were the victims most easily deceived. Men who had amassed a competence, and who were still in the prime of life, allowed themselves to be gulled by a perfect stranger, at whose direction

they undressed themselves, allowed their backs to be bound with plaster, and finally lay with their eyes up toward the wall while the 'doctor' robbed their houses, and easily made his escape with the explanation that he was 'just going around to the drug shop for more plaster.' The swindler believes that the spirit of acquisitiveness which had worked to the previous advantage of his victims aided him in his operations; for he offered his professional services free, and the 'patient's' desire to get something for nothing prompted an acceptance of the proffered treatment."

The self-diploma-granted doctor persuaded his dupes that they were troubled with heart disease; and although they had not been aware of the fact previously, they forthwith recognized the symptoms he specified and confidently submitted to his treatment. Avidity to accept gratuitous services—or, as the *Sun* puts it, the desire to get something for nothing—is not a commendable characteristic, either in individual men, in corporations, or in communities. As a rule, tangible good worth acquisition is worth paying for; and in the non-altruistic hurly-burly of the workaday world, one may as well take it for granted that for nothing he will get no more than nothing.

Most persons will be inclined to consider as thoroughly captious the criticism of some few newspapers that condemn the exclusion from this country of Anarchist Turner. Freedom of speech is all well enough, but it is not to be confounded with unbridled license in the propagation of principles subversive of morality and social order. Moreover, freedom of speech and the exercise of religious privileges in this country are boons proper to its citizens; and unless a man takes the clearly untenable position that the

country has no right to exclude any foreigner whatever from citizenship in the United States, it is idle to talk of this or that foreigner's rights and privileges being infringed upon. The action of the Supreme Court in upholding the statute providing for the expulsion of Anarchists is, or should be, welcome to every sane lover of his country. If there is one class of immigrants for whom the United States has absolutely no use, it is assuredly the Anarchists, be they practical "Reds" or merely the theoretical and philosophical instigators of the "Reds'" concrete defiance of law and order. The statute in question is by no means too sweeping in its character.

The *Catholic Citizen* opens a thoughtful editorial with these lines:

The Socialistic papers are making the "charge" that the Morrill Leather Co. and the Douglas Shoe Co., large manufacturing concerns of Massachusetts, recently paid the expenses of a Catholic clergyman, Father —, who came from —, Ohio, to lecture the workmen of Brockton on the un-Catholicity of Socialism; also that a prominent manufacturer bought 5000 copies of Father —'s "Indictment of Socialism," to circulate among his Catholic employees.

The *Citizen* adds that "both 'charges' (upon investigation) seem to be substantially true." The position of any Catholic on the subject of extreme Socialism—presumably the sort of Socialism attacked by the two zealous and enlightened priests referred to by the *Citizen*—is clear enough: the bully who would kick a man merely because he is up is not a whit better than the bully who would kick a man merely because he is down. But it would be unfortunate if the large body of working people who look with sympathy on those moderate and harmless political policies that are often—alas!—labelled Socialism should come to believe that the Catholic priest is being used by the capitalist as a club to beat down organized labor. It has long

been recognized that the real cause of modern wars between nations is not land-lust nor patriotism, but fiscal policy and prosperity considerations. It is a serious question whether the alienation of the poorer classes from the Church in countries like France, for example, where the aristocracy is so closely identified with religion, is not due in the long run to somewhat similar causes. The Church can never, of course, be expected to compromise with anarchy; but it behooves Catholics to beware how the Church is made to appear to take sides needlessly against her own children, who are mostly laboring men.

..

It is said by a writer of some repute that "the Social Democracy of Germany has now over three million votes, and is the largest party in the Empire. In Austria the voting power is nearly a million. In the United States it is now probably about a quarter of a million. In France it is over a million and a half. And the party is strongly intrenched in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Italy, and even now in Spain." The question of Socialism is pre-eminently one that requires judicious and enlightened treatment at this crisis; and it is to us another proof of the providential government of the Church that the Pope who will be called on to deal with it is himself a son of the soil, a poor man and a lover of the poor.

Now that the social scars inflicted by our Civil War seem almost completely healed, the denominational rents made at the same time show signs of closing. When the Presbyterian general assembly in 1861 adopted resolutions strongly condemning secession, the Southern Presbyterians set up a church of their own. Northern Presbyterians retaliated by a vivacious resolution regarding the sin of heresy and schism.

To a Catholic it is curious and somewhat comical to note that in 1882 the Northern Presbyterians agreed to take back what they had said about heresy and schism, but steadfastly refused to reconsider their remarks about secession and disloyalty. Finally, at Buffalo last month, the men of the North sent word to the men of the South that they were ready to retract "all aspersions and charges of any and every kind made by previous assemblies reflecting on the Southern Presbyterian church," and, like Barkus, were willin' to consider "the subject of closer relations."

Those persons who fancied that Miss Clara Barton's resignation of the presidency of the National Red Cross Society would be immediately followed by the subsidence of stormy winds and boisterous waves in that organization, have been disappointed. Things are still in a good deal of a muddle among the Red Cross people; and the opposition between the two parties into which all its members have become divided appears to be pretty thoroughly developed. "The question at issue between the two factions," says a Washington report, "is whether there shall be a complete abandonment of the society by those now conducting its affairs, followed by a reorganization under government control; or whether it shall continue as it has in the past, with the exception of a change of officers. Miss Barton's resignation has brought additional trouble to the society instead of peace, according to some of the remonstrants, who insist that efforts are being made to cover up the past doings of the society under a new white garment, with a promise to be good in the future.... They declare that no amount of assurance by Miss Barton's friends will serve to stop the investigation already begun, unless the present organization actually goes

out of business and the society begins over again, under a new charter from Congress, which shall include governmental control of the organization."

In view of the excellent work accomplished by the society in the past, and the lack of assurance that its beneficent activities will not be needed again and yet again in the future, all good citizens will hope that its affairs may be amicably adjusted, and the organization be endued with a stability that will secure both its permanence and its efficacy.

Making all due allowance for the super-emotional fervor of partisan oratory, is it not a little early in the presidential campaign for so serious an insinuation as the following to be publicly made by so prominent a citizen as the Governor of a State?

We find the Republican Supreme Court continually advancing new and startling interpretations of the Constitution by the slender majority of one vote—and a floating vote at that. Judging by the past, the only safe prediction to be made concerning its future decisions in any way involving political questions is that they will be in strict accordance with the wishes of the contemporaneous administration.

We like to believe that there is at least one body in our public life whose action is determined by considerations quite other than the advantages accruing therefrom to this or that political party. So we trust that Gov. Garvin of Rhode Island was perfervid rather than accurate in making the foregoing statement. True, Brig.-Gen. Hawkins, in a recent work, tells us that "if in the history of a nation there ever was a time when honest and patriotic lovers of their country ought to speak out and write out, that time has arrived in ours—where the whole political system is rotten to the core." But even so, we cherish the hope that our judicial system is sound. Gen. Hawkins is perhaps as unduly pessimistic as Gov. Garvin is ultra-partisan.

Notable New Books.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. By the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. Pustet & Co.

The first volume of Dr. Parsons' *Universal History*, as we noted on its publication, brought the narrative as far as the fall of the Western Empire; this volume continues it to the end of the Crusades. The wide outlook, the judiciousness, the solidity, the scrupulous devotion to truth, that mark all that comes from the pen of this greatest of American Church historians, render this work invaluable as a general guide; and the abundant references appended to each chapter form admirable bibliographies for the special student possessing a reading knowledge of French, German and Italian. Much ingenuity is displayed in the difficult task of combining the bird's-eye perspective with the tracing of historical causes and effects; and the literary style, despite the necessity of compact writing, is not without color, dash, and the other qualities of good narration. For the rest, while Dr. Parsons displays a reassuring open-mindedness in admitting and sifting evidence, he is found habitually in accord with the traditional views of conservative historians on questions involving Catholic personages. It is not primarily the fault of such writers as Dr. Parsons if their historical studies sometimes take on a controversial complexion; let Messieurs the bigots reform first. Meantime this work ought to be placed in every public library in this country.

The Widow's Mite and Other Psychological Phenomena. By I. K. Funk. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Many of our readers will remember the extraordinary story, widely published about a year ago, of the finding of a coin through the spirit—so alleged—of Henry Ward Beecher. A true and detailed version of the incident, with the facts concerning many other phenomena of a similar nature, is set forth in the present volume. It is one of great interest and is likely to result in a revival of spiritualism among non-Catholics. We could wish that the reading of this book—all such books—were restricted to psychologists and physicists. To most other readers it will do no good and may do a great deal of harm. The investigation of the phenomena of spiritualism even by scientists is not without dangers, as it has often been shown. The late Judge Edmonds, a well-known spiritist, declared in one of his public lectures: "The fascination of this intercourse is so great that it is easy to lead men away from their proper judgment, and to instil a spirit of fanaticism more revolting to the calm and rational mind."

Dr. Funk is not a spiritualist. Though he has devoted much time to the investigation of psychic phenomena, he is in doubt as to whether the dead can hold communication with the living. On the other hand, his invitation to the public to join with him in a series of experiments for the purpose of clearing up mysteries connected with spiritualism, goes to show that his faith in Christianity is anything but satisfying to him. It is to be hoped that his invitation will not be heeded by persons less sincere or with less nerve than himself. We wish that Dr. Funk had been witness of certain phenomena investigated by us some years ago. He would probably be firmly persuaded that the dominating power of modern spiritualism is the devil. The contention that all the phenomena of occultism are a mere mixture of human fraud and human folly is a convenient one for those who add 'I don't care' to 'I don't know'; but to those who are interested and have had knowledge thrust upon them it is absurd.

Modern Spiritism. By J. Godfrey Raupert. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

This work is described as a critical examination of the phenomena, character, and teaching of modern spiritism in the light of the known facts. Mr. Raupert is a convert to the Church and the author of "The Dangers of Spiritualism," noticed in these columns about a year or two ago. The purpose of the present volume is to combat the spiritistic claim that the souls of the departed are habitually communicating with us through the agency of sensitives; and that the disclosures which they are making are of an authoritative character, and have a deeply important bearing upon our life and our religious beliefs. Popular and widely accepted as this view is among non-Catholics, it can have no weight with any intelligent and consistent Christian.

The right of science to investigate the phenomena of spiritism is unquestionable; however, experience has shown that it is worse than folly for any but the sanest and strongest-minded to engage in such work. Mr. Raupert's book contains numerous warnings against the moral and mental dangers of dabbling with the subject. The most notable of these warnings was given by Dr. L. S. Forbes Winslow as far back as 1877. He wrote:

Ten thousand unfortunate people are at the present time confined in lunatic asylums on account of having tampered with the supernatural....The mediums often manifest signs of an abnormal condition of their mental faculties, and among certain of them are found unequivocal indications of a true demoniacal possession. The evil spreads rapidly and it will produce in a few years frightful results....Two French authors of spiritualistic works, who wrote "Le Monde Spirituel" and "Sauvons le Genre Humain," died insane in an asylum; these two men were distinguished in their respective professions,—one as

a highly scientific man, the other as an advocate well learned in the law. These individuals placed themselves in communication with the spirits by means of tables. I could quote many such instances where men of the highest ability have, so to speak, neglected all and followed the doctrines of spiritualism only to end their days in lunatic asylums.

Mr. Raupert's book is divided into six parts: The Evidence, The Phenomena, The Sensitive, The Intelligence or Intelligences, The Spiritistic Theory, The Spiritistic Creed and Philosophy. We think part second might have been rendered much more impressive, and it should be more critically exact in detail. As to the phenomena of spiritism, we quite agree that the man who denies them is not entitled to be called a sceptic; he is simply ignorant of unquestionable facts, established in a way to satisfy the most critical investigators and well known to a great many persons. To treat the spiritualistic movement as a discredited imposture on account of the frauds in which mediums have sometimes been detected is unreasonable, likewise reprehensible in those whose duty it is to know where moral dangers lie and to point them out to others.

The Two Kenricks. By John J. O'Shea. J. J. McVey.

The name of Francis Patrick Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore, and of Peter Richard Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis, are among the most glorious of American Catholic history. Both were men of markedly superior intellect, of great erudition, of lofty nature, and of saintly piety; and each in his long career had been an actor in great scenes. Mr. O'Shea could hardly find in the history of our hierarchy a better subject for a biographical sketch, nor one, apparently, with which he is in fuller sympathy. An experienced writer with a good grip on the period of the Kenricks, he has given us not a mere articulation of dates and facts but a book possessing spirit and personality. The last pages, however, seem to have been put together rather loosely and hurriedly; and the edifying incident of Peter Kenrick's giving up his bed to a newly arrived student at Maynooth while he himself slept on the floor is told in Archbishop Ryan's sermon (p. 408), and by a curious oversight repeated by Mr. O'Shea eight pages farther on. But perhaps this is hypercritical. Mr. O'Shea deserves our thanks for a volume as edifying as it is excellent in form, and we should be glad to have similar biographies of some other great bishops of the American Church.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. By John Gerard, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co.

The "old riddle" of Father Gerard's text is the origin of the world, and his book is an examination of the theories that would explain

the universe without the intervention of a Creator. It is obvious that only the outstanding points of such a vast field can be considered in a work of less than three hundred pages; exhaustive treatment is not a possibility. But Father Gerard is a good logician, is evidently familiar with the literature of Monism and Evolution, writes, with transparency and vigor, and gives in this volume a valuable account of "the state of the question" at the present moment.

If there are no surprises in these pages it is because there have been so many essayists with the same point of view on the same subjects. Not all have evinced Father Gerard's open-mindedness and courteous temper, however; and hence this volume may succeed where some others have failed in inducing the great middle class of readers to hear the case against the materialists. Much that was written on the death of Herbert Spencer has helped to prepare the public mind for such a book as this.

Ideals in Practice. By the Countess Zamoyska. Translated from the French by Lady Margaret Domville. Benziger Brothers.

Not many hours' travel from Cracow, at Zakopane, there is an institution established by the author of this book for the purpose of giving Polish girls training in domestic economy. Work, not only as a necessity but as an ethical power, entered into the considerations of the founder of the school, and she embodies her theories regarding work in this little volume.

The conditions presented by this helper of her people belong to Poland, hence the remedies suggested by the Countess can not be universally applied; still there are many points on the nobility of work and its ethical function that concern us all. The subject-matter includes chapters on work in general, intellectual work and spiritual work; and insight into the needs of humanity and zeal tempered by charity mark the teachings of this book. Though differing altogether in mode of expression, the Countess Zamoyska's theories remind one of those taught by Tolstoi, so far as the dignity of labor is concerned.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. By Wilfrid C. Robinson. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

A most enjoyable book is this story of Antwerp from the legendary days when the giant Druon Antigonus forced mariners to pay tribute ere they passed his stronghold on the Scheldt to the days—alas not legendary!—within the memory of old men, when the Dutch imposed taxes on the shipping that entered Antwerp. Between those points what richness of romance, what

moving dramas, what an imposing procession of historic personages, what big events! It is somewhat surprising to find that so much of the history of Europe during the Christian centuries can be grouped about this ancient city,—surprising until one remembers that both in men and actions the Netherlands have a record to be proud of. It was a splendid theme for such a writer as Mr. Robinson, whose zest for dates and facts and the whole apparatus of the scientific historian does not prevent his having a sharp eye for the dramatic and the picturesque. One can dip into this volume anywhere and find that the narrative grips him at once, so graphic is it and so crammed with "storial thing." Many of our readers will remember Mr. Robinson's work in this magazine; and to them we need not say that the spirit of the book is stanchly Catholic, and that the religious side of the history of Antwerp receives due attention. The publishers are to be congratulated on the excellence of their work.

Woman. By the Rev. N. Walsh, S. J. M. H. Gill & Son.

The purpose of this book is to be commended, for the author has written in accordance with the spirit and teaching of the Church regarding the sanctity of the home. That mothers make the home is universally conceded; hence no arguments are needed to emphasize the importance of woman's education. But old truths restated for the benefit of new readers are not without effect. To hold Mary the Mother of God as the Ideal of Christian womanhood is to place before her sex the noblest incentive to a holy life; and the manner of doing this is one of the best features of this little book. On certain points treated there will, of course, be differences of opinion, notably some of those touched upon in chapters fourth, fifth and tenth. The book is piously dedicated to the ever-blessed Virgin Mother of God.

Carroll Dare. By Mary T. Waggaman. Benziger Brothers.

"At your service, Messieurs!" I said, firing my pistol into the air." This inscription under the frontispiece strikes the keynote of the story; and one does not wait until he reaches page 105 to find out what it is all about. The setting of the adventures takes us to Maryland in 1791; thence our interest carries us to France; and all through we are held by the love of a mother, the filial devotedness of a brave son, and the loyalty of other gentle hearts. The magic of such names as Washington and Lafayette lend their charm; and, all in all, "Carroll Dare," with its golden love thread woven in its warp and woof, is a thoroughly readable story.



The Child and the Violet.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

"OH, tell me, little darlings,
Why are you hiding there,
When for you, pretty flow'rets,
I'm searching everywhere?"

"I have to stoop to find you:
You scarcely can be seen,
So closely are you folded
Within your coats of green.

"The Rose in every garden
Smiles proudly to the sun;
Beside her blooms the Lily,
Tall, white, abashed by none."

"Do not with these compare us,"
Replied the modest flower;

"Kissed by the sun forever,
They are his fairest dower.

"But we, in shaded places,
Shrink from the brilliant day,
And hide our timid faces,—
Because it is God's way."

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VII.—THE SANDMAN LEAVES HOME.

TEDDY spent a most miserable three days in the green room, which he found more intolerable every moment; so that for a long time he fairly hated that verdant color, and no longer wondered why the hunchback shivered and turned pale when the "chamber of horrors" was mentioned. The Sandman had certainly found a powerful means of maintaining his authority over the boy. No punishment of any sort would have possessed the same terrors for him. Nevertheless, Teddy made a

brave stand when after his release he was brought into the Sandman's presence. That potentate was disposed at first to ignore the whole matter and to receive the boy as if he had been away on a three days' pleasuring.

"Hey, my fine fellow! Hey, Alexieff!" he cried, in his most benevolent tones. "So here you are at last!"

"My name is Teddy, sir," blurted out the boy; "and you had no right to put me up there in that horrible room just for going to church on Sunday."

"It was for disobedience, my Alexieff. But why speak of what is unpleasant? You were in the green room, true. It was not agreeable to be there. No: if it had been so, I should not have sent you thither. Punishment is not meant to please. Now the offence and the punishment are alike over. I had not meant to speak of either. They are past. Let them go."

He waved his hand in the air as though to dismiss the subject; but Teddy went on:

"It's all very well to say they're over; but I don't want to be put up there again, and I can't stop away from church on Sunday."

The Sandman's dark eyes grew almost light with a concentration of feeling, which seemed to reduce the pupils to pin-points, as he regarded Teddy. He did not speak for a few moments. Then he said, icily:

"Let Sunday take care of itself, my fine fellow! Sufficient for each day is its own evil."

"To put me into that den," cried the boy, intent upon his grievance, "just after I had had such an awful time getting to Mass!"

"Did you get there?" asked the Sandman, who was profoundly incred-

ulous on that score. From his previous experience of boys—none of whom, however, had chanced to be Catholics,—it seemed very unlikely indeed that Teddy had performed the almost impossible task of getting across the bay alone in a rowboat and then walking some miles to church. He thought it much more probable that he had spent the time in amusing himself.

"Yes, I did," answered Teddy, indignantly. "But I guess you wouldn't have liked one bit to row and row till your hands were blistered and you got so tired out in the middle of the stream that you couldn't row any farther. After a while a catboat came along, with two men in it, and they called out to me and asked what was the matter; and they laughed and laughed, and said they guessed I'd be pretty late for church at the rate I was going. Then they took me in, with your boat in tow; and, as there was lots of wind, we soon got to shore. They said I'd have to walk three miles, but I didn't care for that. They told me how to go, and promised to call and pick me up sometime in the afternoon. Mass was begun when I got to church, but I wasn't real late. I was pretty tired by the time it was over. I started to walk back again to the shore, but my head began to spin. An old lady saw me leaning against her gate. She called me in, and gave me some bread and milk and made me rest a bit. Then I felt all right, and got down to the shore. But I had to wait and wait. I thought those men would never come, and that they'd gone off with your boat. It was dark when they did come; and they took me in, and you just bet we had a tiptop sail back again."

In the eagerness of his recital, Teddy quite forgot his grievance against his silent listener, who regarded him with wonder and unconscious admiration. That a boy should endure all this

simply to do what he had been taught was right seemed incomprehensible to the world-worn man, who had persuaded himself that religion was only an effete superstition to be practised by women and children; a something sentimental which took the place of other excitements. It made the Sandman all the more anxious to keep the boy, for whom he now felt an involuntary respect. But he did not give expression to this feeling. On the contrary, he said sneeringly:

"And to what end was all this effort, imperilling your life on the bay, so little do you know of boats; endangering your health by remaining, save for the charity of an old lady, the whole day without food? Why should you have done all this, my Alexieff?"

"Because I wanted to hear Mass. Sunday is a day of obligation. 'Sundays and holydays Mass thou shalt hear.'"

Without any embarrassment but quite naturally, Teddy repeated the familiar Commandment of the Church, so often thoughtlessly said in class.

It was on the Sandman's lips to say: "A fig for your obligations! You are a fool for your pains!" But was he a fool? And if he did not obey his Church, and the law which he believed to be from God, why should he, why should anybody, obey at all? So strongly did this consideration force itself upon him that he argued no further, but somewhat pettishly dismissed the boy.

As Teddy got outside the door, he put his head in again and said:

"I guess if I had known where you were going to put me, I wouldn't have come back here at all. I would have told those two men how you took me away from home and asked them to take me back."

"And why did you not, in any case, my Alexieff?" inquired the Sandman, in a light and airy tone which concealed his real curiosity. "Was it because,

perhaps, you thought they would not believe you?"

"No, it wasn't that at all. It was because I didn't want to go back and be a burden to Aunt Sarah till I was bigger and could get a job. If you treated a fellow decently and let him go to church on Sunday, and if I could see Kitty sometimes, I guess I'd stay here for a while and do any work round. But I can't give up church; and I must see Kitty, because she's fretting for me, I'm sure; and I want her."

His voice choked and his eyes filled with tears.

"Well, go now, and we'll see about all that. You can not leave here without my consent. If you had told those men in the boat where you came from, Alexieff, they would have left you on the shore or dropped you into the bay rather than thwart me. So here you must stay. Understand that one thing, and for the rest—wait!"

There was no resource but to wait, and Teddy said no more. He closed the door and went to join the hunchback, who, listening to his adventures by sea and shore, with the awful climax of the green room, regarded his friend more than ever as a hero.

Teddy enjoyed the freedom of the outdoor life after his three days of close confinement; but for that first day he was not disposed to go near the woods.

"They remind me too much of that horrid room," he explained to the hunchback. "I bet anything, Johnny, that you'd have just died if he'd put you up there."

The hunchback's eyes grew big with terror. He could not listen to Teddy's descriptions, and begged him to stop when his companion attempted to dilate upon the ghastly, livid color and the pictured reptiles crawling about.

It was that evening, at supper, that the Sandman announced his intention of going away on the following morning. He gave no idea of how

long he should be absent, but the simple fact that they were to be rid of his terrible presence for any time at all was joyful news to the two companions. And it was a relief to know that they would escape the lessons which Teddy had been dreading from day to day.

When the two boys were alone together after supper they confided their gratification to each other; and though Johnny, with an ominous shake of the head, declared that he was afraid 'he wouldn't be really away at all,' they set about planning what they should do with the golden hours of his absence, and crowded as many projects into that brief space as though it were to extend over years.

Next afternoon the carriage in which Teddy had arrived was brought round to the door, and both boys were permitted to get in and drive to the ferry. The road was beautiful and country-like at first, with the waving green of trees, and the scents of lilac, honeysuckle and clover blended all in one; but there was not a sign of a human habitation, for some miles at least. Then the carriage passed by an occasional farm-house or ornate villa, whence the sweet odor of cultivated flowers—the rose and the syringa—enriched the balmy air. Soon a broad macadamized road was reached, where all country sights and sounds were at an end; but over which the horse, urged to his greatest speed, seemed to fly, and thus brought the occupants of the carriage, with a great flourish, to the ferry. Around it were collected trolleys of various lines, which gave forth passengers from all directions; and vehicles of every description, heavy and light, large and small, most of which passed through the great gates once they were opened. The Sandman, alighting at the last moment from the carriage, hurried likewise through the capacious portals, following the stream

of pedestrians over the gangway into the boat.

The boys waited till they heard the clang of a bell, followed by the creaking and the grating, and the swish of waters, which told that the boat was in motion; and they eagerly watched the vessel moving outward, conveying its cargo of passengers across the broad stream. When it was almost out of sight, by a simultaneous movement they threw their caps into the air and gave vent to a subdued "Hurrah!" The drive back was delightful, without the oppressive presence of the Sandman,—who, however, had been in the best of humor, and had laughed and jested all the way. His going was connected with that secret project by which he hoped to attach Teddy firmly to his household, and make his departure thence so difficult as to be almost impossible.

It was one of those lovely days of which Nature at that season is so prodigal; but it was almost like autumn in the sharp, frosty air which stirred up during the homeward journey. Once or twice the boys alighted, permitting the horse, which was named Michael, to browse at will on the herbage by the roadside, while they ran about amongst grass and flowers, in sheer contentment that they were alive and that the dark shadow of the Sandman had been momentarily removed. They threw handfuls of wild flowers at each other, and chased the pretty chipmunks till they scampered up into the highest branches of tall trees and turned to chatter down reproaches at their pursuers.

When the boys reached home, the first thing was to put Michael in the stable. Teddy went out to help Vladimir in this duty. The good horse was even more weary than they were themselves, and his glossy coat was flecked with foam. But the sagacious animal knew that he was sure of a

good supper and a rest. He was well acquainted with both boys, but particularly with Johnny, who had had the care of him for a long time. He rubbed his nose against the boy's arm, as if to thank him for his care; and Johnny made ready the nosebag of oats and drew a pail of fresh water. When the beast had been attended to and made as comfortable as possible, he neighed as if he were expressing satisfaction; and, with a farewell pat from both boys, he was left to the repose which he had honestly earned.

The dining-room was brilliantly lighted when the boys got to the house. The supper was on the table, and Katrinka, with a broad smile upon her face, stood waiting to serve them. They did ample justice to the repast, meanwhile talking busily together of all the plans they had formed for the following day,—never dreaming that the matter was to be taken out of their hands, and that Katrinka, who hovered about, watching the boys narrowly and listening to their discourse, had other projects of her own.

Once or twice Teddy was imprudent enough to come out with some expression which was far from complimentary to the Sandman. On each of these occasions the hunchback gave a swift, warning glance at his companion, and indicated the presence of Katrinka by a slight movement of the head. But the old woman did not appear to notice; only, withdrawing into a corner, she indulged in a hideous grimace, and that silent, mirthless laughter which gave no clue to her real feelings.

"If she tells him, you are lost!" said Vladimir in a somewhat tragic whisper as, the supper concluded, the two boys went out upon the gallery.

"I guess she never noticed," replied Teddy.

"Didn't she, though?" said Vladimir. "Would a cat notice if the mouse she was watching made a move?"

"I don't think she knows English very well," went on Teddy.

"Doesn't she?" cried the hunchback, regarding his companion with scorn. "I think she knows every language."

"Well, perhaps she won't tell. She doesn't talk very much," said Teddy, comforting himself with this assurance.

"She may talk to him a lot when we don't hear," persisted Vladimir.

"Well, it can't be helped now," said Teddy, with cheerful philosophy. "And we'd better not spoil the time he's away by thinking about it."

"That's so," assented the hunchback, humbly.

"I wish it wasn't night," said Teddy. "What's the good of night, anyway? A fellow can't do anything after dark."

"We'd be pretty tired if it was always day," observed the hunchback in his quaint way.

"I suppose so," replied Teddy, carelessly. "But what on earth are we to do from now till bedtime, especially as it's cold and not very nice outdoors?"

They stood and pondered, looking out upon the chill landscape, over which a mist was rising from the bay and seeming to penetrate, as the boys felt, into the marrow of their bones. They shivered, and involuntarily began to pace up and down the gallery; looking in betimes through the slats of the blinds to the Sandman's study, which lay cold and dreary, illumined only by a pale reflection from the hall shining in over the transom.

Presently, with a suddenness which made the lads start as though they had been caught in some mischievous act, Katrinka put her large head and queer wooden face out of the door, while her croaking, metallic voice broke the stillness:

"Come into my kitchen, where you'll spend an hour,
And some of Katrinka's goodies you'll devour."

The boys willingly accepted this invitation. Nothing could have been

more to their taste on that cold and dreary evening. They hurried along the hall to where the door stood invitingly open; the huge stove gave forth a welcome glow; the room was actually shining with cleanliness. They entered, and Katrinka, beaming with satisfaction, closed the door cosily behind them. They both perched themselves on a huge wooden settle, two very happy if cold and tired boys, and watched their strange hostess making such preparations for an enjoyable evening as shall be recounted in another chapter.

Katrinka bustled about, taking off her striped kitchen apron, which had a bib and huge sleeves, and protected her drugget gown; and, somehow, it gave the boys a feeling of the approach of festivities that she thus divested herself of the sign manual of household drudgery. She settled herself in a high, straight-backed chair, sitting quite still and looking into the fire with a perfectly expressionless face, so that she had very much the appearance of a wooden figure quaintly carved with a penknife. At last the clock in the hall, with a great whirring and grating of its wheels, struck eight; and Katrinka immediately roused herself as if she had wakened up from a deep sleep.

(To be continued.)

In Olden Times.

The usual outfit for a collegian in the Ages of Faith differed greatly from that of students of to-day. A boy's modest travelling box then always contained two indispensable articles—a Bible and a hairshirt. Lads of that period were not ashamed of being poor; and at Oxford the more needy students would go from door to door singing the *Salve Regina*, and begging a pittance "for Our Lady's love," which was never refused.

With Authors and Publishers.

—An American in Porto Rico lately wrote to the office of a prominent New York magazine saying: "In a recent issue you mentioned 'The Proverbs of Solomon.' Will you kindly tell me where I can get a copy of this book and at what price?" This is interesting; but more interesting still is the fact that the query after passing the whole office force was solemnly referred to the editorial department for an answer. To comment on this incident would be like gilding gold.

—An esteemed contemporary construes our mention—a mere mention—of an abridged and expurgated edition of Dumas' *Les Trois Mousquetaires* as a recommendation of the original work for school use! and accuses us of ignorance or carelessness in not denouncing that forgotten novel. This, we submit, would be like pounding a dead snake. We are always glad to see an immoral book rendered innocuous. There is only one reference in the outline edition of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* to which any sane person could take exception, and any one qualified to teach would note the point. This new version of an old novel is certainly not on the Index. It is one thing, we may add, to be captious, and another to be critical.

—The old assertion connecting the Jesuits with the doctrine that the end justifies the means crops out so regularly that it is well to have a succinct and trustworthy statement to oppose to it. Such a statement, temperate in tone and with just enough spice of humor and satire to render it enjoyable to those already familiar with the controversy, is offered by the Rev. A. Guggenberger, S. J., through the *Messenger* Office. It appears that one Professor Coddington, of Syracuse University, had fallen foul of medieval Latin as many a better and broader scholar before him has done, and Father Guggenberger instructs him in the meaning of such phrases as *obligare ad peccatum*. The Rev. P. F. McEvoy, of Syracuse, New York, assists in turning the roast.

—Many readers, we feel sure, will welcome a translation of Thomas of Eccleston's well-known work, "De Adventu FF. Minorum in Angliam," by Father Cuthbert, O. F. M., who also contributes an introductory essay on "The Spirit and Genius of the Franciscan Friars." A non-Catholic reviewer to whom Eccleston's work is evidently quite familiar observes: "The stories preserved for us in this chronicle are priceless. Witness that of Sir Alexander de Bissingbourne, who confessed his sins as if he were telling a story, till he was surprised to see his confessor burst into tears; or of Brother Walter and the sandals

he found. It is a testimony to these early preachers that 'Greyfriars Walk' is still one of the poorest streets of any town it is found in; and Eccleston, none better, helps us to realize their spirit." It must have been from this old work, by the way, that Dr. Jessopp got his title, "The Coming of the Friars."

—In spite of the wanton destruction of Irish manuscripts in times past, at least a thousand volumes of unpublished writings are still extant. A catalogue of the contents of about half the MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy alone fills thirteen volumes, numbering 3448 pages. It is believed that the so-called Ossianic poems amount to nearly 100,000 lines.

—"A Tangled Tale" is the rather infelicitous title of a bright and readable essay by Father John Gerard on the evolutionary theory of Darwin. The pages dealing with the improbabilities of Natural Selection are models of popular exposition. "The Church in Japan" is the first instalment of a paper by Dr. Casartelli (now Bishop of Salford, England), whose knowledge of the mission fields is thorough and comprehensive. The timeliness of this publication is an added commendation. Chicago Catholic Truth Society.

—"Who reads an American book?" asked Sydney Smith. The answer for our times seems to be that a good many people in this country are now reading American books. Dr. W. Robertson Nicholl, a high authority, has just written that "the great fact at present in the book market is that the United States has stopped buying and reading the works of English authors." A few years ago, and that before we had international copyright, a popular English author derived as much income from sales in America as he did from the home market; now, according to Dr. Nicholl, "only a very few among the foremost of our novelists can have their stories published in serial form in America. The demand in book form, even for the most popular novelist in this country, has shrunk to very small dimensions."

—Col. Henry Watterson is the last of the great "personal" editors of the school of Bennett, Greeley and Dana, whose "we" always meant "I," whose prejudices were allowed to color all they wrote, and who indulged in strong epithets and plain speech with a freedom now happily out of favor. The Kentucky Colonel is probably the most picturesque and distinguished figure in American journalism since Dana passed away; hence his judgment on his own craft is apt to be at once unbiassed and enlightened. This is what

he said of the news columns and the editorial page in a speech before the National Editorial Association at the World's Fair:

Primarily the daily newspaper is the history of yesterday. If it should perform this function simply, having no other end in view, its value to the community would be priceless. Intelligent readers, intrusted with the facts and unhindered by pressure, could reach their own conclusions. But as a rule the daily newspaper accepts no such limitations. It sets up for a teacher as well as a historian. It would influence—"mould" I believe is the word—public opinion, yet it is not always the public, too often it is some private interest, which colors its narrative and shapes its oracles, fitting the one into the other without that sense of accountability to God and truth which ought to lie at the bottom of every man's heart, and which does lie at the bottom of every good man's heart. We read now and again that So-and-So "takes himself too seriously," as if levity were a merit; while, pursuing the like whimsical conceit, that which is merely pert is too often mistaken for wit.

The editorial page is valuable in the degree that it aids the reader to digest the news. It should either be reformed or abandoned. Under a certain spell which has crept upon the modern newspaper, it is becoming, if it has not already become, a rather useless appendage—not even ornamental,—reminding one of those clusters of artificial flowers which at the more pretentious railway eating-houses are supposed to decorate the tables and to deceive the wayfarer. Yet ought the editorial page, after the exhilaration, the distractions and excitements of the news pages, to be as a raised dais in the centre of a great hall, a seat of rest and charm, an elevation from which to survey the passing show, having its lights adjusted the better to set forth this passing show and its ready chorus to explain it.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. \$2.25.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. Wilfrid C. Robinson. \$2.25.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. John Gerard, S. J. \$2.

The Two Kenricks. John J. O'Shea. \$1.50, net.

Modern Spiritism. J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.35, net.

Ideals in Practice. Countess Zamoyska. 75 cts., net.

Carroll Dare. Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.25.

Woman. Rev. N. Walsh, S. J. 85 cts., net.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. Rev. L. P. Gravel. \$1, net.

A Year's Sermons. Preachers of Our Own Day. \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D. 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. The Same. 60 cts., net.

Non Serviam. Rev. W. Graham. 40 cts., net.

Varied Types. G. K. Chesterton. \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. Lady Rosa Gilbert. \$1.50, net.

The Storybook House. Honor Walsh. \$1.

A Precursor of St. Philip. Lady Amabel Kerr. \$1.25, net.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. M. S. Dalton. \$1, net.

Belinda's Cousins. Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.

The School of the Heart. Margaret Fletcher. \$1.

Divine Grace. Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D. \$1.50, net.

St. Patrick in History. Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. 55 cts.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. St. Thomas Aquinas. \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. St. Thomas Aquinas. \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. S. L. Emery. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HAB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis Curran, of the diocese of Kansas City; Rev. Aloysius Rocoffort, S. J.; and Rev. Joseph Vill, O. S. B.

Mr. Albert Dudley, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Henry Howard, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mr. Eugene McCarthy and Mr. John Maloney, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. M. T. Fox, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. John Whealan, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Margaret Trodden, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Josephine Prendergast, Leavenworth, Kansas; Mr. John Walsh, Victoria, Canada; Mrs. Mathias Morrisette, Quebec, Canada; Mr. Joseph Junkersfeld, Champaign, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Reynolds, Miss Katherine Brady, and Mrs. Margaret Shern, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. John Parks, Marengo, Iowa; Mrs. Walburga Kast, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. James Murray and Miss Anna Brophy, New York; Mr. William Meurer, Millvale, Pa.; Mr. Joseph Scanlan and Mrs. M. J. McGinnis, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. George Motie, Davenport, Iowa; Mr. Paul Cassavant, Sioux City, Iowa; Miss M. I. Bourke and Mrs. Joseph Bourke, Syracuse, N. Y.; J. H. Brinkmann, Clinton, Iowa; and Mrs. J. J. Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 46.

VOL. LVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 25, 1904.

NO. 26.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Souvenir of Our Lady of Guadalupe.*

FROM THE SPANISH OF SALVADOR ESQUINO, BY
M. E. M.

IN thee a shield the helpless Indian found,
When sin and misery claimed him for their own:
By thy sweet grace was his conversion crowned.

Centuries pass, and then to him appears
The vision of thy face; he sees and starts.
By the dear banner of his native land,
Trembling, he swears that through thy love alone
His chains shall fall, and, lo, the slave is free!

O thou protector of his liberty,
O thou consoler of afflicted hearts,
To thine own country lead him by the hand,
To whom, at Tepeyac, thy love hath shown
A vision fair, to other lands unknown!

Some Thoughts for American Catholics.†

BY CHARLES J. BONAPARTE.



O consult the Oracle of Delphi was an expensive no less than a solemn proceeding. The pythoness acted on sound business principles in fixing the price of her services; and, as she also dealt strictly on a "spot cash" basis, the happy pilgrim who left her august presence may have thought himself the richer in heavenly wisdom, but must have known himself a good deal the poorer in worldly

dress. As some compensation, he had thrown in, provided he took the trouble to read the inscription over the gate, a piece of good advice which differed widely in value from curbstone opinions and gratuitous counsel in general; it was not only worth more than the nothing he paid for it, but far more than all the obscure warnings and equivocal hints for which he had just paid so handsomely. "Know thyself," was a precept of wellnigh boundless utility for the ancient Greek; it is no whit less suited to the American, and more particularly to the Catholic American, of to-day. And we American Catholics may perhaps spend a few minutes fruitfully in the attempt to practically apply it; or, in other words, to find out, if we can, what we are and why we are here; what work we have to do, and upon what conditions we may hope to do this work well.

"Undoubtedly," said the *New York Nation* in its issue of January 30, 1868, "political equality, free public education under Protestant auspices and a national rule which compels sectarian toleration, are forces which must in time either destroy Catholicism in this country or essentially change its nature." Is this statement true? Is its probability established or even indicated by our thirty-six years' experience since it was published, or by the Church's history during the entire period since she was first exposed to what the same paper, in the article from which I have quoted, calls "the

* Crowned October 12, 1895.

† An address delivered at the Commencement of Notre Dame University, Wednesday, June 15, 1904.

corroding action of our institutions”?

These questions are not new. I doubt not that you have all heard and read—many of you probably often, some perhaps *ad nauseam*—that there is an “incompatibility” between American institutions and the Catholic Church. You may have heard this not only from enemies but from friends of the Church. In truth, it is said sometimes by those who know something of the Catholic Church and nothing of American institutions; although more frequently by those who know something of American institutions and nothing of the Catholic Church; and most frequently of all by those who know nothing, or next to nothing, about either. Were I speaking seventy-five or even fifty years ago, I might ask whether the audience before me believed this; to-day such an inquiry would be needless. Now such a thought may be, perhaps, entertained by a Catholic who is not an American, or by an American who is not a Catholic; but surely the opinion is no longer shared by any American Catholic sufficiently informed to have an intelligent opinion.

On November 6, 1789, a Bull of Pope Pius VI. founded the American hierarchy. At that date the Catholic population of the United States was estimated—probably too liberally—at forty thousand, or about the one-hundredth part of our entire people. There were in all some thirty priests; hardly so many chapels; no edifice which could, with any propriety of language, be called a church; not one asylum or hospital or other benevolent institution; and but a single school or seat of learning of any class—Georgetown College then just founded. When one hundred years later the American Catholic Congress met at Baltimore, its members represented a Catholic population of probably more than eight millions, constituting between one-

eighth and one-seventh of the whole nation; the Church was ruled by thirteen archbishops and seventy-one bishops; commanded the services of over eight thousand priests; possessed some ten thousand five hundred places of public worship, five hundred and twenty hospitals and asylums, twenty-seven seminaries for the education of the clergy exclusively, six hundred and fifty colleges and academies, and—most significant of all for those who hope or fear much from “the corroding action” of “free public education under Protestant auspices”—more than thirty-one hundred parish schools, with, at a low estimate, three-quarters of a million of pupils.

In the fifteen years since that Congress was held the Church’s progress has been even more rapid. Without speaking of Porto Rico or the Philippine Islands, it is safe to say that there are now in the American Union several times as many bishops as there were priests when our Constitution was adopted; fully as many priests as there were then adult male layfolk; more churches than there were Catholic families in the thirteen States; convents and monasteries, schools and colleges, asylums and hospitals, of which the combined means of the entire Catholic population of those days could not have built a tenth. It is true that since the adoption of our Constitution the growth of this country has been marvellous; but the growth of the Catholic Church in this country has been far more marvellous. While the number of American citizens has increased perhaps twenty fold, the number of American Catholics has increased much more than three hundred fold. If an amazing progress in numbers and wealth were sufficient to prove the Church’s vitality, the question suggested by the *Nation’s* unlucky prediction would need no further answer. Surely the mustard seed

planted on these shores a hundred and fifteen years ago fell on no ungrateful soil. Of this fact no better proof can be given or reasonably asked than Time has furnished in the stately tree, with its deep roots and wide-spreading branches, which has grown from that seed.

But this is not enough. For all this might be true, and yet there might be in this very prodigious outward development the germ of a deep inward decay. For one who would judge whether "the action of our institutions" has been, or is in truth, "corroding" to Catholic faith, I deem more worthy of thought the spirit which quickens this mighty frame. To feel as well assured as you and I feel that the Church is here to stay and to prosper, he must, perhaps, believe as you and I believe. But any man able to see things at all as they are, and having some knowledge of the facts, will recognize that nowhere is there greater zeal or greater harmony in the Catholic Church than here; nowhere are the relations of the hierarchy with the Holy See, of the clergy with their superiors, or of the laity with their spiritual advisers, more nearly what Catholics could wish them; and those of the Church with the civil power and of her members with citizens of other faiths marked by less bitterness and less friction. Blind men, then, may argue whether the Catholic Church can live in the United States; but for those who have eyes that can see, and will open them to the truth, that question is a question no longer. If they see anything, they see that she can live because she has lived and lives to-day. Lives, too, not as a sickly exotic: she grows and flourishes and waxes strong with a sound and healthy growth; gaining, not in mere size but in vigor, every day; in short, she is and feels herself to be at home.

If we apply to the sum of American institutions the vague and much abused

term "liberty," the history of a century and a quarter proves that liberty is good for the Catholic Church. If it has "essentially changed the nature of Catholicism," the change has been but to make the Church more enterprising and aggressive, more than ever full of the missionary, proselytizing spirit which makes a truly living faith; and yet to put asleep the hatred which she once encountered here and still encounters elsewhere.

I have mentioned the *Nation's* prophecy, but I propose to give none of the comparatively little time at my disposal this evening to the more or less gloomy vaticinations of those among our separated brethren who travail in spirit to see the Church so near them and so big, and growing daily the bigger and coming daily the nearer; because, with all possible respect for many among them, I find little to consider with promise of profit in their utterances. These are almost invariably either fair words which butter no parsnips, or big words which break no bones; either the expressions of an uneasy, affected optimism, which would belittle a danger it secretly fears to face, or tongue-lashings for that very improper character of Babylon who so strongly affects scarlet and differs so widely in sedentary capacity from St. Cecilia's cherubs. Time may be trusted to test the merit of the first; as to the second, their object has been little the worse for a very liberal and protracted application of this treatment, and I think she can stand it yet.

There is used, however, one argument against the Catholic Church — or at least an outcry doing duty as an argument — which merits a passing word; if for no other reason, for its antiquity. Pilate was told that his Prisoner made Himself King of the Jews: we are sometimes told to-day that the Church aspires to temporal

dominion. Pilate asked for and heard the truth, and declared the charge groundless; yet he feared the cry: "If thou release this Man thou art no friend to Cæsar." There have been men in public life among us as consciously unjust when they cowered before the like clamor. On this subject let us ask but two questions: Were those Jews who thus drove Pilate to shed innocent blood, in truth friends to Cæsar? Is any one who, in our day and country, would proscribe men for their faith and stir anew the dying embers of sectarian hatred,—is he, in truth, a friend to American liberty?

It is more to my purpose that we Catholic Americans should know and feel the full burden of duty and consequent responsibility cast upon us by the Church's growing greatness. To my mind, nothing can be more certain than that the Church has greatly prospered in America precisely because America greatly needed the Church. Recruiting her hierarchy from every rank and class of men, living less with and for the rich or learned than with and for that great mass of humanity whose passions, untamed by letters, are daily goaded by physical wants, her influence is most salutary where *ardor civium prava jumentum* constitutes an ever-present danger.

The working of American Democracy has no doubt shown some *a priori* objections to popular government to be exaggerated or groundless; but it has also shown no less clearly that *Demos*, like other sovereigns, is often selfish, shortsighted, lazy, and misled by bad advice. He is as ready as any other ruler to grow into a tyrant, and a very bad tyrant he can be. A self-governing nation, of all others, needs the Catholic Church. She can remind the sovereign people, as one having authority over it as over all monarchs, that right and wrong are things changeless and eternal, not moulded by

earthly fortune or fixed by its or any royal pleasure; that for her "success" never "sanctifies a fraud"; that for her, as for her Founder, one man's guilt is but blackened when he finds to share it thousands of accomplices or dupes.

True, the Church has no politics: she knows nothing of candidates or platforms, of administrations or policies, of tariffs or currencies. She is mute on every question as to which honest men may honestly differ; and no more tells her children what ticket they shall vote than what food they shall eat or what clothes they shall wear. But as she demands that they eat with temperance, that they dress with decency, so she requires of them to vote with an unclouded judgment, with an undrugged conscience, with the good of their country as their motive, with the fear of God before their eyes.

Needed in all times and all countries, she is—or, at least, to me she seems—needed most of all in our day and our country; for to-day Americans are learning what burdens, what dangers, what temptations wait on national greatness. In our youth of weakness and solitude, set apart from the world by oceans and wildernesses, we looked calmly on the sins and follies of our brethren, wondered sagely at baleful passions which took shape in war and conquest and oppression, and thanked God with unction that we were not as others were. The time of trial came,—the time which should teach us how vain and presumptuous were our daydreams; how little beneath the surface our common human nature is changed by intellectual training or material surroundings, by customs or forms of government; how surely

... we are the same our fathers have been.
We drink the same stream, and see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.
And what in the past befell them, now
befalls us: as fruits of war, we face

to-day the labors, the perils, the duties of conquerors.

It is not for us to murmur, still less to shirk the appointed task. We can not lay down at will these grave responsibilities; and vainly to seek such escape were mere cowardice and folly. But we may well—nay, in reason and conscience, we must—welcome any help which can fit us to fulfil them. And in this work, as in all that concerns man, there is room—room which none other can fill—for the Church of Christ.

She can remind us—*she* indeed, and not another—of the common Fatherhood of God, of the consequent brotherhood of all men, which make empty and trivial differences of race or color, of wealth or knowledge; which stamp the just rights of any man, however humble and ignorant, be his skin black or red, brown or yellow, as no less sacred than if he were the wisest, the most learned, the most reasonably honored of an enlightened people. She can tell us, and tell us as one speaking with authority, that if God has given us power over distant lands and strange men, we hold it but to serve those we thus rule; that a government, whatever its shape or name, seeking other ends than the good of the governed, is a tyranny,—a tyranny all the more odious and baneful if millions share in its guilt.

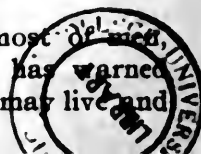
Finally, she can say to us—what too many called to speak yet fear to say, or say plainly—that a people ordained of God to uplift brethren who have lagged behind is doubly bound so to guard and order its national life that this may fit its mission. She can warn us that if we suffer blind prejudices, narrow selfishness or unworthy fears to baffle the honest fulfilment of our civic duties; if we tolerate and even reward in our public servants dishonor and breach of trust, perfidy to our organic law and sacrilege in their oaths of

office; if, in short, we lazily endure a disgrace and danger to Christian civilization in our government at home, then our sway abroad can bring but wrong and suffering on those we rule, but shame and future vengeance on us and our children.

We must learn to accept these truths,—to accept them not as vague, cold fruits of curious speculation, but as vital principles of our national being, as perpetual beacons to guide our thoughts and lives as citizens. It is a matter of life and death to our country that we learn; but who else shall teach us? Does any one still ask this office of Culture or Progress or Humanity, or any other of those fetiches of modern thought in whose names we were once promised so much? They have all been tried,—tried and found wanting. We know them now for mere mirrored images of man, fair reflections of his fairer features, gazed on with rapture by the dreamer in love with his kind; but dead idols, with sightless eyes, dumb lips, ears that hear not, hands that do not toil.

Will any yet fancy that the very increase of wealth and material prosperity, the widened knowledge of Nature's secrets, the greater subjugation of natural forces to man's will, may meet our need? In these lie much of our peril. Can any nation remain free and worthy of freedom and yet grow rich as we grow rich? Can time and thought be found for conscience and honor, patriotism and just dealing, when the day and the night have too few hours for our chase of gain? Will self-sacrifice at the call of duty be fostered by our daily deepening luxury? Will the burdens and restraints of political liberty be long tolerated by men softened by indulgence to the pampered fibre of slaves?

That great man who, most of men, gave life to this republic has warned us how, and how only, it may live and



deserve to live. "Virtue," says the Farewell Address, "is a necessary spring of popular government. Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." For Americans, Washington is a safe guide: to light the darkness which shadows our national pathway, to walk scathless 'mid the dangers clustering angrily about it, we must look for aid, not to man or his words or works, but to the religion of Christ, to the morality of the Gospel.

Whoever believes these things must rejoice to hear the Church say, as she tightens her grasp on American life, "*J'y suis, j'y reste!*" and to feel in his heart that she says this truly. But we may know this fact and not necessarily or immediately appreciate its consequences. This is no less true of Catholic than of other Americans. The notion that the Church is a stranger and a sojourner in our land has not been outgrown by all her children. Some Catholics have but half learned, although they are every day learning more thoroughly and more and more rapidly, that they are Americans, and not Irishmen or Germans, Frenchmen, Italians or Poles. *Not*, understand me well, Americans *first* and some sort of foreigners afterward; but Americans first, last, and all the time; and nothing else *at all*, at least in a sense which would make them any the less Americans.

No man can really have two countries, any more than he can faithfully serve two masters: a hybrid type of citizenship will be always and everywhere ephemeral and sterile. A great nation like ours can tolerate no divided allegiance: those who would be hers at all must be hers altogether. Where a man was born she has, indeed, never been overcurious to ask. Alexander Hamilton and Albert Gallatin are no more her stepchildren than great (to

the *n*th power) grandchildren of the *Mayflower's* passengers. But no one is or can be an American citizen, in the full and true sense of the word, who feels himself an Irishman or a German or anything else, except as George Washington or John Adams might have felt himself an Englishman, or (to compare a very small person to great ones) I may feel myself a Corsican.

I say this, of course, subject to all reasonable qualifications. No civilized man, certainly no Christian, can be indifferent to the good or ill fortune of any branch of the human family; and the land where one's kindred dwell, one's parents are buried, one's childhood was spent, must be, to a man of ordinary sentiments, something more than a red or blue patch on the map. I have no quarrel with those who on the shores of New England, in the shadow of the Alleghanies, by the Mississippi or the Great Lakes or the far Pacific, remember to honor St. Patrick or St. George or St. Andrew or St. Boniface or St. Wenceslaus,—if the last is the saint I mean, and if I have his name aright. I would put no prohibitory tariff on foreign sanctity; the production of the domestic article will not be checked by its importation, nor will the supply exceed the demand. As our country makes her own one band of immigrants after another, she takes with them their traditions and their ideals, their memories and their hopes, to blend these in the moral and intellectual heritage of all her children. Neither do I stand aghast at green flags or black, white and red flags flying once a year beside the Stars and Stripes; or laws made public here and there in the tongue of many thousands among those called to obey them. The really sad and shameful feature of such incidents is the paltry demagogism which too often inspires or magnifies them. But, whilst I think only the better of a fellow-citizen

because his birthplace or that of his fathers yet claims his sympathies and shares his affections, I hold him alike unworthy and dangerous if he has still to learn that here and here only are all his interests and all his duties.

I say this especially to and of Catholics, because, as I have just remarked, American Catholics have only gradually recognized its truth, and other Americans have only recently and imperfectly come to see that they recognized and acted on it. That the United States was and would remain a Protestant country seemed, to many within no less than to many without the Church, almost a matter of course seventy-five or even fifty years ago; it was assumed, complacently or regretfully as the case might be, but generally assumed as certain. As to this, we had no right to complain of public opinion: our fellow-citizens of other faiths thought of us much as we thought of ourselves. If to some of them, even now, an American Catholic seems in some sort a contradiction in terms, a few of both our clergy and our laity are still rubbing their eyes to be sure that such a person is not in some sort an impostor,—that he is truly a Catholic while no less truly an American.

There is, doubtless, some measure of justification for this frame of mind in both cases. In the immense mass of foreign matter absorbed by the American body politic, certain Catholic elements have been, perhaps, the least rapidly digested in the gastric juice of our free institutions, and are responsible for the most acute symptoms of our political dyspepsia. To discuss all the reasons for this seeming fact would tempt me into too wide a digression, but I may glance at one of the most obvious and most potent,—namely, the great disproportion in numbers between the Catholic population of the emancipated colonies and the multitudes of

Catholic immigrants to be fashioned on its model. No Protestant communion native to the United States has had to transform from aliens into citizens so vast a number of its members; and I doubt if any, even the humblest, among these communions undertook the task so weak and so poor and so widely dispersed.

The foundation laid fourteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, when a handful of exiles raised the cross at St. Mary's, has had to bear a gigantic superstructure, beneath whose weight it might well have crumbled had it been built by hands. When he reflects how vast has been the work of assimilation and inspiration imposed on the little body of Catholics who greeted their first Bishop in 1789, and then recognizes how thoroughly and how rapidly, on the whole, and bearing in mind all the circumstances, that work has been and is done, far from marvelling at its present incompleteness, any fair-minded man will find his faith revived and strengthened in the boundless potency for good stored in our orderly freedom; any man believing as I do will see a further and greater cause for thankfulness and hope; he will feel assured for the future, as he has known in the past, the proven and abiding guidance of Almighty God.

I must not forget that I now speak first of all to laymen, and more particularly to young laymen soon to be charged with all the varied burdens of life resting upon Americans and upon Catholics. At the American Catholic Congress, to which I have already referred, an interesting and carefully prepared paper was devoted to "Lay Action in the Church"; it may be well this evening, not to discuss or criticise the views of its author, but briefly to consider some aspects of his subject.

Let me first note what was implied in the title itself,—namely, that *action*

is required by the Church of its laity. I strongly suspect that to a good many worthy people, clergymen and laymen, within the Church and without, this idea is at least unfamiliar. Their conception of the normal Catholic layman is of something essentially passive. To their minds he seems, first of all, one of a flock well guarded by shepherds and collies; docile enough in the main, and grazing now here, now there, as these point the way; but subject to fits of waywardness and very prone to nibble a little forbidden herbage on the sly. Yet it needs no serious argument to show that this view is fundamentally erroneous. Nothing could be less Catholic than to regard any class of Christians as less than fully responsible for the growth of Christ's kingdom on earth. We know no such distinctions as those recognized in some other communions between church members and men or women who, although in the church, are yet not of it; between Christians who have and Christians who have not experienced "a change of heart."

For the Church every baptized man is a Catholic; no doubt he may be a bad as well as a good Catholic, a rebellious no less than a loyal son of the Church, a useless and harmful just as he may be a useful member of the Christian body; but, whether he wishes it or not, whether he deserves it or not, he belongs to the Church. And he belongs to her body and soul. He can not justly refuse her anything which he has; his time, his skill, his labor, his strength of arm or brain are hers no less than his means. He can not compound for any ransom, no matter how costly, his obligation of personal service in her army.

It is a common but wholly unjustifiable error to confuse the order of disciplined labor with the indolence of slavery: to think that because a man knows his work and does it, knows

his proper place and keeps it, knows whom he should obey and acts on the knowledge, he is without energy and will. A number of years ago, in a reunion of clergymen belonging to one of the more recent among Protestant denominations, a proposal to agree upon some symbol of faith was resisted by one gentleman, himself a convert from another sect, on the ground that 'having got one bit out of his mouth, he didn't wish to put another in.' A critic remarked, to my mind very justly, that this was all very well if his ideal was to be a colt running wild on a common; but that if he intended to draw a load or plow a field, he would find the bit an indispensable part of the harness. We wear our bits just because we know we have a hard pull before us and we would pull to good purpose. If, therefore, the Catholic laity are sheep, they are not, or ought not to be, sheep of a breed pampered and protected into chronic helplessness. When a fleecy brother or sister gets into a hole, they should know better than to stand by and "baa" for the shepherd: each one of them must then turn in and lend a fore-hoof to get the victim out.

And in another respect they ought, as I think, to differ from most sheep as we know them. When I was a good deal younger and, perhaps, seemed to be more innocent than I am now, a plausible gentleman once asked me to lend him some money upon a mortgage on a flock of sheep in Texas; and urged that my security would become one hundred and forty per cent better annually, since this was the usual rate of natural increase in that prolific clime. On my asking whether this form of the Unearned Increment, so odious to disciples of Mr. Henry George, might not perhaps inure less to my benefit than to that of the wolves, whose taste for mutton *au naturel* I supposed to be as pronounced in Texas as else-

where, he assured me that the Texan wolf was a gentle and mild-mannered animal and very respectful to the flocks; and if he was occasionally tempted to take compromising liberties with the young lambs, the older sheep were bold and vigilant chaperons and always promptly chased him away. I did not make the loan, and I am harassed by doubts whether such wolves as the would-be borrower described exist elsewhere than in his vivid imagination; but his real or pretended sheep would be good exemplars for us. Those we know have usually lost their natural weapons, since for man's purposes these are useless; but the typical Christian sheep, as I picture him, should have a strong pair of horns and know how to use them effectively. A hard butt at some popular but mischievous sophism, at some prevalent but unjust and uncharitable prejudice, at the undeserved prosperity and credit of some wicked man, seems to me precisely in his line of duty.

If, then, Catholic laymen are to *act*, what is the rightful sphere and what are the just limits of their action? I see no need to answer this question. The work God gives a man to do he is not forced to seek: it will seek him. He requires no telescope to look for it in Mars or the Milky Way, no microscope to find it among germs or bacilli. The fussy people who are always mistaking their vocations and getting into one another's way, meddle in everybody else's business precisely because they will not attend to their own. There is certainly and always work for each one of them to do, and it is certainly and always right before his eyes. But it may, it probably will be—or at least look—hard and small and uninviting; and so he tries not to see it where it is, and searches for it painfully where he knows well it is not.

To every suggested field of energy

and effort I would apply the Gospel test: 'Judge of the tree by its fruits,'—not by its branches or leaves or flowers, not by outward bulk and show of foliage or promise of pleasure to the eye; but by the plain, practical consideration: 'Will its products be good to eat?' Will your labors make your fellowmen stronger and braver and happier and more useful? If you are sure they will, no matter in how small a measure and after how long a time, you have found your appointed task. It may be a little thing at first; but if it deserves to live and grow, it will live and grow. Only one acorn out of a thousand becomes an oak, but that one was once as small as any among its less fortunate fellows.

When a great and unmerited honor was conferred upon me by your Alma Mater, I ventured to point out how important—nay, how vital—it was to the success and credit of the Church to have her children truly believe, and show forth by their lives how truly they do believe, that no man can be a good Catholic who is not also a good citizen; that the obligations of loyal obedience to constituted civil authority, of faithful and zealous fulfilment of the several duties imposed on each member of society by the law of the land—obligations which have been ever and everywhere unequivocally recognized and emphatically proclaimed by the Church,—rest sacredly upon every freeman in a self-governing republic, and forbid any surrender to selfishness or cowardice or sloth, any compromise with iniquity or dishonor, in the work which his country demands of him. It is not enough that this doctrine be affirmed in our catechisms or declared by our preachers: it must be recognized in our lives. When there shall be no unworthy citizen who is also in name a Catholic, the Catholic Church in America will have no enemy

whom any good man would wish to be her friend.

Do not tell me that things such as these concern not the Church. A Christian can not draw a sponge over his record as a member of civil society: that record will avail to fix his destiny; and if it does this it concerns the Church. Even if she would she can not limit her mission, can not escape dealing with evils by closing her eyes to their existence. For be well assured that if this field be given up to the enemy, his tares will spread to those adjacent. You can not abandon a heart to sordid passions in the forum and hope that it will be pure and honorable and generous at the fireside. Burke has well said: "There never yet was long a corrupt government of a virtuous people."

The Catholic Church knows, indeed, nothing about tariffs or currencies: it is for Cæsar to say whether his tribute shall be heavy or light, be paid in gold or paid in silver. If "politics" means those matters of public concern regarding which honest men may honestly differ, then, as I have already said, she has no interest in politics. But she is vitally interested in politics when "politics" becomes a euphemism for systematic rascality. Macaulay claimed that to say of Charles I., "He was a good man but a bad king," involved contradiction in terms. No man who, in any relation of life, persistently disregarded the dictates of conscience and honor, could be, he argued, fairly called "a good man." Surely this is no less true of an American citizen than of an English king: organized fraud, open or secret bribery, official perjury and breach of public trust,—these things can never be trifling or indifferent to any agency that makes for righteousness.

And if the Church of Christ exists among men, she exists as such an agency. The votary of Baal or Zeus

or Woden might consistently enough share with his deity the fruits of slaughter and pillage. There was in this, perhaps, less of gratitude for past favors than a lively sense of favors to come; for if he failed to divide equitably, the god might serve him some shabby trick when next he tackled his enemy. This view of the matter has outlived both the establishment of Christianity and the advent of modern civilization. When medieval cattle-lifters sent tithes of their spoil to the nearest cathedral or abbey; when to-day Dives makes his millions by fraud and chicanery, and out of them gives his thousands to home charities and foreign missions,—we saw and see the same human nature, threatened by the same dangers, using the same shifts. But they are no longer used consistently: a Christian has been told plainly, a Catholic Christian has been told more plainly still, that they are foolish and unavailing,—nay, that they aggravate his guilt, that they heighten his peril. And for American Catholics, for the laity no less than for the clergy, it is an imperative, a sacred duty to show—and show so plainly that no man, in or out of the Church, can misread the showing—that as truly as she lives to point the way to Heaven, so truly she lives likewise that truth and justice, honor and patriotism, good faith and fair dealing may also live among men.

PRIOR to the Reformation, the Church either did or did not exist. If it did not, then either Christ founded no Church or the Church He founded had failed. If He founded no Church, He made no provision for our salvation, and therefore can not be called our Saviour; if He founded a Church and it has failed, then He Himself has failed and can not be relied on; for He declared His Church should not fail.

—Dr. Brownson.

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

XVI.—JAMES ABBOTT.



JOHN had been back at the Petit-Château for about an hour. Alone in his parlor on the ground-floor, he seemed sadder than ever. Bitter thoughts flooded his soul, and he even repulsed Clodion, saying to the astonished animal:

"She heals the wounds of the dog, but cauterizes those of the master!"

Just then he heard Christiana calling him. She entered, smiling as usual, with a book in her hand. Seating herself beside him, she said:

"John, have you ever read Xavier Marmier's 'Letters from America'?"

"No, cousin."

"You have missed something. It is one of my favorite books. Would you mind reading aloud this page?"—handing him the book, and designating with her delicate finger the page in question.

"Cousin, I can not. I am not in the mood at this moment. Instead of reading letters from America, if you were not here, I should like to be off there, with the Red-Skins, and as far away as I could possibly travel by land or sea."

"I see that we shall agree. Read!"

"You insist?"

"I beg of you."

Christiana held out the book, pointing to the page; and, not without some amazement at the strange request, John read:

"In the year 1829 a young man, a stranger, came to Niagara, intending to pass several days there. Weeks and months fled by, and he still went each morning and sat in silent contemplation before the wondrous Falls; and in the evening, and even at night, the fascination still held him rooted as it were to

the spot, and absorbed in his solitary reverie.

"His name was James Abbott. Nothing more was known about him,—neither whence he came nor who he was. All who saw him were struck with the distinction and grace of his manner; and those who spoke with him were convinced that he had travelled much and studied much. No one could gain a footing of intimacy with James Abbott. He was not a gloomy misanthrope, but he avoided all reunions, selected unfrequented paths, and lived alone in his home, alone on the hillside, alone in the wood.

"He had asked permission to build on a small inhabited island called the Three Sisters. This request being refused, he established himself on the Isle of Iris. He kept no servant, and prepared his own meals. His morals were irreproachable. Had he found such bitterness at the bottom of the cup of this world's joy that he wished nevermore to put it to his lips? Was he possessed by a sorrow which rendered the frivolous pleasures of the world colorless and insipid? Had his heart been scorched by the fire of one love, and had it closed its portals to every other? No person could tell,—it was a mystery.

"One morning in the month of June, 1831, he went out to bathe in the river, as was his habit; and the following day some fishermen brought to land his dead body, which had been carried by the current fifteen miles. He was buried on the spot where he had been accustomed to sit for so many hours, silently gazing at the thundering cataracts. It was afterward discovered that he was a scion of a distinguished English family; but the secret he had guarded in his heart—the cause of his profound sadness and absolute isolation—was buried with him. Poor James Abbott! At the time of his death he was but twenty-eight years of age."

When he had finished reading, John looked at the Countess as though demanding an explanation of her strange caprice.

"Cousin, this James Abbott ought to please you; for he resembles you a little. Like you, he had received a wound in his life; but his wound was deeper than yours, no doubt. I would like—may I say it?"

"Say on."

"I should like to have a flower from his grave. I should dearly like to have some Masses offered up for his soul *there* where he lived and died."

"Nothing is more simple," answered John, who smiled in spite of himself. "The wealthy American who bought my 'Boar Hunt' has a large farm on the border of Lake Erie, not far from Niagara. He is a Catholic too, and I shall write to him at once—"

"No, that is not what I want. Your American might deceive us, or be deceived himself. I want an authentic flower, and I want to know for *certain* that the Masses will be offered."

"Well?"

"I dare not say it. You would think me silly."

"You know I should not."

"But perhaps I am a little silly just now."

"Well, I will be so too, in order to be like you for once."

"Then—I will speak. That flower—"

"Come now, courage! That flower?"

"You must go and get it for me yourself."

"What! You mean for me to go to America?"

"Yes. You said a moment ago you would like to be there."

"Truly, cousin, the idea is too erratic. What could have suggested it?"

"Several things. One object I have in view is to induce you to study a great people in a great country; to enlighten me on the subject of American

manners and customs. That will not hurt you, Marquis de Lizardière. The second object—but now you must believe me on my word of honor!"

"I always believe you."

"The second is that if there is a chance of your regaining the Lizardière, I must have that flower from James Abbott's grave."

"I confess, cousin, that, in spite of my confidence in you, I should like to have the key to this riddle."

"You shall have it when you return."

"Is it very serious?"

"Very. And in proof of it, you will leave to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, after having given instructions to your lawyer about the purchase of La Mairie. That will be a great bargain, and Leopold will be delighted, as he has already explained to you with his huntsman's pride."

"As to La Mairie, that is settled. As to the Masses, rest assured they shall be offered. As to the flower, I promise to bring you back a whole bouquet of flowers in six weeks from to-day."

"Six weeks! That is too soon, cousin. I give you at least ten months."

"Why, in these days one could go around the world in ten months!"

"Very well. Go around the world, then. I do not want to see you till next May. I have my reasons for this."

"Still a riddle!"

"Yes."

"So you think the Lizardière may—"

"I think you have asked enough questions, cousin. I shall not reply to any more."

"Decidedly, all women seem to be wicked to-day—even *you*."

"You are mistaken, John,—not even Raymonde."

"For pity's sake, Christiana, will you explain yourself?"

"On your return from Niagara,—not before."

Peace.

BY MARION MUIR.

THOU gentle comfort of distressful hours,
 Why listen not to my imploring cries?
 I see thee smiling, zoned with daisy flowers,
 And crowned with olives plucked in paradise.

Tender thine eyes as early August mornings,
 Thy vesture whiter than the starlit snow,
 And far above the crown of earth's adornings
 The calm that makes thy face enchant me so.

But thou art shyder than the cloud-cast shadows
 Flitting along the mountain's purple mass;
 The happy sunbeams tremble on the meadows
 When I awaken to behold thee pass.

All birds salute thee, but the gray-winged swallow
 Keeps at thy side like a familiar friend;
 Up the steep hillside eagerly I follow
 Only to find the wintry mist descend:

To meet, instead of thy sweet words and glances,
 The distant thunder's deep, repellent tone,
 The quick, red quiver of the lightning lances
 By spirit foes in airy combat thrown.

I seek thee by the temple's shining altar,
 Where none, they say, in vain have ever sought;
 I seek, but still my heart must chill and falter:
 Spirits of light are there—but thou art not!

O come, and still my heart's incessant yearning
 With the cool pressure of thy blessed hand!
 Hast thou not seen how long, with footsteps burning,
 I traced thee fondly through a weary land?

Vain, all in vain! In light and grace Elysian,
 She flits before me up the rugged path;
 But when I seek to join the radiant vision,
 She disappears amid the tempest's wrath.

At last I see, O Lord, the trial's meaning,
 Hid in the silence of Thy watchful love:
 Not here we meet, but, on Thy promise leaning,
 We find her smiling with the blest above.

THERE is no more beautiful illustration of the principle of compensation which marks the Divine Benevolence than the fact that some of the holiest lives and some of the sweetest songs are the growth of the infirmity which unfits its subjects for the rougher duties of life.—*Holmes*.

A Memory of Marseilles.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

IN the month of August, 1720, the Oriental plague broke out in Marseilles. Any one who has ever visited that city, which is primarily and principally a seaport, will be at no loss to account for the transmission of disease from any corner of the inhabited globe to this metropolis of the Mediterranean. The spacious harbor, in which twelve hundred vessels may safely ride at anchor, habitually furnishes a haven to from a quarter to one-half of that number; and a leisurely stroll along the busy docks will convince the tourist that all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues are represented among the sailors there employed. In view of the defective quarantine regulations that characterized most seaports in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the advent of the plague to Marseilles is easily understood.

As a matter of fact, the disease had been brought to the port from Tripoli by a Captain Chatand fully three months before it assumed the epidemic form. Unless one reads the detailed chronicles of Marseilles during that fatal year, it is impossible to form an idea of the conjuncture of deadly circumstances, the blindness of magistrates, physicians, and health inspectors, that allowed the contagion to creep into the very heart of the city, to develop there slowly but unopposed, up to the hour when, like a torrent impetuously breaking through dikes and dams, it burst upon the whole population; falling upon them like an exterminating angel, and shrieking into the ears of the senseless deniers of its presence: "This day is your last!"

Just as in the first few weeks of the ravages of the disease the security of the citizens had been great and undis-

turbed, so, when the increasing number of daily victims made it impossible to mistake the nature of the malady, their terror was illimitable and simply wild. Once they recognized the horrible reality, citizens and magistrates lost all courage. They saw only one means of safety—flight; and fully half the population adopted it. The wealthy hastened to gather provisions and betake themselves to those of their country-houses that were without the sanitary line which had been drawn around Marseilles. The poor quitted the city by hundreds, and sought shelter in caverns, in rocky defiles, or in hurriedly-erected tents. Sailors and fishermen embarked with their families on their vessels, forming a floating city in port and roadstead.

Vain precautions! Action had been too long delayed. Most of the refugees carried with them the deadly germ, and the contagion followed them in hot pursuit. Flight, however, was none the less general; and in a very brief period the officers of justice, directors of hospitals, members of the board of health, city counsellors,—all the municipal authorities indeed, save a few aldermen, had disappeared.

At the head of the Marseillais clergy of that day was a man whose very name still recalls to the Catholic of Southern France the climax of all that is noble and courageous; one whose life even at this remote date can scarcely be read without alternate tears and thrills of admiration. This prelate, confessor and apostle was Bishop Belzunce. A man of noble birth, exceptionally eloquent, and of the widest scholarship, he is remembered chiefly for his charity.

Mgr. Belzunce had been Bishop of Marseilles for twelve years when the great calamity occurred. No sooner had the plague declared itself than he looked the situation calmly in the face, recognized his duty as St. Charles

Borromeo had done in Milan a century and a half previously, and quietly walked out to meet the enemy, with whom he waged a fierce, hand-to-hand conflict till he secured the victory. At his appeal the canons of his episcopal chapter, the parish priests and curates of his diocese, the religious of all the communities—the whole clerical force of Marseilles, in a word,—understood at once that it was a question of martyrdom, yet hastened to range themselves around their devoted leader.

Words are too feeble fittingly to characterize such action. At every hour of the day and night, often while ill themselves, these worthy ministers of the God who drank the chalice of agony in the Garden of Olives, betook themselves to the most infected portions of the city. Like comforting angels, they appeared by the bedsides of the stricken with remedies for body as well as soul,—for it must be noted that a large number of doctors, and among others those sent by the Regent, had quailed at the aspect of the plague and lacked the courage to remain and fight it.

Animated by that charity which is the most fruitful of the evangelical virtues, Bishop Belzunce seemed to multiply himself. Everywhere he went forward at the head of his clergy, and his episcopal title served only to make him claim for himself a larger share of the common fatigue and danger. The greater number of the infected, driven from the dwellings, took refuge in the port, on the promenades, and in the streets. It was there that the Bishop visited them daily for long weeks. He was accompanied by a band of priests loaded with provisions and medicines. To such of the stricken as he entertained hopes of saving, he was prodigal of care and encouragements; to those whose case seemed hopeless he pointed out the road to heaven and with trembling hands administered the Last Sacraments.

Death was around him on every side. Death! He drank it in from the last sigh of the departing over whom he leaned; he touched it in treating their horrible sores, and walked on it as he trod upon their infected clothes. Death! At every hour it struck down some one of the priests who formed his retinue; it raged about him like a savage brute about its victim, and seemed to spare him so long only to rejoice in his agony. He was saved, nevertheless; but what other religion could offer such scenes of magnanimity, such courageous sacrifices!

It was in September that the plague reached its acme of violence: the deaths numbered a thousand a day. The streets were encumbered with corpses; and, although a large number of galley slaves had been liberated in order that they might bury the dead, they were insufficient for the task, and the mortality increased as the atmosphere became vitiated. Marseilles presented a spectacle that is graphically portrayed in a pastoral letter in which Mgr. Belzunce prescribed penance and prayer:

"Woe unto us and unto you, my dear brethren, if all that we see, all that we have this long while experienced, is not yet enough to make us enter into ourselves! Hundreds upon hundreds of families are entirely extinct; tears and lamentations have entered all dwellings; countless victims have already been immolated to the justice of an angry God. And we, who are perhaps not less guilty than those of our fellow-citizens upon whom the Lord has visited His dreadful vengeance,—how can we still remain tranquil, without fear for ourselves, and without making every effort to endeavor by our penitence to escape the sword of the exterminating angel?

"Of what frightful spectacles have we not been, and are we not still, the sorrowful witnesses! We have seen the

broad streets of our city, along both sides of which lay rows of half-rotten corpses, so filled with infected clothes, bedding, and furniture as to be no longer passable. We have seen numberless sick persons become objects of horror and affright even to those whom nature should have inspired with the most tender and respectful sentiments toward them. We have seen them abandoned by their nearest and dearest, inhumanly thrown from their own houses, placed without help on the street among the dead, of whom the sight and stench were insupportable. Oh, how often, in our bitter sorrow, have we seen these dying ones stretch toward us their trembling hands to testify their joy at beholding us once more before they died, and then beseech us with tears for our blessing and the absolution of their sins! How often, too, have we not been shocked to see them die before our eyes through lack of timely assistance!"

On the Feast of All Saints Bishop Belzunce, barefooted and with a torch in his hand, left his palace and proceeded in the guise of a suppliant to a public square where a funeral altar had been erected. The bells tolled all over the stricken city, the sullen booms of cannon reverberated, and a whole people, pale and desolate, prostrated themselves in the square and in all the streets whence the altar was visible. All eyes that could still weep were filled with tears, all breasts choked with sobs, all voices repeated the words of the prophet: "Out of the depths I have cried to thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice!" And upon the altar in the open air, the spiritual father of this unfortunate multitude, while celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, made the offering of his own life in order to stem the course of Heaven's anger.

So many prayers, so much virtue, and such incessant tears availed to appease Divine Providence. Dating from All

Saints', the fury of the epidemic rapidly lessened; although it was nearly a year before it entirely disappeared from Marseilles. Its victims therein had numbered fifty thousand.

Mgr. Belzunce was later on appointed to the archbishopric of Aix; but he declined to leave his diocese and the flock whom he cherished for the sacrifices it had cost him. Few prelates before or since his day have ever been held in higher esteem or more genuine affection by the citizens of that port in the Mediterranean, where nearly two centuries ago he took his life in his hand and for the sake of his people fought and conquered the Eastern plague.

How Peggy Brady Found her Boys.

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

II.

EVERY comfort that affection could suggest, Jim showered upon his mother. A black silk dress stiff with richness, and a snowy silk shawl that rivalled in hue the borders of her cap, made her look like a picture, he told her lovingly. Then from Pat, in far California, came a draft sufficient to place her above want for the rest of her days. She was grateful, poor Peggy,—pathetically so; and would raise Jim's hand, filled with many brave gifts, to her trembling lips in a gush of passionate motherliness. Yet he felt there was something wanting,—something the longing for which weakened her visibly, and gave to her dim old eyes a dreamy look, as if she were gazing through the distance to a dear and unattainable goal. Perhaps in those moments of intense desire her soul's eyes saw the sunshine in the valley and the rugged blue mountain peaks of her own dark Donegal.

She had brought with her a bundle

of fine homespun wool as a present to Jim's wife; and when her gift was calmly set aside without a word of thanks, she took to knitting for her "boys" in the solitary hours that were so weary in passing. Even the saucy lady's-maid grew to pity the lonely old woman; but the American wife saw nothing to justify herself in giving up the least of her everyday pleasures. She was too worldly and selfish to note the sorrow in the worn face, or the tears that fell and wove themselves into the knitting.

Jim's anxiety at her changed looks made him beg his mother to tell if she were ill or merely unhappy.

"'Tis the heart hunger that's on me, *alanna*," she replied,—“not the sickness at all, glory be to God! And in the night I think I hear your father calling me from his green grave to come home. Maybe he has more need of me than you and Pat; though there are some would say the souls above are too happy to think of us. But I'm sure the Almighty never meant the love that was between my husband and me to die out in heaven, when it lasted through such trouble and poverty on earth. I'm always grieving for him day and night, and remembering how proud he was when Pat and you were born. You were the image of me, everyone said; and Pat the dead moral of him. Ah, but the cruel fever robbed me of the pulse of my heart, and the sunlight was never so warm nor so golden since! So you'll let me go back, my son, to my own people, where I'll be offending nobody, nor be in the way any more.”

But while Jim was distressed between the pain of parting and the fear that the oppressive heat of New York might prove too enervating for her enfeebled frame, unexpected and gladsome news arrived from California. It was from Pat, setting out on the long journey to see his mother. How quietly thankful she was through those weary days

of waiting! And when she held her long-lost twin son in her arms, Peggy's cup of joy was filled to the brim. As she stroked his dear brown head, the silver threads shining there hurt her like a sword-thrust. She understood then that his prosperity, like Jim's, had brought many a pang, as well as many a blessing, in its train.

To his offer of a quiet home in San Francisco she gave the same reply as to his brother:

"I'm more thankful than I can tell you, Pat. But you have your wife and little childer out there to keep your life sweet and happy, and I'd only be in the way. And it's your mother's right to think what is best for you, and to have the courage to do it, whether it's hard for herself or not. There's a corner waiting for me in Molshie McGrath's, and the Careys will be coming back and forth. So have no fears for me, my darlings; for God'll be sure to take good care of me. He helped me through the cold and the hunger many's the time, and He'll not desert me now. But I'm not making little of all you offer. I'm proud and grateful to you both, that were not ashamed to own your poor old ignorant mother that came over the broad sea to find you."

Burning tears stood in the blue and brown eyes contemplating her, grand in her unselfish love, for which already there was a reward in store. Pat—busy, hardworking Pat,—whose time was more precious than gold to him, volunteered to see her safely back in the valley of Finn Water. Her delight when he told her of his plan was his compensation.

"I'm thinking, mother, of taking a trip across to the old country, just to see if everything is still the same; and I couldn't do better than go with you now. Jim meant to come as well, but I guess you'll be as safe as a bird in a nest when I take you in charge.

And, then, I'll see if you are the great traveller you've been pretending to be, and hear all the tales you'll be weaving to the neighbors. So we can start any minute for Ireland and home."

On the evening of their departure Jim's wife addressed him affably from the head of the dinner table. There was a cold smile of triumph in her steel-grey eye.

"That was a good riddance, James," she said.

"What was?" he asked, absently.

"Getting the old lady to take herself off so quietly."

Her husband looked at her half doubtingly. For a second he had no comprehension of her meaning; then in a flash he understood. He rose up in his place like an avenger, while the blood forsook his cheek, and his lips grew strained and white as he strove to speak. Was that *his* voice issuing from between those white lips?

"My God, woman, do you know of whom you speak? It is my mother,—my own old mother, with her pure, honest soul and all her simple, loving homeliness, as different from your artificial existence as heaven is from earth! And you to torture her day after day with your cold superiority, training my little children to scorn and mock at her who gave their father life and taught him all he knows of faith and truth! You have driven her away from me, when together we might have made her last years happy. May God forgive you, for I can not!"

He could say no more; the bitterness of those months, in which he had learned to know the hidden character of the wife he had loved and treasured, rose in a flood that almost stopped his breathing, as he hurriedly left the table.

The well-bred lady smiled indulgently, with an uplifting of her arched eyebrows toward her eldest daughter.

"He will get over it, my dear, and be

just the same as ever in a little while. It was a hard fight to get rid of that old nuisance; but the deed is done now, and our friends shall not have the power to stab me again by asking why my husband's mother does not lunch or dine with us, and is she in any way objectionable. She has gone back now to her pigs and potatoes, that she should never have been taken from. Come, dear, the carriage is waiting, and we will forget all this trouble in Bernhardt's acting to-night."

Had she only opened the door of her husband's study, as she swept by in her silken draperies, she might not have been so assured of the completeness of her triumph. He knelt, shaken with sobs, before the chair in which his mother used to sit while he wrote his letters at the desk beside her. He thought of the sad old face as he had seen it last, looking at him from the deck of the steamer, full of yearning love and holy renunciation. From that hour of supreme sorrow and regret the image of the dear one, strangely found and as strangely lost again, took a place in the heart's core of her son, where the love of wife or child was never strong enough to penetrate and disturb her sanctuary.

III.

All day the September sun had smiled down on the gathering-in of the harvest in the valley; and now, as the twilight's grey, misty veil rose over the mountain tops, he withdrew himself into a rosy radiance, that fell upon the fruitful earth like a farewell benediction. The harvesters had departed to their homes and to the hard-earned supper that awaited them. Peace brooded over the fields, where the corn stood stacked above the graves of dead poppies; and on the uplands, where the hayricks gleamed like little hillocks of gold on the fresh green grass.

It was the loveliest scene in the world, Hugh Diever thought, as he

contentedly smoked his pipe in a corner of the settle that filled up his wide kitchen window. Ay, and he was lucky enough—thank God!—that he could hold his bit of land through the bad times until the change for the better came. There was something worth counting in the old stocking now,—something that would help to settle his little Madgie in a home of her own some day—here his reflections were rudely broken in upon by the approach of young, barelegged Patsy Doherty at breakneck speed down the loaning. He rushed, panting, into the kitchen, and cried out in a tone of imperious importance:

"Ye're to hurry up at once to McGraths', Hugh—you and Mary,—for old Peggy Brady's come back and I'm to warn the neighbors!"

Before the astonished Hugh could remove his pipe to make a single comment, the boy had departed as quickly as he came.

"Hear that now!" said Mary, throwing up her hands in amazement. "Peggy left her grand sons and come back to us again! I'll never believe such a miracle till I see it."

It was only too true, as the excited neighbors found out in time; for there she sat, travelled-stained but happy, with her boy, by Molshie's fireside. Such a *Caed mile failte* as there was for her! Why, it seemed as if the whole country had turned out to pay her honor. They never do things by halves in "Dark Donegal."

When Pat saw how contented and safe she was he had less reluctance in leaving her, promising to return the following spring. How she cried over him in that farewell, and blessed him, not in the stranger's speech, but in the tongue that was "your father's before you, and is the sweetest and most loving in the world!" And may you carry my blessing to the end of your days, and may it help to open

the gates of heaven to you when your hour has come, my *bouchal brah!*"

Then she settled down to her new existence as a rich woman in the valley. On Sundays she would dress herself in the black silk gown, covering it carefully with her best checker apron, pinning across her slender, bent shoulders the little white shawl that was one of Jim's first gifts. Her finest cap with worked borders, and, oh, so snowy, and a gorgeous binder that rivalled all the colors of the rainbow, added dignity to her appearance.

So attired, after Mass she would sit in Molshie's armchair in the parlor, receiving visits from her friends, and never weary of relating her adventures beyond the seas. Pat's purse of sovereigns was always kept in her bosom; and on important occasions, especially when any doubt as to her wealth was hinted at—there were some not above teasing the poor soul, in a harmless way,—she would display the purse with great pride, and even go to the extent of allowing a favored one to handle the precious gold.

She was generous to a fault, now that she had a chance of repaying a little of the kindness shown her in her years of want and wandering. The little Careys appeared that winter in new and comfortable attire, which they wore with an ill-at-ease though proud air; and their boastings of grannie's possessions gave them an unwonted importance amongst their playmates. Molshie was Peggy's almoner, and to her good sense much of Peggy's discretion in helping the needy might be traced. And there was no want of appreciation; for the talk went on everywhere, as talk will:

"Well, I'm saying 'tis little thanks one meets with in this world; but sure poor Peggy's the one that remembers. And it wasn't much that she got from any one: only the shelter and the bit,—poor enough, God knows; but it

brought the good luck to both them and her in the end."

Of the years she lived with her friends in the valley, and occasional visits of her sons, much might be written full of profit and pleasure. Her last days were peaceful and happy; and when, one summer night, the Great Angel, sweeping silently into Molshie's, laid his hand on a feebly-beating heart, that still guarded its precious wealth of faith and hope and love, there rose a burst of grief as profound as it was sincere. And in time, when the grass had grown green over her grave, when greater dead would have been forgotten, she was still remembered and regretted, in virtue of her truth and tenderness, the holiness of her blameless life and patient dying.

(The End.)

Queen Nathalia of Servia.

FEW royal ladies in times past or present have had so chequered a life to look back upon as the illustrious convert Queen Nathalia of Servia. From the delights of a Roumanian nobleman's home, with all the social successes of rank, wealth and fashion open before her youth and great personal beauty, she was called away to ascend the throne of a newly-liberated, turbulent nation, with whose destiny her own was to be henceforth forever united.

The Prince who became so violently enamored of the brilliant, high-spirited girl that he threatened to commit suicide if his wishes were thwarted, was ill-calculated to lead his people in the prudent and peaceful paths that alone could consolidate their newly-found freedom. Nor could his bride be expected to calm his warlike propensities, nor to assist his inexperience by the clever political insight which came, alas! to both in later, sadder days.

During his reign—from 1868 to 1888—the country was engaged in no less than three wars,—two against Turkey and one against Bulgaria.

It was during the latter conflict that the Queen won her title of "Mother of the Servian Soldier" by her untiring zeal in the military hospitals. From that period the people, who had learned to love her and appreciate her high qualities, began to hope that her influence over the King would wean him from his too despotic leanings; but these hopes were not destined to be realized. From the first her natural instinct to stand by all that was straightforward and just made her a factor in the monarch's council that nonplussed not only himself but his too subservient ministers.

Every movement that tended to better the condition of the people was sure to be advocated by the Queen, to the detriment of more showy and ambitious undertakings. There is not a charitable institution in the country at this moment which does not owe either its foundation or its amelioration to her initiative and protection. And the people are not ungrateful for her efforts. The upholders of the present dynasty, who were allowed to remove the portraits of King Alexander and his ill-chosen consort, met with such opposition when they proposed that Queen Nathalia's should also disappear from public buildings that they have decided not to broach the matter again for some time.

It is true that by her change of religion she has greatly incensed many of her former subjects; but she still retains the respect and affection which she won while moving amongst them, sharing their griefs and joys. In vain do her well-meaning friends of the Greek persuasion try to exonerate her in her people's eyes by declaring that her "going over to Rome" was the result of anger, disgust and disappoint-

ment at her son's disastrous marriage. The Queen has replied that her conversion is the tardy outcome of convictions which had long been borne in on her, and which she had resisted through human reluctance to mar in any way her son's material prospects by an estrangement with the court of Russia. Again, in a letter to an old friend and former lady-in-waiting, of the Orthodox Church, she says that she had been contemplating such a step since, by her exile, she had been brought into contact with Catholic circles; and that only after her reception into the Roman Church did she know the true meaning of religious consolation. That her conversion was not due to sudden impulse we have many evidences to show.

After her divorce—which could never have taken place had she consented to be less strict and close her eyes to the failings of a husband whose esteem and attachment still remained to her, although her uncompromising code of virtue irritated and thwarted his lower nature,—after the divorce, and all its shocking disillusionings with regard to the Servian clergy, the Queen retired to Biarritz, never dreaming of the consequences to which such a sojourn in the midst of a truly Christian community must ultimately lead. She was a faithful and ardent adherent of the church in which she had been baptized; and even the venality of the bishops, who acquiesced after protest in the divorce pronounced by two successive metropolitans at King Milan's command, could not shake her allegiance.

On her first visit to Belgrade after the annulling of the divorce (this was done at King Milan's command by the same subservient synod that had pronounced it), those who approached her were struck at the transformation of the Queen's views with regard to Catholic institutions. She spoke enthusiastically of the charity and heroism of the Little Sisters of the

Poor in devoting their lives to the care of the aged poor. "How I wish we could have a branch here!" she exclaimed once; and then after a short pause she added, laughing: "How could I mention such a thing! What would our bishops say if they heard me?"

At this period she was still far from the idea of change of religion; and, with the thoroughness which characterized her, it seems strange that she could have so long continued in a vain struggle for spiritual comfort. The Servian branch of the Greek Church is not exempt from the venality, corruption, and, alas! unbelief that prevail among all schismatics; but the open indifference of its priests to everything spiritual is unmatched except by modern French cynics and atheists. Religious functions are a mere routine, and for introducing regular attendance at Sunday worship Queen Nathalia was scoffed at by the "intelligence" (i. e., freethinkers) of the nation.

Little by little the conviction was borne in upon her that some great essential was wanting for a religious revival. In the sad vicissitudes of her stormy life she felt a natural craving for a guide, for a helpful, directing hand, and this she has found at last within the Infallible Church. It cost her many a pang to sever early associations, and to put a bar between herself and the people to whom she had given the first flowers of her heart and intellect. But, to use her own words after the tragedy that robbed her of her only son, the late unhappy King Alexander, 'without the Catholic Church neither life, nor that faith and trust in God more dear than life, could have been preserved to her.' B. O'B. C.

FRIENDSHIPS are the purer and the more ardent the nearer they come to the presence of God, the Sun not only of righteousness but of love.

—W. S. Landor.

Notes and Remarks.

While the memory of the horrible disaster in Chicago last winter still hung over the country like a pall, came the stunning intelligence that more than eight hundred lives were lost by the burning of the pleasure-boat *General Slocum* in New York last week. That the majority of the victims were little children aboard on a Sunday-school holiday increases rather than lessens the horror of the calamity. We Americans are inclined to regard the precautions imposed by European governments on the agencies of travel and pleasure as extreme and unnecessary; but the appalling tragedies of Chicago and New York seem to show that our good-natured, easy-going way of assuming that nothing is going to happen must sometimes be enjoyed at a cost that staggers humanity. In both these notable disasters it was the carelessness of city officials, who failed in their sworn duty of rigid inspection, that plunged the whole country into mourning; and while investigations and punishments can neither comfort the mourning nor bid the dead to rise again, it would help to restore public confidence if inspectorships were made to mean a serious responsibility to the people. Meanwhile the German Lutheran body of New York have the sympathy and prayers of all their fellow-Christians in this great trial.

Commenting on the Philippine census, a recent issue of *Public Opinion* says: "The total population of the archipelago is given as 7,635,426, of which (and this is the surprising feature of the War Department's report) only 647,740, or less than ten per cent, are classified as 'wild and uncivilized, although not without some knowledge of the domestic arts.'" Turning over

a page of the weekly mentioned, we find a rather curious independent commentary in this caption, "The Right of Jury Trial Denied in the Philippines." A perusal of the press comments on the recent decision of the Supreme Court, that a defendant in a criminal case in the Philippines is not entitled to trial by jury in the absence of Congressional action establishing the right in the islands, discloses the fact that most journalists dismiss the subject with the perfunctory statement that the decision merely follows precedents established in former insular cases.

Some papers applaud the decision on the rather smug assumption that the Filipinos are incapable of understanding it,—in other words, that not "less than ten per cent" but, practically, the whole population are "wild and uncivilized." Other journals regard the denial as deplorable. Without at all reflecting on the august body of distinguished jurists who have rendered the decision, one may commiserate the condition of United States born citizens now sojourning in our Eastern possessions; and one may be pardoned for expressing the hope that, as only Congress is competent to grant the right to trial by jury, Congress may speedily set to work and accord it, at least to the more than ninety per cent of the population who are neither wild nor uncivilized.

Mr. Melville E. Stone, president of the Associated Press, may surely be trusted to pass no uncharitable judgment on the daily press; yet here is a recent utterance of his about the Russo-Japanese war:

The newspaper press of London incited the combatants to war. It never lost an opportunity to inflame the Russians and Japanese against each other; and finally, in the most critical hour, when all Tokio was at fever heat, a false dispatch was sent to Japan to the effect that Viceroy Alexieff had been empowered to begin war without further instructions from his gov-

ernment. From that moment the peace party in Tokio was impotent. It surrendered all hope of averting the conflict. I was in St. Petersburg in the days of the final negotiations, and when war was begun; and the Japanese ambassador and the Russian authorities, with whom I discussed the situation, used all their influence to maintain peace.

Despite what is known of the origin of the Spanish-American unpleasantness, the charge made by Mr. Stone is an appalling one and ought to be circulated wherever human speech reaches, in the hope that unsuspecting people may be relieved of any overconfidence they may have in the modern newspaper. Country debating clubs, which still discuss the question whether the pen is mightier than the sword, ought not to overlook Mr. Stone's testimony; and earnest clergymen who prattle about the Dark Ages may well ring in the general gullibility of man for a change.

The strenuous efforts of a considerable number of prospective and actual candidates for the senatorial position recently vacated by the death of a noted politician, moved one editor to remark that "the last thing the politicians will think of is whether the new senator shall be able, honest, of high principle, and thoroughly equipped to take a stand in the Senate conformable to the importance and dignity of the State." It is the old, old, and threadbare story of political corruption; of bribery, boodle, and graft; of the subordination of the people's true interests to the success of the State machine. And let it be well understood that at bottom the people themselves are primarily at fault. They have it in their own hands to be represented by honest and decent citizens, or by conscienceless, venal rogues,—and that in all the grades from ward delegates to State senators or State governors. A community, large or small, that is made up of degraded electors who sell

their votes and eminently respectable gentlemen who refuse to interest themselves in their patent duties as citizens by doing their share in securing good government, has no right to complain if unworthy men achieve control of city or State or national administration. Integrity in the masses, and a proper interest in public affairs manifested by the educated, the cultured and the wealthy, must underlie any effective reform in the dishonorable methods of American or other politicians.

The recent dispatch from Rome about the Vatican's anxiety concerning the status of our missionaries in Corea may or may not be authentic; but we do not anticipate that the Japanese authorities will deliberately offend either the Holy See or its spiritual subjects by indefensible methods of treating the priests in Corea. The "little brown men" have shown themselves such admirable tacticians and wily diplomats that we prefer giving them the benefit of the doubt as to rumored cases of severity toward the missionaries,—at least until more reliable information on the subject than we have any reason to expect in the "great dailies" reaches us.

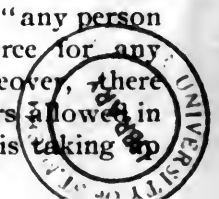
As a rule we find in Goldwin Smith's contributions to the New York *Sun* a good deal more to dissent from than to agree with; so there is something of the unexpectedly pleasant in alighting upon this paragraph:

A State which renounces religious establishments would hardly be consistent in enforcing any religious respect for Sunday. It can only enforce a day of rest and relaxation. Nor can it forbid any one to spend that day of rest in enjoyment or compel him to spend it in listlessness and gloom. On the other hand, those who choose to spend the day in enjoyment are surely bound to respect the feelings of a community generally religious, and not openly and offensively to profane that which is still holy to the mass of their fellow-citizens. Spiritual peace should still be sacred against disturbance. When I

think of Sunday, my imagination goes back to a quiet country parish in England with the church bells chiming and the hamlet trooping along the green lane to church. Though I was not a Sabbatarian, I should have been shocked if I had seen the fox hounds cross the lane.

In Dr. Smith's adopted home, members of the Lord's Day Alliance have done some excellent work in the matter of preventing profanation of the Sunday; but—as is, we fear, usual with non-Catholic religionists—they are rather inclined to go to extremes which, far from securing a holier observance of the day, tend to exasperate and antagonize moderate people, and so retard their work or nullify it. It is well to remind oneself occasionally that, after all, Christ Himself is authority for the statement that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." From the foregoing quoted paragraph, we opine that Dr. Smith would agree with Justice Gaynor, of New York, that Sunday baseball is not an absolutely wanton desecration of the Lord's Day,—but that doctrine will not commend itself to public opinion in Toronto.

Fault is sometimes found with Catholic papers for pounding so persistently on such subjects as divorce, religious education, etc. The critics apparently do not complain because political papers beat the same old partisan drums evermore, nor do they realize that the only way to strike oil under the rock is to keep on boring. No competent person will assert that the reiterated plea for religion in the schools has been without effect, or that the campaign against divorce has been wholly in vain. The African Methodist Episcopal conference this year adopted rules forbidding ministers to perform the marriage ceremony for "any person who has obtained a divorce for any cause whatsoever." Moreover, there will be no divorced ministers allowed in the A. M. E. Church. This is



the white man's burden more energetically than did the recent Presbyterian general assembly, which only prohibited the clergy from "remarrying" persons divorced for other than "Scriptural reasons." It is a significant fact, however, that an amendment by the Rev. Dr. Dickey proposing "to enjoin ministers to recognize the divorce restrictions of other churches, and to refuse to unite couples either of whom could not be married under the rules of his or her church," was defeated by the small plurality of 244 to 202 votes. Brother Dickey explained that he intended to include the "Roman Catholic" Church.

The Houston young man and the Havana young woman who, without leaving their respective cities, were recently married by proxy, should have considerably less difficulty than even Dakota couples in getting rid of each other should they in the course of a few years or months contract the popular American malady—the divorce fever. Even the long-distance telephone was dispensed with. But, come to think of it, we suppose telephonic communication has not yet been established between Texas and Cuba. And wireless telegraphy would probably prove unsatisfactory. In the meantime, if the couple don't mind about being handicapped a little, they might have the ceremony repeated when they come together.

For purposes of comparison with the marvellous development of the blind girl, Helen Keller, we quote these sentences from the learned historical sketch of Antwerp, just published by Mr. Wilfrid C. Robinson: "St. George's [Church in Antwerp] was in 1483 in charge of a parish priest who had been blind since he was three years of age. Nevertheless, Nicasius de Woerda—or van der Voort, as he was named—had

contrived to study canon law and theology at Cologne and Louvain, and to take his degrees as licentiate and as doctor of canon law. With leave of the Holy See he was ordained priest, and as a preacher and confessor soon became famous. He had an excellent memory, and not only said his Mass but could sing by heart the services of Holy Week. He was an author of no small worth. He died in 1492." There is, of course, a vast difference between one like Miss Keller, deprived of speech, hearing and sight, and one like Nicasius van der Voort, to whom fewer avenues to communication with the outer world were closed; but, on the other hand, the character of this wonderful Dutch priest's attainments is to be considered.

Like a strain from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado," the catchy music of which took the popular fancy some two decades ago, comes this paragraph describing an incident in a New York court-room:

The prisoner looked well able to support the little woman who had haled him to the police court, but she declared that money was something she had seldom seen since her marriage. The magistrate was one noted for his generosity.

"Mr. Jones," said the magistrate to one of the lawyers in the court-room, "take this woman's case."

Search of the prisoner had revealed a bank book showing deposits that amounted to \$1700. The book was laid on the desk in front of his Honor.

"Young man, I direct that you write out a check for \$520 to support your wife for one year," commanded the court; "and I further direct that you write another check for \$50 for the lawyer. An officer will see that the checks are cashed."

The magistrate seems to have solved with unerring sagacity the problem which the Japanese ruler set himself to work out. The Mikado proclaimed, it will be remembered, that "his object all sublime" was "to make the punishment fit the crime." The New York justice fitted them to a nicety.



The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VIII.—A NIGHT AT THE SANDMAN'S CASTLE.

THE kitchen of the Sandman's Castle was, in its own way, an attractive sort of place, quite apart from that glamour which was lent to it, in the eyes of the boys, by the dreariness of the landscape without; over which presently, however, rose the moon like a great face, very pale and still, and adding to the chilliness; though it gradually dispersed the mist from the surface of the bay, and from the trees that guarded the Sandman's Castle like ghostly shadows.

On the dresser in the corner of the kitchen stood row upon row of shining copper vessels. They were very various in shape and in size, and seemed to stare at the two drowsy boys like friendly faces. Hams and flitches of bacon hung from the heavy wooden rafters, and gave a strange, Old-World aspect to the place, which was intensified by the smoke-darkened walls and the smooth, stained floor.

Katrinka, starting up at the sound of the clock striking, took down one of the shining copper vessels from the dresser and put on sugar to boil, stirring it with a great wooden spoon, and looking, as she stood in the orange-colored flame from the stove, like some witch poring over a caldron of magical herbs. As her task proceeded, she opened various boxes built locker-fashion around the lower part of the wall, and which were of cedar wood. The boys had a peep at their con-

tents as each lid was raised, and saw that one contained almonds, another walnuts, and still another a variety of mixed nuts impossible to name, but already shelled and convenient to the cook's needs. Katrinka took a handful now from one, now from another, and cast it into the boiling mass upon the stove; adding at the last morsels of some rich sweetmeat which the boys had seen upon the Sandman's table but did not know by name.

When all was completed and stirred to a certain consistency, she poured it out into shining tin pans, which she had set Teddy and Johnny to grease, furnishing them each with tiny pats of butter. The tins, with their tempting contents, were put out to cool for a few moments; and then the boys were again employed to cut the mass into squares and pile them upon dishes. This done, Katrinka, placing a supply of the candy within reach of the boys, settled herself once more in her large, straight-backed chair, and, relapsing into the immobility of a wooden figure, began to con over in her mind some of the rhymes with which she proposed to entertain her youthful visitors.

She had an almost inexhaustible supply of odd jingles and scraps of legendary lore; and she had a peculiar fashion, when the mood seized her, to utter her most ordinary sentences in rude verse. But Johnny, who had heard some of her rhymes before, and Teddy, to whom they were quite new, were alike eager to hear her singular narratives. She began with a special favorite of her own, evoked from some dark corner of her wonderful memory,—a curious composition which ran much as follows:

Through the woods comes the huntsman wild,
 With his yelping pack doth fly;
 The prey he seeks is the soul of a child,—
 A child who unchristened may die.

In the darkness he rides his black horse
 With eyes that are sending forth fire;
 He rides over heather and gorse,
 Through the forest, o'er fen and o'er briar.

Should a blast from his horn be heard
 By a mortal, he'll surely fall,
 As from nests in the trees falls each bird,
 At the sound of that baleful call.

Never forth rides the huntsman grim
 When the moon shines with shimmering ray;
 But at night or in twilight dim,
 For he shunneth the light of day.

But woe to the wight who hears
 That harsh and dreadful horn!
 And woe to the eyes meeting his!
 They'll never again see the morn.

For he rides on his steed so black,
 With eyes that shoot forth flame;
 And he carries away in his sack
 Every child who is yet without name.

Still he urges his hounds to the chase,
 And their yelping makes hideous night,
 As they speed on that ne'er-ending race,
 Till they fade at the going of night.

Ev'ry mother prays as she hears,
 And clasps her wee child so tight;
 And she renders thanks with tears
 That her babe had baptismal rite.

For no thing of ill can harm
 What the holy christs mark;
 And her child is safe and warm,
 Though the huntsman rides through the dark.

The boys found this legend rather "creepy," delivered as it was in Katrinka's monotone, broken ever and anon by a strange upraising of her voice, which sounded very much like the notes of that baleful horn. They listened as if fascinated; and to the hunchback, who was the more imaginative of the two, it really seemed as if the ghostly huntsman were riding about past the house, and that the sound of his yelping pack and the blast from his horn might be heard at any instant.

When Katrinka's voice died away at the end of the verses, silence reigned for a time in the kitchen, broken only by the ticking of the great clock

in the hall outside. Suddenly a coal crackled in the stove; and both the lads started, then laughed to find that they had fancied the familiar and commonplace sound was a note from the redoubtable bugle of the fabulous huntsman.

However, they begged Katrinka to continue her song. And the old woman, gratified at the success of her first effort, bethought herself of another rhyme which should hold her listeners' attention and appeal to their youthful fancy. She was a perfect storehouse of simple lore; and it was seldom she was able to find a listener for her quaint tales, which the Sandman would have contemptuously dismissed. Nor did he very much approve of such flights of imagination for the boys, whom he designed to train after certain hard and fast rules of his own, many of which he had adopted from what is known as Ethical Culture. He wanted to make boys brave, manly, human and good, after his own ideas,—in a word, perfect men. And he forgot that he was attempting an impossibility: that it is only through the love and knowledge of Our Lord, who, though perfect man, was also God, that any such plan can be carried out with even remote prospect of success.

Katrinka, who in the course of years had imbibed the Sandman's ideas, and had forgotten all about God and her early Christian training, nevertheless unconsciously gave forth the echo of the old truths in these legends which she related to the boys and with which her mind was filled; as, for instance, in her "Rhyme of the Wizard":

In the side of the hill, by the fairy rill,
 Lived a wizard so old and gray,
 And legends tell that no mortal ken
 Could guess his age to a day.

But he fashioned there in his rocky lair
 All that might work the deadliest harm,
 That might snare the beast or blight the man,
 By means of a powerful magic charm.

He sent forth his imps to scour the land
 For whatever might serve him to mar or make—
 From the horn of a deer to the heart of a man,
 From the fleece of a sheep to the skin of a
 snake.

They robbed the bat of his scaly coat,
 And they snared the raven and stole his wing;
 They took from the frog his speckled skin
 With the eyes of a cat and a viper's sting.

They followed each evil beast that prowled
 Through the night and the darkness in grisly
 course;

And they waited till forth from his forest lair
 Stalked the hyena, with laugh so hoarse.

They haunted the marshes, foul and dank,
 Plucking the weeds from their nauseous slime,
 Gathering flow'rs in the night's dark noon
 To the sound of the wizard's magic rhyme.

The belated wand'rer they lured afar,
 Treading the bypaths drear and lone
 Till they plucked forth his heart for the wizard's
 needs,
 While none was at hand to list his moan.

They sought at the will of their master dread
 All that was evil and boded harm;
 But it chanced at length, one fateful day,
 That something still lacked for the wizard's
 charm.

For he needed yet the bright red blood
 Which gushed so pure from a maiden's heart,
 And he bade his elfin crew speed forth
 To procure what he lacked by his hellish art.

And as they watched each forest path,
 A maiden they spied of scarce eighteen,
 Who slowly came through the gathering dusk,
 Putting aside the leaves so green.

Heedless of danger, she wandered on,
 While the elves drew near with their evil snare;
 They gathered about her and circled around,
 When soft from her lips came the words of
 prayer.

Came soft from her lips, as she passed along
 Through the forest dusk and the twilight dim,
 The sacred words which no elves might hear,—
 The hallowed words of a holy hymn.

They scattered the darkness hovering near,
 As the elfin crew fled with howls afar;
 While the sweet young voice rose clear and
 pure,
 Singing under the evening star.

The elfin shadows faded away
 And vanished quite in the umbrage dun;
 While the wizard at work, near the fairy rill,
 Still paused for the charm that was half begun.

"Oh, wherefore, ye caitiff elves," he cried,
 "Bring you not forth from the forest grim
 That which I lack—a young heart's blood?"
 "Nay, master, we may not for holy hymn!"

There are some who say that at close of day
 The wizard still waits by the fairy rill
 With his fateful charm but half worked out,
 Calling the elves who worked his will.

Still they hear through the whisp'ring leaves that
 clothe

The forest boughs in the twilight dim,
 The answer that still comes back on the breeze:
 "Nay, master, we dare not for holy hymn!"

Having finished this second narrative,
 Katrinka arose and stepped briskly
 into the pantry, where a succession
 of sounds were presently heard, which
 proved that the old woman was
 kneading her bread, and dividing it up
 into loaves and small rolls to be baked
 at sunrise next morning.

The boys, sitting still upon the settle,
 began to whisper to each other.

"I think she's enchanted, don't you?"
 said the hunchback. "I suppose the
 Sandman enchanted her, and she might
 be still young and beautiful if only she
 could be changed back again."

Now, the hunchback spoke under the
 influence of the delicious candy which
 both boys had enjoyed, as well as under
 the spell of the warmth and comfort
 and Katrinka's kindly efforts to enter-
 tain them. But, though he shared these
 sentiments, Teddy was doubtful as to
 the latter supposition. He could not
 imagine Katrinka as either young or
 beautiful, and he had his own opinion
 as to the reality of magical enchant-
 ments.

"I don't think folks are ever really
 enchanted," Teddy answered. "I guess
 that's only in books."

The hunchback's face fell, but he
 was not disposed to dispute Teddy's
 superior knowledge; and, Katrinka
 very soon emerging from her useful but
 commonplace occupation, there was no
 further room for discussion.

"To-morrow," said the old woman,
 standing before the two boys and

regarding them earnestly, with her hideous grin,—“to-morrow we shall hold festival and be merry.”

“What are we going to do?” inquired the hunchback, who stood less in awe of Katrinka than did Teddy.

“The sun will be risen to-morrow,” replied the old woman; “and then you shall know the secrets which Night veils in her darkness.”

“Tell us now, Katrinka, please,” the hunchback urged.

“Not now,” answered the singular old woman; “not in the gloom of night. You shall know all when the sun shines and the birds sing.”

“There is a bird singing now!” said the boy.

“’Tis a night-bird: his note is of sadness. And, hark! there is his friend the owl, forever seeking through the darkness something he has lost.”

Now that her tongue was loosened, Katrinka seemed to Teddy even stranger and more weird than when she was silent. She did not talk like anybody else; her thoughts were all of things nobody else was thinking about. And he confided his impressions to the hunchback as they mounted the stairs together, side by side, on their way to bed.

“I guess perhaps she’s a bit crazy,” Teddy observed. “No wonder, living here all the time, with the Sandman for company. I hope she isn’t dangerous. Perhaps she intends to kill us to-morrow, or maybe during the night, and boil us in her caldron.”

This was a creepy idea; but when it was first suggested Johnny dismissed it confidently.

“Why, Katrinka wouldn’t hurt us!” he whispered. “She’s as kind and good-natured as anything.”

“Unless *he* told her to,” Teddy volunteered, in a tragic whisper.

“Oh, then she’d do it!” agreed the hunchback. “She’d do *anything* he told her.”

“Perhaps that’s why *he* went away,” Teddy further suggested, with thrilling emphasis; and Johnny, in his turn, was quite overcome at the possibility, and began to tremble.

They both sat down on the top of those stairs which had seemed so dismal to Teddy on his first arrival at the house; and there is very little doubt that the wild legends they had been hearing in the kitchen contributed now to increase their alarm.

“She could chop off our heads and bury us and no one would ever know,” said Teddy, waxing quite dramatic in his excitement; his teeth began to chatter at the frightful picture he conjured up, and tears started to the hunchback’s eyes.

The two boys sat huddled together, afraid of every sound which broke the stillness of that dismal house, wherein was only that strange woman to keep them company. And it was singular how they felt that the absence of the Sandman, whom they both feared, deprived them of a protecting influence.

“The witch in the stories always fed the boys before she killed them,” observed Teddy, forgetting his previous disavowal of any belief in witchcraft. “I guess that’s why she gave us all that candy.”

“Teddy,” said Johnny, “there’s a big attic away up under the roof.”

“Let us go there instead of going to bed!” cried Teddy. “When she comes to catch us, we’ll be gone, and she’ll never be able to find us in the dark attic.”

“I’m afraid she can find any one, no matter where,” sighed Johnny. “But I guess we’d better try.”

So the two, who had worked themselves up into a very paroxysm of terror, took off their shoes and stole softly up to the garret, where every object seemed ghostly in the faint light coming in through chinks in the roof or in the flooring. Each boy installed

himself in the most distant and secluded corner possible, and, with beating heart and quick, panting breath, awaited the first movement on the part of that weird creature who was prowling about below in the silence of the house, intent on heaven alone knew what mischief. They recalled her appearance in the darkness, and her ugliness seemed sinister to them: the dull eyes, the white, expressionless face, the large head and unnaturally big feet, the long, swinging arms.

They sat still, regardless of the cobwebs which hung festoon-like about them, and wherein no doubt were the fat and bloated spiders which they had disturbed. They waited and trembled, and trembled and waited; fearing for the least sound which should tell them when Katrinka was on the alert. Neither of the boys had the least idea in what part of the building was her sleeping apartment, or whether or not it was her habit to prowl about the house at night. Once they heard a familiar sound which, while it startled, also reassured them. It was Michael neighing in the stable, as though he had been roused from sleep; and stamping his feet in quick succession, as if by an impatient movement.

After this there was silence again; and the watchers fixed their eyes upon a broad chink in the floor, through which they presently beheld a slow-moving light. Their blood ran cold in their veins. Katrinka was coming—coming up to their part of the house,—was at that very moment, so far as they could judge, in the corridor outside their sleeping rooms, known respectively as the yellow and the pale blue. The creak of a stealthy footstep became distinctly audible, and next the ominous sound of a door knob turning. They knew then that Katrinka was trying the doors of their rooms,—was probably stealing in, when she supposed them to be asleep, to carry out her

cruel purpose and slay them, perchance, with a hatchet.

They listened breathlessly, hearing the beating of their own hearts resounding like a hammer through the stillness of the garret. After a pause, which seemed to them as if it would never come to end, they heard Katrinka come forth and steal with her rapid stride to the foot of the stairs. Yes, she was actually coming up to the garret in search of them, and both boys shivered as if they had an ague. They had hoped that, like the cruel slayer of helpless victims in the storybooks, she might strike with her hatchet the place on the pillows where their heads ought to have been, and then retire, convinced that her evil attempt had been successful.

But whether Katrinka had made any attempt upon the pillows or not, here she was at the foot of the garret stairs, evidently suspecting that her intended victims had fled thither, and resolving to pursue them to the bitter end. Hot tears chased themselves down the lads' cheeks; and Johnny distinctly heard Teddy murmuring words which to him were unintelligible—prayers to God for their safety, and to the Blessed Virgin and to his Guardian Angel. The prayers which he had often said thoughtlessly became now, in the hour of fancied peril, solemn realities, and arose quite naturally to his lips.

Katrinka began to ascend one step at a time, as softly as possible. Evidently it was her design to catch the two boys unawares. But her weight caused each separate stair to creak as though it had been a voice calling out a warning. When she reached the top she began to grope about, peering into every hole and corner, and holding aloft a tiny tin lantern which shed a spectral light in the gloom of the garret:

"Cranny here and Cranny there,
Tell me what do these boys fear?"

She continued, going from one queer jingle to another:

"To bed they won't go,
And that I know,
For fear their heads
Would be chopped off, so;
And they'd have no heads in the morning."

This sounded ominous, but the terrified boys could not quite understand the pantomime which followed. The woman fairly bent in two, crouching down till she almost reached the floor, and they could hear the hideous laugh which distorted her features and fairly shook her ungainly frame. When this strange mirth had subsided, she began again, pointing direct at Teddy:

"I see one boy in the corner there!
I could seize him now, if I would, by the hair
And drag him down from stair to stair."

And she added, turning her dull eyes and pointing her finger at the hunchback, who nearly shrieked aloud:

"And see where the other crouching lies!
He should know that my eyes
Can see like a cat in the darkness."

There was a moment of fearful suspense. The boys were silent, more because they were too overcome by terror to speak than that they thought there was any further use of secrecy. And just as they were expecting that the old woman would carry out her ghastly threat and drag them both out by the hair, she turned and began to descend the stairs. About midway down she paused, and they heard a gurgling laugh, followed by the command, delivered as was her frequent custom in rhyme:

"Get into bed, you empty heads,
Or I'll thrash you both in the morning!"

They waited only to hear her catlike tread proceed along the hall and down the stairs into the lower region, when both boys crept out of hiding.

"We may as well go down," said the hunchback. "She knows we're here anyway, and I don't think she means to do us any harm."

They drew a deep breath of relief, and then Teddy said, resentfully:

"She seemed to be making fun of us. I guess she found out some way that we didn't go to bed, and that we were afraid of her, and she came up here to carry out the joke. A nice joke it was, to scare the life out of a fellow."

So grumbling, Teddy led the way downstairs; and he and the hunchback got quietly into their respective beds, feeling somewhat small, but rather nervous as yet. The night wore on, however, without any further alarm; and it was a very shamefaced pair of lads who came down to meet Katrinka in the bright sunshine of the following morning.

(To be continued.)

The Angel's Message.

Once, so the legend runs, a stranger sought shelter for the night in a man's tent. Waking at midnight and impatient because he could not sleep, he blasphemed God.

"Depart from hence!" said the owner of the tent; and he drove him forth.

In the morning an angel appeared. "I sent a stranger to you for shelter. Where is he?" he asked.

"I would not let him stay," answered the man; "for he blasphemed God."

Then the angel reproached him, saying: "For forty years God has been patient with that stranger, and for one single night you could not bear with him!"

Royal Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

From the time of the conversion of England down to the "Great Apostasy," as the Reformation is more correctly described, there was scarcely one king who did not show his love for Our Lady, either by building a church or monastery in her honor or by making a pilgrimage to one of her many shrines.

With Authors and Publishers.

—French science and art have suffered serious losses in the death of M. Étienne Jules Marey, the distinguished physiologist; M. Paul Lefort, the well-known art historian; and M. Émile Sarrazin, an eminent mathematician.

—The *Athenæum* announces that a complete text of the chronicle of Fra Giordano di Giano, one of the most important of the early Franciscan chronicles, has been discovered by, and will be shortly published under the editorship of, Dr. Boehmer.

—Referring to our presentation last month of Macgregor's fine translation of Petrarch's *Canzone VIII.*, which Macaulay regarded as "perhaps the finest hymn in the world," a writer in the *London Tablet* reminds us of a poem by a modern master that may be set beside it—Manzoni's hymn "Il Nome di Maria."

—Some of the breeziest and briniest sea-stories published in English have been contributed to *Harper's Magazine* within recent years by Mr. James B. Connolly. They have all the dash and go of Kipling's best work, but without ever suggesting brute force or cruelty. Mr. Connolly has just put his first long story, "The Seiners," on the lists through the Scribners. We learn from the *Pilot* that "Mr. Connolly is a Catholic and a native of Boston."

—The June number of the *Annals* of the Propagation of the Faith is entirely made up of letters written by American missionaries at home and abroad. We knew, of course, that many parts of our country may be considered as truly a missionary field as Africa or Asia, and are not surprised at finding letters from Texas, South Dakota and Oregon in the bulletin of a Society which has contributed so much to the establishment of the Church in the United States. But it will be a revelation to many to hear that there are American Sisters doing missionary work in the heart of Africa, and that the superioress of a convent of Franciscan Nuns in Uganda was born in New York. A sketch of mission work in Japan, written by an American priest who has been laboring in that country for many years, in the same number of the *Annals*, has a peculiar interest at the present time. It is indeed a healthy sign for the American Church to send her sons and daughters to spread the Gospel on foreign shores.

—There are not wanting signs that interest in the work of Catholic authors is widening. Among the books included in McClurg & Co.'s bulletin for June—a brief catalogue—we find: "The Stolen

Emperor," by Mrs. Fraser, and a new edition of "Letters from Japan," by the same author; "The Seiners," by James B. Connolly; "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch; "Coronado: the First Explorer of the West"; Tauvel's "Life of Father Damien"; and Father Sheehan's "Under the Cedars and the Stars." So much for general literature. In the department labelled "Religion, Theology and Psychology," seven out of eighteen entries are distinctively Catholic works: Father Clifford's "Introibo" and "The Burden of the Time"; Father Gerard's "The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer"; Father Michel's "Spiritual Despondency and Temptations" (new edition); Monsig. Vaughan's "Concerning the Holy Bible: Its Use and Abuse"; Father Wapelhorst's "Compendium Sacre Liturgie" (new edition); and Cardinal Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua" (new edition). This is an impressive list to be carried by a non-Catholic publisher who is known to be one of the most generous advertisers among the fraternity.

—We learn from the *Monitor* of San Francisco that at a late meeting of the Ethnological Society of Las Vegas, Col. R. E. Twitchell, a personal friend of Prof. Bandelier, addressed the members on the life and work of that noted scientist. He announced that the manuscript of a voluminous treatise which cost Prof. Bandelier four years of arduous research and unremitting labor, and which represents the greatest ethnological work in existence concerning the Southwest, may be found in the Vatican Library, where the author deposited it on the failure of his efforts to find a publisher. The massive work upon the archaeological and ethnological features of the region extending from Northern Mexico along the valley of the Gila to northern San Juan county was prepared with infinite painstaking by Bandelier, who illustrated the text with more than a thousand plates in water colors. The United States Government and that of France, each in turn, declined to assume the expense of publication. A canvass of the great publishing houses likewise failed on account of the financial risks involved. Finally, the monumental work was sent to repose with the mass of priceless manuscripts housed in the Papal palace. There it is accessible to the scholars and scientists of the world, who are free to explore its treasury of collated facts and data.

—A certain New York daily—let us call it the *Orb*—recently announced that, by a phenomenal stroke of enterprise, it had authority from Pope Pius X. to impart the Apostolic Benediction to all its readers. To the discriminating public the

claim was obviously a bold fake, and in due time came an explanation that would make the *Orb* scarlet with shame if it were not so hopelessly yellow. It appears that a representative of the paper did indeed make repeated efforts to secure the blessing of the Holy Father for the *Orb* and its readers; but the efforts failed, partly because it is not the custom of popes to single out a daily paper for special benediction, and partly because the jaundiced complexion of that particular newspaper is notorious even in Rome. An ordinary highwayman would have been conscious of a distinct repulse in the case; not so the American reporter. He at once secured admittance to a general audience, and, when the Holy Father passed along, requested a blessing, which was benignantly accorded, for himself, his relations, "and some Americans." That was enough for the enterprising journalist, who lost no time in informing the readers of the *Orb* that for the modest sum of one cent in the coin of the United States they might be enriched with the Papal Blessing—a benediction *Urbi et Orbi*, so to speak. The editor of the *Orb* has recently turned over a million dollars to Columbia University for the purpose of equipping a school of journalism which would cultivate an eye for ethics and develop a nose for news. Doubtless the editor was in a position to know that such a school was needed.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. \$2.25.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. Wilfrid C. Robinson. \$2.25.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. John Gerard, S. J. \$2.

The Two Kenricks. John J. O'Shea. \$1.50, net.

Modern Spiritism. J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.35, net.

Ideals in Practice. Countess Zamoyska. 75 cts., net.

Carroll Dare. Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.25.

Woman. Rev. N. Walsh, S. J. 85 cts., net.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. Rev. L. P. Gravel. \$1, net.

A Year's Sermons. Preachers of Our Own Day. \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D. 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. The Same. 60 cts., net.

Non Serviam. Rev. W. Graham. 40 cts., net.

Varied Types. G. K. Chesterton. \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. Lady Rosa Gilbert. \$1.50, net.

The Storybook House. Honor Walsh. \$1.

A Precursor of St. Phillip. Lady Amabel Kerr. \$1.25, net.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. M. S. Dalton. \$1, net.

Bellinda's Cousins. Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.

The School of the Heart. Margaret Fletcher. \$1.

Divine Grace. Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D. \$1.50, net.

St. Patrick in History. Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. 55 cts.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. St. Thomas Aquinas. \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. St. Thomas Aquinas. \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. S. L. Emery. \$1.50, net.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. Rev. F. Meschler, S. J. \$1.60, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Jerome Schmitt, O. S. B.

Brother Fabian, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.

Sister Eusebia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

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Requiescant in pace!



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Ave Maria.

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